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# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## CROSS DOG—WHOSE FAULT?

Perhaps the writer of "Cross Dog" was justified in writing as he did about that particular dog, but I couldn't help wondering, why did he bite?

We had a similar experience, but it was our dog who bit someone. We kept our dog tied up, not because he was vicious, but because we did not trust him around the poultry and there was no one to watch.

At times, children came visiting, and they would decide to have some fun at the dog's expense. With sticks and stones they tried to hit him until he went into his house. Then they would poke a stick into his house to tease him. As the dog grew older he would growl and snap at any stick that was poked at him. This was great sport for the children, but perhaps they did not realize what they were doing.

One Sunday we had company and while we were busy visiting and preparing dinner, one of the children came running and told us the dog had bitten one of the boys.

The wound was quite deep, which I certainly didn't like to see. When questioned the children admitted they were throwing stones at the dog. The parents understood who was to blame.

This particular dog will bite no more. He was not valuable so it was not too hard to give him up. But suppose such a dog happens to be a special pet or is valuable to his owner and has to be destroyed?

Now I don't think anyone should have a vicious dog on the loose. But if he is tied up, no one has any business teasing him. A good dog is too valuable for any stranger to be monkeying around with.

- L. S., Maryland.

The cross dog article was well told. I never liked a cross dog and once I was bitten by one. I had no intentions of robbery or anything like that.

Since that, when I see a cross dog sign, I have my thoughts. If a person wants a dog, he can easily get one that is not cross but still barks as a watchdog.

- Florida

## KIDS AND KINDER

Kids are baby goats. The Bible tells us that at the day of judgement the sheep shall be separated from the goats. We all know the sheep are those who have lived righteously, and the goats are those wicked ones who shall be cast into hell. How can we call our children kids?

- A reader, Pa.

Why not call our children what they are? Did not Christ say our communications should be yea, yea and nay, nay,

otherwise it is evil?

I question whether kids and kinder have any relationship with each other, and being such a sacred heritage, why should we speak of them lightheartedly in comparison with animals regardless of how cute they are?

About 45 years ago I heard a parent speak about his children, calling them calves. Sad to say none of them turned out well, although a few are nominal church members. Was it not the fault of their teacher and example? To say a person can love his children as much by calling them kids as anyone else is also a question to me. Would it not be better to say like instead of love? True love is godly, but we like what pleases us. Let's fear God and not be ashamed to sign our name.

- Elam Hochstetler, Goshen, Indiana.

Children have been called kids by the common people as far back as I can remember. But they were not thought of as being young goats.

Matt. 25, 32-46 is just a parable as to how the Lord will separate the souls. I do not think any sheep will be in heaven.

In those days of sheep herding they ran some goats with the sheep for very good reasons. If you have ever driven sheep you will know that sheep will not cross a small stream or a bridge. The goats will readily jump crevices and climb mountains. When the goat goes, the sheep will follow if possible.

In the fall of the year when the master brings the herd down from the mountain, he separates the sheep from the goats. Hence the parable.

Jesus is called a Lamb of God. John, 1, 29.

I have heard someone call me an old goat. I do not think he really meant that I am a goat, although I do resemble one somewhat.

I have heard women call their babies "precious little lamb", never thinking that it may be used in vain. But if a person gets irked and calls someone a goat or a sow, that is sin.

I hear of many men being called Tom, and about half the cats in the world are tom-cats....

I still say it's what we mean by it that counts.

- M. B. M., Fla.

ANSWER - The editors do not want to commit themselves on this topic more than to say that to a certain extent we agree and disagree with all of you. If a goat is as ominous as some people seem to think, they ought not to be furnishing milk for our innocent little children. (Last year we bought a goat especially to furnish milk for our baby). On the other hand, some such expressions sound a lot like slang, and nicknames, and ought to be avoided as much as possible.

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## ASHAMED TO BOW OUR HEADS

Since this is again the time of year of council meeting and communion, I wonder why we, as Christian people, do not bow our heads before eating at church.

Some years ago while eating at a restaurant, I noticed a lady who belonged to what we consider a more worldly church, breathe a short prayer before eating. I must admit I felt ashamed of our people, including myself. We wouldn't want to deny our Lord as Peter did, but aren't we denying Him if we are ashamed to bow our heads in public?

Let's have the opinion of others on this subject.

- Kalona, Iowa.

ANSWER to Kalona - It may interest you to know that a true story is being written about an incident in martyr times where some men lost their lives because they prayed before eating in a restaurant. Watch for it in a later issue of F.L.

## LOG CABINS WERE COLD

I once read that bundling (lying fully clothed on a bed covered with a blanket,) was common among the pioneers so the young couple could keep warm without burning up the winter's supply of fuel. If this is true, then the tradition has long outlived the necessity, as most houses are well heated nowadays.

Even fifty years ago there were those who thought it better not be. In those days it was once every four weeks instead of every week. What surprises me most of all is that parents allow it at all. Or is it like the article, "Living Our Faith", November F.L., - are we unwilling to teach our children according to our convictions if that would cause them to stand out from the crowd?

We try to live apart from our worldly neighbors, but what would we think if we knew that they would allow such a practice?

When we pray we say, "Lead us not into temptation". Does this leave room for such a practice as this? I doubt it. Wouldn't it be better to stop such a practice rather than let it slide farther downhill, even if our forefathers did practice it to a certain extent?

- Conscientious Objector.

ANSWER - Family Life wants to go on record as upholding such standards of courtship of which we need not be ashamed before God or man. The practice of bundling we believe to be on the way out, and we hope that the time will come very soon where not any of it anywhere will be condoned by any parents.

## PITY WHO?

Few can read an article like "Teased Too Much" and not be deeply moved. But don't get discouraged, Eli, Mom, and Dad Hersberger. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. James 4:14. Let's look forward for that glorious day when Christ shall come. Then they won't be different any more.

I can say this from experience as we also have a child that is "different". Little Regina is now seven years old. She will never be able to sit by herself in this life. In fact about the only thing she can do is smile, and that she

does. We have never heard anyone make fun of her. It seems the ones where just a little something is wrong are the ones that have to take it. Who is to blame?

Parents, let's search ourselves. If we have the right attitude towards the unfortunate, I don't think we have to worry that our children are doing the teasing. And now a question: Who is to be pitied? The ones that are a little different now, or those who are strong and healthy and go through life unconcerned and living for self?

- Mrs. Monroe L. Beachy.

## NOT DISCONTINUING LITE

Must say we were disappointed to see that you were discontinuing the various comments in your "Letters To The Editors". We feel it is rather narrow minded when people cannot enjoy seeing someone get a little pat on the back. We don't feel that flattery is good for anyone, but a word of encouragement along with the slaps gives a well-balanced diet. We have enjoyed the comments and wish you would continue them.

- Virginia.

ANSWER - We didn't say we are going to discontinue the letters to the editors; merely that part where we get the pats on the back. If you wish to encourage us or tell us how much you enjoy Family Life, you still have the privilege to do so (we do need encouragement sometimes). What we meant to say was that we do not intend to take up space in F.L. to print these pats on the back. It sounds too much like bragging on ourselves. But we will still print what you think about certain articles in F.L. whether they are good or bad. So keep coming with the mail.

## WOULD YOU SHOW HIM YOUR GUN CABINET?

I agree with the article in Nov. F.L. about spending too much money to go fishing and hunting. Fishing and hunting may not be wrong if done in the right way, but could you imagine Jesus loading a boat with lots of fishing gear, fastening his nice new motor to a rented boat and zooming across a lake?

If Jesus came to spend a day with you, would you take Him to your gun cabinet and show Him all your shiny expensive guns? Or would you try to keep Him occupied somewhere else so He wouldn't see them? Would you tell him about the fun you had last winter trying to round up some fox? Or about the time you spent a week in Montana (away from your wife and children) hunting deer?

When Jesus needed a vacation or felt he had to get away from it all, what did he do?

- L. H., Indiana

I hope the author of "What Happened To The Hired Girl" cooks up some more stories. That was tops.

- E.Y., Ohio

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It was Johnny's bedtime. Daddy climbed the stairs with him to tuck him to bed. Good-night was said.

As Father was going down the stairs, he heard Johnny talking so he decided to listen to his prayer.

"Jesus, help me to be like Daddy is when I grow up."

When father went to bed, he prayed, "Help me to be the man my son thinks I am."

- Selected by E. A., Indiana



# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## GUNS AND OUTLAWS

The Greyhound bus pulled to a stop in front of the gas station that served as a flag stop for a small town in Michigan. I peered sleepily through the shaded green windows of the bus, and saw a poster displayed in the window of the service station. I read it slowly. "When guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns."

The bus whirled on down the road, leaving the gas station behind, but the slogan stayed with me. I knew that the riots and violence of recent years had made gun control laws a hot issue in the U.S. Those in favor of stricter control claimed that if there were fewer guns, the crime rate would fall. Those opposed to gun laws cried out, "Guns don't kill people; people kill people."

As the Greyhound's motor continued its steady whine, my thoughts were still on that catchy phrase, "When guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns." The inference was clearly that guns are for protection against outlaws.

Then I wondered. If guns are commonly considered to be for protection, how consistent is it for peace-loving Christians to have guns? The early Anabaptists were called Stäbler (staff-carriers) because they refused to carry a weapon. Perhaps our testimony to the world today would be better if we took less interest in hunting and shooting.

The following day I stopped by for a moment at the home of a relative of mine. He has a small shop at the back of the house where he fixes things. As I entered the shop I was astonished to see a banner on the wall, printed in bold letters. You can guess what it said — "When guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns."

Perhaps guns have become even more apart of our lives than I had thought.

— J., Ontario

## A FAVOR RETURNED

One day I was in town with no way to get home except walk. My articles got quite numerous and unhandy to carry so I asked at the grocery store for an empty banana box. With careful arranging I packed all my articles in it, which made them a lot easier to carry.

Then as I started down the street toward home, a car pulled up. "Hey, ya' going home?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Get in. We want to take ya' home. We were just watching to see when you're ready to go."

"Oh, that's very nice of you. I'll appreciate a ride tonight, especially with this big clumsy box to carry. But maybe you weren't going that way and I will make it inconvenient for you."

"No — but that's all right. We have plenty of time," he said as he started the car down the street. "You just tell us which way to go."

So I directed him to take the 93 south, and we were on our way. But I was puzzled who these people were.

"I suppose I should know you people but I don't believe

I do," I said as we were leaving the outskirts of town.

"Oh," said the man, "don't you remember a couple of years ago when you were selling bread and rolls in front of the dime store. We were walking by and our little girl dropped her big beautiful sucker we had bought for her inside the store. As it fell on the sidewalk, it broke into many pieces and her heart seemed to have broken into just as many. No words would comfort her until you stepped over and handed her a quarter with which to buy another sucker."

"Oh, I remember now," I said. "I had forgotten about it, but since you mention it, I recall the 'instant smile' that quarter put on her face."

"Well," he said. "It meant a lot to us. It's those little things that make religion add up to life."

"Now," I said as we pulled into our home. "Can I give you something, or perhaps you'll come in and have some fresh rolls or bread to eat?"

"No, thanks. We just happened to come through Jackson and saw you. Now we've had a chance to do you a favor. That quarter meant so much to the little girl that time."

The car drove away and I walked to the house, deep in thought. I don't suppose I'll ever see those people again, nor would I know them if I did, but I'll remember the event. It taught me that Solomon's saying is true sometimes even in this life, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Ecc. 11:1

— Enos Yoder, Oakhill, Ohio.

## CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE

One afternoon I decided to visit a neighbor. After watering my sorrel mare at the trough beside the woodshed, I led her next to the waiting buggy. My left hand lifted the bridle from its usual resting place — the front headlight. My right hand reached to unfasten the horse's halter. Suddenly I stopped. A thought came to me, a thought which had sprung up before at exactly this moment of hitching up: "Why do I take the halter off? Why not leave it on as some people do?"

A short debate ran through my mind. "It looks sloppy to leave the halter on underneath the bridle," I said trying to convince myself. "But," answered my better self, "maybe it is pride that keeps me from leaving the halter on." Now, there was too much truth to that and I realized it. Deep down I knew the reason for not wanting the halter left on. I thought my horse was a pretty good "looker" and wanted her to look her best — that, of course, meant wearing her bridle minus the halter.

I'm not saying that everyone who drives his horse without its halter is proud. But for me in this instance I think that was the case. So it was only a few seconds before I decided (at least this once) to leave the halter on.

A few minutes and miles later I drove my horse and buggy into the lane of the farm where I planned to visit. One of the family's teen-age boys was just walking out toward the barn. And of all things what should he say but,

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"Hello. You must be feeling kinda lazy today." He smiled and pointed at my horse. "It's a lazy boy who doesn't take the halter off his horse."

What he said came as a real surprise to me. Here I thought I was doing what was right, and someone else saw it from a different angle. I didn't say anything to the boy, but I certainly thought a lot about it later to myself.

Here I was caught right in the middle. If I took the halter off I felt guilty of pride; if I left it on I might appear to others as lazy. Should I follow my conscience or go by what a few people might think? Well, today if you see me driving along the road, the halter is on my mare. "People will just have to think what they like," I told myself. "But they really don't know the half of it."

This short instance about a rather small matter made me wonder how often I have judged falsely another person's reasons for doing something. It may look like one thing to me, but is it really the case? I am afraid I too often read my motives or reasons into other people's actions, when I really don't know the half of it.

- D. L.

## FOUND DOGS AND DEAD CHICKENS

The night was dark and wet; the moon peeped from behind the fleeting clouds making a lining against the dimness of the night. I was on my way to close the chicken shelters, but when I reached the field a strange sight was before my eyes. White dots lay everywhere — chickens and more chickens, and they were all dead.

Breaking into a run, I reached the nearest shelter just as a dim form slunk away into the night.

What now? Gathering all the dead chickens together made a good-sized heap and a lifeless one at that. As I closed the shelter and walked toward home, many thoughts came to my mind.

The next morning we went to fix the fence around the shelters. We thought surely we would get some trace of the killer. Toward noon I left to go to the store to get some supplies. When I came back a half dozen pullets lay dead. The killer had returned. I searched for the culprit. Soon an innocent-looking hound dog came trotting around the barn. Surely this was the killer.

But what could be done? Is it right to shoot a neighbor's dog? The game warden was phoned and he said he would come right over and see if he could catch the dog. But when the warden got there, no dog showed up. The game warden went home and gave us permission to shoot the dog.

With such a pile of dead chickens, we wondered if it wouldn't be all right to claim bounty for them. After all, we do pay dog tax. We decided to lay a claim. We phoned the reeve of the township and he told us to contact a local man who takes claims for such things.

We sent word to this man and the next day he came. He looked things over, and weighed the bag of dead chickens. The total weight was five pounds short of what was needed to file a claim.

"I'll fix that up all right," he said, as he went over his figures and added a few pounds.

"Now," he told me, "you just sign your name here."

I took the paper and read what it said. It was an oath. I had to swear to the statement I was making.

"But I can't sign this," I said. "We don't swear." And besides that, I knew the weight wasn't right.

"But no one will believe you unless you sign this oath."

I decided to withdraw the claim, but realized this man

would be out of his time he spent coming over to my place. He would get nothing out of it unless the claim went on through. Breathing a silent prayer, I said, "Here, I'll pay you for your time out of my own pocket. Let's just forget about this. It's a few pounds short anyway to make a claim."

But the man didn't accept the pay offered him. He realized the predicament I was in and just left it at that.

But instead of making enemies, we were respected for our stand. A few days later the hound raided a neighbor's garage and helped himself to a quarter of beef. This got things stirred up and a few guns were waiting for the poor dog. Meantime we took our collie and tied him near the chickens during the day time and closed the shelters at night.

A few days later a neighbor informed us where the dog was at home and advised me to go and talk to the owner. I did this and found him to be very cooperative. After that there was peace in the neighborhood again and without any hard feelings.

As we review this case, we see that the first step in the wrong direction would have been to add a few pounds. This was not right and was not legal. The next thing was to swear an oath, but the Bible tells us, "Swear not at all." Matt. 5:34.

Although we lost some chickens, the experience was worth a lot to me.

- Leonard Jantzi

## DID YOU CLOSE THE GATE ?

One summer evening as I was helping my father with the chores, he told me to close all the gates and then turn the horses out into the barnyard. There were three gates to close so I went out to close them. I don't remember what happened but something distracted my attention or I was thinking of something else.

I went back to the barn and turned the horses loose. But somehow I had forgotten to close the front gate and we live right beside a main highway.

Both Father and I got out into the barnyard in time to see the horses kicking up their heels, and with heads and tails high galloping to freedom. No words can express how I felt! I feared one of them would be struck by the trucks and cars passing by. And besides, our two driving horses were among the group and they were our special pets. Our shouts brought the other children running and we all went after them.

After a long chase we got them all safely home again. We were able to catch the driving horses, and the others came back into the barnyard. I was very much disgusted with myself for having done something so stupid. I was afraid of the scolding or punishment I knew I deserved.

Father saw how I felt, or perhaps he thought I was old enough to remember a lesson better than a scolding. "Now go and close the gate," he said.

When I returned, he asked, "Did you close it right?"

"Yes," I said meekly.

"Well go and look," he said.

He also sent me to close the barn doors and then sent me to see if they were closed right. When we were getting ready for bed he sent me again to see if the barn doors were closed right.

Since that I have never been able to close the gate without thinking of the lesson I learned that evening.

- M. H. B., Pa.



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## AN UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT

Many American judges are sitting up and taking notice of what is happening in Judge Thomas Lee's courtroom in Miami, Florida. For the past eighteen months he has been disciplining lawbreaking teen-agers with a new type of punishment — regular attendance at Sunday church services. The judge gives the teenagers the choice of a fine, a jail term, or a year of church services. Nearly all have chosen to "serve their time" in church.

The teen-agers must not merely be present at the services. They must also pay close attention, for each week they are required to write Judge Lee a letter. In it they tell what they learned from the Sunday sermon.

The Miami judge, himself a Presbyterian deacon, strongly believes that there is no better way to help teen-agers than a regular attendance at church. And he seems to be right. Since his program began his court has not experienced any repeat violators.

(A question to the plain people: Are our teen-age boys and girls in church each Sunday? And are they wide-awake enough to tell us later what was preached? If not, maybe we could use a little discipline — Judge Thomas Lee fashion.)

## CIGARETTE SALES DOWN

According to the American Cancer Society, the sale of cigarettes in the U. S. A. dropped considerably during the first half of 1968. Americans bought 40,000,000 fewer cigarettes, (or 2,000,000 fewer packs) each day during the first six months of 1968 than they did in 1967.

This is the first drop in sales since 1964, when the U. S. surgeon-general's Report on Smoking and Health brought a decline of 1.4%. The present drop in sales is attributed to "intensified anti-smoking efforts."

As of October 1, the Society reported, there were 21,000,000 Americans alive who had quit smoking. These included 100,000 physicians, half of all doctors who had smoked.

Until 1964, per capita consumption of cigarettes had tripled over a 30-year period.

The cancer society estimates that lung cancer will kill about 59,000 Americans in 1969, an increase of 4000 over 1968. Of these, 49,000 will be men. Among men, lung cancer is the most common type of cancer.

## WHO IS A JEW?

Do Jews belong to a religion or a culture? Is the saying "Once a Jew, always a Jew" true?

During the late 1930's and early 40's Adolf Hitler ruled Germany. One of his projects was to destroy the millions of Jews living in the nation. As history states he was very successful, murdering nearly six million Jews. Hitler believed in the theory of "once a Jew, always a Jew"; he sort of thought there was such a thing as Jewish blood and a Jewish race. So, among the Jews he ordered killed was a roman Catholic nun. Why? Because, although she was

a convert to Christianity, her parents had been Jewish.

In 1948 the modern state of Israel was organized. One principle the new government established was the Law of Return. This allowed any Jew in the world to settle in Israel and automatically become a citizen. In 1962, however, the government was puzzled as to what to do with a certain immigrant — Father Daniel. Daniel, a Catholic priest, asked for admission to Israel under the Law of Return. He was born of Jewish parents — thus a Jew by birth. But he was now a convert to Catholicism. Should the government consider him still a Jew and give him automatic citizenship? "No," ruled the government. "On the basis of secular law and the commonsense opinions of men, he would no longer be regarded as a Jew."

Once again the Jews in Israel are faced with the question of who is a Jew. This time the controversy centers around two children. The father, a member of Israel's navy, wants to register his children on official papers as Jews. But since the father is a non-believer (although born of Jewish parents) and his wife is a gentile non-believer, the government refuses to accept the children as Jews. The father argues that his children speak Hebrew, were born in Israel, live in a Hebrew culture, and will attend Hebrew schools. Why shouldn't his children be considered Jews? The final governmental decision has not yet been made, but people expect the ruling to be the same as in Father Daniel's case. A Jew is only a Jew as long as he belongs to the religion. Cultural ties with a Jewish society are not enough, nor are Jewish relatives. To be a Jew these days, then, it takes more than having Jewish ancestors or living in a Jewish neighborhood. At least that is what the Jews are saying.

## ROMANCE AND RELIGION

It is claimed that in colonial days of America there was but one divorce in about every 500 marriages. But the rate rose steeply until in the year 1812 there was one divorce out of every 110 marriages. The trend has continued until recently, Louis H. Evans, a Presbyterian marriage counselor, said, "The latest figures show one divorce in every 3.7 marriages."

Some sociologists have predicted that in view of the present upward curve, in seven years there might be one divorce in every one and a half marriages."

There has been a lot of dispute as to what can be done to lower the rising divorce rate. Many alarmed people are clamoring to make the grounds for divorce tougher. Others feel that making divorces more difficult to obtain is missing the point. They say, "It would solve more problems if we made the grounds for marriage tougher!"

We need only take a glance at some of today's hasty, immature, teen-age marriages to see that the idea has some merit. Many marriages are made under the influence of the "mass media": cheap novels, motion pictures, television, radio, magazine advertisements and the billboards — all portraying marriage as one long bliss of uninterrupted honeymoon. If real marriage turns out otherwise, the popular conclusion is you must not have married the "Right One". Then the only thing to do is try again. Paul Popenoe of the American Institute of Family Relations, says, "Some go into marriage with the idea that it's merely an experiment; they see how it turns out and if they aren't satisfied they can quit anytime they feel like it." Sex has been exploited and emphasized until today many romantic youths never doubt but that an attractive



body is grounds enough for marriage.

It is true that as plain people we do not have the divorce problem. But the suggestion to make the grounds for marriage tougher, may well apply elsewhere. What about the problem of unfaithful and undedicated members in the church? Do we have any problems that members grow lukewarm in their love and leave the vows of solemn commitment they made to Christ and the church at baptism? Is the situation comparable to unfaithful marriages, in

that those entering the contract had the wrong concept of what is involved in a humble Christian life? Do they think life in the church is going to be a religious 'honeymoon', and become dismayed at the first sign of hardships? Are members joining church just because it's the "thing to do" or because "others are"?

Perhaps, as in the divorce situation, we would not have so much trouble with members leaving if we made the "ground for marriage (baptism) tougher".

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## EDITORIALS

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### Balancing The Scales

While traveling recently I met a middle-aged man who said to me, "The world would be a lot better off if the Bible had been the only book printed."

I nodded my head in agreement, but then added, "You're right, but that isn't the way things have turned out. Millions of books have been printed, and unfortunately most of them aren't fit to read."

"That's right," agreed the man. "That's why I'm glad Pathway has printed books with good lessons in them. With all the trash my children might get their hands on, I'm thankful there are at least a few good books to buy for them to read."

A few days later I was going from house to house by horse and buggy. I had with me samples of Pathway's books. Many families were eager to buy, but I met one person that rather puzzled me. He was a deacon in a plain church.

As we sat in the deacon's warm kitchen, I opened my sample case of Pathway books. My host glanced over the stack of reading material briefly, and then said, "Oh, I don't think I want any of your books." He was quick to add, "I don't mean to say anything is wrong with the books you've got, but I think the Bible is enough for my children to read."

I didn't know quite what to say to him. Almost automatically I asked, "Do your children go to parochial school?"

"No," he answered. "They're in the public school down the road."

I couldn't resist asking, "Do they read just the Bible there?"

"Oh, no," he shook his head. "But I tell them not to read the wrong kind of books from the school library."

I thought to myself that he must have perfect children if

they always pick out the right library book. And what about their Readers with such worldly stories? They have no choice with those books; like it or not they must read each one for class. Out loud I said, "Children like to read; in fact many children will read whatever they can get their hands on — too often the books they read are of the wrong type. That's why Pathway often publishes books on a child's own level of understanding. We want to give them worthwhile books with challenging stories to counteract the bad influence of worldly books they may have happened to read. It's sort of like balancing the scales."

"Well," he continued, "your books may be all right, but I still feel the Bible is enough." But here he hesitated a little and added, "And the Martyrs' Mirror is good reading for the children, too."

I could see that this man was convinced he did not need any of the books I had to offer, so I closed my case, chatted a few minutes, and went back to the waiting buggy. Driving down the road I kept churning in my mind what the deacon had last said, "And the Martyrs' Mirror is good reading, too."

"So," I said to myself, "this man didn't really believe the Bible was the only book people could read."

The deacon's one exception to the Bible-only rule in his house was the Martyrs' Mirror. This encouraged me for I felt he might someday realize that Pathway's books are trying to do in the 1960's what the Martyrs' Mirror did in the 1660's, and Menno Simon's books did in the 1560's. What's the difference between much of what we publish today and what our forefathers published? Aren't we both doing it for the same reasons — to express truths in the language and setting of our day; to inspire people to a deeper Christian living; and to counteract the false teachings and evil influences of our times?

- D. L.

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### Daily Prayers

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Going to church on Sunday  
Is, of course, the thing to do.  
But it would be really better  
If you're praying daily too.

It is hardly quite sufficient  
If you want to save your soul  
Just to praise the Lord on Sunday  
As a way to reach your goal.

I believe the gentle Shepherd  
Would be just a little sad  
If your prayers on Sunday morning  
Were the only ones he had.

If the one time you are praying  
Is each Sunday of the week,  
It is like a wife and husband  
Who but once a week will speak.

Therefore, if the Lord in heaven  
Is to be your greatest friend,  
Daily prayers on wings of angels  
To his golden throne you'll send.

————— John C. Metcalf —————





At this time of the year, it is customary to wish each other "strength for the New Year." This is a fitting wish and prayer. But as light is most noticeable in darkness, so true strength is most appreciated where it overcomes weakness.

The story is told of a preaching years ago where the minister stressed 2 Cor. 12:9. "My strength is made perfect in weakness." After the services, a brother told him, "We can furnish the weakness, if God will furnish the strength."

This may seem a bit humorous, but actually it is a serious matter. It seems that one of the hardest things for us humans to do is to admit weakness.

Strength is a matter of the heart, but weakness should be kept on the outside where we can get at it, to eliminate it. The loud-mouthed, blustering person can pretend to have strength on the outside but he is likely using it as a cover-up for the weakness and insecurity inside his heart.

The faint-hearted person will show weakness from both inside and outside. Faint-heartedness borders on despondency and may be a greater sin than we realize.

But in between these two types are the meek. They have their strength in the heart but the weaknesses are on the outside. If we can realize our weaknesses, then God can give us strength. But when He does give us strength we should keep it in the heart instead of making a display on the outside.

Big cities are awe-inspiring. Many things about them are hard to comprehend. It's hard to realize their size, the number of people, their wickedness, the luxury and the high cost of living.

Recently it was necessary for me to spend several days

in Toronto, and I am glad to say I was also pleasantly surprised in several ways. One was to find in this big worldly city a kind Christian family who showed me every hospitality and insisted that I spend each night of my stay at their house. They also took time from a busy schedule to attend to my needs. They are the Ken Belk family, of non-Mennonite background, who first joined the Mennonite church near their home in Scarborough. They have now transferred their membership to the non-conference Conservatives. They have purchased a farm near New Hamburg, Ontario and plan with their children, Gail and Steven, to move onto it sometime soon. I did not find any television in their home, but they are Family Life readers and I found copies of this magazine on the bookshelf and in other rooms about the house. (Thank you for your hospitality.)

Another thing that amazed me about the city was how far one can travel for 20¢. One morning a little after eight o'clock I boarded the subway at Warden Station. Since it was a bit early for my business, when I got to Yonge Street I went north to Eglinton and then back to Yonge. There I inquired how to get to 253 Spadina Road. I was told to take the subway to St. Clair, and there board a Forest Hill bus. But when I arrived the bus driver said he had taken Spadina Avenue instead of Spadina Road, and that I should take the subway south around Union Station and to St. Georges and there get on Annette bus. I did this when the Annette bus finally arrived, I was taken to Spadina Road where I walked a block to my destination. Then I looked at my watch and it was nearly ten o'clock. I had traveled an estimated twenty miles, and the cost of the entire journey was 20¢. (A few days earlier we had a taxi take us a similar distance, and it cost us forty times as much.)

The moving season will soon be here. When sending in a change of address to any of our magazines, be sure to send both your old and your new address. Many of our subscribers have the same name as perhaps a dozen others. If you send only your new address we have no way of knowing who has moved.

## As I See It Now

"A new commandment I give unto you: That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye love one another." (John 13:34).

In the Bible verse quoted above, God asks us to love one another as He has loved us. To understand this idea of "brotherly love" the following story may help.

Imagine three children playing with their toys in the living room. Suddenly one child strikes the other with his toy and makes him cry. At the same time the front door opens and in walks Father — a suitcase in his hand.

The little boy who struck his brother jumps up and hugs his father, saying, "Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad you're back from your trip; I really missed you. Oh, I love you so much."

"Now, Vernon," the father justly says, "if you love me so much, why are you hurting me?"

The little boy looks puzzled. "B...but, Daddy, how am I hurting you?"

"Don't you know?" says Father seriously. "Daddy loves all his family. And when one picks on another it hurts Daddy very much. If you really love me, Vernon, you will also love your brothers and sisters."

Even though it is hard sometimes to realize, all the people on the face of the earth are related. Really we are one large family with one father — God, our Heavenly Father. In the days of Adam and Eve the population of the world was so small that everyone must have felt like a close-knit family. God, too, must have seemed very close to the first family, for He at times spoke to certain members. Today God seems farther off and people are more distantly related. Yet the relationship between men and God (and between man and man) is basically the same today as it was thousands of years ago.

God looks down upon the world. He sees us here as one large family and loves each of us individually. Like the father in the story, God wants us to love each other and thereby love Him.

- David Luthy  
Family Life



# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## MISTER, WHY DID YOU SHOOT ME?

The sidewalks of Chicago were crowded with hustling people one warm summer evening last July. Suddenly, a 42-year-old man whipped out a gun from under his coat and shot the first man he saw, a total stranger only slightly older than himself.

Just before he slumped to the pavement, the victim cried, "Mister, why did you shoot me? You don't even know me."

You don't even know me! Maybe those five words were the best explanation anyone could possibly give for the senseless shooting. Those are the people it is easy for us to hurt — those we don't even know.

Two hundred years ago in England there lived a young man named Charles Lamb. Charles was tenderhearted, so gentle and devoted to his sister Mary (who was subject to temporary fits of violent insanity) that he gave up his dreams of marriage to care for his unfortunate sister all his life.

Charles Lamb wrote in his spare time, and even today his essays are appreciated for the strong underlying current of kindness and devotion they portray. But the story I like best about Charles is the time he was standing with a group of friends around him. As they talked, Charles expressed rather openly his personal dislike for a certain man under discussion.

"Why, Charles," exclaimed one of his friends. "I didn't realize you even knew that man!"

"Know him," said Charles. "Of course I don't know him. I never could hate anyone I knew!"

All of us, I think, are more like Charles Lamb and the Chicago gunman than we realize. If there is anyone we resent, it may well be because we "don't even know him."

It is so easy to condemn and find fault with someone we hardly know. All of us have such active imaginations! From a distance it is easy to misjudge a person's action, or misinterpret his motives. So often we build up a case in our minds, and the longer we think about it the worse the other person appears.

There is an old story that has been handed down for generations about the two men who were walking together across a field. Suddenly they heard an angry bellow behind them. A large cow, anxious for the safety of her newborn calf, was chasing them, shaking her long, curved horns.

The first man climbed the nearest tree as fast as he could. The second dived into the mouth of a small cave.

The cow paced from the tree to the cave, smelling the scent of the trespassing humans and mooing nervously.

"I'll hold very still and soon the cow will leave," said the man hidden in the branches of the tree. Several minutes later the cow seemed about to lose interest and return to her calf. But just then the man in the cave stuck his head out for a quick look. The cow saw him at once and with an

angry grunt charged toward him. The man disappeared inside the cave again.

"That dumb fellow," muttered the man in the tree. "If he would have stayed in that cave one minute longer, the cow would have left."

Again the man settled down to wait for the cow to tire. Once more the cow was about to leave when the man in the cave stuck his head out and glanced quickly about.

For the second time the cow chased him inside. The man in the tree could hardly contain his disgust at the complete stupidity of his friend in the cave.

When for the third time the man stuck his head out from the cave just as the cow seemed about to depart, the indignant man in the tree was beside himself.

"Man, what's wrong with you?" he roared from the tree. "If I were you I'd stay in there until the cow left."

"Don't be so sure," the man shouted back, just before he had to duck inside the cave again. "There's a nest of rattlesnakes in here!"

Too many of us are like that man up the tree. It's so easy to condemn a man when we know nothing of what he's up against. Isn't it true that when we ourselves make a mistake, we always think of a half dozen excuses explaining why we acted as we did? But for someone else, especially someone we hardly know, we don't stop long to think of excuses — we are sure he was deliberately wicked. Could we, would we — be so harsh if we really knew him?

Recently a young man was completely disgusted by some act of an acquaintance. "What in the world," demanded the young man, "would make a person act like that? Doesn't he have any conscience at all?"

"Don't be so harsh with him," advised a wiser friend. "You see the mistake he made, but you don't see the bitter tears of repentance he may have wept into the pillow that night when he got home and pulled the covers over his head."

This is not to say that we should wink at sin. Jesus did not. He renounced it wherever he saw it. But he did not sit in self-righteous judgement upon the fallen. Instead he admitted that they had sinned, then tenderly reached down and lifted them to a better life.

Before we jump to hasty conclusions and judge the imperfections of people we meet, let's consider and ask ourselves whether we really know the person in question. Do we know the problems they face in their daily lives — their frustrations, their tears, their struggles, their desperate attempts to do better, their loneliness, and their hurt?

All of us think we're a long way from being like the mad gunman in Chicago. We would never think of going to town and shooting a stranger. But so often we do not hesitate to injure someone's reputation with bullets of criticism and gossip. Next time when you come across some juicy morsel of gossip about your fellow man, be careful what you do with it, lest you must someday look into his hurt eyes and hear him gasp that haunting question, "Mister, why did you shoot me? You don't even know me."

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## IT'S BUTCHERING DAY

Simon Yoder set his lantern on the work table when he came in from choring. "It's still as dark as a sack outside," he said to his twin sister Susie who was putting the plates on the table. Then he turned to his mother and said, "It must be awful early yet."

"Yes, Simon it is early, but it's not too early. Jake Mast will be coming to help butcher soon and here we haven't had breakfast yet. Go and call the boys, they better get up right away."

Simon opened the upstairs door and called, "Alvin, DANIEL, get up! It's time to get up."

No response.

After a few moments he called again, "ALVIN, DANIEL! Get up right away. Breakfast is ready."

This was followed by a few grunts and then a small voice said, "No, we don't want to get up. Dad can call us."

"But Dad is out firing the kettles. Don't you know this is butchering day? Get up right now!"

Soon there was a sound of shuffling feet and a stand on the upstairs rocked to and fro when it was hit by a little boy in the dark. Soon two boys, age 8 and 10, came running down the stairs, still buttoning their trousers.

"Is Jake Mast here already? Did they shoot the hogs? Can we have the tails? Who is going to ---"

"Whoa, Whoa, don't ask so many questions all at once. No, we didn't shoot the hogs yet and Jake Mast is not here either."

"Last year he was here when we got up," Daniel quipped. "Mom said he likes to see how early he can come."

"Yes, last year he was," Simon answered, "and I remember one year he was here before Dad had gotten the fire started under the kettles."

Just then Mother called, "Simon, would you go and see if Dad is ready to come in for breakfast?"

Dad was ready to come in and soon the whole family was seated around the big table. But first Dad got his Bible and said, "For our devotions this morning we will read the 96th Psalm."

While Dad was reading, Alvin and Daniel were continually glancing out the window to see if Jake Mast was coming. To them it seemed it took at least a half hour to read the 13 verses of the Psalm. When Dad had finished, he said, "The psalmist was thankful for all the blessings he had received from God. We have much to be thankful for too, and especially this day as we are butchering we have much to be thankful for. He has given us food and supplied our material needs. Although we have other blessings which are greater than these, we should also be thankful to God for supplying the needs of this life."

Then they all knelt to pray, and as soon as they had finished, Alvin announced, "Jake Mast is here."

Sure enough, a lantern was coming up the lane. Walking to the fireplace, Jake Mast poked up the fire and soon big

showers of sparks were flying high in the air. The glow reflected against the side of the barn as the flames shot up.

When breakfast was finished, Dad grabbed the lantern and started for the door. "Simon, you bring the gas lantern. It's pretty dark to shoot hogs this morning."

Jake Mast was standing with his back to the fireplace when Dad came out. "Good morning," he said. "Are you just getting up now? Isn't it time we got those hogs scalded?"

"Good morning," Dad replied. "I guess we are ready to start. I suppose Fred Hostetler will be here by the time we are ready to start scraping the hogs."

Soon Simon came around the corner of the washhouse with his lantern, and carrying a rifle. It was his job to shoot the hogs, and so far he had never missed. Dad had told him to imagine two diagonal lines across the forehead between the eyes and ears, and to shoot for the middle.

The first hog to be butchered was led outside the barn and cased into a corner of the yard. Soon a shot rang out and Dad ran with his butcher knife to bleed the hog.

After three or four minutes, the hog was dragged to the scalding trough. A light chain was placed around the body inside the trough so that it could be turned from side to side. The hot water was poured into the trough and the hog was swished and swashed back and forth.

The steam gushed up as they worked. Little icicles froze on the men's beards and Dad's glasses frosted shut, so he took them off.

When the hog had been scalded enough to make the hair come off just right, he was hoisted up on a platform where all the men could get at the carcass to help scrape. Soon it was sleek and white. Then the back legs were slit to expose the tendons and soon the carcass was hanging in the air, suspended from a scaffold. Then Dad proceeded to take out the entrails while the other men went back for more hogs.

Simon always looked forward to butchering day. Not that he knew much about butchering, for it seemed what he learned one year, he had forgotten by the next. Then Dad had to show him all over again.

What Simon liked best was that it was a day for visiting. While the men were cutting up meat or stirring the lard or stuffing the sausage, there was always some kind of discussion going on.

When Dad had finished taking out the entrails of the first hog, Simon carried them in a tub toward the house. "Mom, where do you want these things?" he called.

"Bring them into the washhouse here on this table," Mom said. "Susie and Ada will take off the fat and then they want to go out and clean them."

Jake Mast had come over early and his wife and their daughter Ada had come later in time to help with the day's work.

"Here, dump them on this table," Susie said.

Simon flipped the tub over, sending the bushel of entrails over the table. "Phew! I'm glad I don't have your job."

"Oh this is nothing," Susie answered. "You ought to come to the back yard when we clean them after awhile."

"No, never. You wouldn't catch me doing anything like that. I'd dump them across the fence into the barnyard."

"Don't worry about it," Susie retorted. "You'll be the first one to call for sausage when we get them on the table."

"Anybody who talks like that," Ada said, looking back over her shoulder, "shouldn't get any sausage."

Family Life



When the hogs were hung up, the heads were brought in to be cleaned. This was a nasty job and Simon was glad when it was over. Then they started cutting up the halves of pork.

The slabs of meat had to be separated. First the red meat was taken off for sausage and then the skin was divided from the fat. "What's wrong with my knife?" Simon asked. "It keeps cutting the skin in two."

Dad looked at the knife and said, "It's too dull. Let me sharpen it a little."

He rubbed it across the whetstone and raked it against the steel. Then he picked up a slab of meat and said, "Here, watch how I do it."

The knife worked perfectly for Dad, but when Simon got hold of it again it didn't work the same.

When the last side was finished Mom came out with her coat on and said, "Dinner is ready so you all go in and eat. I'll watch the liverwurst while you eat, and besides, someone has to watch the cats away to keep them from making off with the meat."

Dinner on butchering day was always something special. First came a plate full of backbone; it was a bit dry but good to start on. Then there were potatoes, noodles, dressing beans, cabbage, carrot salad and finally a big plate of surloin. After that was raisin pie, a big bowl full of peaches and a pitcher of cream.

When the men had eaten, Dad said, "You go into the living room and take a rest. I'll go out so Mom can come in."

The afternoon was much more leisurely than the forenoon. When the liverwurst meat was done, it was taken out and spread on the table to cool. Simon started picking out the choice pieces of meat from the liverwurst and whispered to Susie, "Go in and get some salt."

The big kettles were cleaned, the lard was cut up into thin slices and placed into the kettles. Then the men stood and stirred until it began to melt and the liquid covered the slabs of lard.

"I wonder how the Glicks are going to like it around here," Dad said as he put another piece of wood on the fire.

"I don't know," Fred answered. "I suppose they'll like it all right after they are here awhile. They still have quite a few things to change."

"It doesn't look to me like they're changing very fast," Jake Mast laughed. "Maybe they liked it better the way it was where they came from."

"I guess they didn't like it or they wouldn't have moved out here," Dad answered. "They tell me the young folks were kind of unruly there."

"But they didn't want their young folks to act like that," Fred said. "That's the reason they came here."

"Then they waited too long," Jake Mast said. "If you ask me, that oldest boy and girl have learned a few things already they won't want to forget."

"I heard someone say those children are used to doing as they please," Fred said. "I wish their parents were more concerned about them."

"I feel sorry for the Glicks," Dad said. "They don't want their children to do anything out of the way. But I'm afraid they give them too much liberty to do as they please. Children that age ought to be kept busy at home and be taught to do what they're supposed to. Sometimes parents think they're doing their children a favor by letting them do as they want to. But it seldom turns out good."

Simon busied himself picking the liverwurst meat from

the bones. He did not want them to notice that he was listening to the conversation.

"I've heard a few things, too," Fred said, "but I hope they aren't true."

Just then Mom came out to say that the tubful of sausage was ready to mix. "Would you like to have a job, Simon? Come, you're a good mixer," she said, and then added, "Susie can get the stuffer ready."

Susie and Ada had just finished cleaning the sausage casing and were slipping the end of each piece over a spool to blow air into it. This was to check it for holes.

Simon rolled up his sleeves and started mixing vigorously. When no one was near, he whispered to Susie, "Dad and the others were talking about the Glick children. How did they find out already?"

"Such things get around," Susie answered. "I do hope someone can help the Glicks before they do something worse."

When Mom came out to see if the sausage was mixed right, she said, "The way to have good sausage is to have good material for all of it. If we put in a few pieces of off-flavored meat, it would spoil the whole batch."

When Mother had left again, Susie said, "Simon do you know what I was thinking?"

"How could I ever know anything like that?"

"I was thinking what we were talking about awhile ago. The young folks are about like a big batch of sausage, for they do mix quite a bit. What do you suppose will happen if there are a few in the bunch who are 'off-flavor' and want to have their own way?"

Simon was quiet for a while and then he said, "We want our food to be pure and wholesome. I guess we ought to be careful that our thoughts are that way too. But what can we do to help?"

"I know what we can do," Susie exclaimed. "Mom wants to work up several bushels of apples next week. Let's invite the Glick children over for an apple paring."

"Yes, let's." ■■

## Marigolds And Men

"Why is it," asked a small boy, his eyes wide with wonder, "that when I open a marigold it dies, but if God does it, it's so beautiful?"

The fumbling fingers of my mind were still searching for an answer when he exclaimed, "I know! It's because God always works from the inside."

And I realized again why Jesus used a little child to teach wisdom to the "wise".

Books and songs and sermons have been written about Divine Love. But a child does not ask, "What is love?" He merely climbs into a pair of arms and whispers with sweet simplicity, "I love you, Dad." A child thinks from his heart, the concepts unfolding, one by one, like petals.

If Divine Love is enthroned in a man's heart, his love too, will open outwardly until finally there is beauty, like a flower, capable of producing fruit. The heart is not visible to the human eye, and sometimes human patience will fail at the slowness of the bud to open. But any force from without will produce only an unnatural, twisted flower as dead as though it had never lived at all.

How good if we could become like a little child, thinking from our hearts, seeing beneath the sophisticated surface shell of others, remembering that God always works from within — with marigolds, and with men.

- Selected



# Our Time of Testing

— Mrs. Eli E. Miller, Jr.

I do not believe that I will ever forget the evening of May 16th, 1968. I had promised the children a bedtime snack of milk and chocolate cookies. As I was stirring up the dough, I glanced out the window to where two of our children were playing on the porch. Naomi was 16 months old, and her older brother Titus was keeping her entertained.

They were a pretty picture, those two, playing happily on the porch. I little realized that something was about to happen which would change our lives for weeks to come, and transform our little Naomi from a healthy laughing child to a hollow-eyed hospital patient who might not live till morning.

But let us first go back to the beginning of a series of events which has made me wonder, how deep is our faith? Do we live what we profess? Are we trusting day by day as we ought to, or are we too much taken up with the everyday affairs of life?

In the fall of 1966 things began to happen in our family. We were just an average family with three children and life was more or less normal. Oh yes, we had the usual ups and downs, but as a whole everything seemed to be going well.

Then one chilly October evening when we were sitting in our warm livingroom, Paul fell off the davenport. Now this is nothing unusual for a three-year-old boy, but when he got up, his arm was twisted. We took him to the doctor and when he came home he had a cast on his broken arm. Oh well, five weeks would soon be up.

On Wednesday before Thanksgiving I was busily preparing a family dinner when word came that Grandmother had died. The next day Paul was sick and by evening was running a temperature. He complained of pain in his stomach. The next morning Eli took him to the doctor and at noon I received word he had been operated on for appendicitis. But everything was as well as could be expected. That evening I went to the hospital and Eli came home.

A friend of mine offered to come and stay with Paul the day of the funeral so I tried to explain to him, "Melvin Amanda is coming to stay with you while Daddy and I go to the funeral."

He seemed to understand but when I was leaving he began to cry and begged, "I want to go too!"

Tears stung my eyes but there was nothing I could do but

keep going. Later Amanda told me he was soon quiet but would frequently say so seriously, "Die Mom kummt gar nimma."

Then on an evening four days before Christmas I decided to take the boys with me to help chore. They were very much excited as they trudged with me toward the barn in the bitter cold. I had a pail of hot water to wash the milking utensils, and Titus, aged two, was close by my side. He pointed at the pail of hot water and said, "'sis hase."

"Yes," I said, "It's hot and you better stay away."

Just then the big collie dog came romping and the next thing I knew, the little boy's screams pierced the air. The dog had bumped against him, pushing him into the pail of hot water.

Eli came running and we tore off his clothes. The poor boy was scalded over his back and down to his knees. I prayed as Eli picked him up and took him to the house. I gave him baby aspirins and covered his burns with vaseline. Then Eli and our landlord took him to the doctor. The doctor called it second degree burns and wrapped him up and sent him home. In about two weeks the burns were healed.

In January a little bundle arrived at our house and we called her Naomi Ruth.

In May Eli went to the hospital for the removal of his appendix.

We felt that we had learned a lot from these experiences and that they had helped to draw us closer to God. We ought not always be on the go-go and caught up in the everyday work.

We felt that we wanted to be tools in our Master's hands. After all, our life here is but a vapor. I had written about our experiences and had the manuscript ready to send in when it seemed a new chapter began to unfold. I little thought that the times of testing we had already experienced were but a preparation for the things that were yet to come.

## AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING

For years we had rented a farm, but finally we were able to buy a farm of our own. In February, 1968 we moved onto it. When spring came, we were busy as farmers are, getting the crops out and doing the countless other things that needed to be done.

By this time Naomi was 16 months old. She seemed to

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be a happy, healthy child. Now as I watched her playing with Titus on the porch, she suddenly gagged and acted very funny. I rushed out and turned her upside down. She spit out some slime, but nothing else.

I took her inside and washed her, watching her closely. Suddenly she went limp, and wanted to go to sleep. I shook her to keep her awake and examined her mouth but could find nothing. Then I went out to the porch and searched for a clue to what she might have gotten. I could find nothing. Had she gotten some lye, or perhaps insect dust? I grabbed her and ran for the neighbors to call our doctor. He was not in so I called another, and another, but still no success. Meantime, while I was trying to call a doctor, Naomi would continue to spit and cough and try to clear her throat. Then she would grow limp and seem to fall over.

I was pretty well shook up. By this time Eli had arrived home and he was more calm than I was. We decided to get someone with a car to take us to the hospital.

We called again and this time we got the doctor. He said he would meet us at the office. I shoved the cookie dough into the refrigerator and washed the children so I could take them along.

The doctor examined Naomi and said her throat looked red and irritated. He said sometimes children get lye, and their throat continues sore for several days. It would take time to heal.

#### WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER ?

We took her home, but she got worse. She ate only liquids and very soft foods. We took her back to the doctor three times. By then two weeks had passed and she was gasping for breath.

"It must be more serious than we thought," he said. "I will make arrangements with a lung specialist in Canton to have her x-rayed."

On Wednesday she was x-rayed and the x-rays did not show any foreign object. The next day was Memorial Day, so we had an appointment to see Dr. Bogedein at Canton Hospital on Friday. I dreaded going, but something had to be done. Naomi had lost weight, she couldn't turn her neck, and she had trouble breathing. Oftimes while she slept we would steam her to try to help her.

On Friday noon we arrived at Tinken Mercy Hospital at Canton. The doctor was a quiet and serious man, and soon had our confidence. My husband remembered him from I-W days.

The doctor questioned us. We remembered that we had had fish for supper the evening it happened. He said it was possible that a fishbone had lodged in her throat and punctured the esophagus, causing a sore like a boil. He wanted her to be put under oxygen and as soon as her throat was not so congested he would look into her throat.

We hated to leave her there, but when we saw how peacefully she was resting, we thought it would be the best to go. She breathed much more easily. The next morning the doctor told us we would have to be patient, as oxygen was the only thing that would help now.

When we went to see her we were surprised how satisfied she was. She had been a very active little girl but now she lay quiet. They were giving her jello water and other liquids as much as possible. There was a mist in her tent and the droplets of water clung to her hair.

The week wore on. One of us would go up in the morning at 9:00 and be home that evening at 8:00. The visiting hours were from 10 AM to 7 PM. Eli's folks came to the rescue again and helped with the chores.

#### THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

On Thursday evening they told me Naomi would go to surgery the next day. So on Friday we both went up. My sister and her husband took us. At 1:30 Naomi would go to surgery. They were going to put her to sleep and look down her throat with a tube that had lights on it.

We sat in the waiting room while the minutes dragged by. When an hour had passed we got word we should come to the door of the surgery room. Our hearts were pounding and our knees shaking. All we could think was, "What happened?"

Soon Dr. Bogedein came toward us, holding something in his open hand. "Where do you think she got this?" he asked.

There in his hand was half of a peach pit. It was dirty and had a jagged edge.

We had no idea where she could have gotten it. It must have been from the year before, as no peaches were ripe in May.

"I'm not sure I've got it all yet," the doctor said. "It's a mess down there. The esophagus is torn; it's bloody and full of infection."

We were elated that the trouble had been found. Perhaps our gladness showed too much on our faces for the doctor continued in a very serious voice, "She is a sick little girl and will need a lot of rest. She'll need a tube in her throat and one in her stomach to feed her. I will need your permission to go on."

We gave him permission and then went back to the lobby with heavy hearts. An hour later he came out and said, "Your little girl is in the recovery room and will be there for some time. She is very sick and that is stating it mildly."

We went to the snack bar for food but we were not hungry. Then we went up to her room and she recognized us. We dreaded to think of leaving her for the night but the nurses assured us she would be all right. They said she would be under dope and would probably rest satisfactorily.

#### SUDDENLY WORSE

The next morning we both went up again, but when we got there the x-ray machine was on the outside of her room. There was a larger tent over her head and we noticed the oxygen was turned up to 14 instead of 7. We were shocked to see her. She lay panting, gasping for breath. The nurses were so kind. They said they had called the doctor early that morning and would call him again now.

When the doctor came he told us, "She is in serious condition. Her lungs are not collapsed but there is infection there. She is very much run down. You'll have to pray and wait."

It was a comfort to us to know that the doctor believed in prayer. We had come with the intention of going back again before noon but when we saw how she looked we decided to stay. Our neighbor, Mary Troyer, had brought us, so she said she would go home and tell the others we were staying.

As the day wore on we sat by Naomi's bedside. We waited, we watched and we prayed. We had brought a copy of Family Life along and tried to read. But our minds kept wandering, always to the little girl who was slowly slipping away.

Many thoughts raced through our minds as we sat by her bedside. We would rather see her die peacefully than to continue suffering as she was. We knew little child-



ren were promised the kingdom of heaven. We would sooner see her called home now than to grow up, fall into sin, and be lost forever. Fervently we prayed that we would be able to give ourselves up to His will. It was so hard to think that perhaps we would never again see our "little sunshine Naomi" running around our home.

Once we thought she had fever but the nurse took her temperature and said it was normal. Her face was red and sweaty from the effort to breathe, but her hands and feet were cool. Was it the last stage?

"We're doing all we can," the nurse assured us.

Toward evening the nurse came in and said she was to have two shots and I should leave the room. I felt as if I would break apart. I walked over to the toy room, tears streaming down my cheeks. I looked out the window upon the peaceful scene below, until I regained control of myself.

We did not feel that we should both go home that evening and the Lord provided. The nurse asked if one of us would like to stay since our little girl was critical. We talked it over and decided Eli would stay and I would go home to be with the other children.

That evening I decided to tell the children. It was hard to face them but I thought they should know. "Naomi is very sick. Maybe Jesus wants her to come home to Him."

I was much relieved to see that they accepted it in a way as only children can.

### A MIRACLE

The next morning the doctor came in and told Eli they were taking Naomi to surgery and inserting a tube to bypass her windpipe. Eli sent word for me to come up at once. We had just finished with the chores when I got the word. So I grabbed a sandwich, and rushed out the door and we went for the hospital.

When I arrived, they were taking her to surgery. The oxygen mask was strapped to her face but she still watched Eli and me. I looked at Eli questioningly, but he just shook his head and bit his lip. The nurses told me to go along so the little girl would keep quiet.

No doubt, to the other patients we made a funny procession. One nurse with the oxygen tank, one pushing the crib, Eli and I and neighbor Noah following along. All eyes were on the little form that lay so quiet.

Then we went back to the lobby and waited for an hour, which seemed never to pass. Sometimes we talked in a low whisper but mostly we were quiet. We were praying for Naomi, "Thy will be done."

When the doctor came, he was smiling. "She's breathing much better and so can you," he assured us.

We let out a sigh of relief and went up to her room. Her throat was clogged shut with mucous but her breathing was quiet and even.

The nurses from all over the floor came and looked in and said, "It's a miracle."

Naomi had fallen into a restful sleep.

### GRADUALLY BETTER

The road to recovery was slow. For two weeks she was fed through a tube in her stomach, an ounce every hour. Later this was increased to 1 1/2 ounces. Every precaution was taken so as not to cause her to vomit. She lost seven pounds.

As soon as she was out of the oxygen tent, we were able to hold her. How very precious she was! I often took her to the toy room so she would not see the other children eating. When she was allowed to eat liquids, she grabbed

her spoon and lost no time feeding herself.

She was in the hospital for four weeks and a day. When she came home, the children were overjoyed to see her. It seemed so wonderful for all to be at home again.

But at times I had to wonder, "Why did Naomi have to go through all this? It just doesn't seem right."

I appreciated one nurse especially. She told me, "You know, I believe the Good Lord lets these things happen to see if we can give ourselves up to His will."

The neighbors, friends and relatives were so very good to us. Canton Hospital is nearly forty miles away, but we seldom had to look for a driver; people offered to take us. The men and boys from our church put up our hay. The women did the strawberries for me.

Even with all the wickedness in the world, it makes you realize there are still people who are willing to help others.

Naomi is now running around, her weight is back again to what it was before. There is still a hoarseness which the doctor said is caused by one of the vocal chords being damaged. This may correct itself in time; if not, a minor operation may need to be performed.

When we had her back for a check-up the doctor marveled at her recovery. "I've pulled lots of things out of children's throats — pretzels, toys and what have you, — but never anything as bad as this."

With so many things happening in so short a time, we feel like we have been through a time of testing. But all in all I believe the experience has been good for us. When we see Naomi so happy and smiling, it seems like sunshine after a rain. But I hope we will not forget the lesson which we had needed so badly, to be able to give ourselves up and pray, "Thy will be done." ■■

### *The Demonstration Way*

I'd rather see a lesson,  
Than hear one any day,  
I'd rather you would walk with me  
Than merely show the way.

The eye's a better teacher  
And more willing than the ear;  
And counsel is confusing,  
But example's always clear.

The best of all the teachers,  
Are those who live their creeds,  
For to see good put in action  
Is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn to do it,  
If you'll let me see it done;  
I can watch your hands in action,  
But your tongue too fast may run.

And the counsel you are giving  
May be very fine and true,  
But I'd rather get my lesson  
By observing what you do.

Submitted by

O. F. Weber, Elmira, Ont.



TWO  
LITTLE  
BOYS  
AND  
HOW  
THEY  
GREW

A happy life is a thin line between  
two extremes. It is easy to fear  
one wrong so much that we embrace  
another. When you have finished the  
following story, take time to ponder the  
lesson the author is trying to teach.  
Ask yourself, "Could the unfortunate  
reactions of the well-meaning  
people in this story apply  
to other areas of life  
as well as to  
child training?"

by Elmo Stoll

"Waaeeh, waaee." The cries of the six-week-old baby came from the cradle in the bedroom.

"No, don't go pick him up right away," said Harley Miller sternly. He looked across the breakfast table at Laura, his young wife.

"But he's just waking up and he's probably wet and —"

"Now, Laura," said Harley firmly. "You know you spoil Mark. That boy just runs the place. Every time he squeals, you jump. Just let him cry. It won't hurt him."

Laura blinked back a tear quickly, and poured a little milk on her cooked oatmeal. She tried not to hear the cries. Maybe she did spoil him, though she didn't mean to.

"Waaeeh, waaee." The distressing cries from the bedroom continued.

Harley and Laura Miller ate in silence. The cereal had lost its taste.

Baby Mark kicked in his cradle and cried until he was completely worn out. Not until his voice died down to long sobs was Laura permitted to go pick him up.

"I know it's hard," said Harley more kindly as his wife carried the baby out to the kitchen. "But you know we'll have to train our children. My Dad never broke my will, and I know what it's like to always have my own way. It didn't make me happy or do me any good."

"I know," said Laura, "only I thought at six weeks —"

"That's the trouble," said Harley, "most parents think their children are always too young to discipline. They make excuses for them, until the first thing they know, they're too big to do anything with."

Harley put on his coat and hat and went out to work.

The next morning Mark didn't get a chance to wake up and cry. Just before Harley came in from milking, Laura went to the bedroom, woke baby Mark and changed his diaper. He was cooing happily in her arms and breakfast

was on the table when Harley came in.

"See," said Harley, "See how happy he is this morning. Already he is learning that he might as well be nice because crying doesn't get him anywhere."

Laura smiled down on her little son and said nothing except, "Breakfast is ready as soon as you're washed, dear."

Weeks passed and months. Laura tried hard to be a good wife and help her husband in training their first child so he wouldn't be spoiled. When Mark was old enough to take to the table, she liked to hold him while she fed him. Baby-like, Mark grabbed for things on the table and sometimes he tipped over containers.

One morning while Laura was passing the eggs to Harley, Mark grabbed her plate and crashed it to the floor.

"Baby!" Laura scolded softly. "Don't do that." Lightly she slapped his tiny hands.

"You'll never train him that way," Harley declared. "He'll think it's some game and will keep on playing. The next time he reaches for something on the table, I'm going to hit his hands with the knife handle. He'll soon learn not to plunge his little hands into other people's business."

Mark did learn surprisingly fast. After only being hit about four times across the fingers with the handle of the butter knife, he kept his hands timidly below the table. He cried for a long time after each blow but Harley was right — he did learn. And the black and blue marks faded away before the week was over. Laura was glad for that because she worried about how to explain them if someone should notice the bruises in church.

Unfortunately Mark Miller was a lively youngster. As soon as he learned to toddle on unsteady feet, he seemed to be constantly in something he shouldn't have been. One evening in early spring when Mark was almost a year old, he crawled up on the sewing machine and opened the heavy covers of a large Bible that had been left lying there. He had just finished tearing the corner off the second page when his father caught him at it.

\* Names and characters are fictitious



"What in the world is going on?" Harley asked. "Mark Miller, you know better than that!"

Laura came running from the kitchen, flour on her hands.

Mark's face stung for a long while where his father slapped him three times with the palm of his hand. And for a whole hour he had to sit on a chair as an additional punishment.

Harley was a strict father. He aimed to be sure that no son of his was ever spoiled. And he was disappointed that for all the punishment he had given, Mark was still not completely submissive at thirteen.

It was during the busy time of the year when all the farmers are working overtime to fill their silos while the corn is just in the right stage.

Mark was already in the eighth grade that year, his last year of school. He was almost sorry — he didn't look forward to being out of school for he knew too well that at home he would have to work harder than ever before. He knew too, this particular evening, that he was needed at home to help work. He knew it until on the way home from school something happened that made him forget.

He and the neighbor boy were walking home together past a small woodlot when they spied an object off to the left in the field.

"Is that a groundhog in there?" asked Mark, pointing at the object.

"Looks too big for a groundhog," said his friend. "But I wonder what it is."

As if by a signal, the two boys leaped the ditch, tumbled over the fence and sped across the field.

The object turned out to be a full-grown raccoon out getting an early supper. Startled by the approaching boys, the animal turned and raced for the nearest tree, with clumsy galloping jumps.

The boys chased after it, but not having a club or stick of any kind, they were helpless to stop its flight. The snarling raccoon reached the base of the tree and scrambled hurriedly up the rough trunk.

For a half hour the boys fooled around, throwing stones at the furry animal high in the branches, trying to persuade it to leave the safety of its refuge. In vain. The coon was too clever to budge.

Suddenly, far in the distance, Mark heard the faint whine of a silo filler. At once he remembered that he was expected to help as usual at home.

Whirling around, he dashed for the road and ran the remainder of the way home. He knew without asking that he was in trouble.

He was. His father met him at the gate to the barnyard. Harley Miller pulled out his watch, looked at it, then without a word placed it back in his pocket. He looked at his son.

"You're late," he said crisply.

"Yes." Mark was still puffing from the hurried run.

"Didn't you know I wanted you to help at home right away?"

"Yes, but —"

"Were you kept after school?"

"N-noo."

"Then where have you been?" His father's face was grim.

"I — I was coming right home, but we saw a coon and chased it, and I forgot. I'm sorry."

"You'd better be sorry. Chasing a coon! Imagine, with all the work we have at home. That was just an excuse to get out of work. No boy of mine is going to pull

off a stunt like that and get by with it. Come along and take your punishment."

"But — but — Dad, I work hard. I —" It was useless to protest. Already his father was walking toward the buggy shed with long strides. Mark followed. The years of training had not been for nothing. Even though Mark was almost as big as his father, he never thought of resisting or disobeying.

Mark was too big to cry, but salty tears stung his eyes as the long leather on the buggy whip rose and fell again and again. When the whip was finally put back into the holder, Mark was quivering with pain, fighting an overpowering impulse to run away and never come back.

The sharp lashes of the whip burned but greatest of all was the pain of the injustice Mark knew he had suffered.

"The team is tied behind the barn," said his father gruffly. "You may go get a load of corn right away. There's plenty cut."

Back in the corn field, safely out of his father's hearing, the storm of pent-up emotions broke loose. Angry sobs shook his body as he threw the bundles of heavy corn on the wagon.

"If I ever have children," Mark resolved as tears of selfpity trickled down his cheek, "If I ever have children I hope I can treat them the way they should be treated. I'll never, never, never, — as long as I live — I'll never, never, never beat a child."

Mark never forgot that cruel beating with the buggy whip, and he never forgot the passionate resolve he made in the corn field.

Eight years passed, years of sweat and toil for Mark on his father's farm. At last the day came he had been waiting for many years. On a calm blue October Thursday, he and Lydia were married.

Eleven months later the baby came. They named him Melvin. Melvin Miller. It sounded right.

Now Mark was a father. Dozens of times he had told Lydia the unbelievable stories of the extreme punishments meted out to him by his strict father. Lydia's soft heart had been outraged. She pitied her husband and admired him in turn, trying to make up for the wrongs of his boyhood. And she knew he would never be harsh with his little one.

Little Melvin was a good boy. He seldom cried, but when he did his parents hustled to give him loving attention. Melvin grew fat and chubby, surrounded by an atmosphere of love and warmth.

Melvin was cute, but he didn't stay a cooing baby forever. Soon he too was starting to walk around the living room. One noon he spotted mother's scissors that she used in sewing. The shining gleam of its polished steel held Melvin spellbound. He picked it up, with exclamations of awe. "Igh -- igh," he said in baby language.

Lydia came in just then. "Oh, Melvin, you'll hurt yourself," she said. Quickly she reached down and took the sharp instrument from his chubby fingers.

But Melvin wasn't ready to give up his shiny new toy. He stretched out his arms, begging to have it back.

"No, you can't have it," said his mother firmly. She put the scissors in the sewing machine drawer, out of his reach.

Melvin's little eyes filled with rebellion. With a cry, he flung himself on the floor and kicked, screaming in anger.

"Mark," called Lydia to her husband. "Come straighten Melvin up. He's getting a terrible temper."

"Awww, what's wrong with him?" asked Mark. "What



hurt him?"

"He's not hurt at all," said Lydia. "He's just plain mad because he can't have the scissors. He needs a whipping."

"Mother," gasped Mark, hurt by his wife's lack of sympathy for her child. "You know I'm never going to beat my children like a brute. Melvin's upset because he didn't get much sleep last night. Here, poor boy, I'll let him play with my watch."

Mark bent down and tenderly picked up his struggling son. "Here, here, Melvin," he soothed. "Let me put it to your ear. Hear it? Tick, tock, tick, tock. Hear it?"

Melvin smiled, pleased with his new toy.

Lydia returned to the kitchen, perplexed. Had she been too quick to think Melvin needed a good spanking? Mark thought so. He should know. He had thought about the subject more than she had. Lydia decided to leave the punishment of Melvin up to his father. It was a man's job anyhow.

At least it soon grew into a man's job, literally.

No matter how cute Melvin had been as a baby, he certainly had a will of his own. His parents tried to be patient with him.

He was two when he discovered that since sweets were good, it was stupid to eat anything else at the table. He refused to take a bite of soup or potatoes, but as soon as he was given cake or pie, he would cheerfully eat it up.

"I don't think it's good for him," Lydia worried.

"Oh, that won't hurt him," Mark said. "He's just being a boy. Don't cheat him out of his right to be a boy. I know what it's like never to have had a normal childhood."

When Melvin was three, Lydia was sure it wouldn't be overworking him if he had to pick up his toys before he went to bed. So she asked him to. He did it willingly the first three nights. But on the fourth night he didn't feel like it.

"Don't want to," he said.

"But Mommy said you have to."

Stubbornly Melvin shook his head.

"Come on, Melvin said so. Do it quickly, then you can go to bed."

"No. Don't want to."

"Melvin. Come on. Do it quickly like a good boy."

"Nope."

Lydia saw that she needed some support.

"Daddy."

"Yes."

"Come here. Melvin won't do it to pick up his toys."

"He won't? Oh, come on, Melvin, be a good boy. Don't you want to pick up toys for Mommy?"

"Nope, don't want to."

"What's wrong with Daddy's little boy?"

"Don't want to pick up toys."

"What's wrong, isn't my little boy feeling well?"

"No, don't feel well."

"Aww, poor boy doesn't feel well. Daddy will help you pick up your toys."

After that Melvin never felt well when he was asked to work. He was sick a lot, it seemed.

It was during Melvin's second year in school that he acquired the habit of talking back. He came home one evening in spring, with a half inch of mud on his boots. Thoughtlessly he walked right into the house without leaving his boots at the door. His mother had just finished mopping the floor.

"Melvin, look at the tracks you're making. Please leave

your boots outside."

"Pick, pick," he said. "You're always picking on me. It won't hurt the old floor to get a little mud."

His mother was shocked. "Melvin, don't talk back like that. I'll tell Daddy."

"Tell him, I don't care."

When Lydia complained to her husband, he said, "Well, maybe you are too strict with him."

"Strict with him! He's getting to be a spoiled brat. It's about time you do something about him."

"Do something? What do you mean?" Mark asked suspiciously. "You know I'll never be guilty of beating my son like some savage. I got too much of that when I was a boy."

Lydia sighed wearily and dropped the subject.

The years moved on and Melvin grew up. School was hard for him for he had never learned to bend his will to others. He was selfish and inconsiderate. His playmates called him a bully.

The year he was sixteen brought more problems. Melvin thought he was grown up then. He came and went when he felt like it. Half the time his mother didn't know where he was. She worried. All the love they had lavished on their darling son seemed to have been wasted. He didn't appreciate it.

Melvin changed when he was twenty. By the grace of God, he came face to face with the selfish creature he was, and he was sorry for it. He was sorry enough to quit. But he found it hard. He found it hard to surrender his stubborn will to God — a will that had never been broken.

Three more years went by. Melvin married and is now a father himself. He has children of his own — children who will need love and correction.

What will happen? Will Melvin react to the way he was brought up until he is as unreasonably strict as his grandfather was? And will Melvin's children in turn react the opposite way? Will the cycle of reaction go on and on, unbroken, or will Melvin have enough insight to see what has been happening and be able to find the middle ground?

## *A Beginning Without An End*

In this world everything has a beginning  
And eventually must pass on again,  
But a time is coming hereafter —  
A beginning without an end.

At this time man was also created  
From the dust that covered the earth  
According to God's own image  
A beginning that turned to a curse.

In this life all things have beginnings;  
People prosper and follow the trend.  
But alas the time draweth nearer  
To a beginning that will never end.

So take into consideration  
How your time is spent here, my friend,  
For your life here determines your future  
In the beginning that will never end.

- S. H., Britton, Ontario



# FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

## TODAY'S PIONEERS

Running water, hardwood floors, supermarkets, tarvia roads, mail service, hospitals, Riteway stoves, ice boxes, hot water heaters, coiled spring mattresses, stainless steel cookware, food supplements, corn flakes, laundry soap, toilet paper.

Things. Check them off one by one. Could you get along without them? Only a few generations ago our forefathers settled the American West, wrestling with the virgin sod and struggling against hardships most of us have met only in books. They did without the modern conveniences listed above, as well as many others not listed.

I thought the pioneer spirit of our grandfathers was dead, but I am beginning to believe there is more of it around than we dared hope for. The last few years have seen a strange thing happening among the Amish and Mennonites, the beginning of what may become a major migration to the underdeveloped lands of Central and South America.

This is an encouraging sign, I think. Not only does it show that some of us value our heritage and faith more highly than conveniences and family ties and Grossdawdy's Platz, — it shows that however soft we may have become living our pampered lives, we still have the spirit.

Migration is not a new thing. Our Anabaptist forefathers in Europe were hounded from one country to another, migrating not by choice so much as by necessity. The biggest movement of all began when the ships started to load for America, the land across the sea. How hard the parting must have been, for there was little chance that the immigrants would ever again see their loved ones left behind.

The partings were not all past when America was reached. The first Amish settlements in Pennsylvania soon lost family after family as they followed the general move westward, always opening up new land, then moving on farther west. The Amish were pioneers in Holmes County, Ohio, in LaGrange and Elkhart Counties, Indiana, in Johnson County, Iowa, and at the turn of the century in a dozen little settlements in Texas and Kansas and North Dakota and Colorado and Oregon.

Then as now, there were all kinds of people. Some families were the stay-in-one-place type, the ones who became deeply attached to the place of their birth or the place of their childhood, and were well satisfied to fill the corner in which they were without a thought of going somewhere else. (I met a man like this the other day. He lives in the Milverton, Ontario area and said, "I'm 90 years old, and I've never been fifty miles from home. Guelph and Goderich are as far as I've been in my life.")

Others had the pioneer urge to settle new land and make it grow crops, to get out where the soil was still the way the Lord had made it and put it under the plow.

Still others, I'm afraid, had merely a wandering restless urge to move again and again. Allen Clark in his "History of the Amish of Delaware" tells of the J. K. Miller family. In 1912 they moved to McMinnville, Oregon; in 1913

to California; in 1914 to Norfolk, Virginia; in 1915 to Dover, Delaware; in 1918 to Montana, and in 1919 back to Oregon!

### The Move Southward

How has it happened that the Amish did not become interested in Latin America before? Actually, there has been some interest, but it did not reach epidemic proportions.

In 1944 a number of families from Ohio and Pennsylvania moved to the state of San Luis Potosi in Mexico. According to reports, the reason this settlement failed was not because they did not like the country or the climate.

In May 1958 Samuel Hertzler, Sr. of Mechanicsville, Maryland and two of his sons made an investigation tour of Honduras (not British Honduras), and visited an Old Colony Mennonite family at Catacamus, Jacob Gunthers, with whom they had had correspondence. The Hertzlers decided against moving to Central America, and several of the sons moved to Canada instead.

A few years later several families from Bowling Green, Missouri spent a number of months in southern British Honduras, but they did not stay. I do not know the reasons for their return, but it seems to me there was talk that a land deal did not turn out to be what they expected. Some of the same families have since then moved to Paraguay.

Up to 1966 no permanent Amish settlement had been established in any of the Latin American countries. But in the fall of that year, almost the entire membership of the small Amish church at St. Joe, Arkansas decided to move to British Honduras. (See "Busloads to B.H." in March and April, 1968, issues of *Family Life*.) Several families from Pennsylvania joined the group. This colony of ten families is now in its third year, located near Cayo, only a few miles from the Guatemalan border.

During 1967 the first Amish families moved to Paraguay, a South American country five thousand air miles south of New York City. The distance here is greater than that covered by our ancestors who came to America from Europe, but the advances in transportation make it seem much closer.

The Paraguay Amish moved from Orange County, Indiana to their new homes south of the Equator. Some of them settled in the Chaco region, and others have located in southeastern Paraguay.

In the past few months four families from Ontario have also moved to Paraguay, a land where summer comes in the wintertime, and winter never comes.

### Other Mennonite Groups

Although we are today for the first time seeing widespread interest among the Amish to settle in Latin America, the Russian Mennonite people have been there for over forty years.

I am sure that from these people the Amish can learn much. Many of the lessons they learned the hard way

**Family Life**



should be possible to avoid, and anyone thinking of a move southward would do well to read the several books that have been written about the settlements in Paraguay and Mexico.

One mistake the first settlers seem to have made was to move south in large groups — men, women, and children — without having made provisions ahead of time for food and lodging when they arrived. The result was sometimes disaster.

Take for example the settling of Menno Colony in the Gran Chaco of Paraguay in 1926. The Chaco at that time was a vast unexplored wilderness, and the land purchased by the Mennonite agents who had investigated the country was located fifty-five miles beyond the end of the railroad. Travel inland had to be by foot or by ox-cart.

The first group of immigrants to leave Canada for the new land numbered 1778 souls. After several months of weary traveling, they arrived in Paraguay on Dec. 31, 1926. They were anxious to get settled on the new land, but much bitter disappointment faced them instead. The land they had purchased had not even been surveyed yet. The immigrants had to wait sixteen months until the survey was completed and they could move onto their own land!

Meanwhile four temporary camps were set up and here the pioneers lived in crowded miserable conditions, with nothing to do but wait. They had arrived at the worst possible time as far as the climate was concerned, — in the middle of Paraguay's hot summer. On the first day they arrived a child died, and two days later three more died. In January and February of 1927, twenty-six children were carried to the cemetery.

Then suddenly adults began to die too. An epidemic that later turned out to be typhoid fever spread through the camps. In the end the disease took almost 200 lives. The elder, Martin Friesen, said, "One funeral humn had scarcely been sung when another started. The most bitter tears at the loss of husband or wife, father or mother or child had just flowed down cheeks and again the pitiless reaper drew forth the hottest tears. But God ordered a halt. He healed the wounds, comforted the bereaved, and spared by far the majority."

Eventually the settlers moved onto their own land, and the battle against the untamed frontier began. The struggle was not easy, but the worst was soon past. Today Menno Colony has a population of almost five thousand and is prospering. The climate is a wholesome one, for the birth rate is high and the death rate extremely low. (Menno Colony, of course, is only one of a number of successful colonies in Paraguay.)

The story of colonization in Mexico is much the same

as in Paraguay. Thousands of Old Colony Mennonites from Manitoba migrated to Chihuahua, Mexico during the years from 1922-27. This was an immense undertaking, for the area in which they settled was barren undeveloped land. There were no homes, no wells, no roads. Everything had to be built from scratch, and while the building was in progress the wives and many little children had to have shelters in which to stay.

The hardships of those early days are now but memories. Today there are perhaps twenty thousand Mennonites in Mexico and they have become fairly prosperous. They live in villages and have a system of self-government similar to the Mennonite settlements on the steppes of Russia a hundred years ago.

#### How Many Will Go South?

I have a very personal interest in Latin America. In the Amish settlement at San Ignacio, British Honduras, I have two sets of uncles and aunts, and no less than a half dozen cousins.

But that is not all. My own parents and half of my brothers and sisters are in Honduras this winter, investigating the possibilities of settling in that country.

Most of us might as well confess that we know very little about the Central and South American countries and their people. We have learned a little from the immigrants who have settled there. Ox-carts and wooden plows are not a thing of the past down south, and the strange language, the lower living standards, the lack of modern conveniences all take some adjusting to.

A country like Paraguay has vast areas of fertile soil that have never been cleared. There are just not enough people available to develop this land. Because of this Paraguay welcomes farmer-immigrants.

Other countries have different problems. In some of them the problem is overpopulation and a scarcity of food that borders on starvation. In these places the trouble is mainly a lack of know-how — the natives cultivate their little patches of ground, but the soil is depleted so that it produces very little. In these lands, too, good farmers are needed.

But I do hope that as Amish settlers move into Latin American countries, they will realize they have something more to offer the natives than to show them how to farm and do a day's hard work. The motive for moving should certainly not be a selfish one, or the venture will be doomed to failure. The motive should be religious — a desire to worship God in freedom, and to present a true Christian witness.

Will there be many of our people moving south? Who knows? It is difficult to tell when the widespread interest we now see will reach its peak. (Perhaps it has already reached its peak.) Events in our own lands of the United States and Canada may have much to do with the future of our Amish churches.

Let's face it — there is a keen interest today to look into this Latin American possibility. Many people feel like a grandfather in Ohio who wrote to me some months ago in these words, "At first when the idea came up for colonization in C.A. and S.A., it appeared rather far-fetched, but recently I'm beginning to wonder. The way things are going here in the good old U.S.A., what with the draft, violence, godlessness in all forms, not to mention the great swing to urbanization and industrialization and the effects of all this on our church, well, the idea of going that far to do some pioneering does not look quite as ridiculous as it did at first."

#### DID YOU KNOW?

In Palestine there was no general practice of embalming the dead. The body was wrapped in strips of cloth and buried within a few hours after death. As in the case of Jesus' burial, spices were sometimes used. Coffins were unknown. Bodies were placed in tombs, or more often in caves.



# The Long Wait

Saturday was a beautiful day. The older children were up early, and Dad commented that the milking was done in record time. Everyone worked with more than usual speed. Dad had promised if the Saturday work was finished by noon, the young folks could go to Grandfather's and stay overnight, plus the next day — Sunday.

"Be home Sunday evening in time to milk," Dad told them, as he handed the reins to Kathy. "And don't drive Babe too hard; it's quite warm and a good seven miles. Remember to behave like you should at Grandfather's."

"We will; we will. Bye," the four chimed happily, and they were off for their longed-for visit with Grandfather and Grandmother.

At the supper table that evening, Mother happened to remember, "Oh, I forgot about butter today. With the older children gone I really didn't have anyone to go for it this afternoon. Either we have to go after some, or do without over Sunday."

"I'll go right after supper," Dad offered. "I can take Laddie and just walk over to Troyers. I've already turned the horses out to pasture."

Mother soon had the few supper dishes washed and the little one tucked in for the night. The two other children

were outside playing contentedly. In the living room Mother sat down to read. She took her eyes from her book now and then, glancing down the lane. She thought to herself, "Dad must be enjoying a visit with the Troyers; otherwise he should be back by now. It's only a mile over there."

The evening shadows lengthened and the gentle breeze became pleasantly cool. Darkness came stealing in. Still Dad did not return. Mother decided to walk to the edge of the front lawn. From there the highway was visible. Mother looked across the fields; perhaps she could see him coming. What was that? Over near the highway. Smoke. Something was burning. Whatever it was appeared to be right on the highway. The red flames became visible and the smoke rose higher and higher. Something was burning, but what?

"Must have been a wreck," Mother thought to herself. "Maybe that is what's keeping Dad." She could see the fire trucks arrive and the fire soon died down. Cars which had stopped to investigate were leaving. "But why doesn't Dad come now?" A flash of thought came, "Could someone have stopped to give him a ride — a wreck — oh, no, surely someone would have come to tell me if he had been in that burning car."

She could see the fire trucks leaving. "Everybody has gone, but it's almost too dark to see for sure." But still no Dad. How long should she wait for him? She could not very well leave the children to go and find out what was wrong. "If only someone would come. But who would know if he had been in the car that burned?"

Mother waited. Minutes seemed like hours. She tried to still her fearful pounding heart. Her knees felt weak; she clung to a fence post for support. It was so dark now that she could no longer see.

Meanwhile, Dad had purchased the butter from Mrs. Troyer. He was on his way out when he met neighbor Troyer coming in from the barn. They soon became in-

DAD WENT TO THE NEIGHBORS

ONE SATURDAY EVENING.

HE WOULD SOON BE BACK.

MOTHER WATCHED.

SHE WAITED—

AND WAITED.

FINALLY

SHE

WORRIED.

by Mollie Zook

involved in a deep conversation, which was nothing unusual when the two met.

"I'd better be going now," Dad finally decided, "or I'll need a light. I don't like to be out on the highway when it's dark. Come on, Laddie, let's be going." He glanced down at his dog. "I think he has the makings of a good dog, if the children don't spoil him for me. He's so playful; just a pup yet."

Dad whistled a tune as he turned his steps homeward. His long swift strides soon covered the short stretch of road that led from the Troyer farm to the highway. Laddie followed, stopping several times to search out a clump of brush beside the road. His keen inquisitive nose had to be satisfied; then he quickly ran to catch up again with Dad. Only a short walk along the highway, and they would cut across the fields.

"Come on, Laddie. We'll walk on the side of the road here until that oncoming truck passes. Laddie. LADDIE!"

It was too late. Laddie had taken a sudden notion to run into the lane of the approaching truck. The driver swerved the truck sharply into the left lane. Laddie also tried to dodge the truck, but they met in the left lane.

The large truck had too much speed to take the sudden swerve. It reeled drunkenly for a moment, then flopped over on its side. The sparks flew as the truck slid on the rough pavement. An opening was scraped in the fuel tank. Flames flashed and climbed upward as the truck ground to a stop.

For a moment Dad stood watching like one stunned, then clicked back to reality. "The driver. I must help the driver."

In that perilous moment the driver smashed the windshield with an axe he carried in the truck cab for just such an emergency. He jumped to safety.

Minutes passed. Cars stopped and the state police arrived. Dad was still in a dazed shock when a booming voice

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asked him, "Was that your dog?"

"Yes, officer."

"Did you have him licensed? I don't see a tag on him."

"Yes, I have the certificate in my billfold," Dad answered. He searched for it and handed the slip of paper to the broad-shouldered trooper.

The officer examined the front side of the slip, then turned it over and read the fine print. "It says on here that a dog should be under the owner's control when it is off the owner's property. If your dog had been on a leash, this accident could have been prevented."

The state trooper went on to measure the length of the truck's skid marks. "Plenty speed," he told the driver. "And never risk your life to save a dog's. This is too often how it turns out." He motioned toward the heap of smouldering metal on the road.

After checking the situation from all angles, making notes, and taking down both men's names, the officer left without placing any charges.

"You will be responsible for this," the driver told Dad, showing him his burns. There were blisters on his arms and ankles. "I will have to go see a doctor now, but I'll see you later. And so will the insurance man." After getting Dad's name and directions to his farm, the driver of the truck left.

"Don't let him scare you," a neighbor advised. "You didn't ask him to risk his neck to save your dog — killed him anyway. He should be thankful he got out."

"I don't know about that," a passer-by remarked, "Those insurance companies collect whenever they can. When the law's in their favor, they don't show any mercy. I advise you to get in touch with a good lawyer."

Dad stood thinking deeply. Was he really responsible on account of Laddie? With languid steps he started home once more. The butter in his bag felt strangely heavy.

Mother saw his form appearing through the darkness. Was it Dad? His steps did not have their ordinary buoyant spring. She hurried down the lane to meet him. As they walked home together, Dad told her what had happened. They came to the front lawn and sat on the grass.

"I don't know what will become of us if the company sues," spoke Dad. "The cop talked as if I were responsible for not having Laddie under control." Propping his elbows on his knees, Dad dropped his head into his hands. How tired and worn he looked.

"Don't worry, Dad," Mother tried to talk cheerfully. "We are healthy and are able to work. Let's be thankful no one was seriously hurt."

Dad looked at her without really seeing her. "You don't understand what this could mean. The insurance company could sue for the damage to the truck and for the driver's medical expenses." He rubbed his forehead. "A man advised me to hire a lawyer, but I don't want to do that."

"Of course you don't," Mother answered. "Even if they take all we have, we still have each other." Her face brightened. Dad was not really listening, just staring out into the darkness — thinking, thinking. Then he spoke, "The cows and horses would hardly cover the damage to the truck, and the doctor might send the driver to the hospital. I'd be responsible for that expense too."

Mother felt sick in her stomach. Last night she might have shared his grief but not tonight. At this moment material things meant so little to her. Much, so much more could have been lost. She put her hand on Dad's arm to get his attention. "Don't worry about these things, Dad, it could have been worse; no one burned with the truck." Mother spoke softly, trying to stifle her inner feelings. "You were not in that fire, and I thought you were." ■■

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## **HOMELY HANNAH**

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Hannah was busily ironing the weekly wash while Mother sat rocking the new baby.

"Mom," Hannah spoke hesitantly. "I — I don't think it's fair. All the other girls are so much prettier than I."

"Prettier?"

"Yes, you know it's true, Mom. My hair is so scraggly and my nose is too big and —"

"Now, Hannah," her mother chided. "Does it matter after all if you are not quite as pretty as some? You can see well, your ears are good — in fact, all of your senses are in good working order. You should be a happy girl."

"I know," Hannah sighed, "but you didn't hear what I heard last week."

"What did you hear?"

"Some girls were talking," Hannah said half angrily. "Guess they never thought I would hear."

"If I were you, I just wouldn't pay any attention —"

"But, Mom," Hannah interrupted. "They were laughing and called me homely. They didn't say it in a very nice way, either."

"Well," Mother exclaimed. "It's wrong to talk slightly or make fun of anyone's looks. I hope you never do that."

Hannah didn't answer. After a few moments, Mother continued, "People never look alike, except in case of identical twins. Wouldn't it be confusing if they did?"

Actually, it's wonderful when you stop to think how many millions of people live on earth, and each one's a little different."

"Well, I could look different and still be pretty," Hannah argued.

"That's true," Mother agreed. "But if you were ever so pretty, would that make you a better person? Worldly people put emphasis on outward beauty. They spend millions to try to make themselves prettier. But as is often the case, the homeliest ones are the nicest. Cosmetics don't make true beauty."

"I hate to meet strangers," said Hannah. "I'm always sure they are thinking, 'My, what a homely girl!'"

"That's not the way I've found it," Mother said. "It's true that sometimes we meet someone who at first glance looks very unattractive. But after speaking with them for a few minutes, an attractive personality will soon have you forgetting about their looks. What a pleasant surprise that is."

"Oh, Mom," Hannah laughed. "You're trying too hard to make me glad I'm ugly."

"Don't say you're ugly," Mother reproved. For a moment she stopped rocking, and sat looking down at the sleeping baby on her lap. "Oh, yes," she said suddenly, "I was talking about surprises. Well, I've gotten the other

kind, too. I mean, like when you meet someone who looks nice and has a pleasing appearance, but what a letdown when you learn to know them better. They may turn out to be selfish gossipers with sharp tongues. I once heard a remark about someone, 'A pretty dish with nothing in it.'

Mother rose quietly and went to the bedroom to put the baby in the crib. When she returned, she said, "To me it seems worse in a way for a beautiful person to have such bad faults. I suppose because God has blessed them already and they could be beautiful both spiritually and physically if they cared enough."

"That's what I wish I were," Hannah said. "Pretty both ways."

"I know a plain looking person sometimes thinks he has reason to feel angry with what God has given," Mother said. "Such people have two choices. Either they can become bitter because of the way God chose to create them, or they can overcome this and become some of the truly beautiful people in this world."

"As one writer remarked, 'A beautiful young person is a work of nature; a beautiful old person is a work of art.'"

"What does that mean?" Hannah asked, wrinkling her forehead. "I don't understand."

"The writer's meaning was clear," Mother said. "He meant these last worked at the art of being very likeable people so they were at peace with God and man. This in turn makes a pleasant looking face. The shape, size and color of the features makes no difference."

Hannah continued ironing. She seemed deep in thought.

"So you see, Hannah, mere prettiness is not enough. Sometimes pretty people depend on their appearance and forget to develop the talents they were given. It matters not so much what God has given us as what we make of it."

"I understand what you mean, Mom," Hannah replied. "Next time I hear anyone saying I'm homely, I'll just not let it bother me. Instead I'll try harder to be the kind of person God wants me to be."

Minutes later Hannah was singing softly to herself as she finished the ironing.

- L. S., Penna.

the singers at home, they always asked me to lead and I always had to refuse. I did try the "Loblied" one time and couldn't make it. How I wished I had my problems licked as I just hated to refuse to sing.

Four years later we moved to Delaware in South District. We would occasionally attend neighboring East District. And always I was asked to sing. One day I decided to try again and figured, "If they find out I can't sing, they will not ask again."

But to my surprise, although it was far from perfect, my singing did go. After that I did try a few new ones and sometimes I would get along all right.

Six years ago we moved to North District. Singing went pretty good for a while as we had several good singers in church then. But it happened that these good singers started to move out to other districts. And being I could sing better on a high and fast tune, I could just barely get on with the slow and low bunch that was left.

Then to top it off we were to a neighbor's house one Sunday night. I heard one of the children say, "Wie singt der Checkie Yedder in die gmay?" Then they let out something of a squeal to show how I sing.

I pretended I didn't hear it, but made up my mind I wasn't going to sing in church no more. Therefore the next Sunday I didn't help sing the first song. It so happened that my neighbor, married to my niece, was sitting next to me, and he stole a couple of glances my way. I just thought, "Was denka die leit es ich net helf singa heit?"

I felt guilty as I remembered that Jesus was also mocked and beaten and despised, yet he did not become discouraged, but went on and fulfilled the work he was sent to do. Then I did feel ashamed. Therefore I dug right in and helped sing the rest of the day.

Time went on and the incident was almost forgotten. Today I attended middle district. As soon as the first song was announced, someone poked me and whispered, "Checkie Yedder, sing."

"There are others here that can sing better than I can," I said, although it was a song I had sung already. Then again I seemed to hear words ringing in my ears. Suppose a preacher would refuse to preach because he felt there was another that could deliver a better sermon? Would he be faithful to his calling? Was I faithful to my calling? I was called upon to lead and felt I could sing, but another could and did sing better than I could have. I knew I was guilty of refusal.

Now, what about you, young men that have the talent to sing, and refuse? Suppose someday you are chosen to be a preacher. Would you also refuse to preach? If you are afraid to let yourself be heard in singing, how would you dare to stand up and proclaim the Word of God?

- Jacob Yoder, Dover, Del.

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## Guilty Of Refusal

Ever since I was a boy I loved to sing even though I could not keep a tune. In school I tried to sing. Guess what happened. Everybody burst out laughing. The same thing happened at the singing after I went with the young folks. However, I did learn to sing a few songs.

Although I was born and raised in Delaware, after I married I lived in Ohio for several years since my wife was from there. And being I always loved to help sing in church, (although I couldn't lead) I always sat with the singers. In Ohio it was the custom for the singers to sit together and those that couldn't sing sat off by themselves and didn't even use a hymn book. That was not to my fancy. Therefore I sat with the singers.

The only thing wrong with that was whenever I attended a neighboring church district. Since they knew I sat with

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## NEW YEAR — OUR RESOLUTIONS

"A little less impatient with those we deem too slow;

A little less of arrogance because of all we know;

A little more humility, seeing our worth is slight;

We are such dim candles compared to stars at night!

A little more forgiving and swifter to be kind;

A little more desirous the word of praise to find;

The word of praise to utter and make a heart rejoice —

A little bit more careful to speak with gentle voice.

A little bit more true eagerness to understand each other;

A little more real striving to help a ship-wrecked brother;

A little more high courage to each task that must be done;

These are our resolutions — and God help everyone!"

Family Life



## TO ANY DADDY

There are little eyes upon you  
And they're watching night and day,  
There are little ears that quickly  
Take in every word you say.  
There are little hands all eager  
To do everything you do  
And a little boy who's dreaming  
Of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol,  
You're the wisest of the wise;  
In his little mind about you  
No suspicions ever rise.  
He believes in you devoutly  
Holds that all you say and do  
He will say and do in your way  
When he grows up just like you.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow  
Who believes you're always right,  
And his ears are always open  
And he watches day and night.

You are setting an example  
Every day in all you do  
For the little boy who's waiting  
To grow up to be like you.  
- Selected by Mrs. A. J. Beachy

## MARRIAGE

- Harvey H. Nolt

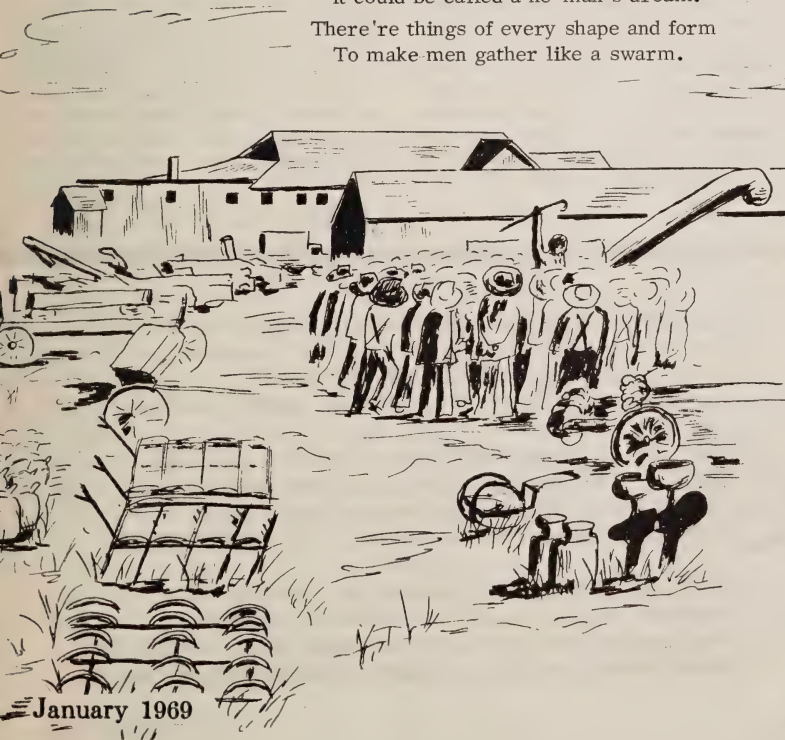
Jehovah says man should not live  
A life alone on earth.  
Comes the time man seeks a wife;  
One girl of Noble birth.  
Behold a wife! — how fine she be!

Of help to man on life's stormy sea,  
By living together till they parted be;  
Eventually called to Eternity.  
Rich they can be, though money be scarce.  
How short on earth is life?  
Our glimpse of Heaven comes often by —  
Little children of man and wife.  
Though charity be overall...  
Zero of perfection.  
Each man shall use his neighbor well,  
Regardless of direction.

## That Kidron Machinery Sale

An enterprising little town.  
Creating country-wide renown.  
Has won itself distinctive fame;  
Making it worthy of its name.  
It's Kidron with that Swiss accent,  
The birthplace of the big event.  
Yes, there is that machinery sale,  
A keen attraction to the male.  
They're having it three times a year,  
Those howling auctioneers to hear.  
The usual throng that gathers there  
Probably rivals any fair.  
Those lines of items endless seem;  
It could be called a he-man's dream.  
There're things of every shape and form  
To make men gather like a swarm.

They come from north, south, east and west:  
The atmosphere just seems the best.  
With horse and buggy, cart, and hack,  
And many carloads filled up black.  
No matter how much work there is,  
They say they can't afford to miss  
A single one of these events,  
Just rows and rows of implements.  
We heard one say he bought a plow;  
How it was done he can't tell how.  
The auctioneer just boldly said  
He saw him nod his curly head.  
Another one brought things to sell,  
A table and a dinner bell  
That didn't bring enough to pay  
For dinner that he bought that day.  
Many a man that's in the ring  
Just does not buy a single thing.  
On sale day one will always find  
That many are so much inclined  
In visiting, their time to spend;  
It seems to be the natural trend.  
They oft neglect that business part,  
Which could be taken more to heart.  
Once when the sale came to an end  
One had to ride home with a friend.  
His horse just nowhere could be found  
While all the rest were homeward bound.  
When he got home into his house  
The first he had to tell his spouse  
Was that he lost her grocery list,  
And then he went on to insist  
He couldn't mind a single thing  
Of what he was supposed to bring.  
To her 'twas no surprise at all  
Such things on sale day to befall.  
He marveled at the joy of life  
For having such a patient wife.  
Then after all he had to say  
That he just wasted another day.  
- E. W., Ohio.



## SELIG SIND DIE SEINE GEBOTE HALTEN

„Selig sind die seine Gebote halten, auf daß sie Macht haben an dem Holz des Lebens und zu den Toren eingehen in die Stadt. Denn draußen sind die Hunde und die Zauberer und die Hurer und die Totschläger und die Abgöttischen und alle, die lieb haben und tun die Lüge.“ (Offenb. 22, 14, 15.)

Ist es nicht erschrecklich daran zu denken wo die ungläubigen, ungehorsamen Menschen ihr Teil sein wird. Hier tut er sie noch vergleichen an die Hunde, welche die Unauferkeit bedeuten, ja erschrecklich wird es sein in dem ewigen Feuer Pfuhl geworfen zu sein, wo brennen wird von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit. Und er sagt: Ich Jesus habe gesandt meinen Engel, solches euch zu zeugen an die Gemeinden;“ ja er zeugt uns ganz durch sein Wort der Weg wo wir nehmen sollen um dieses alles zu entgehen, und zu stehen vor des Menschen Sohn wenn er kommen wird zu richten die Lebendigen und die Toten. „Ich bin die Wurzel des Geschlechts Davids, der helle Morgenstern.“ Nach der menschlichen Natur war er von dem Geschlecht Davids gelassen oder herkommen; aber nach der göttlichen Natur war er auch in Wahrheit die Wurzel Davids, er war lange vor Davids Geschlecht, ja von aller Ewigkeit her.

Nun hat Jesus gezeugt die Gemeinden wo wir lesen davon in Offenbarung, und dieses Zeugnis stehet als noch hier für uns heute, ja selig sind die seine Gebote halten. Sind wir nun willig seine Gebote zu halten, oder tun wir vielleicht einige davon leicht acht? „Wer meine Gebote hat, und hält sie, der ist es der mich liebet;“ dann wiederum heißt es: „Liebet ihr mich, so haltet meine Gebote, und wer nun eins von diesen kleinsten Geboten auflöst und lehret die Leute also, der wird der kleinste heißen im Himmelreich.“ Nun sagt er weiter: „Ich bezeuge allen, die da hören die Worte der Weisagung in diesem Buch: So jemand dazu setzet, so wird Gott zusetzen auf ihn die Plagen, die in diesem

Buch geschrieben stehen. Und so jemand davontut von den Worten des Buchs dieser Weisagung, so wird Gott abtun sein Teil vom Holz des Lebens und von der heiligen Stadt, von welchen in diesem Buch geschrieben ist.“ Wenn wir nichts dazu tun wollen, und nichts davon nehmen, so wollen wir auch willig sein für alles halten was darinnen geschrieben ist, und nichts leicht achten.

Ich fürchte es giebt Gemeinden heutiges Tags, wo sich entziehen von andre, nicht mehr dienen wollen mit Gemeinden, welche die Gebote näher alle am halten sind als wie sie selbst sind. Wir wollen niemand tadeln, sondern nur uns alle warnen. Ich kann nicht recht begreifen warum eine Sache wie der Kuß üben, wo so deutlich geschrieben ist daß wir uns alle untereinander grüßen sollen; doch bei so viele Gemeinden leicht geachtet wird, wie bei viele nur die Diener einander grüßen, und andre vielleicht noch einige von die Brüder. Es scheint wenn eine Sache mal verloren gehet, und etlicher Geschlechter es nicht mehr im Gebrauch hatten ist es hart für es wieder zurück kriegen. Es scheint die Leute können kein Verlangen mehr bekommen darnach, es berührt sie nicht. Und doch erinnere ich mich daß ich von unsre ältere Diener hörte bekennen in meiner Jugend daß sie glauben, es meint wir sollen uns alle untereinander grüßen. Wir stehen fest für keine neu Sachen lassen in die Gemeinden kommen, ich glaube daß einige so fest stehen für keins von die neu Erfindungen lassen herein kommen, und die Ordnung von Kleider Betrag halten, daß die Hälfte von der Gemeinde schmelzen könnte, und sie würden doch nicht nachlassen; aber können keinen Ernst bekommen für einige Geboten wo ein wenig verloren gegangen sind zurück kriegen. Und das untugendssam Tabak rauchen und faulen ist auch etwas wo in so viele Gemeinden eingeschlichen ist, und es scheint bei vielen so leicht geachtet, wo doch fast nichts ist daß mehr der Welt gleich gestellt ist als wie

dieses.

Milch verkaufen auf den Sonntag ist auch etwas wo nach meiner Einsicht uns nicht zusiehet, und doch scheint es bei vielen leicht geachtet sein. Wir sind eine Ursache daß der Mann wo die Milch an fahren ist der Sabbat mißbraucht. Wiewohl manche denken, er gehet doch, wir möchten so wohl unsre auch mitsenden; aber ich fürchte, das läßt uns nicht frei. Es sind so viele Wege darinnen wir irre gehen können daß wir auf der Gut und Nacht sein müssen. Wie ein Dichter es stellt: „Biel strenger muß streiten, Und vorsichtiger sein, Denn in vorigen Zeiten, Sagt er ihnen allgemein. Darum soll man sich üben Taglich in Christi Lehr, Einander herzlich lieben, Und wandeln in Zucht und Ehr.“ Doch ist der Weg nicht schmaler als er früher war, es ist nur der enge und schmale Weg, ja der Kreuzes Weg wo nach dem Himmel zu führet, und mit Gottes Hilfe können wir darauf wandeln; aber verführerische Zeiten sind's wo wir darinnen leben, daß auch die Außergewählten noch verführt werden können wenn wir nicht sorgfältig sind. Lasset uns Mut fassen, ja Gutes tun und nicht müde werden, denn zu seiner Zeit werden wir ernten ohne aufhören. Hier ist Geduld der Heiligen; hier sind, die da halten die Gebote Gottes und den Glauben an Jesu, ja selig sind die Toten, die in dem Herrn sterben von nun an. Ja, der Geist spricht: daß sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit; denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach. Wir erinnern uns noch an Pauli Worten im zweiten Brief an die Kor. 13, 11. „Zulezt, liebe Brüder, freuet euch, seid vollkommen, tröstet euch, habt einerlei Sinn, seid Friedsam, so wird Gott der Liebe und des Friedens mit euch sein.“ Vers 12 erinnert uns noch an dem heiligen Kuß, „Grüßet euch untereinander mit dem heiligen Kuß, es grüßen euch alle Heiligen.“ Und dann zum Ende: Die Gnade unsern Herrn Jesu Christi und die Liebe Gottes und die Gemeinshaft des heiligen Geistes sei mit euch allen! Amen.

by P. Y., Aylmer, Canada, in Herold der Wahrheit.

## DAS GNADEN JAHR



Ein neues Jahr — vielleicht dein letztes Jahr,  
Das hat der Himmelsgaertner dir gegeben,  
Er will in grosze Treue pflegen dich  
Damit du Fruechte bringst zum ewigen Leben.

Wie oft hat er schon Frucht bei dir gesucht  
Und ist entäuscht und traurig fortgerungen,  
Weil in dem Laub dein Lebensbaum  
Die Fruechte, die er suchte, nicht gehangen.

Im Gnadenjahr — vielleicht im letzten Jahr,  
Belohne seine Treue du, durch tragen  
der Lebensfrucht, nach der sein Auge sucht,  
Sonst wird die Axt den leeren Baum zerschlagen.



## GEORG, UND DER GELD

### IN SEINER SACK



Der Georg war ein acht Jahr alt Knabe. Seine Eltern wohnten nahe bei der See. Er hat drei juengere Schwestern und ein kleiner Bruder.

Sein Vater war ein Fischer, und hat an das tiefe Wasser sein Fisch gefangen. Er war oeffters die ganze Woche auf das Wasser in ein grosz Schiff. Der Georg war oft am Ufer das Meer gestanden und gewuenscht seine Vater sehen heim kommen.

Sie waren arm, aber sie hatten an Gott geglaubt, und der Georg hat gelernt zu beten. Er betete oft dasz seiner Vater bewahret wird und der Schiff nicht sinken taet wann der Winde bloszet und Donnerwetter kommet.

Ein Tag am erste der Woche kam Georg sein Onkel von Ferne zu ihren Heimat. Ehe er verlaezt sagte er zu der Georg, "Du bist ein gehorsam Knabe und tust dein Mutter helfen. Hier, ich will dir ein Geschenk geben." Er langte der Georg ein viertel Taler. Der Knabe seine Augen sind grosz geworden. Er war niemals vorher so reich!

"Ein viertel Taler!" spricht der Georg. "Ich sage grosz Dank."

"Es ist Gott gefaellig wann du deine Eltern gehorsam bist. Bleibe immer getreu und es wird dir nicht gereuen," ermahnte der Onkel weiter.

"Ich will meine Mutter helfen, und wann du mir nichts gibst."

"Ich will dir aber etwas geben. Und, wenn wir fromm sind wird der Herr uns ein besseres Reichthum schenken denn Gelt."

Wo der Onkel heimgegangen war, hat der Georg oft sein Gelt genommen aus der kleine Box unten an seine Bette, wo er es gehalten hat. Er hat oft das Gelt sein Bruder und Schwestern gewiesen.

"Siehe, wie schoen es ist!" sagte Georg.

"Ach, ich wuensche doch er hat mir auch

Geld gegeben," antwortete der jung Karl.

"Die Maem sagte wir sollen nicht so wuenschen," ermahnte der Georg.

"Wann ich aelter bin, nun hab ich auch Geld."

"Ja, Karl, wenn ich grosz bin will ich dir etwas schoenes kaufen. Ich wuensche unser Vater waere daheim es zu sehen."

Die Mutter hoerte was die Kinder redeten. "Hab acht auf dein Geld. Du kannst der Vater es weisen wenn er heim kommt."

Wann es eine gute Woche war zu fischen, kam der Vater oeffters heim auf Freitag. Andere Zeiten kam er nicht bis auf Samstag, denn sie muestzen weiter gehen die Fischschulen zu finden.

Der Georg hat bald nicht so lang warten koennen. Wo Freitag gekommen war, nam er das Geld aus der Box und ging zum Meer seiner Vater zu erwarten.

Er siehet nicht die schoene Sea Gulls und das wundersam Wasser. Er freuet sich nicht wann die Voegel auf der Wellen fahren, denn seine Gedanken waren nur an sein Vater und sein Geschenke. Oft tut er sein Hand in der Sack und spielte mit das Geld. Die Stunden am Tag waren sehr lang.

"Mein Vater wird sich verstaunen wann er das Geld siehet," gedachte Georg.

Der Abend kam, aber der Schiff war noch nicht gekommen. Betruebt und mit schwere Tritte ging Georg heim.

Es war schier dunkel wenn er in seine Stube kam, und Bereitschaft machte im Bette zu gehen. Wo er in seine Sack langte das Geld zu kriegen, kann er es nicht finden. Er suchte und suchte in beide Sacken und fand es nicht.

"Ach, ich hab es noch verloren!" Georg liesz sich auf seine Bette fallen und weinte. "Heut Abend will ich nicht mein Gebet tun, denn es gehet mir alles letz."

"Du sollst doch beten," kam in seine Gedanken.

Aber er rollt sich umher und zieht die Decke ueber sein Kopf. "Ich bete am Morgen," sagte er sich selber.

Die Gedanken waren nich stille. "Du hast nicht gebeten fuer dein Vater." Also der Georg kannte nicht schlafen gehen.

Es war spat geworden und der Wind fing an zu blasen. Er sahe helle Strahlen und dann hoerte er Donner. Georg erschrack, "Wie geht es mit mein Vater, und ich habe nicht fuer ihn gebeten!"

In eine Schnelligkeit stand er auf. Wie er auf seine Kniee faellt, fuehlt er etwas kaltes an sein Bein. Er spuerte mit sein Hand.

"Mein Geld," sagte er. "Es war aus mein Sack gefallen wo ich meine Schuhe ausgetan habe. Ich will aber Gott danken."

-S.



## JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING

There must be thorns amid life's flowers, you  
know,

And you and I, wherever we may go,  
Can find no bliss that is not mixed with pain,  
No path without a cloud, it would be vain,  
For me to wish that not a single tear  
Might dim the gladness that you hold so dear,  
I am not wise enough to understand  
All that is best for you. The Master's hand  
Must sometimes touch life's saddest chords to  
reach,

Its sweetest music, and His child to teach  
To trust His love, till the long weeping night  
Is all forgotten in the morning light.  
Trust, trust Him, then, and thus shall good or  
ill,

Your trustful soul with present blessing fill.  
Each loss is truest gain, if day by day,  
He fills the place of all He takes away.



I did not read Family Life since May. The third week in October I again read some of the August issue. The page I opened at contained the letter written by Oliver Bowman. This shutin page was a big help to me, for I was sick since June 16th. I had strokes which affected my whole body. For ten days and nights I had much pain and felt as if my end was not far off. Now I am gaining in strength again and can walk.

I feel we should pray and read more when we have our health, and can do so. When I was very sick I could not as much as get the Lord's Prayer together, for my body was too weak.

We had a lot of sickness already but I feel it was good for our family, so I feel it was the Lord's will.

Four years ago our oldest son was paralyzed from his chest down. It was in their second year of married life, and one month after he became sick his first child was born. Our son is now so that he can do light work again. We felt he was kept here for some reason. We can see how poor in body a person can become. I often thought if the Lord had taken him away, our family could have soon

forgotten how he had been.

There was a crippled man on a wheelchair and an eighteen year old blind boy here to visit me. It is good that the dear Lord does not take the sick, the crippled, and the blind away. If there were no such people, would we not forget Him too much then and just work for the worldly things? I feel it would be so for me.

I'm thankful that our children could help each other and work together. The days and nights that they all stood around my bed and read, sang and prayed for me, I had to think how hard it would be for us parents if one of them would be missing or had lived in sin?

It is easy for parents to fail by not having as much love for one child as for the other, and no love for the sons-in-law and the daughters-in-law. If it is this way in a family it is far from how the Lord wants it to be.

I want to write as a warning for I saw many things while I was on my sickbed — things that do not enter heaven. Oh, how would it be if the golden gates were closed before us!

"A family is like a wheel;  
At least that's how some families feel;  
With Mom the hub and Dad the rim  
You'll find the family full of vim,  
And Father holds them all together;  
Mother's the same in any weather;  
Of a family group of happy folks  
The youngsters form the merry spokes."

I want to thank the many known and unknown friends that sent getwell greetings and also for the birthday cards, letters and prayers, for gifts of money and food. I was 48 years old in September. I cannot answer each one. Writing does not go too good yet. Words fail us but tears of gratitude flow. We wish all of you the grace of God. He will reward all good deeds done in His Name. Pray for our family.

- Fannie Lantz  
Strasburg, Pa.



There are songs which can only be learned in the valley. No art can teach them; no rules of voice can make them perfectly sung. Their music is in the heart. They are songs of memory, of personal experience. They bring out their burden from the shadow of the past; they mount on the wings of yesterday.

The Apostle John says that even in Heaven there will be a song that can only be fully sung by the sons of earth, — the strain of redemption. Doubtless it is a song of triumph, a hymn of victory to the Christ who made us free.

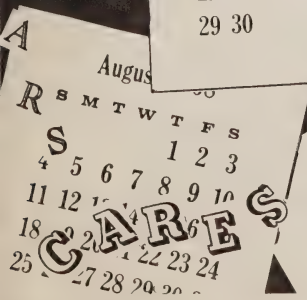
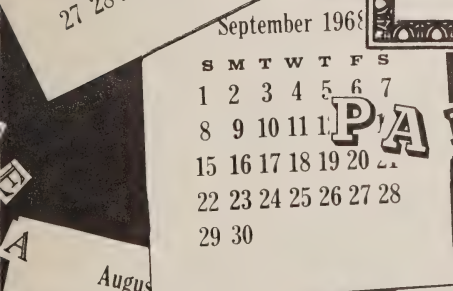
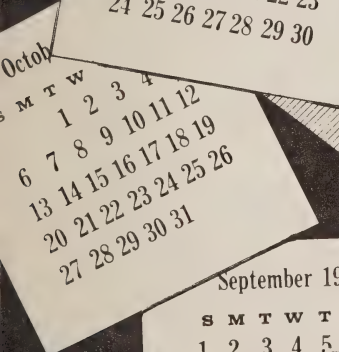
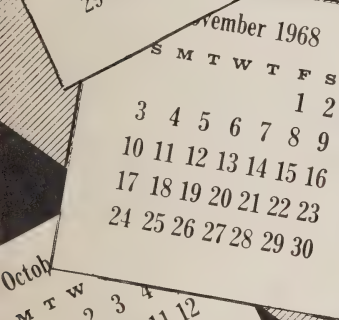
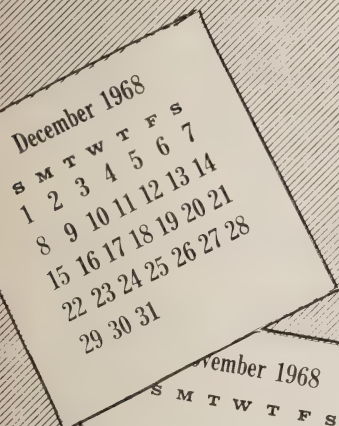
Thy Father is training thee for the part the angel cannot sing; and the school is sorrow, pain and suffering. I have heard many say that He sends sorrow to prove thee; nay, He sends sorrow to educate thee, to train thee for the singing in heaven.

In the night He is preparing thy song. In the valley He is tuning thy voice. In the cloud He is deepening thy chords. In the rain He is sweetening thy melody. In the cold He is moulding thy expression. In the transition from hope to fear He is perfecting thy lights.

Despise not thy school of sorrow, O my soul; it will give thee a unique part in the universal song.

- Matheson





PAIN

CARE

SADNESS

## *The Old Year And The New*

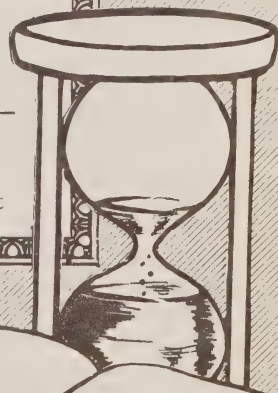
Into the Silent Places

The Old Year goes tonight,  
Bearing old pain, old sadness,  
Old care, and old delight,  
Mistakes and fears and failures,  
The things that could not last—  
But naught that e'er was truly ours  
Goes with him to the past.

Out of the Silent Places

The Young Year comes tonight,  
Bringing new pain, new sadness,  
New care and new delight;  
Go forth to meet him bravely,  
The New Year all untried,  
The things the Old Year left with us—  
Faith, Hope, and Love—abide.

— Annie Johnson Flint





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

Two spirits within one woman —  
Each of her a part,  
One guides her mind and body,  
The other her soul and heart.

Two spirits forever contending  
And yet in harmony held,  
Learning to live together  
For love has taught them to yield.  
- Mrs. C. L.

## Mary and Martha

Within the soul of the daughter of man  
Two spirits forever strive.  
One more often supremacy gains —  
Thinks she has won the prize.

### Martha

Bustling and busy, with flying feet;  
Up with the dawn, life's challenge to meet.  
Restless, impatient — so much to do,  
Becoming a little querulous too.  
Dishes to wash, floors to sweep,  
Meals for the men and children, to eat —  
"Is there never an end of things to do?  
Master, make Mary help me too."

### Mary

Tender of spirit, searching her soul,  
Listening in quiet repose;  
Heart seeking always something eternal,  
Heart searching for love untold.  
Hand on the cradle, child at her knee,  
Telling the truths of old;  
Singing in voice so tender and gentle  
The story that never grows old.

The daylight hours are Martha's.  
She fills them full to the brim.  
So much to do, so little time,  
And then to do over again.

But the evening hours are Mary's,  
A quiet time of rest  
While she tells the stories of Jesus  
To the children He came to bless.

She takes them in prayer to her Saviour  
And sits at His feet with them,  
Singing them hymns of her childhood  
Of when Jesus walked with men.

By now many a mother breathes a sigh of relief that the holidays are past again. Even so, till next year they will be willing and glad to go through the whole rush again.

Christmas is misused by many, but if it would be completely abolished many a child would not hear the story of Christ's birth. But it does seem at times this true spirit of Christmas is "buried" by the carnal activities.

Old Christmas is often held more as a holy day than December 25th. Some consider this the day of Christ's birth, while others think it was the day the wise men came to Bethlehem.

There are many weird stories told of January 6th, and as a child I feared the coming of that midnight hour. A person seldom hears these tales told any more.

## In Mother's Shoes

In their mothers' Sunday shoes,  
Little girls go walking.  
With oversized bonnets and trailing shawls,  
Pretend they're grown-ups talking.

Doing just what Mother does,  
Remembering all they see.  
Little girls pretending  
That they are you and me.

Walk straightly then, O mothers,  
And guard each word you say.  
Lest little daughter in your shoes  
Should come to grief some day.

- LeMoyne Holste - adapted

## A PARENT'S PRAYER

Oh God, make me a better parent. Help me to understand my children. To listen patiently to what they have to say. And to answer all their questions kindly. Make me as courteous to them, as I would have them be to me.

Give me courage to confess my faults and admit it when I'm wrong. May I not needlessly hurt the feelings of my children.

Forbid that I should laugh at their mistakes, or resort to shame and ridicule as punishment. Let me not tempt

Family Life



a child to lie or steal. So guide me hour by hour, that I may demonstrate by all I say and do, that honesty produces happiness.

May I cease to nag and when I'm out of sorts, help me, oh Lord, to hold my tongue.

Help me to see the good in my children and give me a ready word of encouragement for their efforts. Help me to treat my children according to their age, but let me not exact of them the judgments and conventions of adults. Allow me not to rob them of the opportunity to wait upon themselves, to think, and to make decisions according to Thy will.

Forbid that I should ever punish them for my selfish satisfaction.

May I grant them all of their wishes that are reasonable, and have the courage always to withhold a privilege which I know will do them harm.

Ma' : me so fair and just, so considerate and companionable to my children that they will have a genuine esteem for me.

Fit me to be loved and imitated by my children. With all thy gifts oh God, give me calmness and poise and self-control.

- Submitted by Miss Ellen J. Hershberger  
Middlefield, Ohio

CHILDREN LEARN WHAT THEY LIVE

- If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn.
- If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.
- If a child lives with fear, he becomes nervous.
- If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy.
- If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to hate.
- If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient.
- If a child lives with encouragement, he learns confidence.
- If a child lives with praise, he learns to appreciate.
- If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice.
- If a child lives with honesty, he learns to trust.
- If a child lives with friendliness, he learns to love.

BATTER FOR DEEP FRYING

- 1 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup sweet milk
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Sift flour and measure. Add salt and baking powder. Sift again. Add beaten egg yolks, milk and then the beaten egg whites and melted butter. This is especially good for fish.

- Mrs. A. E. Mullet, Ohio.

BAKED CHOCOLATE FUDGE PUDDING

- Cream together -
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar

Sift together -

- 1 cup flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Add alternately with 1/2 cup milk to the creamed mixture. Fold in 1/2 cup nuts. Put in ungreased pan.

Mix -

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Sprinkle this mixture over the top of the batter. Do not stir in. Pour 1 1/4 cup boiling water over the top of the batter and all. Do not stir. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

- Mrs. David Yoder, Ohio

With the world in chaos our outlook for 1969 may not seem too comforting. Each of us can try to improve the world - by building a better "me".

Some Mothers Write

One evening as I was coming in from the barn with my sons, the three-year-old saw the moon and said, "Mom, the moon is broken!" (It was the last quarter.)

- Mrs. I.S.B., Pa.

Little Rachel spoke up after she noticed the "I'd walk a mile for a Camel," advertisement on the outside of our local farm paper, "I'd want a real camel that would go to Bethlehem to see Jesus."

- Mrs. W.J.M., Va.

A two-year-old daughter of mine told me as she was reaching into the forbidden territory of my sewing machine drawer, "Let me work!"

- Mrs. E.S.B., Ont.

Kerosene is an excellent first aid for cuts or injuries. It also avoids blisters from burns if put on at once and it takes the pain away.

- K.W., Ohio

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



He who has  
a contented  
mind has  
overcome  
"self-will".  
- Aunt Becky



# CITY COUSIN

— by David Luthy

### Part 1— What The Mail Brought

**"H**urry up and open it," eight-year-old Lucy Beiler said excitedly.

"Who's it from?" asked Andy, climbing on a chair and staring at the envelope.

The oldest Beiler girl, Amanda, held the letter away from the eager children. "It's postmarked Indianapolis," she told them. "So, it must be from Aunt Martha. But we can't open it; it's addressed to Mom."

Holding the letter high out of the jumping grasps of her younger brother and sister, Amanda went to find her mother.

"What's that I heard about a letter from Martha?" asked Mother, coming out of the downstairs bedroom, a bundle of clean pants in her arms.

"It's true," chirped Lucy. "It came all the way from Indian Apples."

"No, silly," laughed Amanda, "not Indian Apples — Indianapolis."

Mrs. Beiler smiled as she took the letter from her daughter. Picking her glasses up from on top of the bookcase, she silently began to read the letter from her sister in Indiana. About halfway through she began to read out loud:

"And since he has never been East and hasn't seen his cousins for six years, we have decided to let Larry go on a ten day trip to visit you in Pennsylvania...."

"Hurrah!" shouted the children, stopping their mother's reading for a second.

"That is if it is all right with you and Amos. We thought this would be a perfect time for him to come, since we plan to be away ourselves at the Mast family reunion in Goshen."

Mrs. Beiler finished reading the letter to herself. When

she had put the letter back inside the envelope, the children were all questions.

"How will he come, Mom, by bus?" asked Lucy.

"How old is he anyways?" Andy wanted to know.

"Wait a minute. One question at a time," smiled Mother.

"Let me think: Larry was born one year after your brothers, Elam and Henry. So he must be close to fourteen now."

"Yes, that's right," volunteered Amanda. "Because I remember when we visited them six years ago, I was just ready to start in the upper grades, and he was in the third."

"Do I remember seeing him?" asked Andy, looking a little puzzled.

"No, dear, you were just a tiny baby then."

"But, Mom," frowned Lucy, "Andy's asked two questions, and you haven't answered mine."

Mother thought. "Oh, yes. Will he come by bus? I rather doubt it. He'll probably come on the Penn Central train."

"Oh, a train. Wouldn't that be fun," said Lucy, grabbing Andy's hands and swinging him around. "He's coming on the train. He's coming on the train," the happy pair chanted.

The excitement lasted most of the morning. The house was filled with a constant buzzing. Mrs. Beiler wrote a short note to her sister telling her that by all means Larry should come. Housework went slowly for her the rest of the morning. Lucy and Andy interrupted constantly with questions.

At dinnertime when the older boys, Elam and Henry, came in from work, the house was even livelier than before.

"When's he coming?" asked Elam.

"Is he coming all the way by himself," wondered Henry.

Their mother tried her best to keep up with the questions. "Yes, he is traveling the whole way alone. But he will have to change trains only once, in Pittsburgh. I wrote Aunt Martha that we will meet him in Lancaster at the train station." She paused to catch her breath. "When he is coming isn't certain yet, but I imagine toward the end of this month."

The kitchen door opened and Mr. Beiler came in. While he stood at the sink washing his hands, Amanda told him about the morning's letter.

Mother was busy taking the meat from the frying pan. At the table Elam and Henry were discussing their cousin's trip to visit them.

"It will be three weeks before he comes," said Elam.

"That's great. By then we should have Topsy broken to ride." Suddenly the thought crossed his mind, "Do you think he knows how to ride?"

"Sure he can," shrugged Henry. "Who ever heard of a fourteen-year-old boy not knowing how to ride."

"Now that's where you may be wrong," Mr. Beiler joined in the discussion, pulling his chair up to the table. "You're forgetting, Henry, that Larry lives in a city — and a big one at that. I may be wrong, but I'd guess he has never been on a horse's back before. In fact most of what we call everyday Amish life will be new to him."

Henry studied what his father had said. "Well, it will be fun anyway, even if he doesn't know much about a farm. Think of what all we can show him."

"The first morning I plan to have him climb with me to the top of the silo," said Elam. "He will get quite a view."

"And I plan to show him the tree-house we built in the maple last summer," said Henry.



The family bowed their heads in silent prayer before eating dinner. During the meal the conversation went back and forth from statements to questions. Soon the meal was over. Pushing his chair back from the table, Mr. Beiler reminded the boys, "Don't rest too long this noon; remember we've a lot of wood to finish buzzing this afternoon,"

## Part 2— Welcome, Visitor

The three weeks passed quickly for the Beiler family. It seemed like no time before they were on the bus from Leamon Place to Lancaster. And it was only a twenty minute wait inside the station before the train arrived.

"How will we know what he looks like?" asked Elam. "Last time I saw him he was about Lucy's age." He glanced at his young sister, who was sitting beside her mother on the long, wooden waiting-room seat.

"Yeah," agreed Henry. "I never thought of that. How will we know which one Larry is?"

"That won't be too hard," smiled Father. "There won't be many passengers getting off, and I doubt if there will be many fourteen-year-old boys."

"Besides," added Amanda, "he'll be looking for us." She laughed and tapped Lucy's bonnet. "And we shouldn't be hard for him to pick out."

Just then a scratchy voice came over the station loud-speaker. "Train number 146, the Empire State, now arriving on track 9 from Pittsburgh and Harrisburg."

"That's his train," exclaimed Father.

"Where's track 9?" wondered Henry. His eyes darted quickly over the red and yellow metal signs that hung above the long row of doors to the various tracks.

"There it is," pointed Elam, "over on the right side."

The Beiler family reached the double swinging doors at about the same time as some of the passengers. Elam stretched himself as high as he could to see around the first passengers coming through the doors.

"I think I see him," exclaimed Elam. He stepped back a few feet toward the rest of the family. "There's a boy coming up the steps all by himself, and he's carrying a large suitcase."

Eagerly the Beiler family waited until the boy with the large suitcase pushed the swinging doors open and stepped into the station. Seeing the Amish family, the boy stopped and smiled. "You wouldn't be Uncle Elam Beiler, would you?" he softly asked.

"Yes, I am and you must be Larry," answered Mr. Beiler quickly.

"Hello, Larry," greeted Amanda. "Remember me?"

"Sure do. You're Amanda." The blond-haired boy shook her hand.

Mr. Beiler turned toward Elam and Henry, who were standing a little to one side. "Well, boys, what are you waiting for? Here's your cousin who you've long been waiting to see again. Shake hands."

The boys moved forward a bit awkwardly and shook hands.

"You're Elam," said Larry to the tallest of the pair.

"Nope!" he answered, "Henry."

"Then you're Elam for sure," laughed Larry, shaking hands with him. "You know I hardly remember you when you were in Indiana the last time."

"Let's head downtown to catch the bus home," interrupted Mr. Beiler. "You boys will have lots of days at home to catch up on things."

Mr. Beiler was right about the boys being able to catch up on things during the next few days. The boys were hardly at home before they decided that Larry was "all right". He took an interest in farm life and wanted to do everything that the boys did — that is almost everything. For there was one thing Larry did not like doing, and the Beiler boys discovered it one evening.

"Hey, Larry," called Elam from inside the cow barn. "I'm going to the top of the silo. Want to come along? We can see for miles up there."

"That's a good idea," agreed Henry. "Come on, Larry." Henry put down the feed bag and raced for the opening to the silo.

Larry joined his cousins in front of the tall cement silo. But he didn't climb the iron rungs inside the chute very fast. After a few steps up he stopped and looked down.

"What's wrong?" asked Elam from above him.

Larry kept looking down and then to each side. Finally he looked straight up the steep side of the silo. "I — I," he stammered. "I don't think I'm going any higher."

Henry, who was already at the top, did not hear Elam and Larry talking. He shouted down, "Hey, what's keeping you?"

"Larry doesn't want to come up," Elam shouted back.

"I want to," Larry said, "but I don't think I can."

"Sure you can, Larry," encouraged Elam. "You won't fall. All you have to do is rest your back on the silo chute if you get tired." Elam stretched out from his step and rested his shoulders on the rippled metal chute. "See, it's easy."

Easy or not, Larry wasn't convinced. It was his first time climbing the side of a silo and he was scared.

"I can't do it," Larry said. Carefully he stretched his foot out and touched the step below him. "I'm going back down."

Elam and Henry were disappointed that Larry wouldn't climb to the top of the silo, for they wanted to show him so many things from up there. But they quickly climbed back down.

## Part 3— Way Up High

Three days passed. Larry went with the Beilers to church on Sunday. And on Monday he helped the boys make fence. But Tuesday it rained most of the day, so the three boys were allowed to do what they pleased in the afternoon.

"I know what we can do," said Henry, as the three sat on saw-horses in Mr. Beiler's shop. "Did you ever catch sparrows, Larry?"

"Catch sparrows?" questioned Larry. "No, I never have. But I've shot them with a BB gun."

"What are we waiting for, then?" said Elam. "There are enough sparrows in the barn to keep us busy till supertime."

The three boys raced over to the cow barn and climbed the rickety ladder to the loft. The hay mow was nearly filled to the top in one section. But Elam and Henry had already climbed the hay and robbed the nests near it one evening after chores. This afternoon they were determined to raid the nests above the other half of the mow. Since it was mostly empty, that meant they would need a ladder to reach the rafters. There the nests were tucked in tightly between the roofing and the rafters.

"You wait here a second, Larry," said Elam. "Henry and I will get the ladder and be right back."

"Oh, oh," thought Larry to himself as he looked up at the rafters. "I sure don't want to climb any ladder up that high."

The boys appeared with an aluminum extension ladder. They managed to lean it against the wall of the barn and pushed on the extension until it was up far enough for them to reach the nests.

"Swing it a little to this side," advised Elam, tugging on the ladder. "There, now it's right under a nest."

Henry steadied the ladder while Elam scrambled up. Larry watched how easily his cousin climbed, not even seeming to notice he was up so high.

"Anything there?" shouted Henry, when he saw Elam at the top.

"Yep," answered his brother. He held out his hand and dropped what was in it. "No feathers on them yet," he called down.

Larry thought to himself, "How can he stand up there and only hold on with one hand? And the way he looks down all the time." He shook his blond hair. "I'd get dizzy for sure."

Elam scampered down the ladder. "Okay, let's move it to the next nest."

The boys slid the ladder along the wall and rested it a few feet away. "Now it's Larry's turn," suggested Henry.

But Larry didn't make a move toward the ladder. "Ah, go on Henry, you can go up. I can just wait here and watch you and Elam throw the birds down."

"Aren't you going to help?" asked Elam disappointedly.

Larry smiled weakly. "I'll keep track of how many you two throw down."

Henry suddenly remembered the evening he had climbed to the top of the silo. "Why, Larry must be afraid to climb this ladder just like he was then," he said to himself.

Elam could not hear what his brother was thinking, but he too thought of how Larry had acted at the silo. "I wish he wasn't so afraid of climbing; why, he's missing a lot of fun. Maybe I can teach him not to be afraid."

"Larry," said Elam, "You don't have to go up the ladder if you don't want to, but why not give it a try? It's really not hard." Elam put his foot on the first rung and started to climb. All the way up he kept talking to his cousin. "See, how easy it is. You just keep your mind on the nests above and pretend you aren't even up in the air. It's as safe as climbing the steps in the house." Elam scurried down the ladder and stood beside Larry. "See, there's nothing to it."

"Yeah," encouraged Henry. "Give it a try, Larry."

"But what if I'm way up high and the extension slips out of place?"

"Ah, that won't happen," said Henry.

For the next few minutes the Beiler brothers coaxed Larry to climb the ladder. Before long their cousin gave in and bravely put his foot on the first rung, then the second, and then the third. About half way up he called down.

"Are you holding the ladder? I... I feel it moving."

"We've got a good hold on it," answered Henry. "Just keep on going; you're doing fine. A few more rungs and you'll be there."

But Larry wasn't so sure about his ever getting there. "Besides," he asked himself, "how am I ever going to get down from way up there?" The more he thought about it, the less confident Larry became. Finally he balked and would climb no farther. In fact he started back down the ladder. He was in such a hurry to get down that his foot

missed the rung and he stepped into the space between two rungs. Frightened he panicked and grabbed for the side of the ladder. For a second he caught himself but then lost his balance and came crashing down the ladder.

Automatically the Beiler brothers both yelled and jumped out of the way. Larry tumbled in a heap on top of the loose hay.

"Oh, no," thought Elam, "Why did we ever coax him into climbing that ladder?"

"Are you badly hurt?" asked Henry, helping his cousin stand up.

Larry was clutching his left wrist. "My wrist," he moaned. "I think it's broken."

Larry's wrist wasn't broken, but it took a trip to the doctor's office in Paradise to find that out. It was, however, sprained and would have to be taped for a few days.

That evening back home Mr. Beiler talked with Elam and Henry while Larry was upstairs writing a letter home.

"And then," said Elam, telling how things happened that afternoon, "we coaxed him into climbing the ladder. He did all right, but for some reason he froze halfway up. Then he started down real fast, missed a step, and fell."

Mr. Beiler rested his hands on the back of the chair in front of him. "I know you boys meant no harm, but when a person is scared to do something, you should never coax him into it. He should make his mind up for himself to do it. If you can talk him into it, it won't take long for him to talk himself out of it." Here Mr. Beiler paused for a second and glanced at a buggy coming slowly into the farm lane.

"And unfortunately, boys," he continued, "that seems to have been what happened with Larry today. You talked him into going up the ladder, but he talked himself out of it. The only difference was when he agreed to it he was safe below on the hay. But when he thought for himself he was way up high." ■■

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## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

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### Ah-tuck-ta, My Little Polar Bear

DONALD B. MACMILLAN

#### *I meet Ah-tuck-ta*

I first met Ah-tuck-ta when I was returning from Ellesmere Island across Smith Sound. As we came from a large tract of rough ice onto a broad, white highway, there in front of us stood a baby bear. I have often wondered since how he happened to be there alone and where his mother could have been. Like other small boys, had he run away from home? It is the only time that I have ever found a small polar bear alone.

He was just the right size for a pet; therefore I decided to capture him alive. I called to the Eskimos to stop their dogs and tie them to a hole in the ice, which we do every night when we get into camp. I now took off my heavy deerskin coat, and holding it spread out in my two hands, walked slowly out on the ice. I wondered what he would do. Would he stand and fight, or would he run? Never having seen a man before, he was plainly puzzled as to just what kind of animal I was. There he stood, his sturdy legs well braced, ready for battle. I crept up slowly, holding the fur coat in front of me as a screen, and also as a shield to protect me from his sharp and dangerous

Family Life



claws. When I was within five or six feet, he did exactly as I have seen grown bears do, but probably it was the first time in his short life; he stuck out his upper lip into a point and began to blow air, as if he were trying to whistle. This means, "Look out!" It is the same kind of language which the rattlesnake uses when he shakes the rattles on the end of his tail.

When I was within two feet I threw myself directly at him and on him and buried him completely in the folds of the coat. How he struggled and kicked and clawed and bit! His mother **had never punished** him like that. And the hair from the coat got into his eyes and ears and nose and mouth, and he didn't like that a bit.

Gradually his struggles ceased. He was now tired out and wanted to rest. Carefully I unrolled the coat, and there he was, breathing hard, his eyes looking straight into mine. Playfully I pushed my bearskin mitten into his mouth. His sharp little teeth seized it instantly. I seized his lower jaw with one hand and his upper jaw with the other and slowly pried them apart. The mitten dropped out. He blinked his eyes and looked surprized, puzzled perhaps to know what kind of thing that was that could open his mouth that way.

I decided to keep him as a pet, so that I might learn something of the ways of a polar bear.

I placed him, still wrapped in my reindeer-skin coat, on top of my loaded sledge and tied him down with ropes, so that he could not wriggle away when my back was turned and I was busy driving my ten dogs.

### *A Lively Pet*

At the end of the day's journey and after we had built our snowhouse, I untied little "Ah-tuck-ta" (the Eskimo name for a little polar bear), wondering what he would do. He walked over to one of the Eskimo boys, and standing on his hind legs, put his little front feet on his knees and looked up into his face, thinking perhaps that the boy was his mother! The boy, you know, had on bearskin pants and must have looked somewhat like his mother.

When I drove away from our snow house the next morning, my little bear followed close behind my sledge and stayed at my heels in my showshoe tracks all day long. I could see at times that he was tired, and also could hear at times that he was crying, puzzled perhaps to know why we were always hurrying on and never stopping to hunt for seals as he and his mother did at this time of year.

When we are returning home in the spring, we never hunt during the day. I mean that although we can often count ten and even more seals sunning themselves on top of the ice, we never stop or go out of our way to get one. Since we and the dogs do not eat until the end of the day's journey, we plan to kill a seal at that time.

Late that afternoon we saw two seals lying at the same hole. With a whispered "Ai! Ai!" we stopped the dogs and told them in Eskimo to keep quiet and lie down. I tied Ah-tuck-ta to the sledge so that he would not follow the boy who was now unrolling a white cotton screen about two feet square. This he arranged on the bow of a little wooden sledge. In the centre of this piece of cloth was a small hole for the muzzle of the rifle.

Dropping down on his hands and knees the boy crawled along in the snow, pushing the sledge with its attached screen and rifle in front of him. You see, the white screen looked like the snow and the ice. When Mr. Seal looks up from his nap he thinks the white piece of cotton cloth there in front of him is a clean bit of white snow.

Then he drops his head and goes to sleep.

Kah-da — that was the name of the Eskimo boy — concealed in this way, crawled up to the seals. When we heard the report of his rifle, away we dashed as hard as we could to get our supper. And how that little bear did eat! We didn't want the thick layer of fat or blubber on the skin, so we gave it all to Ah-tuck-ta. With his teeth and tongue he cleaned the skin almost as well as an Eskimo woman could do. He ate until his little "tummie" stuck out like a football. His paws were red with blood, his face was smeared with grease. He was a comical-looking thing. I watched to see what he would do next, knowing that all polar bears are beautifully clean. He walked over to a nice white snowbank and stuck his dirty face into it. And then he rolled in it, over and over, until he looked like a snowball. Placing his face and head between his paws, he rubbed and rubbed and rubbed again, every now and then looking up at me as if to ask: "Am I clean enough now? How do I look?"

That night I slept on my sledge out in the warm sunlight, as we often do in May and June. At that time, you know, there is no real darkness. The sun is up all the time, going around in a big circle in the sky. Little Ah-tuck-ta snuggled up beside my sleeping bag, and **after** a few contented grunts dropped off to sleep. He was happy now, as all animals are if they have plenty to eat.

The next day we reached Etah, my arctic home for four years.

As we appeared on top of the hill above the house, I could hear the Eskimo boys and girls shouting and calling to each other, "Nan-nook! nan-nook!" (Bear! bear!) and also "Ah-tuck-ta! ah-tuck-ta!" (A polar-bear cub! a polar-bear cub!).

I led him down the hill and into the house and tied him to the leg of the bench in our workshop. He stood up on his hind legs and looked around and sniffed at everything, wondering, no doubt, what kind of place this was, so different from anything he had ever seen before.

And there I left him while I went out to unharness and to feed my dogs. Within a few minutes the cook came bursting out through the door, waving both arms and yelling to me: "Hurry! The bear is tearing the house to pieces."

I ran in through the kitchen and out into the workshop, and what a sight! Little Ah-tuck-ta was on his stomach on the edge of the bench looking as if he were trying to swim. In his struggle to reach the window, where he could see light, he had swept everything off the bench with his paws, — hammers, nails, saws, screw drivers, wrenches, rules, paintpots, and paintbrushes. He was daubed with red paint and black paint and soot from the stovepipe! He looked like anything but a white polar bear cub. What a mess! What a mess!

As he caught sight of me standing in the doorway, he fell backward off the bench and, crying with rage because he couldn't reach the window, grabbed me by the leg. Knowing that he could do no harm because of the tough sealskin boots, I let him chew to his heart's content, until he had convinced himself that his biting didn't do a bit of good.

What a time I had getting him clean again! After I had made several attempts with kerosene oil and warm water and soap, he began to look like a bear once more. But he didn't like to have his face washed any more than a small boy does. He wanted to wash it himself by rubbing it with his legs and paws.

I couldn't keep him in the house, as I wanted to do, be-

cause the big dogs might get loose and kill him while we were asleep. I had to keep him out of doors somewhere. Finally I decided to turn him loose and let him do whatever he wanted to do during the day, but to put him in a strong cage during the night, or during the time that I was asleep.

Whenever I wondered where he was I could generally find him playing on a snowbank behind the house. And he was really playing. Some animals never seem to play. They spend all their time sleeping or eating or hunting for something to eat. In watching him I learned the cause of the paths, or furrows, on the sides or slopes of icebergs found frozen in the bay ice during winter and spring months. We often wondered what these marks were and how they were made. They were made by little polar bears sliding on their stomachs!

My little bear would walk up the sloping surface of a snowbank, turn around, spread out his front legs, drop down on his breast, and away he would go to the bottom. There he would turn around and go back and try it again. I have read of beavers sliding on their tails. I know that little polar bears slide on their bellies!

Each day we went to walk, generally out across the harbour ice to the edge of the water — his favorite walk, for he knew that at the end of it he would have a swim, and how he did enjoy it! Although the water was ice-cold, in he would go, as happy as a small boy on a warm summer day. How easily he went through the water!

When I thought that he had been in long enough, I would turn away from the edge of the ice and start toward home, sometimes on the run, to make him think that I was leaving him. But I could never get away from him. Looking back over my shoulder, I would see him coming as fast as he could; and when he reached me he always cried a bit, perhaps to show that he didn't like it because I had left him.

He was now getting so large and strong that I wondered if I could possibly teach him to drag me on a sledge as my dogs did. I made the same kind of harness that I make for the dogs, with one trace, sixteen feet long, leading

from about the middle of the back. My big sledge, which I used on my long trips every spring, I thought was too heavy; so I harnessed him to a light toboggan which I had brought with me from home.

I cracked my long rawhide whip out over his back, and away we went for a ride! I had planned to ride up the harbour toward the big glacier, but he had planned to go the other way, out to the edge of the ice where he could have his swim. I struck the ice with my whip to the right of my little bear and yelled, "How-ah! how-ah!" — the word in Eskimo which tells the dogs to go to the left. He didn't mind it at all, but went right on out of the harbour toward the sea. I yelled again and struck harder, but it didn't make a bit of difference. He kept straight on. I touched him lightly on the back with the end of the whip. It only made him go faster. I hit the ice hard just ahead of him to frighten him and make him stop. He put his head down low, closed his eyes, and went right on. And I never could teach him to do what I wanted him to do. In a few days I can train a dog to pull a sledge, to stop, to turn, to lie down; but I do not believe that anyone can ever train a polar bear to do what a dog can do. Ah-tuck-ta was so stubborn that whenever we went to ride we would always go just where he wanted to go, never where I wanted to go.

A dog will do what one wants him to do because he is afraid of the whip. My bear did what he wanted to do, knowing that I could not hurt him with the whip. His fur was so heavy and so thick that probably he did not feel my whip at all. But I had lots of fun riding behind my polar bear, always wondering where he was going next and what he was going to do. Whenever I saw his mouth wide open and his tongue hanging out, I knew that he was getting tired, so I would run ahead, grab him by the collar, turn him around, and head him toward home. Then I would walk on ahead. He would stick his upper lip out a bit and cry a little to tell me that he didn't want to go home, but would always follow me as he would his mother.

### Something Calling

The days went rapidly by as they always do in the North, with so much to do. The birds were all back from their homes in the South, some of them from thousands of miles away. The white whales and the narwhals were playing and feeding out beyond the end of the point. The walrus were calling from pan to pan. The snow was melting rapidly all along the shore, and flowers could be seen everywhere dotting the hillside. There I could see the dandelion, the buttercup, the daisy, the yellow poppy, and many, many others that you would know. The water was as calm and smooth as glass. There was no wind.

It was perfect weather, with the bright sun rolling along the tops of the northern hills, as I bade my little bear good night and put him in a strong box to protect him from the dogs while I was asleep. Tired from our long walk up the bay and up the cliffs looking for gull's eggs, he curled up on an old mat and dropped quickly to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, to my surprise, he was sitting on top of his box and looking out to sea. Turning his head now this way, now that way, he was listening to the sound of the sea, to the lapping of the waves against the ice, to the crushing of small ice pans as they drifted together in the tide.

I knew then that he was thinking of leaving me, and I knew why. Here there was a good home, with plenty of food. Here were comfort and happiness and friends who were kind, but it was not his life. He was not born for a

### SAY NO

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey  
Along the grand highway of life;  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;  
Each city with evil is rife.  
This world is a stage of excitement;  
There's danger wherever you go,  
But if you are tempted in weakness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say NO.

In courage alone lies your safety,  
When you the long journey begin,  
Your trust in a heavenly Father  
Will keep you unspotted from sin.  
Temptations will go on increasing  
As streams from a rivulet flow;  
But if you'd be true to your manhood  
Have courage, my boy, to say NO.

Be careful in choosing companions;  
Seek only the brave and the true,  
And stand by your friends when in trials,  
Never changing the old for the new;  
And when by false friends you are tempted  
The taste of some liquor to know,  
With firmness, with patience and kindness  
Have courage, my boy, to say NO.



life of ease — simply to play, to sleep, and to eat. There was something out there beyond the point that was calling, always calling. There was blue water dotted with pure white icebergs, looking like great blocks of marble. A bed on one of those, lashed by wind and waves and flying spray, was far better than a wooden box. Days and nights without food and always hunting, hunting, and yet fighting on against cold and darkness and death, yes, that would be much better than to be fed every morning by someone else. Here he was not living his life. He wanted to show why he was born, to do something, to act, to fight, to struggle against the elements, to test his strength against every foe, and to win out. This means satisfaction and happiness and true success.

Together that day we again roamed over the hills, he always at my heels, willing to go wherever I wanted to go. From the top of our highest hill, eleven hundred feet above the harbour, we sat together and looked out over the beautiful waters of Smith Sound. Far to the west I could see the big ice cap of Ellesmere Island, with its many white tongues reaching down to the sea. That was Ah-tuck-ta's home. That is where I had found him, an orphan, months before. I was wondering if he knew, if he remembered those happy days, days when he followed his mother through the snow from seal hole to seal hole, days when he hid behind a hummock while his mother went on, and days when he crept along by her side, lying low and doing his best. Perhaps so.

Again at the end of the day I put him in his box. He peeped out between the iron bars and watched me as I walked back to the house. I could still see his little black nose as I rounded the corner.

In the morning he was gone. He had squeezed between the bars. I followed his tracks in the new fall of light snow — down the bank, out on to the harbour ice, and straight out toward open water. Much as he had wanted to stay with me, he could not resist. He had gone back where he must use his wits and every muscle in his little body in order to live. But I knew that he was happy in doing this, that he was doing exactly what he should do.

As the days and weeks went by, I missed him. I had lost my playmate and companion. And when the dark days of winter came on, and the winds howled and the snow drifted high against my window, I often wondered where Ah-tuck-ta was and what he was doing. I wondered if he would remember and some day come back to see me just for a few minutes.

I really think that he did, for during the twilight days of February, when the sun had not yet appeared above the horizon, I discovered the small tracks of a bear on the shore not far from the house. He had returned as far as he dared. He could see the lights in the window, but he could hear the howling of the dogs, the same dogs that

had frightened him so when he was a baby. I could see where he had stopped and stood, where he walked to the right, then turned to the left, and then slowly walked back over the point and on out to sea.

He had gone back to his own life, to the life that he loved, the real life of a polar bear, the King of the North.

"Ah-Tuck-Ta, My Little Polar Bear," by Donald B. Macmillan, from Too Many Bears and Other Stories, edited by B. R. Buckingham, copyright 1936, by Ginn and Company, Boston, Mass.



## A HARD TEST

As you remember, Abraham had only one son, Isaac. For years Abraham and Sarah had waited for a son to be born to them. And then at last Isaac had been born according to God's promise. We can easily believe Isaac seemed like a very special boy to his father and mother.

As the years passed and Isaac grew up, God saw that Abraham loved his son very much. Did Abraham perhaps love Isaac too much, more even than he loved God? God decided to test Abraham and see. It would be a hard test.

"Abraham," called God.

"Yes, here I am," Abraham answered.

"Take your son," God said, "your only son, Isaac, whom you love so much. Take Isaac with you into the land of Moriah and offer him up as a burnt offering on the mountain that I show you."

Abraham must have been stunned when he heard these words. Did God really mean what he said? Was he to take Isaac — his only son, Isaac — and offer him up as a sacrifice?

God knew that it was a hard test, and he waited to see what Abraham would do. Would Abraham listen, or would he say, "God is asking too much. I can't give up Isaac. He is the only son I have?" Would Abraham obey or disobey?

God did not have to wait long to see. Abraham did not wait several weeks, or even a day. Very, very early the next morning he rose up and saddled his donkey, preparing to go on a long trip. He called two servants to him and explained that he and Isaac were going on a long journey and that they should go along to help carry things.

It was still early in the day when everything was ready and Abraham, Isaac, and the two servants were ready to leave. They took with them food and water for the journey. But they carried something else too, something they would need at their journey's end. It was a large bundle of dry wood, and a container of glowing embers with which to start a fire.

All that day the four of them traveled northward. They camped for the night and the next day they pushed on. Probably Isaac and the servants wondered how much farther they would need to go. But still they did not stop. They camped for the second night.

Finally on the third day they saw a row of mountains ahead of them.

Abraham turned to the two servants. "You two wait here," he said. "I and the lad will go on to worship, then



we will return."

Carefully Abraham lifted the bundle of wood and laid it on Isaac's strong young shoulders. In his own hands he carried the pot of fire and a long-bladed knife.

Together the two of them, father and son, walked onward toward the tall mountain that rose up in the distance.

All this time Abraham had kept his secret. Isaac still did not know why they were going to this faraway mountain. He knew nothing of the strange command that God had given his father.

As they walked, Isaac grew puzzled. He looked at the pot of fire in his father's hand. He felt the weight of the wood upon his own back. But where was the animal to be offered as a sacrifice? Had his father forgotten to bring a lamb?

"Father," said Isaac suddenly.

"Yes, my son."

"Look. We remembered to bring the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?"

"Don't worry," replied Abraham quietly. "God will provide a lamb."

Isaac asked no more questions but walked obediently on with his father up the rising slope.

At last they reached the top of the mountain where God had said they should go. Here they set the wood and the fire and went to work to build a quick altar of rough stones. When the altar was finished, Abraham placed the pieces of dry wood on the top of it.

With a heavy heart he turned to his son Isaac. Using a

piece of strong leather, he tied his son's hands together, then laid him on the altar on top of the wood.

Everything was ready. The moment had come for the hardest part of all.

Slowly Abraham reached for his long knife, and raised it high above his head.

"Abraham! Abraham!"

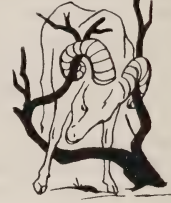
It was a loud voice calling from heaven.

Abraham's hand stopped in mid air. The knife hung there, waiting. "Here I am," Abraham answered.

"Don't hurt your son," the angel said, "for now I see that you love God."

In glad surprise and awe, Abraham looked up. What good news the angel had given! He did not have to harm his son after all.

Just then there was a slight movement in some low bushes off to one side of the altar. Abraham looked quickly. He was surprised by what he saw. There, caught by his



horns in a thicket, stood a ram.

With trembling fingers, Abraham hurried to untie the knot that bound Isaac to the altar. Then they loosened the ram from the thicket and tied him upon the altar where Isaac had been. Abraham's answer of faith as they climbed the mountain had been true. God had indeed provided the lamb, and Isaac was spared.

With thankful hearts, Abraham and Isaac killed the struggling ram and offered it up as a burnt sacrifice.

Their worship completed, they turned their joyful steps back down the mountain slope to rejoin the two waiting servants, and to make their way homeward to the cluster of tents in Beersheba.

The journey home did not seem so long. Abraham had passed the test.

??

? ?

? HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER? ? ?

? (Questions from last month's Bible story) ? ?

? ?

? 1. How old was Abraham when Isaac was born? ? ?

? 2. What does the name Isaac mean? ? ?

? 3. What did Ishmael do on the day of the feast that dis- ? ?

? pleased Sarah? ? ?

? 4. What helped Abraham decide to send Hagar and ? ?

? Ishmael away? ? ?

? 5. What did Abraham give the two before he sent them ? ?

? away? ? ?

? 6. What did Hagar do with Ishmael when he became too ? ?

? faint to go on? ? ?

? 7. Why could they not find a stream of water? ? ?

? 8. Who told Hagar her son would not die? ? ?

? 9. What happy sight did Hagar then see beside her? ? ?

? 10. Where did Hagar and Ishmael make their home? ? ?

? ?

? the desert

? in a wilderness 8. An angel 9. A well of water 10. In

? some bread 6. Lay him beneath a bush 7. They were

? Isaac 4. God talked to him 5. A bottle of water and

? ANSWERS: 1. 100 yrs. 2. Laughter 3. He mocked

? ?

ACROSS

3. II Samuel 1:24

5. Mark 15:17

6. Genesis 42:38

8. Revelations 6:5

9. Exodus 25:4

10. Ezekiel 1:4

11. Daniel 11:35

— By a Reader

St. Mary's, Ont.

COLORS

OF

THE

BIBLE

1

2

3

4

5

6

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8

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10

11

DOWN

1. Luke 23:31

2. Matthew 16:2

3. Genesis 44:2

4. I Samuel 16:12

6. II Chronicles 4:19

7. Leviticus 13:36

9. Genesis 30:32



## NEW TESTAMENT

### TITHING

by Samuel Hertzler

Under the law of Moses, one tenth of what was earned or raised was required as a tithe unto the Lord. The tithe was given to support the tribe of Levi who were ordained of the Lord to be priests and serve in religious matters of the nation.

There are still people in our day who believe in tithing as a religious duty. Others have no use for tithing, as we are not under the law but under grace. True, the New Testament does not teach tithing, but it definitely teaches giving. (See especially 2 Corinthians 8 and 9).

Stealing is taking what belongs to someone else, so it is the opposite of giving. In Ephesians 4:28 the "thief" is admonished to "steal no more" but work with his hands that which is good in order to give to those in need. If the thief is commanded to reverse his policy, it can be taken for granted the honest man is a giver already. The thief is to become like him.

There is no command on exactly how much a person should give. It is written, "Every man according as he

purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9:7

The question may arise, "Is giving alms for the support of the poor in our own church group all we need be concerned about?"

I would say we are a part of "rich" America, and the needs of the war-torn, or famine- and poverty-stricken nations around us with their bodily and spiritual need, are at least to a certain extent like Lazarus, deserving the crumbs that fall from our table.

What are we actually doing when we have compassion on the poor? Proverbs 19:17 says, "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Now, if we lend money, it is expected that we will at an appointed time have the money returned with a yearly interest. Is there a better place to lend than to the Lord himself? Who is more reliable?

Another thought on giving is that, although the government does not own our farms and properties, yet we are required to pay a yearly tax to it. We ourselves claim to be the owners of our properties, yet there is one over and above us who is the real owner. (The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. I Cor. 10:26) If we then pay tax to the government, who is not the owner of our properties, should we not be willing to contribute at least an equal amount to the Lord who is the real and actual owner of our possessions?

I can at once hear those who say, "If we would do that, we could not earn enough to live on. We are already taxed to the limit."

I have only one argument to offer. Those who say that, have never given it a fair trial.

- Lakeside, Ontario.

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

### AMISH AND MENNONITE FAMILY NAMES

Joseph Stoll

Most of our Amish and Mennonite family names have a rich Anabaptist history. In last month's issue of Family Life, the stories of twenty-one family names were discussed, running alphabetical order from Amstutz to Graber. This month we are continuing our study.

**HELMUTH** - Among the pioneer Helmuths in America were Frederick Helmuth and several of his brothers. They migrated from Baden, Germany to America in the early 1800's. Frederick settled in Holmes County, Ohio and at least one of his brothers settled in Ontario. The Helmuths were Old Order Amish.

**HERSHBERGER** - This is a Swiss name and may have originally meant, "one who lives on Deer Mountain". The Hershberger family first came into Anabaptist circles in the canton of Basel, Switzerland. There, in the year 1529, a large number of brethren were placed in prison, among them the Hershbergers of Thürnen and Läufelfingen. One of them was Elspeth Hershberger, a midwife who influenced numerous parents not to have their children baptized.

Hans Hershberger, a miller, had taken part in a forbidden communion service, and on Jan. 12, 1530 he was sentenced to death. The sentence was not carried out, however, for Hans and his wife were merely banished from the territory. They soon came back and were once more captured and imprisoned.

In the summer of 1531 a Jackli Hershberger of Thürnen was arrested because he refused to take part in the military campaign in his community. A few years later he had his tongue and two fingers cut off by the authorities for his failure to remain out of the territory after having been banished.

After that the Hershbergers were frequently listed in the court records as Anabaptists. The family spread from Basel into the Palatinate and other areas.

On Sept. 9, 1749 the ship St. Andrew landed at Philadelphia with a large number of Amish and Mennonites on board. Included in the passengers were Casper and Jacob Hershberger. The ship Brothers on Sept. 30, 1754 had a Johannes Hershberger on the passenger list.

**HERTZLER** - The first Amish bishop in America was Jacob Hertzler (1703-86) who landed in Philadelphia with his family on Sept. 9, 1749. That winter he received a warrant for 100 acres of forest land in

Pennsylvania near the Blue Mountain. Here he settled, and called his farm "Contentment". This farm is located two miles west of Hamburg.

In 1766 Richard and Thomas Penn (sons of William Penn) donated 20 acres of land adjoining the Hertzler farm for church purposes. On this 20 acres a log school was built for the education of the children of the church. Part of the property was used as a cemetery, and this is where Jacob Hertzler and his wife are buried.

Jacob Hertzler had bishop oversight of other congregations besides the home church in Berks County. He traveled long hours by horseback and on foot to preach in these places.

According to the Hertzler-Hartzler Family History, the descendants of Jacob Hertzler in 1952 numbered 8,757 families, living in all of the 48 states, 5 provinces of Canada, 7 nations of Latin America, and elsewhere.

**HOSTETLER, HOCHSTETLER** - Of these two common spellings, Hochstetler is wrongly considered by many people to be the German original. Actually, Hostetler is the older spelling, being found in Switzerland before the family spread out to other lands. Immigrants to Germany changed the first syllable to "Hoch".

The ancestor of the Amish Hostetlers and Hochstetlers in America is Jacob Hochstetler (1704-76), who has become well known to succeeding generations through the Hochstetler Indian Massacre of 1757. This story has been retold many times, and is included in Pathway's Grade 8 Reader as "One Dark Night".

**JANTZI** - This name is common in Ontario among the Amish west and north of Kitchener. John Jantzi (1806-81), a native of Lorraine, France, moved to Canada in 1835. He was ordained a bishop in the Wellesley congregation in 1859.

Another branch of the family are the descendants of Michael K. Jantzi, who came from France in 1850.

The name has also been spelled Tschantz, Jantz, Yantz, Yantzi, Schantz, and Jansen.

**JUTZI, YUTZY** - Peter Yutzy was among a number of Amish Mennonites from Switzerland and Alsace who landed in Philadelphia in 1744. Other members of this family later came to America from Europe. George Jutzi (1800-81) was born in France, came to Pennsylvania as a young man, moved west to Stark County, Ohio, and died in Wilmot Township, Waterloo County, Ontario. This George was an Amish minister and wrote a book Ermahnungen an seine Hinterbliebenen, which is not very well known today and has been out of print for years. The book speaks strongly against "bundling", a courtship practice that was creeping into some communities.

**KANAGY** - The Swiss spelling of this name was most frequently Gnaegie, but when family members came to America, the English speaking people found it very difficult to pronounce the name. The spelling has been changed among the Amish to Kanagy,

pronounced Kuh-nay'-gie.

Johannes Gnaeg arrived in Philadelphia in 1742 with a group of Amish immigrants. Christian Gnaegi from Switzerland came to Pennsylvania between 1760 and 1760 and settled in Somerset County.

Joseph Kanagy with his five sons migrated to America in 1770 and settled in Berks County. According to Ezra J. Kanagy in his booklet, "A Family Register of John H. Kanagy", 1964, this Joseph Kanagy was the ancestor of the present Amish members of the family.

**KAUFFMAN** - In German this name means "a man who buys", so it is a common name among both Christians and Jews. The name is quite common among the Amish, most of whom are descended from Jacob Kauffman, an immigrant from the Palatinate in 1754. An even earlier immigrant of this name, Andrew Kauffman, came to America from Friesenheim, in the Palatinate, in 1717. Before locating in the Palatinate, the family had lived at Steffisberg, in the canton of Bern, Switzerland.

Among the Mennonites the spelling by some has been changed to Coffman.

**KEIM** - The name of Keim can be traced back perhaps farther than any other Amish name. As early as 1020 mention is made of Gottschalk Keim, who died in 1075. In succeeding generations members of the Keim family are mentioned as being in high standing with King Henry IV of Germany. One, Albertus Keim, is mentioned as having accompanied King Conrad III in one of his crusades into the Holy Land. In the fifteenth century the Keims were numerous in Switzerland and in the Rhine Valley.

The first one known to have come to America was John Keim who arrived in 1698. After three years he returned to Europe, but in 1707 he returned with his bride and settled in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Later they moved to Oley Township in Berks County, which indicates that at that time they were Amish.

John Peter Keim, a native of Germany, settled with his family in Berks County, Penna. in 1750. His children moved to Somerset County and his grandchildren to Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, so that the family is now scattered. Among the Amish the name is most common today in Holmes County, Ohio. Leander Keim of Haven, Kansas is at this date the oldest living Amish bishop.

**KING** - Among the early immigrant settlers were Christian and Samuel Koenig who migrated from Germany to eastern Pennsylvania in 1753.

The name was found in the Palatinate census lists as early as 1717, when Hans Koenig was registered in the district of Alzey.

On Dec. 22, 1744, Jacob, Christian, and Samuel König arrived in Philadelphia from Rotterdam. Between 1732 and 1806, 38 persons bearing the name König arrived in Philadelphia. It is not known how many of these were Amish or Mennonite.

The name King is today found among the Amish mainly in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.



**KINSINGER** - A Swiss Mennonite family name found in the Palatinate census lists from 1717 to 1759. A Christian Kentzinger, whose name appears in 1724, was the ancestor of those carrying this family name in South Germany.

Jacob Kinsinger migrated to America from Hesse-Kassel, Germany, in 1832, and finally settled near Springs, Penna. A son, Peter Kinsinger, (1884-1923) served as an Old Order Amish Bishop in Johnson Co., Iowa.

**KRAMER** - Krämer is not an uncommon German name, meaning a shopkeeper or merchant. One Peter Kramer was an Anabaptist martyr of Jülich-Berg, Germany. *Martyrs' Mirror* contains an account of his death, and Hymn No. 21 of the *Ausbund* has 15 stanzas on Kramer and his fellow-martyr, Gott-hard of Nonnenberg.

Van Braght writes, "When all saw their boldness and perceived that they were upright, pious persons . . . nearly everyone wept; the steward, the judges, deputy, and executioner, as well as the common people."

**KROPF** - One of the pioneer members of this family was Jacob Kropf, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, France. He came to Waterloo Co., Ontario sometime before 1824.

**KUEPFER, KIPFER** - A family name found among the Anabaptists in Switzerland from the earliest years of the movement. Elizabeth Kupfer died as a martyr near Summiswald in the canton of Bern in 1538.

Jacob Kuepfer (born in Switzerland in 1798) and two of his brothers moved to Waterloo Co., Ont. about 1825.

**KURTZ** - The Kurtzes in America trace their ancestry to numerous sources. Among the pioneers by this name were Johannes and Christian Kurtz, sons of Stephen Kurtz who lived and died in Switzerland. They arrived at Philadelphia in 1732.

Another Kurtz family was headed by Abraham Kurtz, a native of Germany, who landed in Philadelphia in 1740 and died in Lancaster Co., Pa.

**LAPP** - There is a tradition that John Lapp, a young unmarried Amishman, came to America in 1733, fell in love with a Mennonite girl and married her, then transferred his membership to the Mennonites. He is the ancestor of most of the Mennonite Lapps.

The ancestor of the Amish Lapps is Michael Lapp, born in 1737, probably in Europe, who likely came to America at an early age. He had a family of eleven children, the eldest of whom, John Lapp, has a large offspring among the Amish of Lancaster County.

**LEHMAN** - An Anabaptist name originating in the Emmental, canton of Bern, Switzerland. The name means a person living on a gentle slope (Lehn). Near Langnau there is a farm named Lehn.

Wilhelm Lehman of the Emmental was imprisoned in October, 1566 because he refused to take the

oath of allegiance. He was sentenced to death by the sword, but after eleven anxious days of waiting for the execution, he recanted and was released.

Hans Lehman landed in Philadelphia on Sept. 27, 1727 and settled in Lancaster County.

**LICHTI, LICHTY, LIECHTY** - This name is likely derived from Lichtgut, a farm that gets much sun, located at the end of a valley near Signau in the Emmental, canton of Bern, Switzerland. The name appears in the earliest records of the area, as early as the 1300's. The earliest known Anabaptist in the family was Jacob Lichti, born about 1540 near Landiswill, and a farmer.

Georg Liechti was one of the leaders of the Swiss brethren who left his homeland for the Palatinate in 1671. He settled at Grossbockenheim.

In the early eighteenth century some members of the Lichti family emigrated from Switzerland to Holland. Their descendants are still found there, spelling their name Leegte.

**MARNER** - Jacob Marner was born in 1798 in Switzerland, moved with his mother to America when he was 17, and in 1823 was married to a daughter of Bishop Jacob Eash of the Johnstown, Penna. Amish district. He was later ordained a minister in the Amish church.

**MARTIN** - This is probably the most common name among the Old Order Mennonites, as Miller is the most common name among the Amish. David Martin was the first Mennonite settler in what is known as the Weaverland district, Lancaster Co., Penna. He came to America about 1727.

Peter Martin, born in Lancaster County in 1769, was among the earliest settlers in Ontario, where the Martin family is as numerous as it is in Pennsylvania. In Ontario, Bishop Abraham Martin was the leader of the families that withdrew in 1889 to form the Old Order Mennonite group.

**MAST, MAUST** - A number of immigrants by this name came to America from Switzerland or the Palatinate region. Jacob Mast (1738-1808) was born in Switzerland and migrated to America as an orphan in company with his four sisters and younger brother John. They were in the care of their uncle, Johannes Mast, and landed in Philadelphia in 1750. The Masts settled near Hamburg, but during the Indian scare of 1754-64, they sought refuge at the headwaters of the Conestoga, where Jacob Mast in 1764 bought 170 acres. In 1786 he succeeded Jacob Hertzler as bishop, thus becoming the second Amish bishop in America and the first one ordained here.

Daniel E. Mast (1848-1930) was an old Order Amish minister, writer, and leader who is best known today for his book, *Anweisung zur Seligkeit*. He was a regular contributor to "Herold der Wahrheit".

Andrew J. Mast (1873-1949) was a well-known Old Order Amish bishop who was often called to help settle church difficulties in other districts than his home community of Arthur, Illinois. He was ordained while living at Gibson, Mississippi.

- to be continued

# Who is this man



by Simon Schrock

He must be an interesting character, because where Christians are gathered together, he soon becomes the subject of discussion. Small groups gather after worship service and talk about him. As soon as Sunday dinner is over he becomes the subject for the afternoon. The working crew doesn't work long till they are talking about him. He remains the subject for the lunch break. One brother stops another brother along the road and they talk about him. He is even mentioned when brethren meet out of town. He is good for a lot of dispute, even some jokes and wisecracks. Wherever brethren meet, he is the subject. Nor are the sisters silent about him. He is the main subject that gets peeled and cooked to a well done. Come to think of it the only time his name isn't mentioned at all is when heads are bowed for prayer. Who is this man?

One small group says he is wishy-washy. He doesn't take a stand. He just lets the people do as they please. Another group says he is too old fashioned and strict. He doesn't let you do anything. The third group claims he doesn't care about the young folks and doesn't do anything for them. Those who have no children of their own complain because he isn't strict enough with the young folks. "The young folks just run him," they say. Who is this man complained about so much?

What else is said about this man? He uses the wrong language. He isn't clear on what he teaches. He talks too

long. He doesn't prepare his messages well enough. He makes people sleepy. He doesn't try to understand people. He is stubborn and set in his ways. If he gets after me, I'll leave. If he doesn't draw the clamps tighter on those liberal folks, we will just have to leave. If he doesn't give us more rope we will have to start a new group. Who is this troublesome man?

Oh yes, the children and young folks sit through hours of this kind of talk from the older folks. They learn the tradé very well by the time they reach the early teens. They end up with little respect for this man and the organization he represents, because their opinion of him is formed where they gather, where they talk, and where they work. Who is this man?

He is just the man to marry them and to bury them. He is just the man to help fill out puzzling C O questionnaires. He is the just the man to help them when they get into deep, troubled waters. Who is the man?

Who is the man? Why, he is your bishop or your minister.

Maybe he isn't what he should be, but perhaps there is a reason. I sat in a preaching service one Sunday morning as the minister delivered his message. It was a hard task for him. He was under strain. He was preaching to a group of people who fussed more about his sermon than they prayed for him. One member after the other complained, but I don't recall any of them praying for him or even suggesting prayer for him. He knew this and he couldn't preach. Do you understand why?

I have also attended services where the people were in prayer for their minister. The people were expecting God to move in their midst. God moved and spoke to them in a real way. They prayed and something happened through their minister. God's work moves on when all his children work at it instead of just the minister.

Remember in the Old Testament when Amalek fought Israel? When Moses held up his hands, Israel prevailed and when he let his hands down, Amalek prevailed. Do you recall how Moses' hands became heavy and two faithful men, one on each side, kept his hands up until Israel won the battle? Satan has a continuous battle going. The hands of men of God must stay up; the church must win in the name of the Lord. Will you stop pulling down hands and help hold them up until the battle is over?

There is a time and a place for brethren of conviction to discuss the problems of the ministry and the church, but when it becomes a subject of loose talk and bringing discouragement to the brotherhood and youth — brethren, these things ought not to be.

Who is this man? He is the Lord's servant, and he won't mind if you talk about him when knees are bowed for prayer.

—Herold der Wahrheit.

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# FAMILY LIFE



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# letters to the editors



## A TIMELY WARNING

I was especially impressed with the article, "A Warning To My Children" (Dec. issue). My heart must say fervently, "God bless that father." Personally I feel a close kinship with the Amish and I feel that fathers such as these are the lifeblood of the nation. They are the true disciples of Jesus, ahead of mission boards, conferences, and committees. The world is noticing such separatist groups more today than formerly, even if part of it is in the form of "quaint" folklore, and such museum type of publicity. We learn that not all Amish fathers have a testimony as this one, for which we are sorry.

- Ivan Brubacher, Ontario

I think the article, "A Warning To My Children" is about the best yet. I wish more people would read it and would be interested to see it put in tract form. I wish something could be done so our people would not be so blind. I know a lot of people think as long as we carry the Bible and sing to sinners, it doesn't matter how we dress, or where we go, or what is in our houses. They think that makes their heart right, but I can't see it that way.

- F. B., Pa.

## 499 LEADERS

One article I was very much in favor of was the one entitled "499 Leaders". However, the scene following it seemed to me like almost going too far; what it was supposed to bring out is true and good. But nobody knows what is and will be said in heaven. Although I don't feel it is misleading in any way.

- A Reader

I can say amen to most of the article (499 Leaders). But the statement, "They're certainly not important" is a bit exaggerated, in my mind. Every one that gets to heaven is important or Christ would never have died for him. We also know that the angels carried Lazarus there, and we believe the angels know every soul in glory. In Matt. 17, Peter knew Moses and Elias who were born hundreds of years earlier.

- H. K., Pa.

ANSWER: The illustration given was a bit far-fetched. It was intended to convey the fact that ordinary people are important in heaven. We hope no one was misled by it.

## STAR IN THE EAST

Although there are some things I don't always approve of in Family Life, I don't think a paper can be written to suit everybody.

What I have in mind is about the stars of the morning. In the December issue it says the star was not in the east that the wise men saw.

Read St. Matthew 2:1-2 and see what it says there.

- L. A. M., Ohio

Concerning the article about the Christmas star, my dear friends, let us now open our Bible and read Matthew 2, "Behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusa-

lem, saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

Farther on it reads, "Lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was."

Dear Beloved, before we get something like that printed, let us always be very sure of ourselves. The Bible tells us plainly the star was from the east, not west.

We like Family Life but feel sorry for the editors how much they get criticized. A soft answer turneth away wrath but grievous words stir up anger. I wish we would have more of this kind of reading material in our homes instead of all these other worldly magazines. Let's give the editors a "pat on the back" sometimes and pray for them so they will keep it coming. But ... don't forget the Bible.

- N. F., Pa.

ANSWER: Sometimes what we read is not written plainly enough so that we can be sure of what it means. Suppose you would read the following sentence: "The boy had a dog but he was afraid". How would you know who was afraid, the boy or the dog? You would have to go on in the story or have some other way of finding out which was afraid, the boy or the dog.

When the Bible says, "the star which we saw in the east" we are not positive whether the star was in the east, or whether the wise men were in the east when they saw the star. It could mean either way, so we must have some other means of finding out which way it means.

Now if we notice that the first verse says the wise men came from the east to Jerusalem, we know they must have traveled west to go to Jerusalem. We believe the star was over the vicinity of Jerusalem, (actually over nearby Bethlehem) so it must have been west of where the wise men were.

The accounts handed down through the centuries say that the wise men were from Persia, which was then considered "The East". If you will look on your map, you will see that Jerusalem is southwest of Persia.

If the star had been east of Persia, it might well have been in China.

If the star had been in the east, then we believe the wise men would have had to be from the west.

## TWO NAMES NOT WORLDLY

I read with interest the letter regarding two names. I too, am often hurt by some names, but whether it is justly or unjustly I do not know. To me, having two names is not altogether worldly; it depends on why we do it. Three of Christ's apostles had two names and in Acts, 1:23, one man had three names.

When our first daughter was born, we wanted to name her after her grandmother, whose daughter also had her

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name, as did four first cousins. So we gave her a middle name to go with it and always liked it in more ways than one.

In the Ausbund, in the back part of the book we read of several martyrs who had two names and one had three.

- L. V., Indiana

### HUMBLE SARAH NOT FURIOUS

Some of the reading material in Family Life is all right. But I don't like the way you dress up the Bible stories with so many imaginary words, that they are not even interesting anymore. I can't believe that humble Sarah was furious (Dec. issue) and stormed at once to Abraham. Too much imaginary words. It may be interesting to some people, but as one who has read and loved the Bible stories from child up about the humble Bible patriarchs, I don't like to have present day small talk made about them. I like them the way the Bible stories give them.

- Mrs. A. B., Illinois

ANSWER: Perhaps more imagination is used at times than is proper. However there is also a danger of the other extreme of portraying the Bible characters as spotless saints who always do and say exactly the right thing.

If we study the stories carefully, we will see that they were human, much as Christians are today, and had a constant struggle against their sinful nature.

Concerning the incident you mention, Gen. 21:10, apparently Sarah's command to Abraham had the patriarch somewhat perplexed for it says he was grieved. At any rate, God found it necessary to come and talk to Abraham that night to listen to what Sarah had said.

### WHAT IS AN ANABAPTIST, ANYWAY?

In your Family Life, of which I have all the issues, you had a continued "Chats About the Anabaptists". Well, I am not so young anymore and my memory is still good but a trifle short. So I did not read those writings until I had them all on hand, as I would have forgotten where I left off the month before.

What brings me to write is this. I am 60 years old and I have never heard but one Amish preacher preach about the Anabaptists. Of course I have heard talk and preach about the Martyrs' Mirror but never saw one. I think it would be valuable to have, and would like to get one.

- M. B. M., Florida

ANSWER: If it is our fault that anyone has reached the age of sixty years without knowing about the Anabaptists, or seeing a Martyrs' Mirror, then we want to apologize and promise to try to do better.

### PUPPIES GROW UP

About the cross dog signs, there's two ways of looking at it. We got a puppy and it grew up with our children and they got attached to each other. Then when he got older he turned out to be a good watch dog, so we were told to put a sign up so people will be careful. The one who wrote that article would probably say we should have killed the dog, but we got the puppy for our children to play with. It's nice for them to grow up together. Besides, if our cows get out where they shouldn't be, he lets us know, and helps to drive the cows.

Of course, if we would have gotten a cross dog on purpose for protection or to keep people away, that would be different.

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### ADVERTIZING OVERDONE

When I read an article like "I Could Not Give Him Up", (Oct. F.L.) and imagine myself in that father's place, how could I help but shed a few tears? "Teased Too Much" was another one of those sad stories, and "The Death Of a Church" was interesting and worth remembering.

But with my mind hanging on school matters, "Looking For A Teacher" made the biggest hit with me. I read it twice and wished it were twice as long, for it was so realistic. I also wished I could write to the author. I hunted up the November issue of Blackboard Bulletin but I could not find the name of such a school or teacher in the directory.

Sometimes I am a bit surprised at your style of advertising. We all know advertising is a big thing in the world today, everything from farm machinery to soft drinks is being advertised, and each company is trying to outdo the other in making the people believe they have the best product at the greatest bargain. I feel such advertising is worldly and should be left to the world.

Your products are not worldly but since your papers are Christian papers and for the plain people, wouldn't it be better if your advertising were also? Advertising could tell what you have, what it is intended for, and the price, without saying much of the excellency of its contents and the tremendous bargain.

Another thing I do not like so well about many of the articles is that they are not signed. To me an article is not quite finished if it is not signed with the author's full name and state or province.

- Noah S. Horst, Elmira, Ontario

ANSWER: If you wish to correspond with the author of any article send your letter in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario and we will forward it to the proper place.

About the advertising, we may have overdone it at times. However our aim is to tell our readers about what we have to sell. Maybe part of the trouble is that we get so excited about it ourselves. When you're so enthusiastic about something, it's hard to keep from telling your friends everything good you can think about it.

Advertising is deceptive and dishonest if it tries to sell a person something that he does not need or want. We believe our advertising is honest, because it is backed up by a money-back guarantee. If a person is not satisfied, his subscription can be cancelled, or his books can be returned.

### RINGLER FAMILY TREE

Being interested in family names, I read with interest the articles on Amish and Mennonite family names.

Do you have any information on the name Ringler? In the Waterloo Co. history, I find the name Ringler, who came from Lancaster Co., Pa. to Waterloo Co., Canada about 1825. I am a direct descendant from that Ringler but have no record beyond that. My father was born in Waterloo Co. in 1879, moved with his parents to northern Michigan in the 1880's. I was born there in 1909 and during the depression years came to Lancaster County.

- Floyd Ringler, Narvon, Pa.

### TIME TO STUFF AWAY THE GIFTS

Regarding your excellent story about the gift exchange, (Dec. issue) we used to beg our parents to be allowed to take part too. How glad I am now that they said, "No" How thankful I feel toward the teacher who says, "No, children, we will not exchange names in our school, as it

usually brings more discontent than joy."

But it seems parents today can not or will not say no. This trend which is taking over in our churches today is a cause for alarm. The young folks take part in two or more exchanges, and even some of the married folks exchange names among themselves.

I have personally heard the remark, "It wasn't a fair exchange. I gave away more than I received." That is the way the present day generation is being taught and not only in the world. We talk about how the world celebrates Christmas and never realize how closely the church is following at its heels.

If the Lord tarries, and we live, we will have some 300 days to give this matter serious thought. Will we again exchange and give only to receive, without thinking of the world's starving millions?

- E. W., Pa.

### SPACE FLIGHTS HARD TO BELIEVE

The newspapers have got the people all excited over these space flights they're making. But sad to say it seems to get even into the system of some of the plain folks. I was disappointed to hear an elderly Amish brother say one Sunday morning before church started, "Did you read in the papers about them taking pictures when they are up there? They had a picture in the papers that was taken when they were 220,000 miles from the earth."

Then shortly after church I heard him again talking about it to another brother. It made me wonder if he could relate the sermon he heard that day as well as what he had read in the newspaper. Does this type of conversation fit in with our plain clothes? Should we believe everything that appears in the newspapers?

When we read the Bible and see how God created the earth, sun and moon, it makes what the scientists claim to be doing, seem almost impossible.

Who could imagine an object 220,000 miles away? It would sound ridiculous enough that people would not believe it.

- N. W., Indiana

ANSWER: We agree with you that what the ministers said that day was no doubt many times more important than what was in the newspapers.

However, scientists are doing things which we can not understand. Would we refuse to believe that there is anything like television, or that we can talk to someone a few hundred miles away by telephone, just because we don't understand how it is done? God has permitted the children of this world to find out many secret things; they even know how to make bombs powerful enough to destroy large areas of this earth.

But compared to the power of God all this is as nothing. Man can make nothing out of something, but he cannot make anything out of nothing. The Bible says that God made everything out of nothing.

### SECOND COUSIN MARRIAGES

Perhaps you are aware of the fact that many of the plain people are marrying second cousins. I recently saw three deformed and retarded children born to related parents. My heart goes out to the many hundreds of innocent children who have to suffer because of their parents' ignorance. Because of the steady increase of second cousin marriages, doctors are predicting an alarming increase in birth defects among the plain people. How about an article for Family Life on the subject?

- Pennsylvania

ANSWER: Readers, send us any information or opinions you may have on this subject.

### FAMILY LIFE A WHIPPING POST

I wonder if the U.S. and Canadian governments have not been overwhipped in Family Life. If Uncle Sam would measure us like we measure him, I'm afraid we would no longer be happy in our land. As I told our congressman, "Even if our people don't always appreciate the kindness and consideration the government has rendered to us, be it known there are still some who do, and don't make unkind remarks about them." I firmly feel Family Life should be willing to write the good even as freely as it seems to enjoy the bad. Am I wrong?

- J. R., Wisconsin

ANSWER: We think you are right.

### ASHAMED OF THEIR VIEWPOINT

I've been wondering why people who write letters or articles to Family Life don't have the nerve to sign their names instead of just initials or "A reader". Could it be because they're ashamed of their viewpoints? To me, if it's not worth standing up for, it's not worth reading.

- Ivan M. Martin, New Holland, Pa.

ANSWER: Thank you, Ivan, for the letter. We're getting to the opinion more all the times that you are right. Nobody seems to like this "A reader" business, except for some unexplained reason, the writers! We wish our writers would let us use their names, but until that happens, we will insist at least on using their initials and state.

### HOSPITAL MANNERS

I am glad to see that you speak out when you see dark spots among the lives of our people.

Before we were married, my wife worked in a small hospital in a large Amish community.

Many times she heard such remarks as, "Just look at those Amish with their long beards smoking a cigarette."

Another thing the hospital staff didn't like about the plain people was their carelessness in observing hospital rules. Such things as visiting and loitering in the halls, being loud in the lobby, or not leaving when visiting hours were over don't go unnoticed by outsiders.

Let's remember our lives are like an open letter being read to anyone who can see us. 2 Cor. 3:2-3.

- G. D. H., Indiana

### PLAIN HOMES FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

We find many upbuilding letters and articles in Family Life, like in the Dec. issue "Can Nothing Be Done?" We are called plain people and that is fine, but should not our houses also be plain? We should compare how we live today and how our forefathers had to suffer.

- Mrs. D. Z., Ontario

### PRACTICE MORE PATIENCE

I was glad for the article, "Why Wear A Cape?" Also enjoyed "Vinegar or Honey". I think this is a good article for parents to read also, as sometimes we need to practice more patience ourselves. I also like the German or "Dutch" articles.

- R. M. B., New Holland

### HOW TO PLEASE NOBODY

Please don't let the few critical letters you receive from time to time discourage you in this work because critics are everywhere. Trying to please everybody pleases nobody.

- P. T. Martin, Va.

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# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## THE BUS DRIVER'S GAME

I was on a bus which was traveling from Lancaster to Blue Ball. As we were passing through the Leola-Groffdale area, three plain ladies, Amish and Menmonites, boarded the bus. This in itself is not unusual. After arriving at New Holland, all the passengers got off except myself.

The bus driver was a real friendly chap and soon we had an interesting conversation going. He asked if I had noticed anything unusual when the three ladies boarded the bus. I hadn't been aware of anything so he told me the following story:

"Frequently, when we bus drivers gather at the office, we discuss the method which many of the plain people use when they pay fares. As they board the bus, their first question is, 'How much to New Holland?' (or to wherever they happen to be going.) Even though they always ask, we notice the majority of the people already have the correct amount of change in their hands. This was amusing to us, so we decided to have a little game of our own. As these folks would board the bus, asking the usual question, we would purposefully either increase or decrease the fare by ten cents to see what would happen.

"The result was that nine out of ten would tell us when we requested too much, proceeding to tell us the correct amount and then pay it. However, when we decreased the fare, not one person would tell us about this. They calmly paid what was requested and kept the change."

The bus driver continued, "Of those three ladies who boarded the bus, all had the correct change in their hands, yet not one of them made any kind of remark as to why the fare was decreased."

I stop here and wonder, just what is honesty? I frequently ride this bus, and I wonder if I have ever been tested in this way. Is it leaving a good witness to only correct a mistake when it is to our favor to do so? Perhaps each person should seriously consider this the next time he notices a price change, regardless of whether the price quoted is up or down. - R. M. N., Pennsylvania

## AFRAID OF A STRAW HAT

As we come in contact with people we find that many of them are bound by fear. Some fear a nuclear war, some fear the Communists will take over, and some are afraid of death, the great unknown. Some are scared of life itself. It seems to me this fear comes because we have gone astray from God and can not claim his promises.

When I was a child I used to be afraid. I had the kind of fear the world has. I was afraid of the dark and even of being alone in broad daylight. I don't think my parents were aware of this because I always tried to hide it. If they saw I was afraid they would think I was a sissy. I see now that it would have been better to confide in them.

We used to get a lot of company and we also did a lot of visiting in different homes. Usually the children spent the evenings outside playing some games while the older folks visited. I usually stayed close to Father and would sit on his lap. The children were telling ghost stories of people who claimed to have seen white men and black

men and men without heads, small men who would follow you, and all kinds of scary things. As my young mind absorbed these stories and believed them, I began to have a dreadful fear.

As I grew older I could not shake this fear, so I made sure I would not be out after dark if at all possible. But one evening when I was 15 years old, I was sent to Grandmother's house on an errand. By the time I started home, darkness was settling over the earth. The way home from Grandmother's had a woods with big trees, and there was an old bridge with big stones on either side for guard rails.

As I got even with the old stone bridge I thought I heard a noise. Of course I started running, but the faster I ran the louder the noise became. I thought, "Any minute now it will grab me!" Every once in a while I would look back and then the noise would stop. I reached our driveway shaking all over and out of breath.

That evening as I sat in the living room, it dawned on me what the noise was on the way home. I was wearing a straw hat, and it had holes in the side for ventilation. When I started running, the wind whistled through these holes. The faster I ran, the louder the noise. When I turned to look back the wind was shut off. It was a very simple thing, yet enough to scare a fifteen-year-old boy.

Fear, like worry, is the opposite of trust, and God would have us to trust Him in all things. Isn't it wonderful consolation to know that the God who created the universe with a spoken word holds all things in His hand? He loves us and wants us to call Him Father.

There is one fear we must have and should be diligent in teaching our children. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." Prov. 9:10.

When we have this kind of fear, the other kind of fear will vanish from our lives, for the Bible teaches us that perfect love casteth out fear. I John 4:18.

- John Miller, Ohio.

## CAUGHT BY A CURIOUS COW

A very unusual experience came our way this fall. We had planted several acres of tomatoes for a cannery and as they came to the peak of production, we needed more workers to harvest the crop. We hired two English boys that were looking for a job after school hours. One of the boys worked only one evening, then didn't come back. But the other one, Mike we shall call him, worked several evenings, all say Saturday, and Monday evening. When he left on Monday evening he mentioned that he might bring along some friends the next evening if I could use more pickers. I said I could, but that was before I knew what was going to turn up.

On Tuesday morning when I got to the field, I saw to my dismay that one of our cows had gone right through the fence into the tomato field. She had eaten her fill, and now stood looking so contented. And worst of all, instead of picking her own, she had eaten right out of the hampers, dumping a good many on the ground in the process. I guess she didn't realize that I had to pay 24¢ a hamper to have them picked.

After chasing the cow away, I started picking up the

tomatoes she had spilled on the ground. Almost at once I noticed something.

"Oh, oh, what's wrong here," I said to myself. "What was Mike trying to do? Why a lot of the tomatoes still have stems on them."

Now, I had given Mike strict orders that all the stems had to be off or the cannery wouldn't accept the tomatoes.

I went ahead and picked up the tomatoes on the ground. By counting the empty hampers I discovered the cow had eaten eight five-eighths bushel hampers. No wonder her sides had bulged and she had wobbled a bit as I chased her away.

But my thoughts soon turned from the cow to Mike. If I had found stems on the tomatoes the cow had spilled, what about the full hampers Mike had picked that still stood untouched in the field? I made up my mind to check them. I poured out all of Mike's hampers and saw to my astonishment that the tomatoes in the bottom half of the baskets all had the stems on yet. Mike had also thrown in some tomatoes that were green and some that were spoiled.

"Now, how shall I handle this?" I asked myself.

I didn't know exactly what would be the best course to follow. If I didn't say anything, he might do it again. Besides if he couldn't be trusted to pick right, could he be trusted to count them correctly? For his sake, I knew I should say something.

The day seemed unusually long. As I filled hamper after hamper, my thoughts were of Mike, unstemmed tomatoes, and the curious cow. But finally evening came and a car drove in. Two boys and a girl came walking to the field.

I felt shaky and my voice sounded scratchy as I said, "I'm afraid there will be no more work for you, Mike. The bottom halves of your hampers had the stems on the tomatoes yet, plus some that were too green."

"Is that right?" he exclaimed, acting surprised. And maybe he was surprised — surprised that I knew. Mike hadn't counted on the cow.

I didn't have the money with me in the field to pay him his back wages so he said he would come back the next Friday evening.

After the three of them left I went on picking again, but this is when I felt bad. "I should have given him a second chance," I thought. "How would I like it if I couldn't try again?"

"He did it on purpose and it could lower my grade on the tomatoes," one part of me argued.

"But," countered the opposite thoughts, "since it's over I still wish I would have given him a second chance."

Before next Friday the sympathetic thoughts won the battle. I decided to apologize to Mike.

Friday evening there came a knock, knock on the door. I opened it and there stood Mike.

"Hello," I said, smiling.

"Hello, could you pay me the rest of the money now?"

"Sure. Come on in."

After I paid him, I said, "Mike, I'm sorry I was a little sharp with you the other evening —"

"Oh, that's all right," Mike interrupted. "It was my fault. When I got home after doing it, I thought, 'Why did I do it? Why did I doublecross him?' Forgive me, will you?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, I must go," he said and left.

I think we both felt better.

— M. D. H., Corinth, Ont.

"Character is what you are in the dark."

— Dwight L. Moody

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### FEWER TOY GUNS

The violence in America's large cities during the past year set off a reaction — a decrease in the number of toy guns purchased as gifts for children. During the 1968 Christmas shopping days a survey was made of sixty department stores in thirteen states. It was found that the drop in the sale of toy guns was as high as 25% in some stores. Merchants said that they were not pushing the sale of toy guns because they felt parents saw a connection between their boy at eight with a toy gun and their boy at eighteen with a real one. Violence even though in the form of play was seen to have a connection with true violence in later years. One famous mail order house (Sears & Roebuck) went so far as to discontinue advertising such "toys of violence" in their catalogue. The firm has already received a number of letters of approval from parents.

It can be hoped that the plain people will take a lesson from these concerned parents, and discard any toy guns which may have become part of the toy box's contents.

### SLIPPED ANOTHER NOTCH

Nearly seven months ago it was reported in this section of "Family Life" that the Methodist Church had merged with the United Brethren Church, thus forming the United Methodist Church. It was further mentioned that the "new" Methodists had elected a woman minister to serve on the church's highest court — something directly contrary to the Bible's teaching on the role of women in the Church.

Once more the United Methodists are in the news. And once again it appears their church has slipped another notch farther away from Biblical standards. The Methodists for years strictly forbade members (let alone ministers) to drink liquor or use tobacco. Recently, however, this ruling has changed. Now it is left up to each individual whether to smoke or drink — or not. Also a pastor need no longer take a church vow never to smoke or drink.

### BILLY'S BUDGET

Plans are being made for Billy Graham's second New York City crusade. It is to be held in June in the city's huge Madison Square Garden, which can seat thousands. The rent for this building will cost \$309,000; it will cost another \$150,000 for office operations, and \$100,000 for television facilities — a total of \$559,000.

Billy says he will aim his sermons at young people, having "pretty much given up on the older generation." The feeling appears to be mutual, for the Protestant Council of New York City (made up of the "older generation") has declined to sponsor the June crusade this time, saying: "Billy Graham has become an institution." And with a half-million dollar crusade budget, it would be hard to disagree.

### SYBARIS— CITY OF LUXURY

During the past several years, archeologists have been excavating at the site of the ancient city of Sybaris. It was located in southern Italy, near the instep of the boot,

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and is now covered with about 20 feet of silt.

About 2,500 years ago, this city was widely known for its wealth and luxury. It is said that the residents had wine piped to their homes directly from the vineyards, decorated themselves with gold ornaments, and wore fine woolen clothes. They enjoyed vapor rubs in their bathtubs and sometimes spent a whole year in preparing for a party.

The rich people of the city were much too sophisticated to do any manual labor and the roads where they walked were covered with canopies to keep off the hot sun. So well did they like to sleep late in the morning that they banned blacksmiths, carpenters, and even roosters from the city.



The winter months are busy months for the girls here at the publishing house. Some time ago they sent out nearly 2500 expiration notices to Family Life, Blackboard Bulletin, Ambassador of Peace or 3-in-1 subscribers.

This in itself is no small task, to sort out all the subscriptions which are about to expire and send out the notices. Not only is it time consuming but it is also expensive as such notices must now be sent out first class.

When the renewals start coming in, there is still more work. The office force has perfected a ten-point plan, 10 easy steps to renew your subscription, or to enter a new subscription. If the girls are on the alert (as they usually are) and carefully follow each of the ten steps, then everything works out fine. But if they miss one step, that's where the trouble can really start. Please have patience with us if you do not get proper credit or as soon as you ought to. Just let us know for we don't want you to miss one copy of the magazines.

Recently a subscriber from Pa. sent in her renewal and inquired, "Am I the only one who renewed, or are there others too?"

I don't think she was too serious about it. At any rate she is not the only one who has renewed. During December we received an average of 117 new or renewal subscriptions to our magazines for each working day. The highest we got in one day was 231. When you multiply this by ten steps for each subscription it adds up to a lot of work.

But that's the way we like it. Just like a farmer would figure there was something wrong if he ran out of work, so would we also be scared if we didn't have anything to do. That's what keeps business going.

But we also have unpleasant jobs. Once every two months we must go over the lists and take off the names of those who failed to renew. If your subscription to Family Life expired in January or February, then this will be the last issue you will receive. At the time the name is taken off, a Final Notice is sent out. This time it looks like we will have several hundred names to take out. That's what really hurts. To lose a subscriber gives you the same feeling as losing a friend. How would you like to lose several hundred friends at one time?

Of course we know how it is. Oftimes people intend to renew but just put it off until they get the final notice. Oftimes they have other expenses so they wait to pay the small bills, and then forget it. That's why we send out

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Their horses were trained to dance to pipe music and according to legend the enemy attacked with music and were able to get past the dancing horses and destroyed the city.

It is said the common chamber pot was invented at that city, and the word sybarichas come to mean luxurious or voluptuous.

Many of the civilizations that have flourished in the past have ended in becoming fat and lazy, concerned mostly with luxurious living and pleasure. No doubt the rich merchants of Sybaris were confident that such a beautiful city could never be reduced to ashes. But today it is under twenty feet of wet watery sand.

the final notice.

But if you don't send in your renewal then we have to take your name off the list. That is the only way we can do business. We have our expenses to meet and the only way we can meet them is with money.

Family Life alone takes more than a ton of paper every month. Of course this is small compared to what some magazines use but compared to what it was a year ago, it's quite a bit.

Subscriptions to Family Life have shown a healthy increase during the first year. We thought we were being optimistic when we hoped for 6,000 subscribers by January 1. Actually the figure was a little over 7,000 at that date. It is a sobering thought to think that so many people have shown confidence in Family Life and expect to get some good from its pages. What if they should be disappointed, or would receive something harmful instead? We would have to answer. That is where the readers can be a big help to the editors. Let us know what is useful to you and what is not.

Have you noticed anything different in Family Life? We hope you have. In November we bought a new Heidelberg offset press and it is beginning to perform nicely. We can print a sheet size 18 x 25 and do a better job than anything we were able to do previously.

The press was made in Germany. Heidelberg is widely known for quality. For us, it was a major investment, but we feel it is paying off in better quality work and dependable performance.

We want to call your attention again to the fact that material for Family Life must be sent in 2 to 3 months ahead of time. We simply must have time to edit and get the material ready. Then it takes a month to get the type and print and assemble the magazines, and send them out. If you have anything you want to send in for the Easter issue, it's high time to send it.

Although we ask for and depend on our readers sending in articles, yet it is with the understanding that we can use only that which is of the most interest to the most people. Ordinarily your article must fill a definite need for a considerable portion of our readers. Frequently we receive articles dealing with problems that usually don't exist among the plain people. Then we feel we can not afford to take up space with such articles.

Although we use some selected material, we much prefer original. If it's selected, then it's really got to be good. At present we have a file full of selected material, just

waiting for the time when and if we need it.

And if you do send us a really good article, don't be disappointed if it doesn't appear for 4 or 5 months. Sometimes we already have one or more articles on the same topic. Perhaps we want to do some work on the article, and just don't get around to getting it done.

Or maybe we just don't have the room. Our space is limited to 40 pages per issue and when it's full, it's full. Some of the articles in this issue, (including one of my own) have been ready for months. But if it's a good article, it will always keep. We need that kind several months from now too.

## Views and Values



### YOUR GOD IS TOO SMALL

The stealthy figures of eleven men walked in a noiseless line through the darkness of the night. Nearby they could see the gently rising slope of Mount Gerizim. Their leader stopped beside a grove of trees, signaling that they had reached their destination.

Quietly but swiftly the men worked, chopping down the trees and tearing down the altar of Baal. Then they hastily erected an altar to the true God and using the wood of the trees they had just chopped down, offered a burnt sacrifice to the God of heaven.

Their work completed, Gideon and his ten servants slipped away into the night as silently as they had come.

With early dawn came the men of the city to worship Baal at the grove. They stopped in dismay, stunned at the sight spread before them in the dim light of the eastern sky. Their beautiful grove was gone and the altar broken down.

The men stared at the jagged tree stumps jutting from the ground and at the dismal heap of crumbled ruins. And there, as if to throw salt into the open wound, on a nearby rock stood an altar of Jehovah, the smoke from the offering still spiraling slowly upward.

Angrily the men demanded of each other, "Who has done this thing?"

"Gideon, the son of Joash," someone suggested.

Tempers flared as the men marched to find Joash. "Bring out your son," they shouted to Gideon's father. We're going to kill him because he broke down the altar of Baal and cut down the grove."

"What?" said Joash, acting astonished. "Do you have to defend your God? If Baal is a god, let him take care of himself."

It must have come as a startling thought to the worshippers of Baal. Joash was saying that if their god of Paganism was weaker than they were, their god was too small. A god is meant to protect his worshippers; the worshippers should not need to look out for the safety of their god. The angry worshippers of the god of Paganism became uncomfortable under the thought and slunk away. Gideon was safe, because Baal was too small to hurt anyone except his worshippers.

But sad to say, the worship of too-small gods did not die out at the brave words of Joash, father of Gideon. The cult of the too-small gods has been plaguing the history of humans ever since. It has become with the passage of time one of the major religions of the world. Today Baal has hundreds of descendants, all of them gods, all of them too

small.

One of the greatest generals in history belonged to the religion of the too-small gods. Although he served some lesser gods, his chief god was conquest. It was a glorious god, the only god that was big enough for the impelling ambitions of Alexander the Great.

Relentlessly Alexander pushed his army from battle to battle, conquering city after city, country after country, and empire after empire. Conquest became his life. He ate and slept and breathed to conquer.

With his army, Alexander climbed mountains, crossed seas, and fought his way over miles of desert wastes until he had conquered Syria, Persia, Egypt, and India.

Nothing could stop Alexander until he had conquered the world. And at thirty-three years of age he had achieved his goal; he was sole ruler of the then-known world. But His god, the god of Conquest, brought him not the satisfaction that he sought. Instead of rejoicing, Alexander the Great wept bitterly because there were no more worlds to conquer. In that same year, weakened in body by the hardships of a hundred battles, he became ill and died — killed by the god he served. And even the pomp and ceremony of the funeral — or the golden coffin in which he was buried — was not enough to hide the fact that his god, as great as it was, had been too small.

A more modern example of the worship of a too-small god is the story of the Titanic. Hundreds of people aboard the giant ship that night of April 14, 1912, were staking their lives on the god of Security. They were out for a pleasant voyage, relaxing in complete confidence in the protection of their god. Over and over again the ship received urgent warnings of icebergs in the area. Repeatedly the captain ignored each warning, for was not the Titanic unsinkable?

Even after an iceberg tore a 300-foot gash in the ship's hull, its passengers were unshaken; they remained blindly loyal to their chosen god. But two and a half hours later the "unsinkable" ship reared one end high into the air, then sank forever to the cold bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. For 1500 of the Titanic's passengers it was a fatal lesson. Security, their god, had been too small to save them.

Still the worship of too-small gods continued. On April 20, 1899, a baby boy was born in an inn in a small Austrian town close to the border of Germany. No one could have guessed then that the tiny boy would grow up to become one of the world's strongest believers in the god of Hate. Adolf Hitler, dictator of Germany, expressed his creed in few words, "Love is weak; hate is strong."

With unbelievable devotion to his god of Hate, Hitler set up concentration camps where six million Jews were brutally tortured and murdered. No one in all of Germany was safe from the ruthless hate of the dictator. He ordered his friends slain on the slightest suspicion. He had hundreds of his enemies killed with slow, savage deaths and commanded movies to be made of the executions

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so he could watch them later in gloating hate.

But the god which served Hitler so powerfully for years let him down in the end. His mind became crazed with hate. He had hated so long that he finally couldn't trust anyone. He refused to take the advice of his most competent military advisers, madman that he was, and insisted that his orders be obeyed regardless of results.

And as the war turned against him, he found it impossible to face the fact that the Allied Army could be stronger than his hate. Before the prospect of defeat, he became a broken man, often insane. He jumped at the slightest noise; his arms and legs trembled uncontrollably. His death was as violent as his life had been. Rather than surrender, he shot himself, a victim of his god — Hate.

Jesus told a story of a man who worshiped a too-small god — the god of Riches. The man must have worked hard, for he had such a plentiful harvest that he didn't know what to do with it. So he tore down his barns and built greater. Then he admitted what his goal in life was — what he actually was living for. "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." He told himself he had nothing to worry about — his money would take care of him for many years. And it would have worked too, except for one thing the man forgot. His god was too small. That very night thieves, lured by the man's storehouses, fell upon him and took his life.

Years ago a certain plantation owner in the South became very wealthy. One day he noticed that some friends seemed jealous of his seemingly good fortune. "Do not envy me," said the plantation owner. "All my money has done for me is to make me sleep with a gun under my pillow."

Ah, poor man, he had made money his god and now he found he had to protect his god, and it was a miserable life. Perhaps that is one of the best single ways for us to spot a too-small god. Are we setting our affections on something that can be taken from us? Then we have a god that is too small. That is what the men of Gideon's day had to do — they had to look out for the safety of Baal, the god of Paganism. Things are sadly turned around when a man has to protect his god instead of his god protecting him. A god that is too small to care for himself is a hazardous thing on which to stake our happiness.

It is easy for us to see the mistake of Hitler, Alexander, and the passengers of the Titanic. But what about ourselves? Are there any too-small gods among us? Let's not be too hasty to say no. Some gods may be very innocent looking, but still beneath the cover-up be false gods. Anything that we put first in our life, that we think most of — has not that become our god?

What about the man who works so hard all week that he has no desire or energy left to go to church on Sunday? Has he not made his Work his god? What about the farmer who is more concerned how his livestock looks than he is how his children act? Has he not made Possessions his god? What about the girl who puffs up her hair, spends hours in front of the mirror, has to have her clothes just so-so, has she not made Vanity her god? What about the boy who goes his own way, saying he is only young once and deserves to have a good time? Is he not making Pleasure his god? What about the boys and the girls who tease, joke, and talk constantly about their boy or girl-friends? Have they not made Dating their god? What about the young people who get involved in things they know are wrong because "everybody else is doing it"? Have they not made the Crowd their god? What about the people who make themselves dizzy running after doctors, clinics,

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specialists, treatments, tonics, and vitamins? Have they not made Health their god? What about those who show more zeal to earn a dollar than to help a neighbor? Have they not made Money their god? What about the people who have "I" trouble so badly that their whole life seems to center around themselves? Have they not made Self their god?

The too-small gods that may be among us are too numerous to name them all. Not all of them seem as evil as the gods of Hitler and Alexander. Some of them, like Health, Good Deeds, Wives, Children, and Work are even good in themselves. But when we set our affection on them so that they become what we live for, then they are our gods. And as gods they are all tragically alike — too small. In the end they will be taken from us and we will be left disappointed and bitter.

Not only history, but the Bible too, tells us that all our too-small gods are failures. Thousands of years ago, the wisest man that ever lived tried to find fulfilment in serving the gods this earth offered him. In the book of Ecclesiastes Solomon tells how he tried them, one by one: Pleasure, Wine, Learning, Greatness, Fine Buildings, Women, Fame. Each time he ends with the same commentary, "Behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind."

Are we today going to learn from the lessons of the Bible and the failures of past generations and thus be able to steer clear of the snare of "setting our affections on things below"? Or are we going to serve such gods as Self, Husband, Girlfriend, Farm, Appetite, or Reputation? If we do, it will surely be to discover at the end with keen remorse that our god was too small.

An unforgettable story is told of Polycarp, an early Christian bishop. The Roman proconsul had made up his mind to punish Polycarp.

"If you do not recant I will burn your house and take away your property," threatened the proconsul.

"My treasure is laid up in heaven," said Polycarp quietly.

"Then I will banish you to an island where you will be all alone, away from your friends and those you love."

"I will never be alone," answered Polycarp. "My God, whom I love more than my friends, is always with me."

"Then I will kill you," snarled the proconsul. "Now what do you say?"

"I will only be the sooner in heaven where my treasures are," replied Polycarp.

We live in a tense world today, balanced on a nuclear bomb, and facing every hour the possibility of instant destruction. If we serve any other god than that of Polycarp's, our god is too small.

#### DID YOU KNOW?

Although the word "fable" is not found in the Old Testament, two incidents are given where plants are made to speak.  
(Judges 9:7-15 & 2 Kings 14:9)

The word 'conversion' occurs only once in the Bible.  
(Acts 15:3)

# FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

## WHEN GRANDFATHER WROTE A



"Now I take my pen in hand and set myself down to write you a few lines to let you know that we haint enjoying our health very well now I guess we got the world fever the way they say or the doctors say it is all over the world..."

With these words J. T. Bontrager of Haven, Kansas began a friendly letter to his cousin in Indiana almost eighty years ago. The letter is dated "Jan. th12 1890" and the envelope reads, "Haven, Kansas. Jan 14, 1890 C. W. Astle, Postmaster." There is a green two-cent stamp on the envelope.

Jake Bontrager had other discouraging news to write in addition to being sick with an 1890 version of the Hong Kong flu. He closes his remarks about the fever with these words, "I hope the sickness won't come there," and then goes on to say, "now about the weather the weather is bad it is bliserting it is cold and snow and blows the snow almost terrible ... people here haint done shucking corn yet and I dont believe they will get done for a good while yet because they haint no weather for it."

Jake Bontrager's letter is only one of several hundred old letters I have been reading these long winter evenings. Somchow it's rather relaxing to sit up beside the stove while the wind blows the snow into drifts in the darkness outside, and pull some yellowed paper out of its envelope and read the message penned so long ago.

They had their troubles in those days too — their "world fever" and blizzards and unshucked corn. But compared to today's big bombs and rioting and fast living, the world of 1890 was a pretty slow and stable old ball.

These old letters come from Amish settlements in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and other states. Some have quite a bit of historical value; others are just chit-chat and nonsense. (By the way, if any of you readers have any dusty old letters in the attic, we'd be happy to have you share them with us for a few months.)

### The Old-time Style Of Writing

Over the years there have been changes in the way a letter has been written. There have been changes in addressing, too, as we all know. Not many years ago none of us knew about zip codes, but today for U.S.A. addresses, we use them without thinking. (No, we do not have zip codes in Canada yet.) Back in the 1890's, an address was not considered complete unless the county was included. In those days a letter was addressed to: "J. J. Miller, Middlebury P.O., Elkhart County, Indiana."

There were no ballpoint pens in those days either. The fountain pen or the quill were tools to be used with skill. Some of the writers learned to make their letters with

quite a flourish. Others were amateurs, and the occasional splotch of ink showed their awkwardness. Only a few used pencils.

As I read letter after old letter, I was amused how nearly they all followed the same pattern. The beginning was usually, "Now I have set me down ..." and might turn out to be flowery or long-winded. The health of the writer was usually mentioned, with a wish that the reader's health might be good. Then the subject was likely to be the weather and the everyday work, and where "meaton" had been held on Sunday. Following this, the course of the letter was harder to predict.

None of the old letters I read used indented paragraphs. But there were several ways by which the writer told the reader that the subject was changing. One was to use a flourish like this *[flourish]*. Another way was to use the word, "Further..." For instance, in a letter from Mt. Ayr, Newton County, Indiana, dated Oct. 20, 1889, Annanias Miller writes, "...and further about the weather, we have very nice and a little cool fall weather, and further what I am working, I was pressing hay but they can't get cars anymore. I don't know what I will do now..."

Back in those days the boys and girls went to school only in the winter, and their education lacked the polish of today's schooling. It is not hard to pick out the better scholars by looking at their letters, but a poor letter did not always mean a dull person — perhaps that young man or lady never got to school much and never had a chance to learn.

Spelling was usually poor. If the writer did not know how to spell a word, he made a guess at it and hoped his reader would know what he meant. This homemade spelling is sometimes pretty difficult to read, especially when combined with poor handwriting, but after long study the message can usually be gotten.

Want to try a sample of makeshift spelling? This young man didn't use the dictionary a whole lot, but he likely got his message across. His letter is dated April 21, 1891: "...Church is at den masts to morrie in a week now i let you know what we are at driven nowdas we bin at plowing to so mielet and working most ene thing next wek we hafto go in ower corn fielt to drag and harow it i dont no much to ried now the rest went to bet i ges i better go to now gut by to youns all pure riden but wel mend so much from me JCB to youns..."

### The Lure of the West

What did people write to each other eighty years ago? It all depended. After having written the usual preliminaries, the writer might turn to neighborhood news, accidents, sicknesses, or any other topic of interest. If the writer lived in the West, he would be sure to comment on the wonderful country — its weather, its crops, its people.

Back in the 1890's and early 1900's, the West was being opened up by homesteaders and settlers. The Amish pushed west with the other pioneers, starting congregations in Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Texas, North Dakota, Montana, Colorado, California, and Oregon. From the letters some of these western settlers wrote back to their eastern relatives, the West was a land of

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golden opportunity, and the Garden of Eden, all in one.

An Amish farmer by the name of H. C. Schrock settled with a few other families near Bertrand, Nebraska in 1893. It is almost amusing to see how he played up the advantages of the West in his letters to a friend back home in Indiana. On Nov. 26, 1893, he wrote, "You asked how we like it here. We like it very good so far. We had but one cold day since we are here. It was just a cold wind. The country is nice and the kindest people you ever saw.

"The people tell me the crops are poor this year, but I think if the folks in the East had such corn they would say they have very good corn it goes from 35 to 55 bu to the acre that is a poor crop here Corn is worth from 20 to 24 cts a bus., Wheat 36 cts, Oats 20, Rye 30, Barley 75, fat hogs \$5.00 per hundred. Cattle 3¢ lb. Land is from \$15 to \$20 per acre. The water is good. The soil is a dark prairie soil. It is nearly level with a small grove here and there. The times are a little flat, but not as bad as in the East."

Two months later Schrock was even more enthusiastic. By that time the worst of the winter was past, and he wrote, "Well, I will tell you that we had a blizzard yesterday it snowed and blew all day and was quite cold today. It is nice sunshine but it is not thawing. We had two snug winters this winter already, but they only lasted one or two days, then it got warm again. We had nice and warm weather all winter except a few cold waves.

"I will now tell you how much it cost me to winter our stock so far, 5 head of horses and 3 head of cows. I bought one load of millet hay that is all the hay I have fed I bought 2 more loads but I did not draw it yet. But I will have to for the hay is about all gone my cows did not eat more than 3 or 4 forks full. I fed the horses some corn but not much. The stalk pasture is good yet, but I have used quite a bit of straw I had my stock in the stable every night so I used lots of straw for bedding. There are some folks here that have their horses and cows out day and night. You would hardly believe how fat my cows are they look as if I had fed them corn all winter. My horses are in good trim. I will say this much it beats everything. There is no work through the winter only what choars a man has our fuel is corn cobs and coal it has cost us about \$4.50 since we are here we had to buy every thing we burnt.

"The main crop is corn because there is so little expense. One man can plant and cultivate from 60 to 80 acres. Next is wheat that does very well. Hear Y. H. Yoder said he raised 90 bu of oats to the acre already but not every year. But oats does well. Rye and barley and broom corn and sorghum does well here, some years it does better than others. I seen some very nice potatoes here I never saw any nicer ones anywhere.

"They say they never had no cyclones but they have had hailstorms already but not to destroy all their crops. They are not frequent. — I guess they can raise anything hear that can be raised in the East. I am quite sure you would like the country. There is only one thing that I don't like and that is not enough Eastern people.

Back East is All Right, Too

I suppose most of the Easterners did not let this boasting about the West bother them much. Eli S. Beachy and Lewis J. Swartzentruber were two young Amish men from Somerset County, Pennsylvania. When they wrote letters to their friends, they didn't find it necessary to brag about their home communities.

When Eli Beachy wrote on Dec. 18, 1890, he had quite

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a bit to say about the snow, "We have the best sledding snow that we had for a good many years it is about 26 inches thick where it aint drifted it comenced snowing on tuesday eve and snowd I think about all that knight and yesterday it snowd about all day I helpt Lewis Swartzentruber quarrying limestone on tuesday and was to help yesterday too but then it was to snowi then we lade around there at Eli Millerstil dinner then went to school about 1 mile from Elis and after school I came home. I tell you I was tired til I came home wadeing through the snow. Today Will S. Yoder and Noah E. Hershberger were going to start for Canada but I dont know wether they went or not on account of the snow."

Eli finished his letter the following day, "Will and Noah didnt start for Canada on account of the snow the railroads were blockt with snow the mail transe couldnt run eny more. But they intend to start next tuesday so Will sed. This AM we was hauling coal and Crist is hauling this afternoon too, but I thought it best for me to stay in the house as I dont feal well. I am sorry that I cant be out hauling beaing's we have such a good snow. Saturday morn — I feal about all right agane this morning so I will take my poor scratching along and put it in Simon Millers male box we haule our coal from there."

A few months later L. J. Swartzentruber wrote from the same community, Summit Mills, Pennsylvania. For a man, he had nice handwriting, and his education seems to have been above the average for the time. No wonder, for he was still going to school! In his letter he stated, "After quitting that job (quarrying limestone) I started to school, Jan. 7th. Then I went to school till sugar boiling commenced. Three of the scholars were examined and passed for a good certificate."

Swartzentruber wrote about the maple syrup business, which was pretty good that spring. "We don't make any sugar this year," he wrote, "We make all in molasses. We made about 210 gallons @ 70¢ gallon."

He interrupted his letter on the second page, "Well, I will stop to go to a burriel at Abraham Kinsingers, a child, 5 days old, died yesterday morning, will be burried today 2 P.M. (After supper — I will try to finish my scribbling. The funerel was a small one no service was held."

The writer went on to comment on the general economy of the community, "We are looking for a good apple crop, don't know if we will be blessed with it or not, but we would enjoy it very much if the good Lord would bless us with the same. Wheat appeared good when the snow was all gone. Potatoes are scarce, sugar cheap, eggs about 13¢ % doesen, butter 20¢ % pound, wheat \$1.00 % bus. Wild geese scarce, young hogs the same. Girls are plenty. Nicelie boys shall meet there fatal doom Thursday next (April 2) some people think they are innocent, but most doubt there innocence."

Writing for the Belleville Times

In with the old letters I have been reading are a few clippings from The Belleville (Penna.) Times. The way it looks, the Belleville Times ran newsletters from the different Amish correspondents much the same as the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget does even today. These letters usually contained neighborhood news items and comments. I very much wonder if the Belleville Times ever had a national circulation similar to the Budget, and whether the two papers were ever serious competitors.

Well, about 1898 the Times must have had a little poetry contest for its correspondents. Mrs. Sibyl Bender, an Amish grandmother in her eighties who lives near Kalona,

Iowa, recently sent us a copy of a poem her grandfather, Benedict B. Weirich, wrote for the Times in 1898.

The poem itself is rather poorly written in schoolboy style, and begins this way under the heading, "WHITESON, OREGON":

I will write a few lines  
For the Belleville Times.

The people are all well  
As far as I can tell.

The sky is very bright  
And that I must write.

We are looking for rain  
That will be our gain.

In all, the poem has thirty-one two-line verses. These deal with a number of subjects, from the visit of six young men from the East, to a listing of the virtues of Oregonian fish — salmon, flounders, trout, sardines, and salmon dog, the last of which is "only fit for a hog". The poem ends with what must have been considered a clever acrostic, as follows:

Birds are now coming back  
With hues red, blue and black.

Eagles are said to be king  
I saw one upon his wing.

Robins, peevees, larks, and blue-jay  
I saw them all today.

Crows caw, they are not for game,  
Have you found the writer's name?

By the way, the above poem won first prize. ■■

## WHO'LL BE NEXT?

David W. Oberholtzer

"I wonder why so many Amish buggies are going this way," I said as we were coming home. We had been away over the weekend to visit my brother in I. W. service in Virginia.

As we turned into the lane, I saw two boys walk across the field. I was puzzled, since it was no holiday that people would be going away.

Later, after supper and chores we were relaxing on the porch, enjoying the last of a July evening.

"Listen, you can hear teams going everywhere," I said. "I don't understand what is going on."

Just then Pop came walking in as they lived only a short piece away from us. He asked about our trip and so forth.

"Where are the Amish going this evening?" I asked.

"Didn't you hear that Aaron Riehl drowned?" Pop replied.

"Aaron Riehl?" I said with a shocked tone.

"Yes, on Sunday evening. He and some of the other boys were swimming and he drowned," Pop answered.

"Not Aaron," I thought. "No, it couldn't be. Not one who was my age, one who was a strong and healthy young man." That he now lay in the stillness of death was almost too much to believe.

"We'll wait until morning to go over to the Riehls," I told my wife. "Let's go to bed now." Memories were flowing through my mind of how in childhood Aaron and I had learned to know each other in school. We became close friends as we had things in common.

Next morning we walked across the field to the Riehls as Aaron was single and at home yet.

There were neighbors cleaning out the barn as the funeral was to be in the barn.

"Let's go in," I said.

Inside women were helping too. Mrs. Riehl greeted us and also the rest of the family that was there. "Do you want to see Aaron?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. They took us into the next room where he lay. To me it looked like he was sleeping — so healthy and strong he looked.

I thought I should say something to comfort the broken-hearted mother. But it seemed I couldn't say anything.

Since the funeral was to be the next day, I helped a little to get ready.

The next day I was over to help with the horses and then went up to the barn for the funeral.

Two ministers preached. Sometimes they wept a little and it seemed to me like a very touching service. But I did see some people fall asleep.

After a prayer we viewed the body, and then he was carried to the graveyard. There the coffin was opened for the final time. After we filed past again, the family gathered to look upon his face for the last time. To see something like that is very touching and I can't see how one can keep from shedding tears.

I watched while they looked and wept. Then he was let down into the newly-dug grave and covered with fresh earth. I had to wonder how the family felt as it seemed to rend my heart.

Now a few months later it seems more like a story told. I realize that Aaron isn't here anymore, but seems I forget it so easy that I too must leave the world as he had to. Just recently I stopped at the graveyard and walked in to look where he lay.

It wondered me if he could come back and talk to me what he would say. Would he tell me to lead a more concerned and Christian life? Would he tell me not to think so much of the worry and cares of this world? Would he tell me to think more of the hereafter, of things above and not of things below?

But isn't that what he did tell us by leaving us so suddenly? Wasn't it to get me to think on things like that? But alas, how soon that is forgotten. Who'll be next — the next one to remind me?

- Leola, Pennsylvania.

"If it's very painful for you to criticize your friends, you're safe in doing it. But if you take the slightest pleasure in it, that's the time to hold your tongue."

- Alice Duer Miller

"I'd rather lose in a cause that will someday win than win in a cause that will someday lose."

- Woodrow Wilson

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"I've often wondered," says the author of this story, "what we'd do if we knew ahead of time some of the things that are going to happen to us."

## THE SPRING WE REMEMBER

By Thomas J. Peachey

**T**he spring of 1960 had been a busy one, and little did we realize the experiences we were about to meet.

There are eight children in our family. I am the oldest and was 20 at that time, Mary was 19, Jesse 17, Lavina 15, David 13, John 12, Paul 8, and Esther 4.

To start it off, Jesse was hauling manure with tractor and spreader one cold windy day. Our field lane runs parallel with a railroad for about a quarter of a mile. Jesse was hauling to the field on the other side of the tracks. Coming back, he didn't notice the train coming up behind him. The engineer noticed the tractor and gave a few warning blasts on the whistle. But Jesse was bundled up and driving against a strong wind. The sound of the whistle was lost in the wind and noise of the tractor.

We happened to be watching, and it looked like the tractor and the train would reach the crossing at the same time. Though we noticed he didn't slow down much, we thought, "Surely Jesse will stop."

But we thought wrong. When Jesse reached the crossing, he turned and drove right up on the tracks. By this time the engineer was pulling on the whistle full blast.

Jesse glanced up at last, but it was too late. The monstrous locomotive was coming right at him. Without thinking he yanked the throttle wide open and the tractor lunged ahead.

With a crash the train struck. The engine caught about six inches of the rear tractor tire (less than two feet away from Jesse) and shoved the tractor sideways. The spreader tore loose at the hitch and was hurled up and away from the tracks. It was a frightening thing to see.

Jesse just sat there for some time, as if frozen to the seat.

The train ground to a stop, and the men came panting back to see how badly Jesse was hurt. They found it hard to believe that he didn't even have a scratch. We were so thankful no one was hurt, we didn't talk much about damages then.

Very shortly after that Jesse was driving this same tractor down the highway, when suddenly tires squealed behind him! Bang! A car crashed into the rear of the tractor. Although Jesse had braced himself, the impact jolted him from the seat and knocked him underneath the steering wheel.

The day was nice and sunny; no vehicles were coming from the other way. The accident seemed uncalled for.

The enraged driver of the car got out, cursing and swearing. "Why were you backing down the road for?" he demanded, glaring angrily at Jesse.

Jesse declared he wasn't backing. (In fact, he was going about 12 miles an hour straight ahead.) But the man was too hot to be told anything.

The tractor drawbar had punched right through the radiator. Water was running out on the road. The front

end of the car was damaged, as well as the hitch of the tractor, but no one was hurt.

Around the middle of April my parents decided to go to Kentucky to visit friends and take a little vacation. "Better take Jesse along or hard telling what will happen to him while you're gone," one of us remarked teasingly. So Jesse, Lavina, and Esther went along, but as we were soon to discover, that didn't stop things from happening at home.

We had worked up a good business that spring, selling meat and baked goods on a roadside stand on the highway. Since Wednesday afternoon was the day for selling, Tuesdays we would be busy baking bread, buns, and donuts.

This was a lot of work, so before they left for Kentucky, arrangements were made for a girl to come help us Tuesdays and Wednesdays getting ready for the market.

Well, my parents left, bake day came around and the hired girl arrived.

The girls were busy mixing bread dough, greasing pans, baking bread, and washing pans. I had finished plowing a field and began with the evening chores. We wanted to do them a little earlier, as we had gotten some ice cream for a supper treat and were looking forward to that.

Soon Mary came out and helped with the chores to get done sooner. The hired girl was finishing the baking.

All at once the hired girl came running to the barn. "Come in here quick," she gasped.

I saw on her face that there was something seriously wrong. We dropped everything and ran. When I saw the house, big flames of fire were leaping out the doors and up the sides.

I'll never forget that picture as long as I have a good mind.

Quickly running into the basement, I grabbed a bucket and began filling it with water. Then I ran to do something else.

Cars began to stop along the road. People came running in. Some volunteered to call the fire trucks, other to help carry things out, but most of them just wanted to see the spectacular sight.

The fire was spreading fast as by now the oil stove had exploded, causing it to spread more rapidly. All the while I was running around, not getting much done, because I just couldn't think.

The people that wanted to help started to carry things out of the living room. The heat and smoke was so intense that we had to keep low and close to the floor. Some of the furniture that was brought out was already burning. Next we got a few pieces out of the bedroom and that was it. We could do nothing in the kitchen or the upstairs.

Finally, after what seemed like ages, two fire trucks came. They emptied their tanks. It checked the fire quite a bit. Then they left to refill their tanks.

While the trucks were refilling, they called for more help, notifying four or five other companies. The fire had a good chance to get beyond control in that time, but I didn't realize it. I had a feeling all the time they would get it out because I thought it just couldn't be that our house would burn down.

Now the real commotion began. The trucks were coming with lights flashing and sirens screaming. People were blowing horns and driving all over. The fire chief was shouting orders, the girls were crying, and everyone was bumping into everyone else.

Firemen were shooting water on the burning house from all sides, but to no avail. The house had been built with large logs, and when these started to burn it was impossible to extinguish the blaze.

The heat was now so great that the smaller outbuildings were in danger of burning, so the firemen turned their attention to saving them.

The house was falling together little by little. The roof caved in, then the sides started to go. Sparks flew high into the air, lighting up a large area. Darkness had fallen, but it only added to the frightening glare of the leaping flames.

A large safe had been in one of the bedrooms. Somehow the firemen got the report that there was a lot of money in the safe. Quickly they turned their hoses on the bedroom. They had it watered down good when we told them the safe had very little in it.

A chimney had been built in the center of the house, extending from the basement up through the attic. It withstood the heat for quite a while, but finally it too toppled, scattering bricks and embers in all directions. The falling chimney reached further than some people expected, and they were nearly hit.

The last wall went down, leaving heat waves and a red glow where the house had been. Less than an hour had passed since the fire started.

It had happened so quickly, that only now did we begin to feel the shock. Here we were with our house, possessions, clothing and food gone and our parents hundreds of miles away. The only clothing we had was what we had on. It was past supper time and our ice cream had long melted. We almost felt we didn't have a thing, but we did. We were thankful that we were all safe. But I'm sure we didn't have the spirits to sing the way the woman did in the "Family Life" article, "Look At What Is Left".

One of the neighbors heard of us not having had supper, so he left and soon returned with something to eat. We had no beds. We boys decided to sleep in the barn and the girls went to the neighbors.

We tried to sleep, but that was out of the question. The shock was too great for that. It also was still noisy outside as one truck was staying on guard until the next morning, and curious people were coming and going all night.

The next day was Wednesday, but not market day for us. The fire had changed that in a hurry.

A little cleaning up was done on Wednesday, but most of the debris was still too hot to get out. My parents had been notified on Tuesday evening and they started for home right away, but bus and train connections were poor. Thursday morning they finally arrived and that gave me one great relief, but in another sense I hated to see them coming to meet something like this.

We had a second farm and the house on it was vacant, so we decided to move in there. We had very little moving to do though.

Before we even got there, people had started to bring

beds, chairs, clothing, food, cooking utensils, and almost anything a family would need. We were encouraged and helped in many ways. We realized then as never before what friends mean. Things donated and done for people at a time like that will long be remembered. Some people say they would rather have a dollar than a friend, but I believe I would take the friend.

When the cleaning up began we found that the money inside the safe had burned and melted together. The safe was also ruined. There were very few things that were usable — most were either burned, melted, or warped out of shape. One time I recall that was undamaged was the water faucet I had turned open. I had forgotten all about it and the water was running all the time. The rubber washer inside the faucet wasn't even damaged.

Around the beginning of May we started to rebuild. Again many people left their work and gave a hand; almost anybody could find something to do.

The new house was built in the same place the old one was located. Although it wasn't completed yet, sometime in September we moved in. We were willing to shift for a while.

Now more than eight years have passed since that happened. I've had a few scares since, but nothing that equaled the night our house burned. Ever since I've had a special feeling of sympathy for anyone whose house goes up in flames. It's just like the saying, "It's different once you go through it yourself."

Some of our other family experiences include getting caught in the silage blower, getting hands into pulleys, being run over by a fork lift loaded with lumber, being driven over the head with a manure spreader and being bit and kicked by horses.

But thank the Lord, we're all living and healthy, and wondering what's going to pop up next.

Eight years later finds half of us married and also Jesse looking before he crosses the tracks. ■■

It's the little things in life which mean  
So much to me and others,  
For little acts of kindness  
Make us all — sisters — brothers —  
This world is one big family  
Of which we are a part  
And each, yes, everyone of us  
Has a longing in the heart  
For love — consideration;  
Thus friendly, kindly deeds  
On the part of every one of us  
Is what this old world needs.

Oftimes some little sacrifice  
And some discomfort too,  
Brings a smiling face to view —  
Have you ever noticed — yes, you have,  
Why selfish, selfish people wear  
A most unhappy countenance?  
It's because they do not care  
About other people's heartaches,  
Thus no love reflects their way;  
That's why they keep complaining  
About loneliness each day —  
So, may our little thoughtful deeds  
Play a most important part;  
Let's pray for God's most priceless gift:  
AN UNDERSTANDING HEART!

Family Life



# LOADED LEVEL

- David Wagler

It was a hot day for threshing. The horses were panting by the time they had lugged the wagon load of bundles up to the threshing machine, and the sweat rolled off their backs. We hoped to finish Sam Troyer's wheat field by evening. If nothing unforeseen happened, we could get it done.

The Troyer farm is located over towards the west end of the settlement, and his wheat field is on the back end of the farm. We had to go through a gully, which was no job at all with an empty wagon, but with a load of bundles it was difficult. Coming up through the lane was another job as we had to be careful or the load would slip to one side and finally tilt over.

It had been a wet summer and a hard rain had covered part of the wheat field with water. Consequently the lower ends of the bundles were dirty, which resulted in a cloud of dust emitting from the blower and settling down on the nearby field. Sometimes we could hardly see as we drove through this fog of dust.

Building up a load of bundles is an art and one which I was never particularly good at. Of course I could usually bring in an average sized load, but for some reason my nerves were always a bit shaky until I drew alongside the threshing machine. Now it was 3:30 as I started home with my load. If I didn't have to wait to unload, I could be back for another load, and then the other wagons would get the rest.

Martin Fry had pitched my load and he is one of those men who can put up a whole shock in about two forks full. But I had managed to keep on top and thought I had a decent load. When I had finished loading I asked him to size up my load. He walked around the back and after surveying the load, replied, "It's not too bad a load, the back end's a little on the right side and the front end on the left."

I figured this was his way of saying the load was pretty well balanced so I thought no more of it. But as I went through the gate, Amos Hostetler was resting under the shade tree waiting for the next wagon to come out. When I went by he yelled at me, "If you ever get to the barn with that thing, you're a lot better driver than I think you are."

I felt my temper going up, but I bit my teeth together to keep from making a nasty reply. Amos was just that kind of fellow, always watching to see if he could find something to laugh about. All season he had been watching me and I thought, "Our gang would have been a lot better off if Amos would have gotten a job with the other crew."

And besides, if he wanted to look at people's mistakes, he could begin with his own. Who else in our neighbor-

During threshing time, Jake was determined not to let a "smart-alec" get on his nerves. But he discovered that keeping a level head was about as hard as keeping a level load.

hood got into trouble as often as Amos Hostetler? He was always in some kind of meanness and quite often he got caught at it. Why did he always have to be talking about other people?

As I made my way through the gully, I tried to drive as carefully as possible. I simply couldn't take any chances at dumping my load. We were determined to finish the job this afternoon so we wouldn't have to come back in the morning.

Once safely through the gully I urged my team on but my mind went back to Amos Hostetler and the smart-alec remark he had made about me. Somehow I would get even. But then I thought about what I had read in a book a few days before:

"Never harbor ill feeling, anger, or resentment against anyone," the writer had said. "The human body is not able to endure such emotional stress. Many sicknesses are caused by cultivating the wrong attitude toward others."

I decided to forget about Amos Hostetler. No use in hurting myself over what he said or thought about me.

As I neared the barnyard, the wind had veered towards the northeast, sending a big cloud of dust from the threshing machine directly over the lane. Driving through this fog, I failed to see the rut on the right side of the laneway. Before I knew what was happening the right wheel dropped about half a foot and the load began to tilt. I scrambled for the left side in an effort to balance the load but it was too late. Over — over — over sagged the load and then about a third of the bundles slipped off and piled against the fence. I sat on the northeast corner of the load bewildered, not knowing what to do next.

Suddenly I was startled by a voice which sounded familiar. "Ha, ha, I told you you'd never make it to the barn with that load. Ha, ha, such a driver! Just wait until the boys find out you dumped your load."

I sat there stunned for a few minutes, then realized I might just as well make the best of it. I would take what was left on the wagon and unload it into the machine and then come back for the part that had slipped off.

I saw Amos talking to Bill Mast and Andy Whetstone who were on the grain wagon. They were laughing and when I came near, Andy called, "Hey, Jake, what kind of a looking load do you make?"

Then the three boys all laughed as if it were a wonderful joke. To me it was not funny, but since I could think of nothing to answer I was quiet and waited my turn to unload.

When I had finished unloading, I went back to the lane and threw the rest of the bundles on the wagon and returned to the machine again. Because of the delay, instead of being one of the first wagons off that evening, I would be the second last. But I went out and helped gather up the rest of the shocks, and when we had finished, I went in. Luckily Amos Hostetler didn't pitch my load and I was glad he didn't for by this time I was boiling mad on the inside.

"But I will keep quiet," I said to myself, "and not answer his taunts. No use in making myself sick over someone like Amos Hostetler."

When I came up with my load to the machine, I had to wait my turn to unload. Just then Sam Troyer came by. He had been working on the stack and his clothes were wringing wet and his face was black from the dust.

By this time several of the boys had gathered around to see what I would have to say. When Sam came over he drawled in his good-natured way, "Well, I hear you had a li'l tough luck in the lane."

"Yes," I said, "part of my load slipped off. I had —"

Just then Amos Hostetler came up from behind and he cut in before I had time to finish. "Yes, I saw it happen. His load was hanging to one side badly and he was trying to balance it. He got way over on the side, but it was on the wrong side. He thought it was hanging north but it was toward the south!"

At this all the boys burst out with a hearty laugh. I knew it wasn't true and tried to explain but they were laughing so hard, I could not make myself heard. The longer they laughed, the angrier I got. Finally I shouted, "Amos Hostetler, you dirty liar! You know that's not true. How come you're always telling such lies about me? Why don't you tell them something that's true, like — like the time you tried to take old Dan Blucker's buggy and he came out and caught you inside the shed? Yes, I say, why don't you tell them some of your tricks?"

I knew that was one episode he didn't want to hear anything about. Then it was time for me to unload my wagon and the machine man was motioning for me to come. So I drove alongside the machine and started pitching off bundles real fast. I saw Amos was kind of beat out and he hitched up his horse and went home.

By the time I had finished unloading, I began to think maybe I hadn't been so wise after all. No doubt Amos was hurt and now he would try to get even with me. Besides, I had firmly resolved not to answer his taunts. But now I had spoken so rashly. Why did this have to happen?

All the way home I was thinking over the incident and was sorry I had spoken that way. But, I tried to tell myself I hadn't said anything except the truth and surely Amos had asked for it. But then the small voice inside me kept saying, "Why didn't you just take it for a joke and explain to the boys what had happened?"

Now that I had gotten angry, they wouldn't believe me if I told them how it was. Oh why couldn't I just have kept my big tongue under control?

The next morning the threshers were at Joe Mast's and I was a bit late in getting there. I had not slept too well and several times I woke up trying to catch myself from slipping off a load of wheat bundles. I thought I heard someone behind the wagon laughing.

This morning Joe Graber was one of the pitchers and he climbed on my wagon. Joe was an elderly man who could easily have hired someone else to take his place in the ring. But for some reason he wanted to go along with

the threshing crew. I was glad for a chance to talk with him.

"Well, how's everything this morning?" he asked.

"Not so bad. I guess you heard I had a little bad luck yesterday afternoon."

"Yes, someone said your load slipped off."

I didn't say anything. I wondered if he had heard about the flare-up we had. After a while Joe added, "I heard someone talking pretty loud over by the machine but I didn't understand what they were saying."

I had an idea he knew what was going on even if he hadn't understood it all. So I said, "Yes, Amos Hostetler was saying some things about me. But now I'm sorry I spoke to him as I did."

"Why? Wasn't it true?"

"What he said about me wasn't true, and what I said about him was true. But I still wish I wouldn't have said anything."

"Why do you feel like that?"

"Why — because, because I had made up my mind not to talk like that to him."

"Why didn't you want to talk like that to him?"

"Because it's so hard on me to have such feelings against anyone. I am so tense all over when I get angry."

"And how did you plan to control yourself so you wouldn't get angry?"

"Why, I just thought I would watch myself and not let myself get angry."

He was quiet for a few minutes and then he said, "Jake, I believe you can see for yourself that your line of reasoning just won't hold out. We're not strong enough to control our emotions. We have to have a higher power. It's like trying to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps. It can't be done. That's what's wrong in the world today. People are trying to live a good moral life, which is good as far as it goes. Perhaps they don't commit any gross sins like robbing a bank, shooting someone, or committing adultery. But inside they're still a slave to their emotions."

"But I did pray about it," I cut in. "I asked God to help me but when the time came I still lost my temper."

"Yes, I believe that you prayed about it. But sometimes we don't go at it in the right way. We must learn to love our neighbor and try to understand and help him. Now take Amos Hostetler for instance, if we could understand him, we would see that he needs help. He really doesn't intend to be bad, but apparently he doesn't have the true faith to hold him up. He wants attention and he gets it one way or another."

"But how could I ever love Amos Hostetler," I asked, "after all the things he —"

"That's the point I want to make. God says we are to love even our enemies. If we can do that it shouldn't be hard to love our neighbor even if at times he misuses us. Everyone has good points and if we watch for those and try to forget the bad points, it's surprising how much we can find. For example, Amos is very unselfish. I've seen him share what little he has with children, even if it isn't much. He's a good worker too, and besides that, he is a person and has a soul. We are to love him, not for our own sakes, but for Christ's sake. He has commanded us to love one another regardless of conditions. If we can understand that then God will give us strength to overcome temptation. It's surprising how many problems melt away if we have the right feeling in our hearts."

"But what if someone says a lie about you?"

"That is a problem. But let's just imagine it was your



best friend. Would you be so easily offended or would you think perhaps he is mistaken, maybe he was not near enough to see what actually happened."

By now we were loaded and as I reached for the lines, I said, "I'm glad for the talk we had this morning. Maybe I was building too much on myself. Maybe that's the reason I fell so hard."

As I headed for the gate, I passed Amos Hostetler. He was busy pitching up bundles on Andy Whetstone's wagon. I pulled up behind Andy's wagon and stopped. Nervously I waited a few seconds, hoping Amos would notice I wanted something. But he never glanced my way.

"Amos," I called, wondering what to say.

Amos went right on working. Maybe he hadn't heard me.

"Amos," I called, speaking louder this time. "Would you have time to come over here a minute?"

He hesitated. I almost thought he was going to ignore

## *Some of Satan's Subtle Suggestions*

It's just a little sin.  
No one will see it.  
Everybody else does.  
You are not so bad.  
Just a little faster.  
Look at me.  
Did you hear the latest?  
It's just clean fun.  
That's modest enough.  
You're not too full for more pie.  
Smoking is the same as eating candy.  
I come first.  
Take the best.  
Sweet sixteen and never been kissed.  
Petting is not wrong.  
You're just chicken.  
I'm better than he is.  
It's always been this way.  
You don't need to confess.  
They say it's true.  
Just this once.  
I really shouldn't say this, but ...  
My parents are just old fashioned.  
It's Sunday, but, Oh well.  
Are you sure the Lord has forgiven you?  
You're only being neat.  
Why can't you live better?  
Isn't that dress too long?  
Greeting with the holy kiss leads off.  
It isn't sin if you don't belong to church.  
Jokes are all right.  
Take care of yourself first.  
The majority must be right.  
You're all right.  
Only believe.  
I don't care what others think.  
Just one drink won't hurt.

- by Monroe Hochstetler

me. But then he turned and came over to my wagon.

"Amos," I said, "first I want to say I'm sorry about what I said last evening. I - I - "

"Oh, that's all right," he cut in. "It was my fault. I shouldn't have talked the way I did. I didn't really intend to say anything out of the way."

"Okay," I said, "let's forget it. And now I wonder if you would size up my load and tell me which way it is hanging "

Amos walked to the rear of the load. After carefully sizing it up, he announced in a clear, slow voice, "That's a good load you have there. I can't tell it's hanging either way. If anything it may be a shade to the left. But I'd say it's a real good load."

"Thanks a lot, Amos." I shifted myself slightly to the right. As I made my way towards the barn, the sun was shining brightly and in every tree the birds were singing.

■ ■

## When the Clock Meant 40 Years To Me

- Author's name withheld

We were sound asleep at 3:30 in the morning in late winter of 1968 when my sister called at our bedroom window. "Something has come over Mom," she said. "Come over right away."

It didn't take me long to get out of bed. I remembered that only four days before Mother had passed her 70th birthday. We thought she had been in unusually good health for her age.

It was a shock to see how quickly all this could change. Mother had had a stroke, and now she lay with her one side paralyzed and her speech affected. And not only this, but it was my mother.

The doctor talked favorably that she might at least partly recover. But God had other plans and he called her home the following even already.

As I sat beside my mother on her death-bed, I looked across to the large grandfather clock on the opposite wall. Its steady tick-tock, tick-tock took my mind back over the forty short years that I had a mother.

I could think of something she had done for me for every number on the clock. I had to think of what she went through to bring me into this life. I had to think of how she cared for me day and night. Besides the ordinary work that comes with a baby, when I was twenty months old I choked on a hickory nut and was rushed to a doctor in Columbus, Ohio to remove it. The after effects required a lot of care day and night for weeks after that. God only knows how much sleep she lost to care for me.

I also had to think of the many hours my mother spent at the sewing machine so that I would have clothes to wear for every day, for school and for church. It is good to stop and think how many times our mother prepared a meal for us. A man once told me to figure up how many dollars it would come to if you figured three meals a day for twenty-one years at only \$.20 per meal. 365 days in a year

would make 1095 meals in a year. If we would subtract the 95 meals that she may have missed in a year we would still have 1,000 meals per year times 21 years times \$.20. The total sum would be \$4,200. A lot of money, and this doesn't include the many other expenses that it cost our parents to bring us up.

Tick-tock, tick-tock. The grandfather clock kept on ticking as I sat at my dying mother's side. I remembered the time when at fifteen years old I had an operation for ruptured appendix. After coming home from the hospital I had to be in bed. I had to think how impatient I got at times, even though my mother and the rest of the family did everything they could to give me the care I needed. Can we repay our parents for what they did for us in giving their money, time, and love? No, I think not.

But then I had to think of the trouble I caused my mother. This is a debt harder to repay than the time and money she spent on me. My mother worried about me not joining church at the age she thought I should be concerned for my soul. It still makes me sad to think that I wanted to have my own way for almost another year. She was afraid that boys and girls were spending too many hours together alone. Yes, she had good advice about finding a life-partner.

In Mother's last years her grandchildren were more and more of concern to her. In the last few months of her life she put on extra effort to visit the sick and to call on the neighbors. Mother also had her weaknesses and shortcomings, but she left a better testimony than I expect to have when my time comes. But when I think of the example she left, it gives me new courage to try and live a better life from day to day.

On the day of Mother's funeral there was a lot of ice on the ground and trees. It was a bright and sparkling sight as the sun shone. My mind went to the beautiful streets of gold in heaven where there will be no more pain, death, or sorrow. Instead there will be peace and love and joy. May we all meet on that beautiful shore to give glory to our Saviour forever.

We can only have one mother,  
No one can take her place;  
How much she's needed, you'll never know  
Till you miss her loving face.  
Be careful how you answer her —  
And choose each word you say,  
For remember she's your mother,  
Though now she's old and gray.

Many tears you have caused her  
When you were bad, or ill;  
Maybe many sleepless nights,  
Though grown, you cause her still.  
So every time you leave her —  
Matters not how far you go —  
Part with a kind word and a smile;  
You'll never regret it, you know.

We can only have one mother,  
Oh, take her to your heart,  
You know not when the time will come  
That you and she must part.  
Let her know you love her dearly,  
Cheer and comfort her each day;  
You can never have another  
When she has passed away.

- Author Unknown



## A GOOD TIME

One morning as Simon and Susie Yoder were getting ready to go to town, Mother said, "Why don't you stop in at the Glicks on your way home and invite them over tomorrow evening? After all, they feel rather lonesome at times."

As they drove into the lane, Sammy Glick's big beagle hound came running to meet them, sniffing at the ground. "You'll have to do the talking," Simon said to his twin sister, Susie. "I always get so — so nervous around strangers. I don't know what to say."

As Simon tied the horse to a fence post he noticed an old wooden-wheeled wagon with a sagging box standing near the barn. The Glicks had bought the farm and moved in from Oklahoma six weeks before.

Mrs. Glick came to the door and when she saw the children, she said, "Howdy do! I believe it's the Yoder children. Come in and warm yourselves."

"We may come in a few minutes," Susie said. "The wind is cold today. Is Matilda at home?"

"Yes, she is doing the ironing. Come on in."

They warmed themselves around the Riteway heater. A stack of wood was piled in the corner beside the stove. Mrs. Glick said, "The men are back in the woods cutting firewood."

After chatting for a few minutes, Susie said, "Mother has three bushels of apples she would like to have worked up. We were just thinking, maybe Matilda and Sammy would like to come over tomorrow evening to help us."

"Oh that would be fun," Matilda exclaimed. "Is it an apple snitzing?"

"Well, yes, I guess sort of," Susie replied.

"Last year when we lived in Oklahoma we had an apple snitzing and we really had a time!"

"Oh, I doubt if we'll have much of a time," Susie answered, "There'll only be a few of us young folks but maybe we will get a chance to do some visiting. We haven't seen much of you since you are moved."

"Who else is coming?" Matilda asked.

"I suppose it'll just be you two, and the Kramer young folks, and us. So we'll be looking for you."

"Aren't the Troyer young folks coming too?"

"No, I don't suppose," Susie said. "We don't have no way to send them word."

"We'll be going past there tomorrow morning and we could tell them if you wanted us to," Matilda offered.

"We really hadn't planned on it," Susie said slowly. "I think we'll have enough help."

As they were on their way home, Simon said, "Why do you suppose she was so interested in having the Troyer young folks come too?"

"It did sound like she was pretty keen," Susie answered, "I heard someone say last week she has taken a liking to Calvin Troyer."

"But she was pretty bold, wasn't she, Susie, to ask

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something like that?"

"Well, maybe she just wanted to be helpful."

The fires were crackling merrily in the big stoves the next evening. Mom Yoder was washing the apples and Susie and Sadie were busy getting everything ready.

"Sadie, get me the big dishpan under out of the sink," Mom called. "This tub won't hold all the apples."

Soon the Glick children came and Matilda brought in two butcher knives.

"I'm afraid those knives are pretty big for peeling apples," Mom said. "Here, you can use these paring knives. We have a few extra."

Soon Sam Kramer and his sister Sarah came in. Simon was glad to see his buddy.

Mom had borrowed an apple peeler and now she brought it into the kitchen. "Here, you boys can see if you can use this thing. Maybe it would work better for you than the paring knives."

As Sam and Simon were clamping the peeler to the table, Sarah Kramer said, "Most boys make their peelings awful thick when they use a knife."

"Oh yes, I understand," Simon said, "you think we don't know how to peel apples. Well, we may just show you a thing or two."

Soon everyone was busy peeling apples.

"That apple snitzing we had at our place last year," Matilda said. "There were a couple boys who started throwing apples around. And one of the boys fell against a pan full of apples and pushed it right off the table. They were sure a sight."

"It sounds like they were a sight," Susie said. "I don't see why anyone would want to act like that."

"Yes, I would think so too," Sarah Kramer said. "Who would want the apples after they had been pushed around the floor? But I suppose they could be washed."

"I guess they never thought about that," Matilda said. "All they were thinking about was having a good time. I guess maybe they had been drinking a little."

"I suppose you mean they had been drinking apple juice," Simon suggested.

"Maybe you could call it that," Matilda answered.

Everyone was quiet and busied themselves at peeling. Susie thought to herself, "I could never figure out why anyone would want to make such a show of themselves. I'd be ashamed to act like that." Aloud she said, "Surely they wouldn't think it was something big, would they?"

"I don't know what they think, but they can sure act silly," Matilda said.

"We like to sing when the young folks get together," Susie said. "What did you do out in Oklahoma?"

"We used to sing too, sometimes. At the apple snitzing we sang 'She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain' and some of the boys played the harp."

"I never heard that song," Sarah said. "What's it about?"

"Well, I guess it's just not about anything in particular," Matilda answered.

"The title doesn't sound like it was a very good song," Susie answered. "There's quite a few songs they sing like that over the radio to dance by."

"Oh I like to sing," Matilda said. "We learned a lot of songs at school. We used to have a teacher named Miss Johnson who taught us lots of different songs."

"We like to sing too," Sarah said. "In our school we also learned some German songs."

"Let's sing right now," Susie suggested. "Does anyone have a song we all know?"

Susie winked at her sister Sadie, and soon she started out with the song, "Wo Ist Jesu, Mein Verlangen". Everyone joined in including the Glick children. When they had finished, Sarah Kramer led out with "Gathering Flowers For The Master's Bouquet".

Dad and Mom Yoder had been working in the kitchen, but now they came into the dining room and joined in the singing. Soon someone started "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder".

Several more songs were sung and then Susie said, "Matilda, why don't you and Sammy sing one of your songs? We like to learn new songs."

"Oh we do sing some songs like that, but we don't know them by heart. You just go ahead and sing some more. We like them."

Just then the last of the apples were peeled, and soon Mom came in with a big dishpan full of popcorn. "You have worked hard," she said, "so here is something for all of you."

Dad was right behind her and he was carrying a gallon jug. "When I came past the orchard today, I decided to get some fresh apple juice. I knew you would be thirsty after peeling apples all evening."

Soon everyone had a plate full of popcorn and a glass of apple juice.

"You did real well," Mom said. "I'd say you are all good workers."

After awhile Dad said, "You don't know how much we appreciate it, having you folks come and help us like this. When we were young we used to get together for corn cuttings during the harvest moon. It seems like only a few years ago, but now another generation has grown up already."

The young folks sat and visited for some time until Sam Kramer drawled, "I think it's time we headed for home."

The boys got up and went to get their horses unhitched. While the girls were putting on their shawls, Susie said, "Matilda, I hope you didn't lose too much sleep over the apple peeling. We were glad you could come."

"Oh that's all right. We were tickled to come. I can catch up on my sleep after I get home."

"I guess this wasn't much of a gathering toward what you were used to, was it?" Sadie asked.

"Oh, it was different, of course," she answered, "but I kinda liked it."

"Yes, we thought you would like it this way," Susie said, "at least we hoped you would."

"Susie," Matilda said quietly, "when you have a gathering like this, do the old folks always take part and help along?"

"Ordinarily, yes. But why do you ask?"

"I think it's nice. Where we came from, the young folks get rather loud, and they would rather be alone. But I believe I like it this way better. I believe everyone enjoys it better in the end."

"Yes, I would think so, too."

Just then Sammy drove up with the horses and called, "C'mon, Matilda, let's go."

Matilda started for the door, but then she turned abruptly and whispered to Susie, "I think we're going to have an apple snitzing or something soon, too, and then we want YOU to come." ■■

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"The only suitable gift for the man who has everything is your deepest sympathy." - Imogene Fey

"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen." - Ralph Waldo Emerson

# The "fence crowd" say ...

## WELCOME

IF

YOU'RE YOUNG

AND ALERT

AND LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO

THIS STORY SHOULD BE IN

BOLD PRINT FOR YOU. IT

MAY TURN OUT TO BE ONE OF

THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS YOU HAVE EVER READ.

BUT DON'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND UNTIL YOU HAVE READ

TO THE LAST WORD .

to  
the  
CLUB

I am writing to tell you about a special club you may wish to join. You're missing out on a lot if you don't belong, and it's easy to join. Let me explain what it's all about.

First, I suppose you would like to know who else belongs to the club before you think of joining. Well, a whole lot of people, especially young people. You'd be surprised if you really knew how many. In fact, I don't think anyone knows the exact number, but there are members in every community. That's right — no matter where you live — this club is so large that I am not afraid to guarantee there is a member living within several miles of your home. Maybe your neighbor's boy. Or girl.

For girls too can belong to the club. Anyone is welcome if they qualify. But before I explain what kind of person it takes to become a successful club member, let me tell you what kind of club it is.

There're a lot of different names for the club, and some of the nicknames people give it don't sound very good, but don't let that bother you. The official name is "The International Crowd The Fence Club." The name is very fitting, but since it's sort of long, the members are generally just known as "fence crowd"ers.

Now any club that is worth joining has to have a purpose — you know, something all the members have agreed to do. The aim of this club is simple enough, "To encourage as many people to crowd as many fences in as many ways as possible." It's really all very exciting, but maybe you don't understand right away what is meant by crowding fences.

Anyone who grew up on a farm knows how in every herd of cows there are those bossies who crowd the fence. No matter how tender the grass, or how deep the leafy clover

beneath their hooves, these "crowd the fence" cows stick their heads through the wires and heave and shove and push and grunt to stretch their necks long enough to reach a clump of grass on the far side. Now that's a "crowd the fence" cow, but I am inviting you to become a "crowd the fence" person.

Don't say no to the idea until you read more of the details. There is more to it than it sounds at first. You realize, of course, that I'm not talking about the kind of fence that cows crowd. The fences the club members crowd aren't made of wire and posts and staples; they're an entirely different kind of fence. They're built by older people — parents, school teachers, and ministers.

That's one of the best things about belonging to this club I'm telling you about. No matter where you live, there are always plenty of fences to crowd. Every community is full of fences, high ones and low ones, tight ones and loose ones. It seems like parents and ministers are repairing or building new ones all the time. The fences are pretty much the same from place to place, though they may differ slightly in detail from one community to the next. All you have to do to belong to the club is just find out what fences your local church and parents have put up, then crowd those fences and encourage others to do the same.

Maybe you're not used to calling them fences; a lot of people refer to them as "rules", but that's all right, it's all the same thing. We call them fences because they are so much like those wires the farmer stretches around his pasture; they are lines that are not meant to be crossed.

Many of the fence parents and ministers put up have to do with the way you comb your hair, the kind of clothes you wear, the books you read and the places you go. Now



if you're just a beginning "fence crowder" I would suggest that you start with one of these things. It's often well to start slowly so your parents will scarcely notice. That way they won't raise quite as much of a fuss, as they will hate to make a scene about such a "little thing".

Once you are started, keep on crowding the fence; squeeze through inch by inch until finally you're completely on the other side. Then go to the next fence and crowd it. After a while you'll become an expert at crowding fences, and who knows, someday you may even be able to write an article like this, giving pointers to others.

So far we haven't gotten around to discussing the qualifications needed to become a successful "fence crowder". You should be young and ambitious and headstrong. Now by headstrong, I mean to be of a very determined nature, you know, firm and unyielding. You should have a lot of confidence in yourself, but if you're young, that sort of takes care of itself. You must be prepared to stick to your "fence crowding" even if the going becomes rough. And be willing to spend years before you become completely successful.

It is true that a lot of young people have forged ahead and become leading "fence crowdors" in a matter of months, but most people find it more difficult and it takes longer. Many are nervous when they first start, but by keeping at it, they gradually get used to it so it doesn't bother them anymore.

One thing that often stands in a boy's or girl's way to becoming a successful "fence crowder" is if they were spanked a great deal when they were little. Somehow, consistent spanking leaves after-effects that young people find hard to shake off — even in their teens. Too had some old-fashioned parents don't realize how rough they make it for their children to ever become successful "fence crowdors". Now I don't mean to discourage you, if you happen to be one of those youngsters whose parents believed in strict discipline, but I'm just warning you that "fence crowding" will be extra difficult for you.

Another thing — if you ever intend to amount to much as a "fence crowder" you can't be the kind of person that is easily talked out of something. To be an active "fence crowder" sometimes isn't so easy; you've really got to be tough and have a lot of grit and endurance.

Parents will sometimes plead with you for hours, and ministers may even come and talk to you. That isn't much fun, not even for experienced "fence crowdors" but you've just got to bear it as a part of the persecution heaped on you for belonging to such a "brave" club.

At such times it is better not to listen too much to what is said; try to think of something else and not pay attention. Because things like that can work on a person's mind and get him down if he doesn't watch out.

Just tell yourself that you know more than your parents and ministers put together with their funny out-of-date ideas. Tell them if they don't stop picking on you, you're going to run away from home. That'll frighten them!

Then go right ahead and crowd the fence a little more than before. That should teach them to think twice before they meddle in your business. If they still keep after you, dig up some mistake they made and throw it back into their faces. Show them that they're just as bad as you are. And the gossiping the people are all doing about you is even worse. See if they can find an answer to that, because the Bible says plainly gossiping is wrong.

Show everybody that you are a man; let them know that you're not about to go around with sniffing tears and red eyes and say you did wrong. That's for "goody-goodies"

and "weaklings". You're strong and smart and are going to prove it for all to see.

Now I mentioned earlier that the best age to join the "crowd the fence" club is when you're young. That's true enough, but don't make the mistake of thinking all club members are young. Many of them are parents themselves, and these are the most valuable members for the club. If at any time the pressure gets too great, and the ministers have you discouraged and about ready to give up, by all means go talk with some of these older club members. It's surprising what they can do to help you. Many times they will be able to stir around and work up ill feeling among the ministers and parents themselves. Then when the older folks are busy with quarrels of their own, you'll be free to get back to full-time work crowding fences.

Let me tell you a little about the bravest, the truest "fence crowder" I ever knew. He just didn't let anything stop him. He crowded more fences and did it faster than any two of his fellow club-members.

I'll just call him Jonas, though that isn't his real name. Jonas became interested in the "crowd the fence" club before he was very old. Of course, at home he didn't have too many fences to crowd; his parents just let him do as he wanted and didn't build many fences. But Jonas practiced on all the fences he could find at school, and when he was older he found the church had a lot of fences he could crowd.

Jonas tackled a pretty big fence to start with — the radio fence. The ministers felt the influence of a radio was harmful so they had put a fence around it. Jonas thought this was a fun fence to crowd; he listened to the blaring tones of the songs every chance he got. He even went out of his way to find chances. Finally he broke through the fence entirely and bought a radio of his own. That little radio taught Jonas an amazing number of things that helped him in the days ahead as a "fence crowder". It gave him ideas and it taught him dirty words and suggestive tunes with which to express them.

Now that he had the radio fence crossed, Jonas started crowding the fence of "bad companionship". He sought out the kind of friends that could talk the language he learned on the radio.

Fence after fence Jonas bravely crowded and crossed. The "horse and buggy" fence didn't stop him long. When Jonas was eighteen, he rattled home one evening with a second-handed car.

Now Jonas could roar through fences at 80 miles an hour. He could go where he wanted to, and he did.

But don't think that Jonas had everything his way. He had to work hard for what he accomplished and he had some big setbacks. The biggest was when his favorite girl friend, also a successful "fence crowder", suddenly deserted the club. She told Jonas she realized how self-willed she had been, and that if she kept on living like that she was headed for a life of misery. She talked a lot, that girl friend of his, of how much happier she was and the joy and peace she now had, and how Jonas should desert the club too.

Jonas tried hard not to listen to what she said, but she seemed so sincere and he really did like her. For a while it almost got the best of Jonas; he weakened and became dreadfully mixed up with doubts and fears. But finally he pulled out of it and became even stronger as a "fence crowder".

Still at times, that feeling of doubt would come back and make Jonas miserable. Often he was lonely, though he had a lot of companions. A terrible sense of guilt gripped

him at times. Some nights his conscience bothered him so much that he couldn't sleep. But Jonas had what it took to overcome these temptations. Each time he stubbornly pushed aside the thoughts of repentance. Jonas wanted to be loyal to the club, and he knew he had his reputation as a "fence crowder" to keep up.

Now the wonderful part about Jonas is that he remained faithful as an active "fence crowder" all his life. Right to the last he was at work gathering fresh members and introducing them to the club. It was too bad he had a wreck one Sunday morning at 3 o'clock, as he drove out into the path of a truck on a busy highway. The police found two empty bottles smashed beside his crushed body. That was our consolation even in the hour of tragedy — we knew Jonas had died as he had lived — at work for the club.

So, you see, I'm not trying to deny that it would cost you something to belong to the club. But there are rewards too — you will never be blamed for being a "goody-goody",

and you will never have to stand alone. Also you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have a strong will — a strong self-will that isn't going to be pushed around by anybody.

So now you have your invitation to join the club. But there's one last thing I want to say. Don't think you have to crowd the fence as far as Jonas did to be a member. The club welcomes and needs every kind — those who crowd the fences all the way and those who just crowd them a tiny bit. It wouldn't be good for the club if all the members cursed and drank, and tore around with a car. So if you think your talents are best suited to crowding the fence just a little bit, don't feel badly. The club needs you just as much as it needs the Jonas kind. And although some people may not recognize you as a member of the club, you know it and the club knows it. Take courage then and keep crowding the fence. If we all stick together, we'll all go to the same place. And Jonas will be there to greet us.

# do we need

# ONE ANOTHER?

by MONROE D. HOCHSTETLER

**Do we need one another?** The trend in the world seems to be more and more "every man for himself". Many people's attitude seems to be, "I can get along without you."

What about in the church? Do we need one another? Let's take a look at what the Bible says:

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." (Gal. 6:2)

Can we stoop a little lower, try a little harder, and deny ourselves a little more of our time and money to help bear the burdens of the weary? Ah yes, what is thus done, is done for Christ.

"Be kind one to another ..." (Eph. 4:32)

A little kindness goes a long way, helping those who are downhearted and encouraging those about to give up. Kind deeds help to win the lost.

"... Forgiving one another ..." (Col. 3:13)

We are to forgive one another even as God has forgiven us through Christ. Who could hold a grudge against a brother and sister if he loved them as himself? Much less, when he realizes how much God has forgiven him. We have all asked God many times to forgive us the same as we forgive one another. See Matt. 6:12.

"Submitting yourselves one to another ..." (Eph. 5:21)

To hold one another in high esteem, respecting and submitting to one another is valuable indeed.

"... Admonishing one another ..." (Col. 3:16, Rom. 15:14)

In these last days when many are being led astray, great is the need to admonish and help one another.

"Love one another." (I Thess. 4:9, 3:12)

Love is the tie that binds the children of God together in likemindedness and patience toward each other. Love makes God's children willing to share their goods with each other, thus excluding the need for insurance.

"... Comfort one another ..." (I Thess. 4:18)

As we journey along through life, everyone has his share of sorrows, trials, and hard steep places. This is where comfort and encouragement from the brethren mean so much. Let us not neglect to comfort one another.

"... Forbearing one another in love." (Eph. 4:2)

When we consider how much the brethren and sisters have to bear with us, then we can more easily bear with them.

"... Edify one another ..." (I Thess. 5:11)

To edify one another, we need to strengthen and build each other up. Or as Peter says, "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." (I Pet. 4:10) Do not hide your gift under the bushel of neglect or fear, but serve and edify others with your God-given talents, lest you be found as a poor steward of the grace of God.

"... Exhort one another daily ..." (Heb. 3:13, 10:25)

Is there not a danger of our reading the Word and exhorting one another too much? Evidently not, since the Bible tells us to do it daily.

"Speak not evil one of another, Brethren." (James 4:11)

How could we speak evil of someone we love as ourselves, realizing that what we do unto the brethren, we do unto Christ?

"Judge not one another wrongly ..." (Rom. 2:1-2)

Let us be careful not to judge other people's motives, but to judge a righteous judgement.

"Grudge not one against another ..." (James 5:9)

Is this admonition necessary to God's people who should love one another? It must be or James would not have written it. Our sinful nature, so prone to sin even though broken and subdued by Christ, still lurks underneath and takes every chance to show itself.



"...Not preferring one before another..." (I Tim. 5:21)

To be kind and loving toward all, without partiality, is God's will for his people.

"...Having compassion one of another..." (I Peter 3:8)

When a fellow traveler is weary, urge him along. When he stumbles, help him up. When he weeps, weep with him. When he strays from the narrow way, help him back. When he is in need, share with him. When he does not know the dangers ahead, tell him about them. If he does not understand God's Word or the need of such a narrow way, then explain it to him. Finally, when he rejoices over his victories, rejoice with him.

"...Be subject one to another..." (I Pet. 5:5)

I like the way another translation puts it, "You younger men on your part must be submissive to the elders. And you must all put on the servant's apron of humility to one another, because God opposes the haughty, but bestows his unmerited favor on the humble." (William's Trans.)

"...Have fellowship one with another..." (I John 1:7)

The requirements to be met in order to have fellowship with one another according to this verse are to walk in the light and be cleansed by the blood.

"Use hospitality one to another..." (I Pet. 4:9)

What a blessing to have Jesus with us at our house as a guest. And when we entertain strangers or the poor and needy we should do as if we were doing it for Jesus — without grudging.

"Greet one another with an holy kiss." (2 Cor. 13:12)

No more words needed for this.

"Receive ye one another..." (Rom. 15:7)

This verse goes on to say that we are to receive one another as Christ also received us. Has Christ received us? Then let us not reject one another.

"...Consider one another to provoke unto love and good works." (Heb. 10:24)

William's translation puts it, "Let us continue so to consider one another as to stimulate one another to love and good deeds."

"...Be likeminded one toward another..." (Rom. 15:5)

What a precious jewel — to be likeminded in humble, loving obedience to the Word. When the Word speaks, we must bend. Likemindedness outside of the Word will not stand the test.

"Confess your faults one to another..." (James 5:16)

"...Pray one for another..." (James 5:16)

These last two are tied together in one. And why

should we confess our faults and pray for each other? "That ye may be healed." Have you ever tried telling someone about the sin that trips you up most. Confess your sin to someone and have them pray for you. You may marvel at the results. ■■

## A Lesson For Grandpa Moses

by a grandson, Titus H. Nolt

"Well, I guess one of the boys will have to work away next spring," Dad said as he came in from choring one evening. "Uncle Frank was at the sale and asked if I could spare a boy and I told him I'd think about it."

Spring came that year before I wanted it to, for I was the boy that was to go. I had never before worked away for a year at a time.

"Well, here I am," Uncle Frank said when he came to get me. "Do you think we can get along?"

"Yes, I think so," I answered.

On the way home Uncle Frank said, "We might as well stop at Grandpa's on our way home. I think he needs someone to plow a few days. Plowing doesn't go too good with Grandpa any more."

To me, Grandpa Moses was always an interesting man. I took a keen interest in the tame rabbits he had running with the chickens. He also had a small dog which lay behind the stove in the house.

"Hello. Who do you have here?" Grandpa asked. "Is it our new helper?"

"Yes," Uncle Frank said. "We stopped in to see if maybe he should do that plowing for you. I think he can plow — he is 12 years old."

"Well, that would be fine. How would next Friday be?" Grandpa said.

I never in my life had plowed with only two horses and a single line. At home we always used three horses and a double line. But he got me started plowing and then he went home.

The ground was dry and hard and the horses wanted to go too fast. Just how does one hold horses with only one line? No one had ever told me that you have to talk to

## As I See It Now

"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." (John 13:34)

I was glad for D.L.'s explanation of the above verse in the January issue of "Family Life". But I wonder if the verse doesn't have a deeper meaning. Why it that Jesus calls it a "new" commandment? Weren't the Jews in general taught that they should love their neighbor as themselves?

Isn't the commandment "new" because Jesus is referring to spiritual love, not merely natural love? Jesus tells us in this verse to love one another as He loved us. Did he just love us with a natural love or affection which

parents have toward their small children? No, His love was a love for our souls. In other words it was spiritual love instead of natural love.

The New Testament dispensation is sometimes also called the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Although a few individuals in the Old Testament were endued with the Holy Spirit, the Spirit did not come as an abiding guest with each believer until Pentecost. Without this Holy Spirit we cannot have the spiritual love which Jesus commanded in His "new" commandment.

Natural love may help or hinder, but spiritual love is always upbuilding.

-N. Stoltzfus

them while using the one line.

I pulled on the line and they turned left. I jerked on the line and they turned right. They kept on going until they almost ran away from me.

But Grandpa was apparently watching and he came to help me. After we had the horses in order again, he showed me how to use a single line.

"This brings back memories of many years back," Grandpa said. "One day I was plowing. I had stopped to let the horses rest and as I was sitting on the plowhandles, thinking, dark clouds came before me. At that time my wife was not well. I had a family to feed and we had crop failures. My barn had burned down from lightning a short time before.

"At the same time it was my lot to preach the Word of God and some people thought I should preach just so-so. Everything looked dark. Just then as I was sitting there, I noticed a lowly earthworm I had plowed out. He was trying to climb up the side of the furrow.

"Every time I thought he was going to get up, he slipped back down. I stooped down, picked him up and put him on the loose soil. In a few moments he had disappeared.

"Then the thought came to me, how much more am I than the lowly earthworm? Did not God promise that if we do not forget Him, He will not forget us? Then the dark clouds lifted and I went on plowing." ■■



## A TOUR WITH A BLIND GUIDE

A lot of thoughts have been racing through my mind since I paid a visit to the Iowa Braille and Sight-Saving School at Vinton, Iowa.

First a staff member gave a talk about their school. Having had to drive through rain on the way, we arrived a bit behind schedule and thus missed the first part of the talk. But we did learn that they have 160 students there from kindergarden to high school. These children are taught by 32 teachers.

We learned that many of the children were born blind and others had a sickness that impaired their eyesight. Some are not totally blind, but have slight vision.

After the staff member finished her talk, she called upon Virginia to come forward and give a demonstration in reading and writing in Braille. She then also called on Connie to come and be the guide of our group of eight, and Virginia took the other group of eleven.

Connie is a blind girl and a junior in high school. We found her to be a most charming young guide. Perhaps if she could have seen the astonished looks of those following her, she would not have been so gracious.

Connie took us to different classrooms of younger children. Each teacher has only from six to eight pupils. In the art room we saw blind students weaving rugs. The wood working shop was locked up, but through the small window in the door, we could get a glimpse of the inside. We noticed that several of the power tools had special safety devices on them. Otherwise they were just like ordinary tools. Connie explained they have to learn to either take care or do without fingers and most of them want their fingers.

We heard steps in the hall, and Connie recognized them

to be Ed's, so she said, "Ed, these visitors want to see the shop."

Ed inserted the key in the lock and opened the shop for us. He went to a table and picked up pieces of wood he had been working on, but assured us if we'd come back in a couple of weeks, the pieces would look more like a book case.

In the gym they were practicing to jump. The girls in the home economics room were working on patterns in sewing. Some have learned to cut out their own patterns and to sew dresses and blouses. If the teacher sees fit, they also learn to cook in their nice kitchen.

In going through the dormitories, we noticed they were neat and well kept. Connie told us, "We have to learn to make our own beds, and if we don't do it right, we have to do it over."

We saw the band room where they practice music, the bowling alley, the basketball court, and the library with its shelves of thick books. In one room an upper grade geography class was in session. We noticed the United States map on the wall, and also a world globe. Both of these had the states or countries raised, so that they could locate them.

There are a lot of buildings on the campus and some of these are connected by underground tunnels. Upstairs and downstairs, through halls and tunnels, out doors, down more steps, along a winding walk and into a different building we went. We had to marvel again and again at the ability of our blind young guide. Not very often did she make a misstep. After about an hour and a half's tour, we were back again where we had started.

We went on our homeward way, and I must admit on my part, with a sense of shame. I was thinking how often I had complained because I had to wear thick glasses and feared it made me not as "good looking" as some. Now I had to think how glad some of those blind children would be to wear glasses, if they could only see then. It is hard to imagine what it would be like never to have seen the whiteness of newly-fallen snow, or a full moon on a clear night, or even as much as their mother's face.

Our eyes are one of the most delicate organs of our body. How do we use them, or do we perhaps misuse them? With our eyes we can see to read the Bible, "Family Life", and other Christian literature. Or would we rather use our eyes to read trashy books, love stories, and funnies?

- Mary Ellen Gingerich, Kalona, Iowa

## Church of God

Congregation of Saints - Psalms 149:1  
Habitat of God - Ephesians 2:22  
Used as a house of prayer - Isa. 56:7  
Reaching for lost souls - Acts 1:8  
City not forsaken - Isaiah 62:12  
House of God - I Timothy 3:15

Of the firstborn - Hebrews 12:23  
Family in heaven and earth - Eph. 3:15

Golden Candlestick - Revelation 1:20  
Of God's Inheritance - Deut. 32:9  
Divinely established - Matt. 16:18



## OBEDIENT MOTHERS

"Oh, look," exclaimed a mother as she glanced out the window. "There is Leonard Miller from Iowa."

"Who is Leonard Miller?" demanded LeRoy, her son.

"Why," said Mother, "he used to be my teacher. Years ago."

Just then she heard steps on the porch floor, so she hurried to open the door.

"Do come on in," she said warmly, shaking hands with her former teacher. "I heard you were in the community and I hoped you would drop in. I've been anxious to talk with you and have you see my home and children too."

"Yes, yes," said Leonard, looking around the neat, well-kept room. "It's very nice. And these are your two little children?"

"Yes," said the mother a little proudly, "this is LeRoy and this is Roseanna..."

Then the mother and former teacher began a conversation of topics of common interest. Leonard was no longer a teacher but had been ordained as a minister.

Their conversation had not more than started when Roseanna interrupted, "Mother, come and get me something to eat."

"Now please, I don't want you to eat yet."

"Mother, I'm hungry," whined the little girl.

"That's all right, won't you please run and play?"

"No, I won't. I'm hungry, and I want something to eat."

"Dear me!" And the disgusted mother went to get the child what she wanted.

Soon she returned and the conversation was resumed, only to be broken in a few seconds.

"Mother, come here," demanded LeRoy from outside.

"Mother is busy, dear. What do you want?"

"Mother, come here!" came the more urgent demand.

Mother went. She had scarcely resumed the talk when both children rushed wildly into the room.

"Oh, Mother, give me a nickel," they demanded together.

"What for?"

"We want something."

"You don't need a thing and I've got no nickel for you."

"Yes we do; we want an ice cream cone."

"Hurry, Mother, the store closes at five."

"You're not hungry. You have just finished eating."

"We are hungry. We want ice cream." The whines were becoming roars.

"Please go play with your toys, children. Mother wants to talk with this man."

"Give us a nickel!" both children yelled louder and louder as they stamped and kicked.

"Dear, dear, do please stop that noise. Anyone would think you were being killed. Here, take this nickel and do not ask me for another for a week."

The howls ceased at once and the children scampered away.

The visitor, however, was discouraged, and after a few more minutes he left, wondering how one of his brilliant pupils, one who had always seemed so independent, could allow children to order her about in such a manner. He felt sorry for the children most of all.

Finally he shook his head, saying to himself, "So often I have preached that we need more obedience in our homes. But now I see that we do have obedience — obedient mothers." — selected by a sister who feels she is too obedient to her preschool children

## BOOKS for...

### ■ THE DRUMMER'S WIFE

by Joseph Stoll

This book contains one long story plus eleven shorter ones. These are true stories based on actual history as recorded in the Martyr's Mirror.

Children or adults will find this book inspiring. It will take you to the martyr's stake and to a church service in a pasture.

Clothbound. 251 pages, Price \$3.75

### ■ THE LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED

—by D.J. Stutzman

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Cloth. 211 pages. Price \$3.00

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We have all seen the victims of alcohol. Drunkenness is not rare. Often it is as common as our next door neighbor, for over half of all Americans over fifteen drink alcoholic beverages, and six million of these are alcoholics.

Clothbound. 256 pages. Price \$4.00

### ■ WORTH DYING FOR

—by Nicholas Stoltzfus

This story is based upon the known accounts of the Waldensians, the faithful forerunners of the Anabaptists. Written in language that anyone can understand, this book is a vivid account of their daily lives, their joys and sorrows, their understanding of the Bible, and tells how they were willing to give their all for the faith "worth dying for."

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## winter reading

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## Der Mode-Geist, und Christentum.

Von Peter Noder

Der Welt-Mode Geist, und wahres Christentum gehen nicht miteinander. Wahres Christentum ist von Gott, und die Weltmoden sind vom Teufel. Diese zwei sind so weit entfernt als wie Nacht und Tag.

Im hohepriesterliche Gebet Christi für sich selbst, seine Jünger, und seine Gemeinde, sprach er zu seinem Vater: „Sie sind nicht von der Welt, wie denn auch Ich nicht von der Welt bin.“ Joh. 17, 14. Und im 15ten Kapitel: „Wäret ihr von der Welt, so hätte die Welt das Ihre lieb; dieweil ihr aber nicht von der Welt seid, sondern Ich habe euch von der Welt erwählt, darum haßet euch die Welt.“ Joh. 15, 19.

Das gibt schon deutlich zu verstehen daß die Welt ihr Tun und Treiben nicht von Gott ist. Wir können auch wohl glauben daß es heute noch viel greulicher aussieht vor Gott als es hatte zu der Zeit da Jesus dies zu seine Jünger redete.

Es gibt heute viele Glieder in die einfachen Gemeinden, welche sich abgeben mit diesem Weltmode Geist. Er macht daß sie sich einbilden, der richtige Haltungsort muß nicht gerade hier oder da sein; Er kann noch ein wenig weiter hinaus gestellt werden. Meine Natur und Eigenschaft will immer noch mehr Raum haben. Stelle die Zänne noch ein wenig weiter hinaus, und wenn sie dazu kommen meinen sie, das Gras ist als noch grüner auf der andere Seite. Sie wollen gerade so gern noch ein Schritt nehmen, als wie der erste. Sofort ist es wie ein Schreiber einst sagte: „Der Mode-Geist, der böse Bub, stürzt mancher in der Höllenglut; O Brüder nehmt die Warnung an, wer Grenzt tut, kommt um den Lohn. Ein wenig dies, ein wenig das, und doch dabei der Abwahn was; das ist eine Pest und böse Seuch' und gehören in das finstere Reich.“

Hoffart und Weltförmigkeit in Kleidung sind gerade so deutlich verboten in Gottes Wort als Morden, Stehlen, Lügen und so weiter. Es scheint aber ein wenig hart sein für uns arme Menschen es zu sehen. Wer Welt-Mode Geist ist so lockend; er sucht sich zu rechtfertigen mit der Schrift: „Du kannst ja nichts finden in ganz heiliger Schrift wo es sagt daß dies oder jenes eine Sünde wäre.“ Wenn man hindenkt auf die viele Exempel wo wir vor uns haben, wie Leute schon gegangen sind, so sagen sie: „O nein, wir wollen nicht so machen, wir sind noch weit von solchem.“ Schade ist's aber, daß schon so manche Leute und auch ganze Gemeinden so fort geschleppt sind, bis man keinen Funken mehr sehen kann von Absonderung. Ein wenig einmal wird die Aenderung gemacht bis sie sich gerade kleiden in allen Moden der Welt. Da sieht man auch von solche die von der Wehrlosigkeit abgefallen sind.

Paulus sagt: „Und stellet euch nicht dieser Welt gleich, sondern verändert euch durch Erneuerung eures Sinnes, auf daß ihr prüfen möget, welches da sei der gute, wohlgefällige und vollkommene Gotteswille.“ Römer 12, 2. Es möchte wohl ein mancher sagen: „Dies meint nicht die Kleidung.“ Wir wollen aber ein wenig harren, und uns die Frage stellen: Sind unsere Sinnen recht verändert, daß wir der Wille Gottes prüfen können? Der alte Mode-Geist hat unser Herz vielleicht als noch in Besitz, daß wir unsere Leiber noch nicht recht dargegeben haben zum Opfer, das da lebendig, heilig und Gott wohlgefällig sei.

Der Mode von eng angepassten Kleider unter die Weibspersonen weist sich viel, und solches deutet gewöhnlich auf eine unmoralische Richtung hin. Es kann so leicht eine böse Lust sich

hinter diesem verstecken. Es ist vielleicht hart für die junge Leute es zu vernehmen, aber wir wollen uns warnen lassen, denn es ist so leicht in Sünden zu fallen.

Der Schmutz in Kleider unter die Jungfrauen hat ohne Zweifel schon ein mancher Jüngling verleitet zu einem unmoralisch, und unmoralisch Leben. Unkeuschheit war der Erfolg, die böse Lust hat überwunden. Ihr liebe Jüngling und Jungfrauen, es ist gefährlich. Der Apostel an Timotheus tut uns so schön vermahren: „Deselbigen gleichen daß die Weiber in zierlichem Kleide mit Scham und Zucht sich schmücken, nicht mit Köpfen oder Gold oder Perlen oder köstlichem Gewand, sondern, wie sich's ziemet den Weibern, die da Gottseligkeit beweisen wollen, durch gute Werke.“ 1 Tim. 2, 9. Und dann in erste Petri 3, 3, 4. „Ihr Schmutz soll nicht auswendig sein mit Haarsflechten und Goldanhängen oder Kleideranlegen, sondern der verborgene Mensch des Herzens unverrückt mit sanftem und stillem Geiste; das ist köstlich vor Gott.“

Er gibt uns auch zu verstehen wie vor Zeiten die heiligen Weiber sich geschmückt haben, die ihre Hoffnung auf Gott setzten. Sind wir nun solche Leute wo unsere Hoffnung auf Gott setzen wollen, so laßt uns daran denken wie köstlich es ist, und wie notwendig, der innerliche Leib zu schmücken anstatt der äußerliche. Ja, wie ein großer Unterschied es ist, der innerliche Schmutz befohlen, der äußerliche verboten.

Wie oben gemeldet, heilige Weiber wie die Sara sind uns zum Exempel dargestellt, sie hatten ihre Hoffnung auf Gott gesetzt, und sich innerlich geschmückt. Wo ist nun die Hoffnung unsere Töchter heutiges Tags, wenn die Hauptbedeckung ganz hinten auf dem Kopf gestellt ist, so daß beinahe mehr Haare abgedeckt sind als wie zugebedt? Meinen wir, daß unsere Hoffnung als noch auf Gott gesetzt ist? Es ist zu fürchten daß manche dem Geschöpf mehr dienen als wie dem Schöpfer, der da gelobet ist in Ewigkeit.

Der äußerliche Schmutz nach den Moden der Welt ist gerade was der Apostel sagt das in der Welt ist: „Denn alles, was in der Welt ist, des Fleisches Lust und der Augen Lust und hoffärtiges Leben, ist nicht vom Vater, sondern von der Welt. Und die Welt vergehet mit ihrer Lust; wer aber den Willen Gottes tut, der bleibet in Ewigkeit.“ 1 Joh. 2, 16, 17. Wiederum ein so großer Unterschied zwischen die zwei Sprüche, „vergehen mit ihrer Lust“ oder, „bleiben in Ewigkeit.“ Wenn die Welt vergehen soll mit ihrer Lust, warum wollen wir solch ein Vergnügen daran haben? Er gibt uns deutlich zu verstehen daß wir die Welt nicht lieb haben können, und zugleich auch die Liebe des Vaters haben. Die beide ziemen sich nicht miteinander. Vielmehr sollten wir sagen können: „Welt hinweg, ich bin dein miede: Ich will nach dem Himmel zu, dort findet man der rechte Friede, und die wahre Seelenruh.“

„Jetzt ist die angenehme Zeit, jetzt ist der Tag des Heils.“ 2 Kor. 6, 2. Kein Versprechen für Morgen. Darum, wie der heilige Geist spricht: „Heute, so ihr hören werdet seine Stimme, so verstoßt eure Herzen nicht, wie geschah in der Verbitterung am Tage der Versuchung in der Wüste, da mich eure Väter versuchten; sie prüften mich, und sahen meine Werke vierzig Jahre lang . . .“ Hier kann ein jeder sich selbst fragen: Wie lang bin ich schon die Werke des Herrn bekannt? Geliebte Leser, wenn wir als noch verstockt sind, dann heißt es noch wie zu jener Zeit: „Daß ich auch schwur in meinem Zorn, sie sollten zu meiner Ruhe nicht kommen.“ ■■



Oh Mandy, ich sett des really net sagi, aber du muscht yust wissa was ich g'herrt hab wegi der yung Chon Mast. Yust gester hat die alt Yost Amy mich gsaat das der Chon war ans Mose Steckleys wo es yust dunkel war, und ist an der haus rum gloffi. Sie hen gmeent er war vielleicht am in der fenster gooki. Aber, komm Mandy, es ist zeit fir die gma anfangi. Ich sag dir noch viel mehr wenn die gma aus ist. Yust wart und seh."

Wo die Mandy und die Lissie in die gma stup wari, da hat die Lizzie die Mandy an

ihr seit  
g'punched  
und in ihr  
ohr g'pisp-  
ered, "Mandy,  
datt kommt

der Chon yetz. Yust gook, wie kann er so gut anlessi wenn er doch so gedu hat?"

Durch die gma denkt die Lizzie oft an der Chon. "Oh, die yung cheneration, wie sind sie so boshartig! Ich kann schier net warti bis ich die Mandy es alles verzevli kann was ich wees von der Chon. Fir draa denki was er vielleicht nooch war ans Steckleys! Datt drin hockt er am singi wie ein guter mann."

Nooch die gma sagte die Lizzie, "Mandy, ich bin so froh das die gma mol aus ist so das ich dich noch mehr sagi kann von der Chon. Sie sagi er bezahlt seine schuldi net. Er ist geld schuldig do und datt. Was denkst du von ihm? Ich wees net was zu denki."

"Vell, Lizzie," sagt die Mandy, "wie weest du das es alles wahr ist was du herrst? Vielleicht ist es net so schlim. Der Chon ist ein guter nachbar und ich meen er ist ein guter gma glied."

"Ach, Mandy, denkst du die leut sagi eppis wo net wahr ist? Sie hen so gsaat. Und sell ist net all. Die Check Fannie hat mich noch

may gsaat. Ich set es dir net sagi..."

"Wenn du net settst, dann sagts net."

"Aber, Mandy, denk mal wie schlimm es ist. Die Fannie hat gsaat der Chon steht seini bu-bi und maat bei in ihre letzi sachi. Denk mal s'poosun seini kinder mechti abfalli. No wer es sei schuld. Wie kann es sei?"

Die Lizzie gookt der fenster naus und hat der Chon Mast watcht einspanni und ruf fah-ri zum haus. Die Lizzie schittelt ihri kopf.

Der nekst mittwoch war die Lizzie am brot bauki. Dann koomt eins von der Mose Steckleys maat, Susie bei namen, sie zu helfen ein wenig. "Oh," denkt die Lizzie, "ich bin froh das sie koomi ist. Now wird sie mich

WENN DU ES NET SAGI SOLLST,

DOO NET!

vielleicht sagi was der Chon gedu hat."

Aber epp sie gefragt hat, sagt die Susie, "Der Chon Mast ist ein gutherziger mann. Er hatt seine schuld alles bezahlt was er uns schuldig war, und mir wissi das er net blandi geld hat. Seine frau ist sparsam und tut ihn gut helfi. Er ist koomi zu laafi een ob-end wo es schier dunkel war, und bringt uns noch ein kessel voll fleesch zu essi dieweil sie ein koo geschlacht hen. Ich muss yust geh sie helfi some daag die woch. Ich wees sie hen blandi arbeit."

Die Lizzie gookt der fenster naus. Sie weest net was zu sagi. Sie hat ein wenig g'hoosht und schlackt der brot-deg recht hat. Endlich sagt sie zum Susie, "Ist sell recht?"

Die Lizzie hat net viel katt zu sagi selli daag. Sie war am denki was sie alles gsaat hat zu die Mandy wegi der Chon. "Ach, das war letz," denkt sie, "Now muss ich es dann recht machi mit die Mandy, und der Herr fragi mich zu vergebi."

-Monroe Hochstetler

## O, MEIN GOTT, LASZ MICH RECHT GLAUBEN

O, mein Gott laß uns recht glauben  
Die wir noch sind in der Welt  
Daß wir einst noch diesem Leben  
Kommen an das Himmel's Zelt.  
Laß im Glauben uns fest stehen  
Und auf Gottes Wegen gehen  
Und ergreifen Jesum Christ  
Der den Weg zum Himmel ist.

Darum will ich mich drein finden  
Dein Kreuz soll sein meine Ruh,  
Hab ich doch mit meinen Sünden  
Mehr verdient als mir fällt zu.  
Wirds mir noch Verdienst geschehen  
Wird ich gar zu Boden gehen.

Esra Burkholder  
Aubtown, Pa.



## God's Mysterious Ways

In the year of 1953, April 14th, a baby girl was born in an Old Order Mennonite home in Ontario. She was a healthy child and weighed nine pounds. This baby was myself. I am now fifteen years old. Since the age of three I have been afflicted with rheumatoid arthritis.

The doctors have no cure for this disease. They prescribe aspirins for relief. All my joints are affected. As I grew the deformity seemed to get worse. My hands and feet are badly crippled. Thus far the Lord has granted me the blessing to be able to walk yet. I hardly take a step without pain and can't be on my feet very long at a time. Once the disease has taken its course, the pain is less. For every joint that is crippled there is a lot of pain to endure but always there is the assurance that Jesus will never leave us nor forsake us.

In 1963 I broke my arm. Oh, what pain! I didn't want to go to the hospital where strangers would have to take care of me in my helpless state so my arm was bandaged at home and wooden splints were used. We didn't know if this would be successful. Maybe I would have to go to the hospital after all. Many minutes were spent in prayer. Finally we did not know what more to do to give relief. My parents decided to get a doctor if there would be no change till morning.

That night I slept until morn. We felt it was an answer to prayer and that it must be the Lord's will that we keep on, with His help.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." Psalms 121:1, 2

Prayer helped us greatly in our time of need. During that time I slept on my back all night for three weeks — something I could never do before or since then. Oh, how wonderful and great was His mercy! In time my arm healed again.

In the summer of 1966 I had unusual pain over my heart and many restless nights. The doctor advised me to take aspirin for the pain, but one night I was very miserable. We prayed and I was more relieved again.

The Bible says, "Pray without ceasing." I have found God does not have an ear that does not hear our pleas. I have a rheumatic heart and it still bothers me at times but not so severe as it did then.

At one time I had such pain in my right shoulder. My shoulder was in the crippling stage which brought much suffering. I missed school for awhile. (I went to school in the forenoon until I was 14 years old.) My shoulder still bothers me, especially when I use it too much.

I have six brothers and one brother and loving parents. My father lost his right arm many years ago and my mother has a heart condition. There is many a thing which I can't do. I can't reach to my knees and hardly to my eyes.

Sometimes I don't know of what good I am but I know God makes no mistakes. I am here for a purpose.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Rom. 8:28

Others do so much for me. There must be a reward for them, too, for I can never repay them. "And the king shall answer and say unto thee, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40

Yes, there are still innumerable blessings to be thankful for. God does not give us more afflictions than what we are able to bear.

For pastime I do painting with embroidery paints (Artex). I paint baby books, hankies and bookmarks and then sell them. How thankful I am that I can still do something and do not have to be in bed. My friends, and mail, mean much to me.

I use a typewriter for writing. Writing with a pen hurts my shoulder.

To have the Saviour as a "protecting companion" by my side to help me along is a great comfort. At times I have to think, "Oh, where would I be had I not such a dear friend?"

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4:11

- Sarah Brubacher  
R. 1, St. Jacobs, Ont.

## God Knows Best


Our Father knows what's best for us  
So why should we complain;  
We always want the sunshine  
But He knows there must be rain;  
We love the sound of laughter  
And the merriment of cheer  
But our hearts would lose their tenderness  
If we never shed a tear.  
Our Father tests us often  
With suffering and with sorrow;  
He tests us, not to punish us  
But to help us meet tomorrow —  
For growing trees are strengthened  
When they withstand the storm  
And the sharp cut of the chisel  
Gives the marble, grace and form.  
God never hurts us needlessly  
And He never wastes our pain;  
For every loss He sends to us  
Is followed by rich gain;  
And when we count the blessings  
That God so freely sent  
We find no cause for murmuring  
And no time for lament  
For our Father loves His children  
And to Him all things are plain  
So He never sends us pleasure  
When the soul's deep need is pain;  
So whenever we are troubled  
And everything goes wrong  
It is just God working in us  
To make our spirit strong.

- Selected by E.M.S., Ont.

Send articles for this page to —  
Sarah,  
c/o Family Life.

Family Life





## WINTER ON THE FARM

All day and all night the soft snow falls -  
Excellent for sleighing and throwing snowballs;  
Winter is the time for inside toil,  
Peanuts to roast and harnesses to oil;  
A time for mother to quilt and darn  
While Dad takes a rest from tilling the farm;  
A time to catch up on odd jobs around,  
A time to think, to stretch and to yawn,  
Repair the machinery and cut some logs,  
Milk the cows and butcher a few hogs.

Winter is a time to rest the sod,  
A time to observe the work of our God -  
His care for the bird, the squirrel and rabbit  
As they scurry about by instinct and habit;  
A time to remember the needy and poor  
And give them a share of our bounteous store;  
The ideal time an article to write  
For Family Life, by lantern light;  
Tho' the winter seems long and cold, don't mind,  
Just remember, spring's close behind.

Melvin S. Beachy





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

## GRANDMA'S APRON

### *Just A Housewife*

They call me "just a housewife,"  
And I'm proud to bear the name;  
You will never see me listed  
On the Honor Roll of Fame;  
Career women look with pity  
At my apron, brush and mop,  
But I wouldn't trade them places  
For the things their money bought!  
They call me "just a housewife,"  
And I'm surely glad indeed  
That God had thought I'd fit in  
With this work of love and need;  
As I polish floors and windows,  
Stylish ladies pity me,  
But I wouldn't trade them places  
If their mansions were all free!

Some folks are quite successful —  
"Kings of Finance" — so they say,  
And they seem to find their glory  
Gathering gold along the way;  
Let them have their golden moments,  
I'm not jealous of their life,  
For I feel just like a princess,  
When my husband calls me "wife".  
Yes, they call me "just a housewife";  
I am more — much more! you see  
I am keeper of a household  
Which is "Home Sweet Home" to me;  
I am rich in love and loved ones,  
And I'm free from strain and strife,  
And so glad God thought me worthy  
To be "just a plain housewife"!

— E. M. Dunn (Selected)

The beauty of the house is order;  
The blessing of the house is contentment.  
The glory of the house is hospitality.  
The crown of the house is godliness.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. — Wallace

Grandma's garments made little impression on me when I was a little child, except for her apron. I recall its uses were unlimited.

First her apron made a basket when she gathered eggs. Then if there were any fluffy chicks to be carried to the house during a sudden cold spell, they made the trip keeping contentedly warm in Grandma's apron.

When the chicks grew up and picked and scratched in Grandma's flowers she merely flopped her apron at them and they ran squawking to the chicken yard. And I can see her yet tossing cracked corn to the hungry flocks from the apron.

Lots of chips and kindling were needed to start the fires in the big cook stove in Grandma's kitchen. These too were carried in her apron. Then she would go to the garden and gather vegetables, lettuce, radishes, string beans and carrots. They were carried in Grandma's apron. She would go to the orchard to pick up apples and peaches into her apron and carry them to the kitchen.

When she cooked, the apron was a potholder for removing things from the stove.

To the men working in the field her apron waved aloft was the sign to come to dinner. Grandma hovered about the long table at threshing time flapping the apron at the pesky flies, and with this she shooed them out through the screen door.

When the children came to visit, the apron was ready to dry childish tears. If the children were shy the apron made a good hiding place in case a stranger unexpectedly came.

Her apron was used countless times as Grandma bent over her hot stove or hoed in her garden in the hot sun. In chilly weather Grandma wrapped her apron around her arms, when she lingered at the door with a departing guest.

The apron dusted the desk, tables, and chairs when company was seen coming in the lane.

Then in the evening when the work was over, Grandma shed her apron of many uses and draped it over the canary cage. What a busy woman was Grandma!

— Sent in By Ada Miller, Ind.

Mrs. Alvin Yoder wrote in to say that her "Whoopie Pie" recipe (Nov. issue) says, "combine ingredients and beat well, then add three more cups powdered sugar (to the filling). Thank you for writing and pointing out our error.

Winter means more ice cream on the table again — when the ice is cheap. Mrs. Henry A. Mast, of Ohio, sent in her recipe telling how she makes hers. I'm sure it is good.

The days of "snow cream" seem past, since scientists say the air and snow is polluted. Just how dangerous eating snow is, and what effect it would have on some-



one, I don't know.

It was quite a treat to go out and dip up nice, clean newly-fallen snow. Mother would mix brown sugar, vanilla and top milk together, then stir the snow in. In a few minutes we would have "snow cream". It was second-best to real ice cream.



#### Ice Cream

5 eggs, beaten well  
2 cups sugar  
2 tablespoons vanilla

Heat 1 quart cream and 18 large marshmallows together until the marshmallows are melted. Do not boil. Then add the eggs and sugar mixture to this. Next add 1/2 gallon of milk and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Put 6 Junket tablets in 1/4 cup lukewarm water. Add this after you have poured the ice cream into the can. Let set about 20 minutes before freezing. Two boxes of Junket mix or instant pudding may be used instead of the Junket tablets.

- Mrs. H. M., Ohio



#### Banana Oatmeal Cookies

1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 teaspoon baking soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg  
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
3/4 cup shortening  
1 egg, well beaten  
1 cup mashed bananas  
1 3/4 cup rolled oats

Sift together flour, sugar, soda, salt, and spices into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening. Add eggs, bananas, rolled oats, and nuts. Beat until thoroughly blended. Drop by teaspoonsful, about 1 1/2 inches apart, onto greased cookie sheets. Bake in 400 degree oven for about 15 minutes. Makes 3 1/2 dozen.



#### Mint Candy

2 cups sugar  
1/2 stick butter  
2/3 cup cold water

Boil to 267 or 270 degrees! Pour on a buttered marble. Pull like taffy. Roll it on powdered sugar which was put on brown paper. Cut in squares. Put in jars. The candy will mellow in a day or two. The candy can be made in different flavors — anise, wintergreen, peppermint, etc., and coloring added according to the flavor.

- Mrs. Ira Headings, S. Car.



The following is an answer to "Some Mothers Write" (Nov. issue):

"Yes, I, too, think it's sad how folks seem to feel it's 'too hard' to keep teenagers in 'the way they should go'." What are we reaping in return? Marriages to unbelievers, nervous breakdowns, love that waxes cold. These few

reckless years can bring damages for a lifetime. Oh, do we realize the seriousness if we, the parents, are to blame?

We may be tempted to let our children have the easy way, but where is our love for their souls?

"Mom, all the others do!"

Tell them gently, "Your friends are all saying this, too. It is only an excuse. If you don't have the courage to do what is right then don't blame the others either." Parents, don't blame the other man's child.

Parents should stand together. "Be ye of one mind." If we love one another, as Christ commands, why can't we reason together?

Let us ask God to help this troubled generation, to give us courage to take the narrow way of persecution — and not be double-minded.

"A double minded man is unstable in all his ways."  
James 1:8.

- S., Md.



### Some Mothers Write

A son of mine still in his preschool years asked, "Who'll keep the last man's funeral?"

- Mrs. E. B., Ont.

A five-year-old daughter of mine was asked by a young cousin where she had learned the song she was singing. She replied, "Oh, I knew that song when I was born."

- Mrs. E. S. B., Ont.

#### Father Writes, Too —

I took a half day off and went to the mountain to hunt wild turkey but didn't see any. I saw 18 deer, 2 grouse, 2 squirrels, but I didn't shoot once. You know I just love to go out in the quiet of the mountain and sit there and relax and meditate and watch nature. I often come home with new courage to go on again.

I'm not out for a big, fine trophy of some kind although I enjoy trying to match my wits with wild life, but am most always the loser, in a sense. I often marvel at the keenness and alertness of wildlife — always on guard for an enemy. Fellow church members, are we?

- K., Pa.

When butchering hogs, when is lard rendered? (Of course, the experienced butcher knows by eye sight.) Use a candy thermometer. When lard reaches 375 degrees it is ready to be pressed. This might seem impossible but let us study the facts. As the moisture evaporates your lard gets hotter. It is a known fact that water will not get hotter than boiling.

- M. H., Ohio



Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



What a joy! New  
seed catalogues.  
Hope of another  
spring takes  
root in our  
hearts.

Aunt Becky

## OBSERVANCE IN A CHURCH

Little dolly in a blanket, plastic bolt and nut set, large and small plastic animals in a pocket book, plastic folding comb, horse and chariot set, tractor, pull apart beads, book and pencil, small picture books, large, medium, and small sized diaper boxes, plastic case full of plastic midget toys, plastic clothespins, rain bonnet case with candy, steel truck, play money.

You may ask —, "Is this a public sale bill?"

No, it is not. It is a mother's supply of toys to keep one little girl's time occupied while church is in session. Is the little girl contented? "Ruth just isn't satisfied no matter how many playthings we buy for her," her mother replies.

Oh! Oh! here comes Mrs. Dan Erb and she has that paper bag with toys again. I'll watch so I won't sit near to her or I can't hear Preacher John Lehman. His voice just don't carry too far and such a bag seems to make a lot of noise when she digs around in it.

The men file into the room. There is John, Levi, Jake, Manass, Roy, Mose, and a stranger. Now who could that be! Well, at least I see his wife taught him not to pile his hat on the stove so the women folks and the young girls can see the Bishop when he stands for the beginning part. Bishop John Yoder is not a tall man, and when you see who is preaching it makes it so much more interesting.

There comes five year old Danny to sit with his sister and the bench is over-crowded already. I know it doesn't matter too much for he doesn't sit long anywhere. I see he is going over to his father already. You can't expect him to listen too well, for his parents are late-comers. The other children in that family are much older than Danny so he is rather free to do as he pleases. "He's only young once," — as the saying goes!!!

Opening the door and coming in quietly and in a meek and humble manner is Mrs. Abe Troyer with her little girl. They have very little of this world's possessions. They are contented and do not even so much as mention it. She and her husband are the kind that help build the church and do not tear down. Their actions speak louder than words. She usually has one string of beads and buttons on a string for her daughter and the little girl is well satisfied.

What was it a minister once said? — "I can see that mothers who take many things to church to satisfy their children seem to have the most unruly ones." — M

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## THE LORD'S PRAYER

I'm sure most of us are familiar with the words in the Lord's Prayer. But did we ever stop to think just how much is included? Let's take a moment and think over the words.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name" Our Father — just think, if He is our Father, then we must be his children. And since he is our Father, He will care for us with a father's tender love.

"Thy kingdom come." It will come some day soon. Will we be ready?

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Let's remember that we are asking that not our, but His will be done.

"Give us this day our daily bread." One short line for our material wants, and only "this day" is included. Why worry about tomorrow?

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Can we fully understand the meaning in these words? We all want to be forgiven but are we willing to pay the price? If we have a grudge against someone, we're asking God to have a grudge against us.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." How do you suppose God feels when we pray this, then willingly walk into temptation?

"For thine is the kingdom and the power —" Yes, the power to help us conquer evil, to become more worthy children of His.

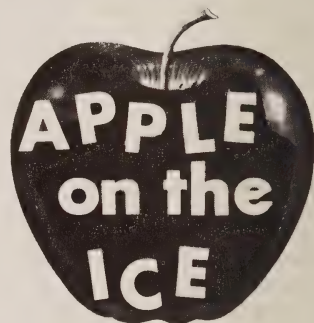
"And the glory —" Do we always do everything to His glory?

"Forever." Can we begin to realize what that word means? The last word in the Lord's prayer. Not one year, not a hundred years, or even a million, but — forever.

— Mrs. Rebecca Stoltzfus  
Quarryville, Pa.

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## CHILDREN'S SECTION



— by

David  
Luthy

### Part 1. The Temperature Drops

January turned to February and the howling wind during the night told Noah Gingerich that winter would not soon be over. In the morning when he climbed out of bed, his bare feet walked lightly and quickly over the cold floor. His shirt and denim pants were chilly, too. "When there's a strong wind from the northwest," he thought as he dressed, "everything is cold — real cold."

Noah was not halfway down the stairs when a picture appeared in his mind — a picture of something cold, something cold and very hard. "Weaver's pond," he said to himself. "It's sure to be frozen up good and solid." He pushed open the door at the bottom of the stairs; a rush of warm air from the kitchen wood stove met his face. "Weaver's pond," he repeated. "Maybe I can get Dad to let me go skating late this afternoon." Suddenly the cold didn't seem so bad after all.

Inside the cow barn a, "B-r-r-r." Cold this morning isn't it?" greeted Noah. His sister, Pollyanna, was nestled close to the guernsey she was milking.

"Yep," agreed Noah. "Cold enough for skating."

"And cold enough," added his father from where he was milking, "to freeze up the water trough real tight. I'll milk your two cows, Noah, this morning. You can get the axe and break a hole in the ice. Then water the horses."

Noah flipped his milk stool back on the rack and headed for the door.

"That ought to warm you up," smiled Pollyanna.

Family Life



She was right. Swinging the axe did warm Noah up. But something else warmed him even more — the thoughts racing through his mind. With each swing of the axe he imagined himself at Weaver's pond. "Why not?" he asked himself. "Today's Saturday; there's no school. And the ice is sure to be strong enough. Look at this ice." He swung the axe blade into four inches of ice. "Thick enough to hold a team of horses."

At the breakfast table Noah asked the question. Could he go skating on the neighboring pond later in the day? Mr. Gingerich considered it and nodded his head. "Can't see why not. At least for a couple of hours. There isn't much to do outside anyway on a cold day like today."

Mrs. Gingerich lifted the frying pan from the stove to the table. "But do you think the pond is safe?"

"Should be frozen solid after last night's drop in temperature," answered her husband. "It already had ice on it. Now it's certain to be thicker."

"You should have seen the ice on the trough," added Noah. "It was at least four inches thick."

"But aren't there places that aren't too safe?" Mrs. Gingerich passed the platter of fried eggs. "I've heard Dan Molly say that some ponds have weak places — air pockets or something like that."

Mr. Gingerich shrugged his shoulders. "Ach, any pond with natural springs will have an air pocket or two. But Noah is old enough to stay clear of any weak places. He's skated on Weaver's pond the last couple years."

Noah felt good. He nodded his head in agreement and reached for the bowl of grapes.

Part 2. Hats On The Ice

That Saturday afternoon Weaver's pond had more visitors than Noah Gingerich. Five of his school pals were already skating when he arrived. And Jerry Miller's two sisters were sliding on the opposite side of the pond. Their boots left no marks on the ice, but the tracks of the boys' skates were easy to see; they criss-crossed in every direction like the thin intermingling lines of a giant cobweb.

"Here comes Noah," shouted Jerry Miller. He skated rapidly toward the edge of the pond but swung sharply to the left when he was about to run out of ice.

Noah sat on an overturned rowboat which was lying near the pond. It was one of the boats Sam Weaver rented each summer to fishermen.

The group of boys gathered at the edge of the ice. Once Noah had his skates on, he joined them, and they sped across the pond. No one had to say, "Let's race." That came naturally to the six boys on skates.

"Z-O-O-M" over the ice the skaters flew. Their colored stocking caps bobbed as their bodies bent forward to increase their speed. For the first hundred feet the racers were even. But gradually two boys pulled away from the



An Important Person

Our father is important  
In so many different ways;  
With Mother he has cared for us  
Throughout our childhood days.

He's giving us the heritage  
That farmers give their young;  
We breathe the good fresh country air  
That keeps us well and strong.

We need not go hungry, for  
There's plenty everywhere;  
He's working so that we  
Have clothes enough to wear.

He understands my girlish ways,  
The other children too;  
For he remembers he was young  
And did much like we do.

Of course he tells us not to make  
The same mistakes he made;  
But only follow paths where he  
A good example laid.

His love for us is measured by  
His daily love for God;  
He takes us all to church that we  
Might learn where Jesus trod.

A friend who lost her father says,  
"Respect yours while you may,  
For all too soon there came the time  
When God took ours away."

And when I think of this, I know  
There's not another man  
Can fill the place deep in my heart  
That our dear father can.

—Selected by Erma Leid

pack. They were Amos Schrock and Noah.

"The fallen tree sticking out on the ice is the mark," shouted Amos.

Noah tried desperately to skate faster, but he could not gain on the flying figure ahead of him. Amos passed the mark, and Noah came in second. The other boys were a little farther behind.

"Amos is the winner, again," said Joe Mast, trying to catch his breath.

"He's won them all this afternoon," said Wilbur Hochstetler. "Thought maybe Noah would beat him." He scraped the ice with the sharp toe of his skate.

"Want to race back?" asked Amos. Having won the races made him eager for more. His eyes flashed a challenge at Noah. But before Noah could respond, Wilbur said, "Let's do something else for a change."

"How about tag?" said Jerry.

"How about something a little harder?" suggested Amos. He was determined to win a few more first places that afternoon.

"What?" asked Noah.

"A jumping contest."

"A what?" asked Wilbur.

"A jumping contest," repeated Amos. "Here, I'll show you."

Amos took off his stocking cap and dropped it on the ice. He skated a short distance away, turned around, and came back. Neatly he leaped over the cap, regained his balance, and kept on skating.

"Easy," said Jerry.

"Wait until it gets higher," thought Noah.

The boys lined up and repeated Amos' action. All easily jumped the cap without touching it or falling.

"Okay, Wilbur, now put your cap on top of mine," directed Amos.

The cap was placed and the boys jumped a second time. A third cap was added and they jumped again. This time Levi Yoder lost his balance and fell to one knee.

"You're out," said Amos.

A few minutes later and a few caps higher, the boys were still jumping. Only three, though, remained in the contest — Wilbur, Noah, and Amos. On the fifth jump Wilbur dropped out leaving only Noah and Amos. On the sixth jump both boys cleared the pile without touching the top cap; and both had no trouble keeping their balance.

"One more time," said Amos. He placed his gloves on top of the stack.

As Noah neared the caps for his final jump, Amos yelled, "Stop! Stop!" But Noah was not fooled by the trick and sped on, leaped the pile, and kept his balance. Amos followed and did the same. The contest ended in a tie.

### Part 3, A Test Of Bravery

Amos did not like it that Noah could jump as well as he. Not only had he wanted to be the fastest skater that afternoon, but also the best jumper. What could he do now to break the tie with Noah? Suddenly a thought came to him, a thought which he might better have forgotten.

"Hey fellows," said Amos, "I've thought of another game we can play." He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out an apple which he had brought along to eat after skating.

"Now what's he got up his sleeve?" wondered Noah.

"What's the game called, 'Eat The Apple?'" laughed Wilbur.

Amos didn't laugh. "See the fallen tree lying on the

ice?" He pointed a fair distance away. He tossed the apple along the smooth ice in the direction he had pointed. The apple stopped rolling about fifteen feet from the tree.

"I don't see what he's up to," said Wilbur to Noah.

"I'm not sure either, but I think I know."

Amos heard them talking but did not understand what they said. "The game's called BRAVERY," he announced. "Let's see who's the bravest this afternoon."

"The ice over there by the tree is pretty thin," said Jerry. "I skated close to there today and heard it start to crack."

"Are you brave enough to go there a second time?" questioned Amos.

Jerry didn't answer but merely stared toward the apple.

"Who'll be brave enough," challenged Amos, looking at the whole group but fixing his gaze for an extra second on Noah.

No one moved.

"Nobody brave enough?" asked Amos looking directly at Noah.

"Don't do it," whispered Wilbur. "It's not safe."

Noah did not move. He remained silent. But his mind was flashing rapid thoughts. "If I get the apple, maybe Amos won't think himself so good in everything. But if the ice breaks..." He shivered to think of the cold water.

He thought, too, of the confidence his dad had placed in him at the breakfast table.

"Everybody's brave when things are easy," mocked Amos. "But when the going gets tough..." He didn't finish the sentence but rapidly started skating toward the apple. The distance between him and the apple shortened. Nearer and nearer he came to the red object on the ice. A few more steps and he would have it. But just as he stooped to pick up the apple, there was a terrific crash. The ice gave way and Amos tumbled into the water head first.

The boys were too stunned to move. They let out a gasp as they saw Amos disappear into the water. Then his head bobbed up and his hands grasped at the ice surrounding him. Life came back to the boys and they skated as close to the hole in the ice as they dared.

"Turn the other way, Amos," shouted Noah. "And try and reach the fallen tree."

Amos broke the ice and moved toward the tree. It was not far and his hands soon touched it. But his fingers were

#### ACROSS

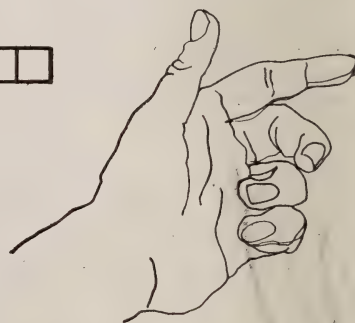
2. Judges 15:8
3. Luke 15:5
7. I Timothy 5:23
10. I Corinthians 7:37
11. Romans 14:11
12. John 8:6

#### Parts of the Body

#### DOWN

1. Ezekiel 47:3
4. I Peter 3:3
5. Nehemiah 5:13
6. Genesis 2:21
8. Romans 10:21
9. Revelation 19:16
10. Acts 5:10

BY TITUS





so cold and the bark so slippery that he could not pull himself up. Meanwhile the boys had skated to shore and walked up to the tree from the land. Wilbur climbed onto the log and was joined by Noah. Both boys tugged at Amos and helped him onto the log. He was out of the ice water. "But," thought Noah, "he'll freeze if we don't get him right home."

Noah wasn't the only one doing some silent thinking.

Wilbur was busy at it, too. "Brave, nothing," he said to himself as he saw Amos shivering. "Just plain foolish." He glanced at Noah helping Amos pull off his wet coat. "If anybody was brave, it was Noah. He was brave enough not to go after the apple even though Amos kept challenging him."

And you know, the other boys were thinking the exact same thoughts — including Amos. ■■

## Grandfather's Reading Lesson

### A STRANGE WALL

Once a poor family lived in a lonely hut in great fear. It was winter. Around the hut raged a fierce storm and into the room swept the snow. It was bitter cold.

The family consisted of five persons — the aged grandmother, the parents, and two children.

Why was it that they were filled with fear? Was it the storm that caused them such terror?

In the distance sounded the alarms of war. The foe were marching down upon the poor people. In their path was death. From the windows the family could see the glare of the fires that had already been started around many homes.

As night came on the sky was red with the flames of burning farmhouses. The roar of storm and of battle made the night terrible. No one thought of sleep.

The curtains were drawn close that no light might betray them.

The family sat silently about the table. They did not know what moment death might come to them. The old grandmother opened and read from her prayer-book. The book contained a number of hymns. In one of the hymns which she read aloud were these words, "Build a wall about us."

The father of the family looked up in dismay and said, "The building of a wall is not possible now: no; not even with God."

The old grandmother replied, "Do not say that. God will find a way if it is His will to do so."

The night passed in great fear and anxiety. The break of day came at last. Not one soldier had come to the lonely hut.

At last the son, a stout young man, opened the door to look out. Behold! the storm had piled a mighty wall of snow about the house. This wall of snow had hidden the lonely hut of the poor family from the eyes of the foe.

Then the old grandmother fell upon her knees and said, "Lord, Thou hast built a wall about us. Blessed be Thy name."

— from Brumbaugh's Third Reader, 1899



### SUSIE TELLS A LIE

"Mother, may I go out?" asked Susie one day. "It's so nice and warm."

"Yes, dear, you may go," replied Mother.

Susie skipped out, happily singing. She thought to herself as she scampered through the leaves, "Oh, how nice to play outside."

All of a sudden she fell over a log on the ground. "Oh-h-h, my thumb," cried Susie. "I'm sure it must be broken."

Mother heard her cries and came running. "What's wrong, Susie, are you hurt?"

"Oh, yes," wailed Susie. "My thumb is broken. I'm sure it is."

"Let me see," comforted Mother, as she put her arms around her crying daughter. She looked the thumb over very carefully. Finally she said, "No, Susie, I don't think it is broken — only a little sprain. Come. We'll go fix it up."

Susie went with her mother into the house. Soon her thumb had a big white bandage on it.

"Now I'll have something to tell the girls at school," thought Susie, as she climbed into bed that night. She could hardly wait until morning so she could tell her news.

At school the next day all the girls crowded around Susie. There was a chorus of "What happened?", "Did you break it", and "Does it hurt?" Susie was enjoying all this attention very much, so she answered, "Yes, I broke it and it really hurts."

"Oh, how awful," cried her best friend. "Some of us girls will stay with you since you can't play ball."

The girls were sorry for Susie, and all day they were very helpful and kind. This made Susie feel worse and worse. "Oh, why did I say that? I know it's wrong," worried Susie. "I should tell them my thumb's not broken, but how can I? What would they think?"

Susie was not a happy little girl that afternoon when she came home from school. Out in the yard she sat on the log she had fallen over and thought, "God is not pleased with me. I should tell Mother 'cause I do want to please God."

Slowly Susie got up and went into the house. "Mother," she called in a small voice.

"Yes, Susie," she answered. "I'm right here. How's your thumb? Better I hope."

"Oh, Mother," sobbed Susie. "I did a very bad thing. I told the girls at school that my thumb was broken."

"Why, Susie," said Mother in surprise, "you know it's not broken. Why did you say that?"

"I — oh — I wanted them to feel sorry for me," stam-

mered the little girl.

"Oh, Susie, don't you know that is wrong? You must make this right."

"I know, Mother, but how can I when the whole school knows?"

"I'll send a note to the teacher," said Mother. "And she'll let you speak to the whole class."

The next day Susie went to school with a note for her teacher. When devotions were over, Teacher said, "Now,

children, Susie has something to say to us."

Susie stood up and timidly walked up to face the school. She gulped and tears began to come. "I'm — I'm sorry I said my thumb was broken yesterday. It's not broken at all. Please forgive me." She hurried back to her seat.

Such a weight lifted from Susie's heart. At noon she played with all the girls, and her face was sunshiny. How glad she was that she had confessed.

- By "Marie", Seymour, Missouri



## A WIFE FOR ISAAC

One day sorrow came into the life of Abraham and Isaac. Sarah died.

Days passed and Isaac missed his mother. He had no brothers or sisters, and now, with his mother gone, he felt lonesome.

Perhaps Abraham noticed that it was hard for Isaac because one day Abraham sent for Eliezer, his most trusted servant.

"Eliezer," said Abraham, "I am becoming old. Sarah is dead, and perhaps, I too will soon die. I am thinking of my son Isaac."

The servant waited patiently for his master to go on. "Isaac is now a grown man. He is old enough to be married. But I do not want him —" Abraham stopped and a worried look came over his face. "— I — I don't want him to marry one of the girls of Canaan. All of them are idol worshippers."

Earnestly Abraham continued, "Promise me, solemnly promise me, Eliezer, that you will not let Isaac marry any of the Canaanite girls around here. But go back to my country and to my relatives and get a wife for my son Isaac."

Now Eliezer knew why he had been sent for. But it was a hard task his master was asking him to do. Eliezer wasn't sure he could do it. He asked, "But what if I travel all the way back to your relatives and no girl will come back with me. What shall I do then? Shall I take Isaac himself back to the land of your fathers?"

But Abraham was displeased with the idea. "No, no," he said firmly. "Whatever you do, don't take Isaac back to the land God told me to leave. If no girl will come with you, then you are free from your promise. Only don't take Isaac back there."

The servant promised his master Abraham that he would go and seek a wife for Isaac.

Eliezer set to work at once to prepare for the long hard journey to Haran where Abraham's brother Nahor lived. He knew it would be no easy trip, with rivers to wade, mountains to climb, and miles of desert to cross.

Finally everything was ready to start. Eliezer was taking with him ten camels. Some of them he and the servants would ride and the others would be loaded with food, supplies, and some gifts for the journey's end.

For weeks they traveled northward, covering long

stretches of hot desert wastes. At last, after traveling over five hundred miles, Eliezer stopped the line of camels close to the village well, just outside Haran. It was evening and women were just starting to come to the well with jars and pitchers on their shoulders.

No doubt Eliezer felt uneasy. He was in a strange city among a strange people, many miles from home. Would he be able to find any girl that would be willing to travel with him to become the wife of young Isaac? If not, his trip would have been for nothing. Suddenly Eliezer felt that he needed to pray.

"Oh, Lord God of my master Abraham," prayed the servant fervently. "Be with me this day and help me."

Then Eliezer prayed for a sign so he could know which girl he should ask to go with him. He prayed, "Behold, I stand here by the well of water and the daughters of the city are coming to draw water. If I ask a girl for a drink of water, and she says, 'Drink, and I will draw for thy camels also,' then I will know that she is the girl you have chosen to be the wife of Isaac."

Before Eliezer was even finished praying, he glanced



up and saw a beautiful young girl coming to the well. Eliezer watched as the girl went to the well and let down her pitcher to draw up the water.

Eliezer ran to meet her. "Please let me drink a little water from your pitcher," he asked. All the while Abraham's servant was wondering, "Is this the right girl? What will she say?"

"Drink, my lord," said the girl politely. Quickly she handed the pitcher to Eliezer. When the servant had finished drinking, the girl said, "And I will draw water for your camels also."

At those words, Eliezer jerked his head erect. Those were the very words he had just prayed God would give him as a sign. With a thankful heart, Eliezer watched as the girl emptied the pitcher of water into the trough for the camel.

After the heat and dust of the hot journey, the tired camels drank in long thirsty swallows. When at last all the camels had finished drinking, Eliezer took some of the gifts he had brought along and gave them to the girl.

Family Life



"Whose girl are you?" he asked, "and is there room in your father's house for us to stay?"

Then the girl, whose name was Rebekah, said, "I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor."

That was good news to the old servant. Now he was sure God had heard and answered his prayer. Nahor. It was almost too good to believe. Nahor was Abraham's brother.

But the girl was not finished speaking. "We have both straw and feed for your camels, and room to lodge them."

At this, Eliezer was overcome with thankfulness. He bowed his head and worshipped. "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham," he said, "who has led me to the house of my master's brethren."

When Rebekah heard that the old man who had given her gifts was Abraham's servant, she ran home to tell the others. She found her brother Laban. Breathlessly she told him whom she had met at the well.

Laban hurried to the well. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord," Laban greeted Eliezer. "Why are you standing out here? I have prepared the house for you and have made room for your camels."

When Laban led the way, Eliezer followed with his camels and the other servants. The camels were fed and put away for the night. Plenty of water was carried in to wash Eliezer's dusty feet and the feet of the tired men with him.

"Okay," said Laban. "Now you must eat."

Eliezer looked at the steaming plate of meat set before him. He was hungry, very hungry but he pushed the food aside. "No," he said, "I can't eat. I can't eat until I have told why I have come."

"Speak on," said Laban.

So Eliezer told them the whole story. He told them first of all that he was Abraham's servant and that God had blessed his master Abraham greatly in the land of Canaan with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and camels. Then he told them about Isaac, the only son of Abraham, and how Abraham did not want his son to marry any of the heathen women who worshipped idols. Eliezer went on and told how Abraham had made him promise that he would travel to Haran and seek there for a wife for Isaac.

Rebekah listened to every word the servant said. She could see that her father and her brother Laban were listening too.

Eliezer explained how he had prayed for a sign so he would know which girl God had chosen to become Isaac's wife. He told them how Rebekah had said the exact words that he had just finished saying in his prayer, "Drink, and I will draw for your camels also."

"And now," finished the old servant, "tell me how you feel about it. I must know before I can eat. Will you be kind to my master and let the girl go, or not?"

Laban and Bethuel answered and said, "This thing is from the Lord and we cannot say anything against it. Behold, Rebekah is before you, take her and go, and let her be your master's son's wife, as the Lord has spoken."

Hearing this answer, Eliezer bowed himself to the ground, worshipping the Lord. Then he hurried and brought in the rest of the costly gifts his master Abraham had sent with him. He loaded down Rebekah with gifts, and then he gave some to her mother and brother.

After that, when everyone was joyful, Eliezer and the other servants sat down to eat and drink. They went to bed and slept that night.

Early the next morning Eliezer was up. "Send me back

to my master," he said. "I am eager to return now that my work is done."

But Rebekah's mother and Laban could see no hurry. "No, no," they said. "Let Rebekah stay a few days, at least ten, then she shall leave us."

But Eliezer was unwilling to stay. "Hinder me not," he said. "So far the Lord has blessed me. Don't delay me now, but send me back to my master."

"Well," they said, "we will call Rebekah and see what she says."

They called for Rebekah. When she came they asked, "Will you go with this man right away?"

"I will go," Rebekah said simply.

That same day yet, Rebekah said goodbye to her parents and her friends. Then Eliezer put her on top of one of the camels and they rode away from Haran, the city of Nahor.

The camels walked rapidly southward — they were returning home. After many days of travel they reached the land of Canaan and were nearing the home of Abraham.

The sun hung low in the sky and it was nearly evening as the line of camels plodded on. Rebekah glanced ahead and saw the figure of a man coming toward them.

"Who is that man coming to meet us?" she asked one of the servants.

"Why, that is Isaac," said the servant.

Quickly Rebekah put a veil over her face as was the custom in those days when a girl appeared before strangers.

Isaac had been walking out in the fields to think and pray. Still feeling the grief of his mother's death, he may even have been wondering how soon Eliezer would return and whether he had been successful.

Now he hurried with long steps to meet the camels, anxious for news.

It was a time of gladness as Eliezer told Isaac all about the long trip and how God had been with him. How thankful Isaac was. Rebekah became his wife and he loved her. No longer did he feel so badly about his mother's death. Now he was comforted.

- E. S.

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HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER?

?

(Questions from last month's Bible story)

?

1. What hard test did God give Abraham?

?

2. When Abraham left on his journey, who did he

?

take along beside Isaac?

?

3. What three things did they carry with them be-

?

sides food and water?

?

4. How many days' journey was it to the mountain?

?

5. Did Isaac know what God had told Abraham to do?

?

6. What question did Isaac ask his father as they

?

climbed the mountain?

?

7. What did Abraham answer?

?

8. What caused Abraham to stop just as he was about

?

to sacrifice his son?

?

9. What did Abraham offer on the altar instead of

?

Isaac?

?

10. Did Abraham pass the test God gave him?

?

?

?

lamb 8. An angel calling his name 9. A ram 10. Yes

?

5. No 6. Where is the lamb? 7. God will provide a

?

2. Two servants 3. Wood, fire, and a knife 4. Three

?

ANSWERS: 1. Told him to offer Isaac as a sacrifice

?

?

???

# YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

## AMISH AND MENNONITE FAMILY NAMES

- By Joseph Stoll

In the past two issues of Family Life, the origin and history of a number of Amish and Mennonite families have been discussed. These have run in alphabetical order from Amstutz to Mast. The series are being continued.

### Part Three

**MILLER** - The German spelling was Müller, and because there were many Millers in Europe, the name was very common, with no common ancestor for the many people of this name. There were a number of Anabaptists of this name in different parts of Switzerland.

The name Miller is today the most common Amish name, but is largely a midwestern name. There are only a few families of Millers in Lancaster County.

Christian Miller came to America with his father's family from the canton of Bern, Switzerland, arriving in Philadelphia in 1763. During the Revolutionary War the father of the family was pressed into military service, and when he returned he learned that his wife had died and his children were living in Amish homes. Christian was placed in the home of Hans Beiler, pioneer Amish bishop in Mifflin County, Penna. In time Christian too became an Amish bishop, settling in the Johnstown, Penna. area. He died in 1845. It is said that in 1924 there were among his descendants 21 bishops, 59 ministers, and 20 deacons.

Moses J. Miller (1811-97) was the second Amish child and the third white child born in Holmes County, Ohio. His parents had come from Somerset County, Penna. in 1810, among the first of the Amish settlers in Ohio. During the war of 1812 they were driven back to Pennsylvania by Indian raids, but in 1812 they returned to Holmes County to stay. In 1834 Moses married Catherine Dunn, an Irish girl who had been raised by the Amish. Moses became a leading Amish bishop, serving for many years. He was known as "Glaz (Small) Mose" to distinguish him from another Amish bishop, "Gross (Big) Mose Miller".

Joseph Miler (1808-77) was the first Amish minister of the settlement in Elkhart County, Indiana. He moved there in 1841 and preached the first sermon at his home in Clinton Township, on Easter Sunday, 1842. He was probably the leading spirit in establishing the Amish settlement in Elkhart and LaGrange Counties. The horse and saddle were his way to travel.

**NAFZIGER** - This family name is of Swiss origin, and was found in the 1700's among the Amish and Mennonites of the Palatinate. There Johannes Nafziger (born about 1706) was an elder or bishop of the Amish church. In 1765 he journeyed to the Netherlands with two other brethren to visit the churches founded there by Swiss Amish refugees. He found there much disorder and strife in the church, and remained nine weeks to try to restore peace and to ordain ministers and observe communion. Later Johannes Nafziger wrote a long letter to these refugee churches, explaining how the Amish churches in Europe at that time were observing the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and ordination. This letter became a sort of ministers' manual.

Christian Nafziger (1776-1836) played a very important part in the establishing of the Amish settlement in Waterloo County, Ontario. He left his home in Germany and traveled alone by ship to New Orleans, Louisiana, arriving there in January, 1822. He covered the 1000 miles to Lancaster County, Penna. on foot. Mennonite friends at Lancaster told him about Ontario, where some Pennsylvania Mennonites had previously moved. In August 1822 he arrived in Waterloo County.

Nafziger chose Wilmet Township and went to see the Governor of Upper Canada about purchasing land there. The Governor agreed to sell 150 acres to each family for a small price and to give an additional 50 acres free. The settlers were required to cut the trees on a two rod strip fronting each farm in order to clear the road allowance. Legend says the government of Canada promised Nafziger that his people would be exempt from military draft.

Happy over these good results, Christian Nafziger returned to Europe. Before going home to Germany, however, he stopped in to see King George IV of England. The king confirmed the promise of the Governor to sell the land to the Amish immigrants.

The next year, 1823, the first settlers came to Wilmet Township. Christian Nafziger, however, did not return to Canada until 1826 when a second and larger group, including two ministers, made the journey to the new land.

**NISSLEY** - Jakob Nissley came from the Emmental of Switzerland in 1716, and settled at an Indian village in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This village in 1728 became Hickory Town, and later Lancaster.

There is some uncertainty about the original spelling of this family name. Tradition has it that it was spelled Nutt or Nolt, but scholars think it is more likely to have been Nuss or Nüssli.

Whether the Jakob Nissley mentioned above is the ancestor of the Amish Nissleys today is not

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known. Many of Jakob's descendants have been Mennonite leaders of influence.

**OTTO** — This is an Amish family name that is most common in the Arthur, Illinois area. It is believed that the family moved from Somerset County, Penna. to Illinois, but from what European region they came we have been unable to discover.

**OVERHOLT, OBERHOLTZER** — Information on this family was difficult to find. Martin Oberholtzer (1709-44) came from Germany and settled in Bucks County, Penna. He is believed to have been the ancestor of the Overholts and Oberholtzers among the Amish and Mennonites today. The Overholts who settled in Daviess County, Indiana about a hundred years ago came from Bucks County, Penna.

**PEACHY** — (See Beachy)

**PETERSHEIM** — This name may have originated from Pfeddersheim, a town in the Palatinate where there were many Anabaptists. Today the name is best known in Lancaster County, Penna.

**RABER** — A Swiss Anabaptist family of the canton of Bern. In 1567 Peter Räber was arrested but after severe torture he recanted and promised to swear an oath of allegiance, so he was released. In 1837 Jacob Raber with his wife and six children emigrated to America from Germany. In 1955 his descendants numbered 1571, many of whom live in Holmes County, Ohio.

Christian Raber, likely an older brother of Jacob, also came to America in 1837, and settled north of Cincinnati, Ohio. He was an Amish preacher. Later he moved to Lee County, Iowa.

J. A. Raber who recently passed away was well known throughout the Amish communities because of his bookstore at R. 1, Baltic, Ohio, and his yearly "Deutsche Kalender".

**ROPP, RUPP** — At the Bern Debate of 1538, Uli Rupp of Stauffen and Kläwi Rupp of the Emmental are named as participants. In 1540 Hans Rupp, a peasant, is listed as an Anabaptist.

Years ago Christian Ropp of Illinois wrote the story of his life. He told how his father came to Canada in 1826 with his six sons so that they might escape military service.

Today the name Ropp is most common in Ontario and around Kalona, Iowa.

**ROTH, RHODES** — This is an Anabaptist name of Swiss origin. Jakob Rott, a farmer of Bülach, canton of Zurich, and Nesy Rott of the canton of Bern, are named among the early Swiss Anabaptists in 1533 and 1538. As early as 1527 Hans Roth preached at Kitzbühel, Austria and baptized a number of persons.

Othmar Roth of St. Gall, Switzerland is the author of hymn No. 53 in the Ausbund.

The Roth family has been a prominent one among the Amish of Ontario. Among the earliest families were Bishop Nicholas Roth (1798-1853); Deacon

Nicholas Roth (ordained in Alsace); Michael I. Roth; Joseph Roth; and Christian Roth, all of whom came to Canada in the first half of the nineteenth century.

**SCHLABACH** — Peter Schlabach of the canton of Bern was an Anabaptist in 1538. The name is found among the Swiss refugees who fled to the Palatinate after 1664. Jakob Schlabach was imprisoned in Bern in 1660 with a number of other Swiss Brethren, and later transported to the Netherlands as an obstinate (hartnäckige) Anabaptist.

Johannes Slabach, who arrived in Philadelphia in 1733, may have been Amish. If so, he was the first of that name to arrive in America. Other Schlabach immigrants arrived in the 19th century. The brothers John and Christian Schlabach came to Somerset County, Penna. in 1819, but about five years later they moved to Holmes County, Ohio, where their descendants are numerous today. Bishop Roy L. Schlabach of Millersburg, Ohio has the original passport and church papers (Zeugniss) of Christian Schlabach. He evidently was an ordained bishop, though he was only 25 years of age, and unmarried. The passport describes him as having a Roman nose (Regenhogen Nase).

A Daniel Schlabach arrived in Fairfield County, Ohio about 1834, and his descendants are found today in Geauga and Holmes Counties, Ohio. His brother John came a few years later, but in 1851 he moved on to Johnson County, Iowa, where most of his descendants live.

Still another John Slabaugh settled at the Amish colony near Johnstown, Penna. and many of his descendants live near Kokomo, Indiana.

**SCHMUCKER, SMUCKER, SMOKER** —

Christian Schmucker emigrated from Switzerland to Berks County, Penna., the "cradle of the Amish in America", in 1752. He is the ancestor of perhaps 10,000 descendants living in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

The first Schmucker pioneer to move on westward was a grandson, Christian Schmucker, who settled in Wayne County, Ohio about 1819. In 1841, Isaac Schmucker, an Amish preacher (later a bishop) was among the first settlers in Elkhart County, Indiana.

**SCHROCK** — The bearers of this common Amish name are the descendants of a number of immigrants. In Switzerland the name was spelled Schrag or Schraag. Casper Schrag (born about 1745) came from Switzerland and settled in Somerset County, Penna. His son, Peter Schrock, was a well-known Amish minister of Wayne County, Ohio. He died while preaching a sermon in a barn in 1846.

**SCHWARTZ** — Felix Schwartz of the canton of Zurich was an Anabaptist in 1527. The name was not uncommon among the Swiss Brethren of the 1600's in the Emmental, and in the early 1700's in Alsace.

Among the Amish today the name is found mainly in northern Indiana, particularly in Adams County.

(To be concluded in next issue)

# MAN AND THE MOON

Man has succeeded in flying to the moon and back. Just how important is the accomplishment and what does it prove?

It is true that man has worked many years and spent billions of dollars in order to make such a trip possible. Down through the ages, man has accomplished many things which were unheard of before. Centuries before Christ, the kings of Egypt built huge pyramids which seemed to reach to the sky. They were built to very exacting designs, and some of the stones which are near the top, could not be put there even with modern machinery. How did they do it? The answer is by manpower and by planning.

The Egyptians also embalmed dead bodies so they would not deteriorate. Modern science does not know how to do this.

Nearly five hundred years ago Columbus set out to discover a new route to India. He failed in this but he did discover a new world.

Columbus claimed that he could reach the east by going west. Many people shook their heads and said that according to the Bible the world is flat and that there is a jumping off place like falling over the edge of a table. Today we know that the Bible does not say anything like that, and that you can not fall off the world.

What does the Bible say about space travel? Does it say that men will not be able to reach the moon? The Bible says that the earth was created for man to live on, a place where plants and animals can live for the benefit of mankind. It says the moon was created as a light for the night, and that it should help to divide the seasons. In other words, the moon was created for the benefit of man. It does have certain influences on the earth. But nowhere can we read that the moon was created to live on.

What did the recent space flight prove? Did it prove that the Bible is false and that there is no God? Hardly. It was a journey just as dangerous as Columbus' journey to the new world, and it actually proved what the Bible has said from the beginning.

The moon is a desolate, barren, forbidding plane without air, without water and totally without life of any kind. Neither is it capable of supporting life.

When God created the earth he put just the right amount of air and water and a thousand other chemicals and necessities for life. All these were put here at the correct proportion. If any of these elements were out of balance, life as we know it would be impossible. For example, we know there is carbon in the air in the form of carbon dioxide. If the amount of carbon dioxide were doubled, life would eventually die.

How did the three men feel who made the journey around the moon? Did they feel as though they were the kings of the universe? No, they felt very small, and were able to see themselves as they actually were, very insignificant. While traveling around the moon, they read the Genesis account of the Creation during a broadcast to the earth and they also offered a prayer.

Incidentally a certain woman is very much upset about this Bible reading and prayer. She is the one who succeeded in getting prayer banned in the public schools in the United States. Now she is starting a campaign to outlaw Bible reading and prayer in space flights.

Will men be able to land and walk on the moon? If the Lord tarries, the answer apparently is yes. Barring unforeseen obstacles, this will probably happen within the coming year. No doubt there will be setbacks and some men will lose their lives but from all appearances, the moon is within the reach of man.

Does this mean they will travel to the stars also? There is a possibility that they may sometime reach the planets especially Venus and Mars. But when they do, there will be no life there. Information obtained during the past year would indicate that Venus is hot, much too hot for life to survive.

Some people believe, and it is possible, that the creation story has reference only to the solar system. By this we mean the earth, the sun, the moon and the planets. God created the solar system for the benefit of mankind, and it all works perfectly together to that end.

The other stars we see, like the north star, the big dipper and the thousands of little stars, are outside the solar system but are still part of the universe. It is beyond our imagination how big the universe is. Compared to the farthest of the planets, the nearest true star is estimated to be 20,000 times as far. At the speed of 25,000 miles an hour, which is what the space ships travel, would take thousands of years to reach the nearest star.

When God created the earth and the moon and the sun he made each one to follow a definite path. Man has learned where the moon will be at a certain time, because it always follows the same path. Nothing that man has ever made works as smoothly and precisely as the moon on its journey around the earth.

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# FAMILY LIFE

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## Letters to the editors



### TITHING IN THE N.T.

I agree with the writer of "New Testament Tithing" (Jan. issue) that our giving should extend to needs beyond our own church groups. However, it is questionable to me to say the New Testament does not teach tithing. In reference to Matt. 23:23, the Jews apparently considered the tithe more important than the weightier matters of judgement, mercy and faith. The words of Christ concerning this were, "these ye ought to have done and not to leave the other undone."

- L. Yoder, Plain City, Ohio

ANSWER — We would appreciate more views on this matter. Meanwhile we must keep in mind that Christ was speaking to the Jews, who were under the law of Moses at that time, and the law required tithing.

### A SWEET GOOEY MESS

With one part of F. L. I'm disappointed and rather disgusted, and that's some of the recipes. For instance, the January issue has a recipe for chocolate Fudge Pudding. Such a sweet gooey mess that must be. Really, I wouldn't want to feed our cows or horses such stuff, so why should humans eat it? I've heard more than once that chocolate is hard on the kidneys.

Why not put in recipes for using vegetables and wholesome foods, such as sunflower seeds? Or you could have a handy health hint that will save someone a doctor bill instead of adding to it.

Like last night our two-year-old had earache. I looked around in a health book and it said bake a slice of onion and put it on the ear. So I lit the oil stove and fry-cooked it, using as little water as possible. Then I put it on his ear, taped it fast with a flannel, and put a scarf on his head. It was touchy but this morning he said, "Now better."

I think a Handy Health Hints column would be appreciated in F. L.

- Mrs. J. L., Pa.

ANSWER — Among our people it seems home remedies are rather plentiful, and every family and every community has its own. It would be very difficult for us to determine which would be of general benefit to our readers and which would be worthless. However, we are willing to try an experiment. If anyone has any other remedies for earache, please write to us and tell us what they are. This is for earache only. Let us hear from you.

### HALTER ON OR OFF?

The article "Caught In The Middle", (Jan. issue) brought back memories of years ago when I was a young girl. My father taught me how to harness Pet and hitch her to the buggy. If he knew we wanted to go some place, he would

harness the horse and when we were ready I could slip off the halter and put on the bridle. That is the way I was taught to do and I never thought of pride or no pride.

We can read in I Corinthians 14:4, "Let all things be done decently and in order". Paul was teaching how to conduct church services, but I think this verse can be applied to all things in the daily round of life.

- M. W., Ohio

Concerning the brother who lets the halter on the horse for traveling, I think if he would go to bed with his pants on, he would get some idea how the horse feels with halter and bridle on. "About as fair for one as the other."

- Mike N. Miller, Ohio

ANSWER — You know what? We have a good friend who often does go to bed with his pants on. And how does he feel? He says, "It all depends on what you are used to."

But really, we feel that many people may have missed the point of the story. What the author wanted to say was that we should be careful in judging another's reasons for doing things. He ends up by saying he is afraid he too often reads his own motives or reasons into other people's actions.

### MORE SAMMY STORIES, PLEASE

George is okay but let's have more Sammy stories. I know some mothers who have to tell and tell again the Sammy stories. So, please — let's have more.

M. Z., Va.

### COMICS ALL ABOUT US

I was moved by the article "Lunch Box Decorations" (Dec. issue) and I agree with the writer. However, it is not possible to keep from seeing these comic pictures; they are all about us.

Another very important area in which I feel we should be more careful is coloring books. I've been disappointed with some that were given to our children and also some I've seen in our so-called Christian homes. Many of the covers have pictures of these comic-book characters, or world sports, or Santa Claus. I never buy a color book unless I have examined the contents.

I don't think we should deny our children the privilege of the pleasant pastime of coloring nice wholesome pictures. But let's be careful what kind of pictures they use their talents on.

Since we cannot change the fact that they do come in contact with this sort of thing, we ought to teach them at a young age not to take interest in comics or other ungodly pictures.

There are some very attractive and seemingly harmless coloring books on the market today, if we spend the time and effort to find the kind we want.

- M., Beach City, Ohio

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# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## SKIRTS IN THE MUD

About 75 years ago I went to school and I walked a mile and a half. The road was all mud from one side to the other, and I tried to keep out of the mud as much as possible.

Father had bought me a new pair of leather boots. "These boots are guaranteed to be waterproof," he said. "They ought to be. They cost \$1.00 a pair!"

I remember how long the dresses were then, for one evening two big girls were walking ahead of me, their skirts touching the ground. I was watching where to step next to escape the mud when my dirty little boot landed on one of the girls' skirts. I was called a dirty little brat and dodged my head just in time to escape a slap in the face.

About twenty years later, I was married and had started a family. One day three women from the city visited us and they brought a fashion book along to see what the styles were going to be for the coming year.

"Oh look at this new style," one of them said. "What do you think they will call it?"

"I think they will call it the see-more skirt," the other answered.

It's been fifty years since that new style came out, and we don't need a fashion book now. Sad to say we can see the fashions on some of our grandchildren. In the city, the skirt has disappeared entirely on many. Does not the Lord look down on us with tear-filled eyes and say, "How often would I have gathered you under my wings as a hen gathereth her brood but ye would not?"

If time goes on another fifty years, I don't wish to be here to see.

- E. R., Leola, Pa.

## A SLAVE OF STRONG DRINK

Our bus came to a stop, a man with a beard entered, starry-eyed, wearing a stocking cap. His voice was unsteady as he paid his fare to the city. He walked down the aisle and took a seat beside a young boy of perhaps twelve years.

I was sitting directly in front of him, and oh, such a smell! He was talking all the time. His pale eyes and weary face made his beard seem out of place.

Yes, at one time he was a member of a plain church but strong drink had made a slave of the poor man's soul. His wrinkled hand went into his pocket but he hesitated to withdraw it. Turning to the boy beside him, he said, "Do you promise never to smoke?"

"Yes, I promise," the boy answered.

The man brought out a pack of cigarettes and put one between his hungry lips. He lit the cigarette and started talking again, "My boy, don't do as I do, never smoke!"

The lad looked at him in astonishment.

Soon the bus stopped at my home town and I got off. As the bus continued on, I wondered, "Just what does that man want in the city?"

I thought of his worried wife, a grandmother, how often she must have been praying for her husband. Their children are grown and have gone to make homes of their

own.

As I thought over the matter, I wished that every father and mother would see to it that their children read the new book, *The Broken Bottle*. If anyone can read this book and continue drinking, then Satan's bonds on him must be very strong.

- M. H., Ohio

## UNEASY IN THE OFFICE

One day I had to take one of the children to the doctor. I got myself ready, washed and dressed the child that was going along to the doctor. When I was hitching up, three of the other children who were outside playing saw me and came running.

"Can we go along too?" they coaxed.

It was time to be going so I said, "Run in and wash your hands and face and you can ride along and stay in the carriage."

When I got there, the only place to tie up was along the busy main road and the horse was nervous and didn't like to stand. I was afraid to leave the children on the carriage so I took them along with me into the doctor's office.

There were no other Amish there and the room was full of clean, sweet-smelling and gaily-dressed outsiders. I felt so uneasy and ashamed with my children, for they were not dressed as I would have liked them to be. Perhaps my own hands were somewhat dirty from driving the horse.

A few chairs away from me sat a young mother with a cute baby about six weeks old. It began to get fussy so the lady looked at me and said, "Would you hold my baby?"

Of course I accepted, even if I was very much surprised. I had figured I would be the last one in the room to get the chance to hold her baby. All the way home I kept thinking about it. "Why did she ask me?" I guess it was because she trusted me. She judged me by the looks of my plain clothes. Are we worth it?

- A. K., Ohio

## WHY WORRY ABOUT TWO PENNIES?

I had been taught to ignore the calls and lures of this world, so while waiting in the depot I busied myself with some handwork. Several girls in the depot seemed to have nothing to do but spend a coin here and a coin there. Yes, they even smoked cigarettes and whenever anyone put money in the music box, they would tap their feet and sing along as if life were carefree for them.

But they were friendly and soon took an interest in what I was doing. The thought came to me, where do they come from and where are they headed? The poor girls must not have had a very good chance in life. If only someone would show them the path to true happiness.

Their money was soon all spent. They turned to me for they had apparently taken me for a friend. "Do you have two pennies we can borrow?" they asked.

I was surprised. I knew it could not be a necessity, for their previous money had been so carelessly spent. So I said, "Borrow? What do you want to borrow them for?"

"To play a record," came the answer gaily.

Now I realized that they didn't mean to borrow but just to receive and spend. I really didn't believe in having anything to do with a music box, for all it contains is worldly

music. I have always considered it was one of the deceiver's less-harmful-looking tools, and have been shocked at times to even see plain people put money in them.

I tried to think fast, but someone seemed to be saying (perhaps it was out of the ugly box) "It's just two pennies. Why worry about two pennies?"

The thoughts kept coming to me, "Those girls must think I am very tight indeed if I hesitate much longer. And besides you are not supposed to turn down a beggar, are you?"

I knew it was time I did something so I opened my pocket book and said, "I'll see if I have two pennies."

Of course I did, so I gave them to the girls. They were very glad and thanked me. Then they tapped and sang with the song of their choice.

Soon they left the building, but I was left to ponder. Had I done the right thing in being a "giving" example, or had I done wrongly by giving for such a useless cause without one word of Christian witness? Even if it was only two pennies, I had contributed to the huge sum that is spent yearly for worldly entertainment. (Warum zeahlet ihr euer Geld dar da kein Brod ist? Jes. 55:2). Pennies are also money, though some people don't seem to realize it. As the old saying goes, "Wer der Pfennig nicht ehrt, ist der Taler nicht wert."

What should I have done? Can any of the readers think of a few words I could have said to the carefree girls as I handed them the pennies? Or should the pennies never have been given?

- Indiana

### HE WISHED TO LIVE AGAIN

On seeing our week-old baby, an aged man of the world exclaimed, "Was I ever that tiny! How I wish I had my life to live over again."

"Yes," sighed an elderly friend that was with him. "You and I know we can't have much farther to go." Then he laughed a little and added, "And I guess if you had your life to do over, you'd do exactly in everything as you did this time."

"You bet I would," said the first. "I'd do exactly as I have done." And they both laughed.

By the way they laughed we sensed that "everything" could not have been of the best.

We could not help but compare and think how different these two men were from the many older people we know who have lived godly lives and are now looking forward to the next life. They have no desire whatsoever to live life over again.

In looking back over our lives I believe all of us would say there were things we would do differently if we could do it over again.

- E. W., Pennsylvania

### WHAT I LIVE FOR

I live for those who love me,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
For the future in the distance  
And the good that I can do.

The above poem was one of many which we copied into a notebook when I went to school. On the first sheet of the notebook was the Lord's prayer, then the 23rd Psalm, and many nice poems followed.

We memorized most of the poems and verses when we copied them down. We numbered them and I think there were over a hundred.

We all have our ups and downs, days when things look rather blue. On such a day the above poem comes to my mind. It has more meaning now than it did some forty

years ago when I wrote it into my notebook.

We all live for a reason and have certain talents. If we want to live a happy Christian life, we will work with the talents God has given us.

- Monroe A. Weaver, Ohio

### MODERN PHARISEES

Everyone remembers how Jesus often referred to the Pharisees as hypocrites. He called them this because they loved the first places at feasts, made a show of their prayers and piety, and gave alms publicly. Concerning this last fault, Jesus warned His followers: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven," (Matt. 6:1). In fact Jesus said that alms giving should be so secretive that the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing.

While glancing through a leading Protestant magazine, I had to wonder if there aren't some modern day Pharisees. At least I saw a full page with an advertisement for some. Among a variety of pictures and printing was a long list of various donations people might make to share in "Christian Witness" in the small country of Haiti. In front of each suggestion was a small box which a donor could check with his pen. Here is the one that must have been designed especially for Pharisees:

☐ \$1,000 will build a complete church building and the name of your church or sponsor will be painted on front of the building.

As plain people we may not be painting our names on church buildings which we have donated, but are there other areas where we might be failing? Are we content to have our name on the mailbox, or must we paint it in large letters on the barn? Do we loan money (or donate it) in secret, or do we often find an opportunity to let the fact slip out and others hear it? And what about wedding gifts; do we give them in humility and simplicity? Let's take a minute to check our lives and see if perhaps we aren't becoming modern day Pharisees too.

- D. L.

### FIRE OUTSIDE THE FIREPLACE

Sometimes it takes something unusual to make us feel more keenly the touch of the Master's hand over us.

Last fall we spent a night in the house where we intend to move to in the spring. There is a fireplace and we decided to try it out to take the dampness out of the house. Everything went fine in spite of some smoke in the kitchen. When we were ready to go to bed, my husband poured water on the fire twice. The fireplace has wooden doors so we decided to close these to keep any more smoke from coming into the room. A little after midnight I awoke with a feeling that I must see if the children are all right. They were sleeping soundly but I happened to glance toward the kitchen and saw a red glow on the wall.

I called my husband and we went to check, and found that the fire was burning again in the fireplace.

Somehow a chunk of a log must have rolled forward against the fireplace door. The doors were burning as well as the beam across the front of the fireplace, and some of the linoleum.

The fire was quickly put out, and the children slept through it all. It was with thankful hearts that we went back to bed. We realized that all things are in God's hands. But even so, sleep did not come easily.

- M. Z., Ephrata, Pa.  
Family Life



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## MORE HARMFUL EFFECTS

Remember a few years ago when the Surgeon General of the U.S. gave a startling report to the nation? He said that scientists now felt confident that smoking and lung cancer were directly linked. This caused a brief panic among some smokers (but an even greater one in the tobacco industries). A small percentage gave up tobacco entirely, but most began looking for a cigarette brand that might be safer than others.

Since the Surgeon General said the most harmful effects were caused by cigarettes high in nicotine and tar, tobacco companies began to produce cigarettes that were low in these two substances. Their invention was the filter-tip cigarette.

Lately new evidence has been presented by Dr. Gareth N. Green of Harvard University. His scientific discovery is that the gases in cigarette smoke reduce the ability of the lungs to fight bacteria. And his tests showed that "some cigarettes with reduced tar and nicotine produced the most harmful gaseous components." The situation seems to be back where it started from — smoking in any form is not healthful.

## A QUAKER FOR PRESIDENT

How would you like to have a Quaker for president? Well, if you live in the United States, you have one. Yes, when Richard Nixon took over the office of the President last January, America received a Quaker president.

Nixon was raised by devout Quaker parents in East Whittier, California. As a youth he attended religious services regularly, and even for a time taught Sunday School at the Quakers' meetinghouse. After his marriage, however, his attendance at worship services began to vary. His Methodist wife and he generally attended the Protestant church nearest their home. This practice they have continued for many years.

Even though Richard Nixon does not attend Quaker services, he still considers himself a Quaker. He would thus fall into a category of Quakers called "birth-right" Quakers — people whose heritage is Quaker but are not active members. It has been estimated that nearly 50%

of modern Quakers are of this type.

Surprising as it may seem, Nixon is not America's first Quaker president. Herbert Hoover (president from 1929-1933) was also a "birth-right" Quaker.

"Quaker presidents?" many people wonder. "I thought Quakers were plain people who believed in non-resistance." You are right. They were plain people and also non-resistant. But not many of them are anymore.

Doesn't it make you wonder how long it will be before there are "birth-right" Amish and Mennonites? It is discouraging to think of it, but someday there could be one as President. The best way to avoid this is to be on guard lest our plain churches become merely cultures and not churches with high standards.

## THE DISSENTERS

Ever since the revolution in 1917, Russian Christians have been limited by the Communist government in their religious activities. Secret gatherings for worship and fellowship became a common practice for the evangelical groups. The Baptists actually flourished during this time of catacomb-like Christianity.

During the last ten years or more, however, there have been more dealings with the government than in the early days of Russian communism. The Union of Evangelical Christians, formed in 1960, (composed of Baptists, Mennonite Brethren, and others) wishes to work with the government and co-operate with its laws. But not all members of the Union (similar to a conference) agree with this policy. The dissenters feel that religion should not compromise any of its principles to please a godless government.

Actually the dissension has deeper roots. Much of it centers around church standards. The dissenters refuse to allow women members to cut their hair. They also forbid musical instruments in church services and television in the homes. Because the Union decided to allow such things in the churches, the dissenters pulled apart from the Union.

Recently in an American Mennonite newspaper a leader of the Union said the dissenters "stand in danger of becoming a very narrow sect." He further said, "All of this has been very harmful to the witness of the evangelical church in the Soviet Union."

This leader of the Union mentioned what path he felt the dissenters were likely to follow, yet he seemingly failed to see the path his own group was already drifting down — the path of compromise.

Doesn't this situation sound familiar? Aren't things happening about the same in Canada and America? However in Russia as in North America, there is one consolation — there are dissenters.

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## *As I See It Now*

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"Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." (Acts 12:5)

"And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad." (Acts 12:14-15a)

Didn't the church have faith their prayers for Peter would be answered? Many have said they must not have had, or they would not have found it so hard to believe that Peter

was at the door.

But let's look at the verses again. Verse 5 says the church was praying for Peter without ceasing. It doesn't say they were praying for his release. I believe they were praying that Peter would have grace to stay faithful to God. They were very concerned about Peter's soul as they thought it was sure death for him. When God answered their prayers in a different way than they had expected, it was hard for them to believe.

- J. B., Guthrie, Ky.

# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## I WANT SOMEBODY I CAN TOUCH

The story is told of the little boy who was afraid to sleep alone. Each evening as it grew dark and bed time approached, he became nervous and uneasy.

His mother was patient with him. Tenderly she would take him to his room, and sit beside him, talking to him softly until he fell asleep. Evening after evening she told him gently that there was nothing to be afraid of, soothing him until his fears were forgotten.

Days passed, and still the little boy was terribly afraid of being alone in the darkness.

One night the mother's patience wore thin. The child was clinging to her, not wanting her to leave. "For the life of me, child," she said, "I can't see what you are afraid of. You're not alone. Don't you know that God is with you?"

"Yes, I know that," said the little boy, "but, Mother, I want somebody I can touch."

The child was only being honest. "I want somebody I can touch." His mother was more comforting than God right then. He could see her and feel her, and hear her reassuring voice at the edge of his bed. Do you think God was disappointed that the child preferred the presence of his mother?

I don't think so. For the simple reason that although God likes to comfort frightened little children, he can do it best through their mothers. God is love. And how could that love be more real and close to a little child than when his mother is sitting there beside him in the darkness, reassuring and comforting? In what better way could God be manifested to the little boy than through the tender love of his mother?

This is a dark, frightening world we live in, and I'm sure all of us have at times felt like a trembling child, afraid and alone. We have all reached the place where we needed comfort and reassurance. Is it enough at such a time, when we feel forsaken and discouraged, to have someone say to us as the mother said to her child, "I don't know what you are afraid of. Don't you know God is with you?"

Of course God is with us. We knew it all along. But deep within us rises a cry we dare not put into words, the cry of the little child, "But I want somebody I can touch."

It is not the cry of a person who is turning away from God. Not at all. Instead it is the outcry of a lonely heart asking for what it is right that he should have — the love of God at a human level, expressed through the sympathy and concern of his brethren. For God has ordained that his love should be channeled to men through men.

God, of course, would not have had to ordain it thus. He is all powerful. When we are sad, he could easily come down in person and speak to us. Or he could dispatch an angel to cheer us. He could even give the power of song to a crow and have it come to our door and sing heavenly melodies. He could do all these things, but he rarely does any of them. Why?

He wants to use people. God has chosen to do his work

through the redeemed souls that make up His church on earth. God is a loving Father who looks in tender love upon mankind. He wants to feed the hungry. He wants to encourage the downhearted, cheer the sick, help the widows, comfort the lonely and admonish the erring. But he wants to do all these things through people — His people. I cannot explain this or understand why, I can only believe it. I am sure he could do his work better and faster if he would use angels to do it, but instead He has chosen to rely on the bungling service of us humans.

Convincing proof that God has entrusted his work to the hands of men is found in the story of Cornelius, the Roman centurion. Cornelius was a man who was in earnest about serving God. He gave alms unselfishly to help the poor. He prayed. He fasted.

Then one day it happened. Suddenly a shining angel stood before him. At last he would find out what he needed to do to be saved. But what did the angel tell him?

"Send to Joppa and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter. And he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do."

Think of it. Here was an angel, come down directly from heaven. And he told Cornelius to send for Peter if he wanted to know what to do. Peter, a mere man. Peter in turn would relate the glorious message of the saving gospel.

What if Peter had then shrugged his shoulders and said, "For the life of me, Cornelius, I can't see why you sent for me. Don't you know that God can speak directly to you and tell you all about the plan of salvation?"

Peter did not do that, but too often we do. We say, "God bless you," but then we do not do what we can to bring that blessing. We pray for God to comfort the afflicted, the widows and the orphans, but we are unwilling to sacrifice a little to visit them. A young boy once heard his father praying for a nearby family which was very poor, and needed shoes and winter clothing. When the prayer was finished, the young boy said, "Dad, I wish I had your bill-fold."

"Why do you say that?" asked his father in surprise.

"Then I would go and answer your prayer."

Centuries ago the apostle James wrote about this attitude of pushing work off on God and not being willing to do it for Him. "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

So many times we forget the worth of a smile, a kind word, a tear of sympathy, or as Jesus said, even just a cup of cold water in His name.

Nearly ten years ago an editorial in the Baltimore Sun told the experience of Mrs. Klein, a teacher in the slum area of a nearby city. Mrs. Klein asked her first grade pupils, most of whom had known only a life of poverty, to draw a picture of something for which they were thankful. Almost all the children drew what they believed was expected of them — Thanksgiving pictures they had seen of turkeys and harvest scenes.

But one picture was different. Little Douglas, who always seemed so timid and forlorn, had drawn simply thus:



It was clearly a hand, but whose hand? The whole class shared their guesses.

"I think it must be the hand of God that brings us food,"

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said one.

"A farmer," said another, "because they grow the turkeys."

"It looks more like a policeman, and they protect us,"

Everybody was so intent on guessing that for the time Douglas was forgotten. Later in the day when the other children were busy, Mrs. Klein bent over the little boy's desk and asked whose hand he had drawn.

"It's yours, Teacher," Douglas mumbled.

Mrs. Klein remembered that she had from time to time taken Douglas by the hand, which she often did with the children. But she had never guessed how much it had meant to him in a world where he seemed alone and defenseless. The crude sketch of a hand was Douglas' way of showing how much he valued and cherished the simple tokens of concern from "somebody he could touch." ■■



Occasionally a reader will write in to say that he disagrees with something he saw in Family Life. This, in itself, is not very alarming — probably no one agrees with everything. In fact we appreciate it if people write in and tell us why they don't agree with a certain article as long as they do so in an orderly and decent manner. The editors are just human and are subject to mistakes. Sometimes an article comes up which is somewhat questionable, and yet it is too good to discard.

Another reason people don't agree is because they don't understand what is being said. In this issue, the writer of "Fireside Chats" talks about how easily misunderstandings can happen.

Customs vary from one section of the country to another, so there is bound to be some difference of opinion. For example, this issue contains one story about a chain saw, and another one takes a davenport for granted. There are

communities where neither of these is permitted, other communities where one of them may be, and still others where both are used.

A reader from Maryland writes: "Anyone who wouldn't want to renew Family Life for certain reasons, would still be nose enough to go to the neighbors and borrow theirs."

We can not say whether this statement is true or not, but if it is, we hope that after awhile, such people will change their minds and renew.

It is possible that we sometimes do lose a subscriber because of a certain article. But regardless of this, we aim to print what we think is of the most benefit to the most people. If we do lose subscribers, that is the price we have to pay.

As a whole, I would say the letters we get from those who disagree show a very good attitude and we respect them for it. They can disagree even to the point of canceling their subscription, and still be our friends.

During the past year we have received only about two letters which we were tempted to label as "nasty". Strange to say, both of them came from non-subscribers. Naturally the question arises, how did they find out about the articles which were so offensive to them? Perhaps there is some truth to what the reader from Maryland says.

And chances are, those two persons will read this also!

## The Valley

"We are going down the valley" —  
So we sing as years roll on  
And it seems the shadows lengthen  
With each setting of the sun.

Yes, we're hastening down the valley  
And our footing isn't sure,  
For we often slip or stumble;  
There is much we must endure.

We may think the valley peaceful  
And no sin can harm us there  
With these thoughts is when the devil  
Chooses to devise a snare.

Maybe he will choose to tempt us  
With some worldly mode of charm,  
Or it may be some invention —  
That should cause no great alarm!

Satan is so quick to join us  
While we're in a weakened state;  
He will try to make us weaker  
And would lead us to our fate.

But we cleave to God for mercy  
To again our strength restore

To be able for the conflicts  
That we meet with more and more.

Satan can no longer linger  
If our Saviour's by our side;  
And to journey down the valley  
He must be our constant Guide.

Often we are quick to censure  
Those who to us should be dear,  
We can see their faults and failings  
But our own are not so clear.

No, this valley isn't easy  
And the conflicts are not few,  
And it takes a mighty effort  
And with God's help, to get through.

So it is a daily struggle  
That we keep the narrow way;  
If we have that sincere motive  
God will have our strength and stay.

Friends, we're hast'ning down the valley  
And we long for peace and love  
So we can with His great mercy  
Reach that happy home above.

— Mrs. M. S. B.

WHAT? SCATTER FEATHERS ALL  
THROUGH THE ORCHARD? MOLLY WAS  
SURE THAT HER GRANDMOTHER  
WAS MENTALLY SLIPPING.

BY TITUS



## CHICKEN FEATHERS— A Cure For The Tongue

"Well, Molly, come right in," exclaimed the surprised voice of Elsie Helmuth. She put down the dish she was washing, wiped her hand on her apron, and shook hands with her friend. "You're out visiting early this morning."

"Had to be early," smiled Molly. "I'm planning to be at Grandma Yoder's for dinner. And it's ten miles from here, you know."

"Family gathering?" wondered Elsie.

"No, just thought I hadn't seen her for a few months so I'd drive over today and spend the afternoon. She's nearly eighty now, you know. She appreciates company."

"That's nice of you to take off time from home. You must be busy washing and patching for your four boys."

Molly's eyes widened and she smiled, "Yes, the boys keep me busy all right."

"Sit down, Molly, and let's visit a while."

"No, Elsie, I really should be on my way. Thought I'd stop in a minute and ask you over for supper next Wednesday. Abner Schlabachs from Missouri plan to be there."

"Oh, Abner Schlabachs —" Elsie commented on how long it had been since she last saw them.

The two women continued to visit, even though Molly didn't really have time to.

"How's Abner's boy ... you know the one that was so wild?" asked Elsie.

"Well," answered Molly, "they say he's not a bit settled down." She went into a detailed explanation of things she had heard about the boy. "But," she added, glancing at the clock, "I really must be on my way to Grandma's." She lifted the door latch, and turned back toward Elsie. "See you Wednesday evening, then."

Down the sidewalk she went, untied her waiting horse, and climbed into the buggy. She waved to Elsie, who was standing by the porch window.

A half hour later Molly was five miles closer to Grandma Yoder's. Just where the blacktop road passed a narrow winding gravel lane, Molly turned the buggy in. The name on the mailbox said Lester J. Lehman.

"Must not stay as long here as I did with Elsie," thought Molly. "I want to be at Grandma's early enough to help her get dinner."

A young girl was playing in front of the Lehman home. Seeing a buggy coming in the lane, she dropped her toy and ran into the house. A large black and white collie appeared from a shed and ran, barking, to meet the buggy.

"Whoa, Pattie," said Molly, pulling on both lines. The horse stopped near the hitching rack. It bent its head down toward some weeds beside the cement platform.

Molly tied the horse and walked toward the house. The door opened a crack, and out peeked the little girl. Then a larger hand appeared and the door opened wide.

"Hello, Molly," greeted Mrs. Lehman. "Come right

on in."

"Can't stay but a minute," responded Molly.

The two women went into the kitchen. As at Elsie's house, Molly found her resolution to stay "just a minute" hard to keep. Before long she was chatting comfortably with Mrs. Lehman.

"So you were at Elsie's, too, already this morning," said Mrs. Lehman. "Say, maybe you can tell me." She hesitated a moment then spoke a little more softly. "I heard that the deacon was over to see Elsie and her husband last week. Do you know what it was all about?"

Elsie shook her head. "No I don't but Daniel Polly said at the grocery store the other day that she thought it was —" Here Molly went into a detailed summary of the conversation.

"Do you think that is what it was, then?" said Mrs. Lehman, shaking her head. "Poor Elsie."

"Must be going now," said Molly. She picked up her bonnet and opened the door. "Oh," she caught herself, "here I'm almost forgetting why I stopped in." She opened her purse and pulled out a pair of gloves. "Found these after you were over to visit last month."

"Oh, my gloves," smiled Mrs. Lehman, reaching out to take them. "I looked everywhere. Thanks a lot for returning them."

"Well, goodbye," said Molly.

"Goodbye and thanks again for the gloves."

It was nearly an hour before Molly reached Grandma Yoder's small house beside her son's two-story.

"Hello, Mommie," greeted Molly, coming into the house.

"Ach, if this isn't a surprise," answered the old woman. She braced herself on the edge of the library table and stood up. "Sit down, Molly, sit down. Will you stay for dinner?"

"Yes, Mommie, I came to spend the afternoon with you. Thought maybe you'd have some patching to do."

"Now, Molly, I wish it weren't so, but I do have some sewing to do. Seems the last while my eyes get so tired when I sew."

The grandmother and granddaughter relaxed in the warm sitting room and talked of family happenings. Pretty soon Molly mentioned that Abner Schlabachs were coming to visit.

"And," continued Molly. "Elsie Helmuth and I were saying just this morning what a shame it is they have such a wild son." She told Grandma the same story she had told Elsie, only adding a little more — Elsie's random comments.

Pretty soon the subject switched to Molly's visit at the Lehman's. Now she told Grandma about the conversation there. How both she and Mrs. Lehman felt sorry for

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Elsie since the deacon had been to talk to her husband about —

"Now, Molly," said Grandma, "you don't know that's really true or not."

"But Daniel Polly said in town last week..." And Molly quoted her as if her word was proof enough.

Grandma Yoder did not encourage Molly to tell her such tales. In fact she said to herself, "I've a good notion to cut her off short the next time she starts to gossip." But then Grandma thought about it and decided that wouldn't be the best way. "Might hurt her feelings." A second later, though, Grandma had thought of something that might help Molly.

"Let me help you get dinner," offered Molly, seeing Grandma look at the clock twice in five minutes.

"Okay," agreed the old woman. "I'd like to cook a chicken. It's more than we both can eat, but I will have some meat for supper that way, and some for tomorrow too." She smiled at her granddaughter. "My hands are a little too stiff to pluck a chicken anymore. Would you mind, Molly, catching one in the pen and plucking it?"

"Why, of course I wouldn't mind, Mommie."

"There are some nice fat ones in the pen beside the apricot trees," instructed the old woman. "Catch one from in there."

"Okay," said Molly, getting up to go on the errand.

"But," continued Grandma, "don't pluck it completely in there. Just pull a handful of feathers off in there and do the rest as you pass back through the apricot trees."

Molly looked surprised. "Of all the funny things to say," she thought to herself. "Poor Mommie must be slipping more than I thought. But, oh well, if she wants a chicken plucked that way, what does it matter." Out loud she said, "Sure, Mommie, any way you want."

Ten minutes later Molly returned to the small house, carrying the plucked chicken.

"Good," said Grandma. "You've plucked it real clean. But will you now do me a second favor?"

"Sure," nodded Molly. She placed the chicken on the dry sink. "What is it?"

Grandma Yoder patted the plucked chicken, and then said, "Go out to the apricot trees and gather up all the chicken feathers."

"What?" gasped Molly. But she caught herself and said no more. "My," she thought, "Mommie really is mentally slipping."

"Pick up each feather," said Grandma, as if Molly hadn't acted surprised.

"But... but, Mommie," said Molly. "That's just about impossible. I might pick up some of the feathers, but certainly not all of them. By now the wind must have blown them all over the orchard."

"That's true," said Grandma. "And what's true with chicken feathers is also true with other things —" She hesitated then added, "— like gossip and tales."

Molly continued to look puzzled.

"You probably think I am acting crazy this morning," smiled Grandma. "But I'm not." She looked lovingly at Molly. "It's just that it hurt me to hear my granddaughter tell of the tales she had been spreading from house to house this morning." She looked now at the plucked chicken lying on top of the dry sink. "I thought maybe that chicken could teach a lesson. Its feathers out in the orchard are like gossip and tales. If you spread them about, they will travel further and further until they are quite beyond you. You couldn't possibly follow all of them and take them back again if you wanted to."

Now Molly understood her grandmother's actions and silly requests. "Why, it was all to teach me to control my tongue," she told herself. For a second this knowledge stung her. But soon a warm feeling filled her heart — a feeling of appreciation for Grandma's concern. She smiled at her grandmother. "Mommie, I couldn't figure out why you wanted me to pick up all those feathers; I thought maybe you wanted them for a pillow. But now I understand. You wanted them for a medicine — a home remedy for curing the tongue."



## RACING ON ROUGH ROADS

"Simon," Dad Yoder said one morning, "there's to be a woodcutting for the school at Dan Kramers this afternoon. I wish you would go and help."

At 11:30 Simon went to the house and said to his twin sister, "Susie, isn't dinner ready yet? I'm in a hurry to go to the woodcutting."

As soon as dinner was over, Simon got his team and started for the Kramers. "Maybe I'll be the first one there."

But when he neared the Kramer home, he saw that a team and wagon were tied in the yard. Jake Mast was there already. Jake was always an early bird.

As Simon pulled into the lane, his good friend Sam Kramer came out of the house wiping his mouth and chewing on a toothpick.

"Go ahead and finish your dinner," Simon called to Sam. "We'll wait on you."

"Dinner's all past around here," Sam drawled good-naturedly.

Just then a buggy came down the road at high speed and turned in. It was Calvin Troyer and he had Sammy Glick with him.

"Well let's get started," Sam Kramer said, as the group headed for the woods behind the barn.

They tied their horses to the fence as Jake Mast sized up Calvin's driving horse. "Say, you've got quite a lively horse there."

"Oh, yes, he wants to go," Calvin said.

"Well, I tell you boys," Jake Mast said with a certain air of wisdom, "when I was young, we used to live in Tennessee. They really had the driving horses down there."

"Did you have such fast horses as Calvin here has got?" Sammy Glick wanted to know.

"Well, now, Calvin does have a pretty fast horse," Jake went on, "but when I was young, I used to have a sorrel horse named Ted, and he had three white feet. There was a young smart alec by the name of Gingerich who had just gotten a new race horse. Well, anyhow, one day as I was coming home from town, this young feller passed me afore I knew what was going on. So I says, 'C'mon here Ted, let's show him a thing or two.'"

Simon nudged his buddy Sam in the ribs and said, "C'mon,

let's get started sawing trees down. We've heard that story before."

"Yes," Sam answered, "he can tell it to Sammy Glick. He hasn't heard it as often as we did."

Fifteen minutes later Jake Mast was still telling his story and Calvin Troyer and Sammy Glick were listening with open mouths. Simon glanced back and then remarked to Sam, "You know, I sometimes wonder if all those stories Jake Mast says are exactly true. Judging from that plug he drives now, you wouldn't think he ever owned a race horse."

"He probably did have a good horse," his companion answered, "but I've noticed that sometimes his stories get bigger as the years go by, especially if there's a couple eager boys listening, just rarin' to go out and see how fast their horses can go."

"Yes," Simon answered, "Calvin Troyer always did like to drive pretty fast, and I suppose Sammy Glick is no better. He told me last week that out in Oklahoma he used to have a real fast driver and that his Dad is getting him one next week from that race horse man at Farmersville."

Sammy Glick and his sister Matilda were very much pleased with their new horse. Not only could he travel fast but he could keep it up.

"I like fast horses," Matilda said, "the lines are made to pull back on, not push. I bet this horse can go as fast as Calvin Troyer's horse."

Several weeks later the singing was held at Peter Miller's, over near the west end of the settlement. It was no secret that Matilda Glick thought a lot of Calvin Troyer. Matilda was 18, the oldest daughter of Benueel Glicks, who had moved in from Oklahoma last fall. She was a talkative and charming girl, interested mostly in her own problems and wishes. Right now her leading problem was to win the friendship of Calvin Troyer.

All evening Matilda had been hanging close to Bertha, Calvin's sister. When the singing was over, Calvin came to inquire if Bertha was ready to go home.

"It's time you got started home, Calvin," Matilda said. "I guess you know Sammy has a new horse and I bet we get home first."

"You don't think Sammy's horse is any faster than mine, do you?" Calvin laughed.

"Oh, I don't know. Our horse can run circles around any horse I've ever seen."

Calvin and his sister were the first ones out of the lane. His horse was full of pep in the crisp winter air, and started home at a lively trot.

A few minutes later Sammy Glick pulled out of the lane with his new horse. He was raring to go and Matilda urged her brother on, "C'mon, let's see if we can catch up with Calvin and Bertha."

Pulling at the lines, Sammy's horse passed one buggy after another. Peering out ahead, Matilda sang out, "They're just ahead, Sammy. Can't you go any faster?"

He's going about as fast as he can," Sammy said. "I'm afraid if I let him go faster he will break. And besides, there's an overhead bridge out ahead."

Slowly they gained on the buggy. As the first horse clattered over the bridge, the second one was close behind him.

"Who's driving so close to us and so fast?" Bertha asked.

"Looks like Sammy Glick's new horse," Calvin answered. "I bet they're trying to pass us."

Now they were through the overhead bridge and out ahead was a curve to the left.

"If I can get alongside him," Sammy said, "I will gain going around the curve." He urged his horse a little faster.

As they pulled alongside, Matilda shouted, "C'mon, show your stuff! Let's go."

Calvin's horse lunged forward with a snort. Neck to neck, they raced around the curve in the bright moonlight. The cold snow screeched under the tires. Jets of steam spurted from the nostrils of the two racing horses.

And then there was a cracking sound. Sammy's buggy began to weave. It almost hit the ditch. Sammy pulled on the lines with all his might.

"Whoa, whoa," shouted Matilda at the top of her voice.

Now the buggy headed across the road and scraped against the Troyers' buggy. Back towards the other side it careened and right into the ditch. The buggy turned over, throwing the boy and the girl against some small trees along the fence.

The horse was thoroughly frightened and galloped down the road, trailing the shafts behind him. As soon as Calvin Troyer could stop his horse, he ran back to the overturned buggy. Sammy was on his feet and crying, "Where am I? What happened? Where is my horse?"

A few feet from the buggy lay the still form of Matilda. One foot was bent backward in an unnatural position. Soon others were standing around her. Was she still alive?

"Yes, she is still breathing," someone said. "We must call the ambulance and take her to the hospital right away."

The next morning when Dad and Mom Yoder heard about the accident, they asked, "What happened to the Glick children?"

"They turned their buggy over," Susie said, "and they were both thrown out. Matilda hit a tree and it looked like her leg was broken. She was taken to the hospital in an ambulance."

"That's too bad," Mom said. "You ought to go and see how she is."

"What happened that the buggy upset?" Dad asked.

"A shaft clip came loose," Simon said, "and the buggy started weaving back and forth and hit the ditch. I guess they were going pretty fast. The horse ran home."

"Were they racing?" Dad wanted to know.

"I'm afraid they were."

Dad shook his head sadly. "It's too bad they have to go through this to learn their lesson. There's just no use in traveling that fast."

Matilda Glick was in the hospital four weeks before she was allowed to come home. But the break was healing all

### DID YOU KNOW?

The Pharisees of Jesus' time put so much emphasis on the observance of the Sabbath that they proclaimed it wickedness to eat a hen's egg which was laid on the Sabbath.



right and after several more trips to the hospital, her cast was taken off.

One Sunday after the church services, Bishop Bontrager spoke to the congregation. "It has been reported that there has been racing among our young people. We do not feel that it is proper for Christians to take part in racing their horses. If we do not believe it is necessary to have the speed of the automobile, we should be content with the speed our horses can easily go.

"It is dangerous to drive so fast, and it is a poor light to the world. From now on, we hope that no one will be found guilty of this offense."

The next day Jake Mast stopped in at the Yoders to get the butchering tools. "I guess Bishop Bontrager really told them young fellers about their racing. I hope they know enough to quit before someone gets killed yet."

Dad was silent for awhile before answering. Then he said, "I hope so too. But maybe if we older folks would discourage it more instead of talking to the young folks as if racing were a wonderful sport, they'd be less apt to get involved in such things."

Jake Mast said, "Yes, yes," before he realized what Dad had said. But after he had grasped it, he stammered, "Er —, yes, I — I think you have a point there." ■■

## FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

### THE HEARTBREAK OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Misunderstandings can be cruel.

Some years ago my brother and his family were visiting in our home one evening. At that time their twins, David and Daniel, had just passed their second birthday. My brother's wife was telling us that the twins were going through a difficult stage. Sometimes the parents didn't quite know what was the best way to discipline them.

Our oldest daughter, Rosanna, was not quite three. She stood at my side, listening attentively and playing with my fingers. When Rosanna had been the twins' age, she too had needed a lot of disciplining. But she had grown through that period, and was by that time a well-behaved and pleasant little girl.

I tried to encourage my brother and his wife. I reminded them of our problem with Rosanna. Speaking in Pennsylvania Dutch, of course, I told them how often we had to whip her before she finally submitted. "Es nehmtzeit, und vielleicht a'manche schläg," I said, "aber es hat s'Rosanna 'kolfi." ("It may take time and many paddlings, but it certainly helped Rosanna.")

In that moment a frightened look crossed Rosanna's face, and she burst out crying. Both my wife and I tried to comfort her, and to learn why she was crying, but she was so overcome she could not tell us anything.

"What's wrong, Rosanna?" I coaxed. "You're a real good girl now; that was when you were still a baby. Come now, stop your crying. It's all right."

My wife held her on her lap and stroked her hair, but still she cried. Sometimes the crying would quiet down to a jerky sobbing, but then she would burst out freshly — deep painful sobs that shook her little body.

After my brother and his family had left, we held Rosanna and coaxed her to tell us why she was crying. But every time that she started to form the words, she broke down again completely. At last, though, she did manage to sob out one sentence, "Ihr — Ihr sollet — net — net — Rosanna — v'kaufi." ("You must not sell Ros-

anna.")

Suddenly we knew why our daughter had been so heart-broken. She had misunderstood one word — 'kolfi (helped), which had sounded so much like v'kaufi (to sell). The poor girl had thought we were going to sell her because she had needed so many whippings when she was younger.

Rosanna was not the only person who cried that night.

Misunderstandings of this kind are not uncommon. Many words do sound alike, and I'm sure we have all had similar experiences where someone misunderstood completely what was being said because one word was mistaken for another.

It happened on the day our Saviour was crucified. He hung suffering on the cross under the burden of the world's sins, and at last after three hours of pain, cried out in agony, "Eli, eli, lama sabachthani?" ("My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?") These were words from the twenty-second Psalm, but the bystanders misunderstood Jesus and said, "This man calleth for Elias ... Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him."

Sometimes the mistake is pretty obvious, yet we're not likely to realize it till someone tells us. One of my brothers who recently moved to Honduras was interested in buying a cookstove there. He happened to see a good one in a neighbor's kitchen, so he asked the neighbor (who could speak some English) where he had bought the stove.

"I bought it in Tegucigalpa," the neighbor answered. "In the store just across the road from the movie house Verdad."

At least, that's the way it sounded to my brother. I recall that when my brother told me about it, I thought to myself, "What a strange name for a theatre!" I know very few words of Spanish, but I happened to know that verdad means truth. So, the store that sold stoves was across the street from the movie house called Truth.

When my brother got to town he inquired where the store might be located. When he mentioned the movie house Verdad, he drew only perplexed stares. Must be the movie house called Truth wasn't too well known.

At last someone guessed what he wanted. "Oh, you mean the movie house Variedades." Sure enough, across the street from that theatre there was a merchant who had two new cookstoves for sale in his store.

To one who was learning Spanish, Variedades sounded

like *Verdad*. But a theatre advertising *Variety* could be expected to be quite a contrast to one named *Truth*.

Yes, words are tricky things. Misunderstandings sprout easily — like weeds popping up in the garden. These misunderstandings can be painful, they can be costly, dangerous, destructive. They spring up in the most innocent-looking places, and are sometimes very difficult to uproot.

#### "I Thought You Were ..."

Misunderstandings do not come about only through poorly-pronounced words. Actions, too, can be misunderstood. Many, many years ago a woman of Israel sorrowed greatly because she had no son. Her husband did all he could to comfort her and said, "Hannah, why weepst thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

Hannah must have loved her husband greatly, but this love did not quiet the longing of her mother's heart. She wanted a son. When she came to Shiloh to worship the Lord and to offer sacrifices, Hannah "prayed unto the Lord and wept sore." She promised the Lord that if He gave her a son, she would dedicate him to the Lord's service.

As Hannah prayed so earnestly, someone was watching her. Eli, the old high priest, had stopped his work to peer at the woman who was behaving so strangely before him. He saw that her lips were moving, but he heard no words.

Eli was displeased. He called to the woman and scolded her, "How long wilt thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee."

"No, my Lord," Hannah answered him, "I am a woman of sorrowful spirit. I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord. Count not thy handmaid for a daughter of Belial."

Eli saw his mistake. This was one misunderstanding that did not live very long. The old high priest said, "Go in peace, and the God of Israel grant thy petition."

Hannah hardly knew that Eli had been watching her. If she had known it, it is not likely she would have realized her actions were those of a drunken woman. This misunderstanding would have been hard to prevent.

Not all misunderstandings are that way. Some are simply caused by thoughtlessness and carelessness. No harm is meant, yet harm does result. Therefore, it seems to me it is our Christian duty to try to prevent misunderstandings if at all possible.

Paul in I Thess. 5:22 says "Abstain from all appearance of evil." The German says, "Meidt allen bösen Schein." Another English translation brings out the meaning even more clearly, "Don't do anything that might look like sin to somebody else."

In this sense we all have a responsibility to keep misunderstandings from happening. We do need to be concerned about what people will say and what people will think, so we do not become a stumbling block to them through questionable actions.

In a little school newspaper I recently read how a thoughtless widow scared her neighbors. I'm sure she didn't mean to frighten them so thoroughly, but she succeeded nevertheless.

The neighbors heard her screaming for help late one dark evening. As they listened, the calls continued and dogs began to bark. The men set out across the fields on the run. They crossed the first field and then paused to listen. They heard only the jingling of breaking glass at the widow's house, and then all was quiet.

When the neighbors ran puffing into the widow's lane,

they noticed fresh tire tracks in the gravel. Their hearts pounded as they neared the house. What gruesome thing would they find? The house was well lighted, and the men saw that a window of the storm door had been broken out. Breathing a prayer, they walked up to the door and knocked.

The widow herself opened the door. Her first words were, "Oh, now you come when it's all over."

She told the men she had been away from home. Somehow she had turned the night latch on the inside and had locked herself out. She thought if she called for help, someone would surely hear her and come to her aid. "If one of you young men had been here," she said, "you could have climbed up to the window with the stepladder. But I didn't dare try it. When no one came, I broke the window in the storm door."

#### Different Things and Different People

There are still other ways for misunderstandings to occur. Words may be heard wrongly and actions may be misinterpreted, but there are misunderstandings that cannot be explained so simply. Different people have different backgrounds. That which means one thing to me may mean the opposite to someone else. When Boaz took off his shoe and handed it to his kinsman, the bystanders knew that he had "bought" Ruth to be his wife and had purchased all the possessions of Naomi. Today if someone pulled off his shoe and handed it to me, I would be at a loss to know what he wanted.

We sometimes run into this same difficulty in writing. Because of some past association, a certain word may have a different shade of meaning for one person than another. This is a situation that can mean problems. It is indeed a challenge to edit our stories and articles for the Pathway papers so that the readers will understand as nearly as possible what the writer intended to say.

A word may not mean quite the same thing to a farmer as it does to a lawyer, to a country person as it does to a city resident. The persons' background and experience do make a difference. And this makes fertile soil for misunderstandings.

Some words have a local meaning. They do not mean the same in one part of the country as they do in another. Some years ago a brother from Ohio was visiting in our home here in Ontario. As we were chatting in the living room, my brother-in-law came in and asked, "I wonder if I could borrow your fiddle."

"Sure," I answered, "It's out in the woodshed, behind the door."

Had I not seen the surprised look on the Ohio man's face, I might never have thought to explain that in Ontario a "fiddle" is the little whirligig for sowing clover seed! And the Ohio brother might have gone home and spread this choice bit of gossip throughout Holmes County, "The Aylmer people have fiddles, and they hide them in the woodshed behind the door!"

#### Close to the Entertainment World

Most of us Amish men have occasionally been mistaken these last few years for hippies. This again shows how misunderstandings can arise because of different backgrounds. A native of Lancaster or Millersburg or Goshen would never think of the Amish looking like hippies, but when the plain people get into areas where they are not so well known, the symbol of plainness and modesty in clothing is sometimes misunderstood.

Several weeks ago I spent the night with two brethren in a city where very few Amish have ever been. The lady at the hotel took us up to the third floor to show us the high-

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ceilinged, turn-of-the-century room that she was offering us. It was clean though not fancy, and we nodded to each other that we might better take it. The proprietress, however, did not see us nodding, and fearing the loss of three customers, she began to list the advantages of the room. She concluded with what she must have thought would clinch the sale, "And as you know, you're close to uptown here, very near and convenient to the entertainment world."

"Oh, but we're not interested in entertainment," we vigorously objected.

She looked at our long hair and beards and grinned, "Oh, ho," she laughed, "you can't tell me you're not interested in the entertainment world. I know better than that!"

When we had convinced her of the real meaning of our plain clothes and our beards, she apologized. She simply had not seen any of our people before, and had completely misinterpreted what we represented. Our symbol of non-conformity to the world had suggested to her a vastly different kind of non-conformity.

With all these reasons for existing, it's no wonder misunderstandings fill the world. Which is really a shame, for I rather suspect that if people understood each other, there wouldn't be so many wars, or so many quarrels, or grudges and hates and fusses.

And I wonder just how many of our church problems would be left over if we could suddenly lift the misunderstandings out of the way. Don't you think, then, it would be a noble project if we all tried our hardest to understand each other, to overlook one another's mistakes, and to get along with each other in a true Christian way?

Misunderstandings aren't always harmful, but they usually are. They can be heartbreaking, as was true when our little daughter Rosanna understood us to say we were going to sell her. But they can be even worse than heartbreaking, they can be tragic, as the following incident will show.

Most of us have heard of or have read about the five missionaries who were killed by Auca Indians in January, 1956. The killing came as a surprise to the families of the slain men, for the missionaries felt confident of the Indians' friendship. At the time they had no clue why the tragedy had happened.

Within a few years the wife of one of the dead men lived with these same Indians for some time and learned to understand their language. She discovered that the Auca Indians were convinced all outsiders were cannibals. They had been puzzled when the white men had dropped gifts to show them they were friendly.

When the five men finally met the Indians face to face on a sand strip of the Curaray River, they were confident they had made their friendliness unmistakably known. All went well until one of the men placed an arm around the shoulder of an Indian. To the white man this gesture could mean nothing other than friendship, but strangely enough the Indians stiffened, and within minutes the five missionaries were dead.

The Aucas could not easily forget the legend that all white men were cannibals. When they saw a white man place his arm around an Indian, they interpreted the movement as one that a cannibal would make. What a tragic misunderstanding!

Indeed, misunderstandings are troublesome things. It would be nice if the world could be rid of them. But as long as people are people and words are words, I'm afraid they will persist. ■■

March 1969

# WHY ARE THEY HORRIBLE?

By Nicholas Stoltzfus

The taxi driver in Chicago was taking us from the train depot to the bus station. My wife and I were traveling homeward after visiting relatives in Wisconsin. In order to make connections, we needed to take the bus to Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Puzzled by our appearance, the taxi driver asked, "Are you missionaries?"

"No," I answered.

Yet I realized that we had a mission to perform wherever we were. That mission was to let our light shine and seek to influence anyone we could to repent and accept Christ.

"We are Amish," I explained to our taxi driver, "and we try to obey the Bible to the best of our understanding. Have you ever seen any of our kind of people before?"

"No," he said, "I have never seen anyone resembling you except hippies, and I know you aren't hippies. They're horrible."

Horrible? It was a strong word. I remembered at once how earlier on our trip we had been eating in a restaurant in Amherst, Wisconsin, when ten characters walked in who would have been labeled by the taxi driver as "horrible". So slight was the difference in their manner of dress and hair that it was confusing to pick out the boys from the girls. After quite a bit of indecision, we had decided that three of them were girls and the rest boys.

In our presence the hippies had been well mannered. They were neither loud nor boisterous, nor did we notice any effects of strong drink. But now after hearing the expression, "The hippies are horrible," I was starting to wonder. My sympathy went out to the two ladies working in the restaurant. Should we have stayed with them until the hippies had left? At the time we had given it no thought.

My thoughts were interrupted as we arrived at the bus station. We hurried to get our luggage from the back seat, and then entered the station. One of the first people we noticed was a young man with long hair and a full beard. He didn't have his hair quite in the style with most hippies, but had it combed straight back.

"Is he a hippie or does he belong to the House of David?" my wife asked me in a low tone of voice.

I was wondering too, so I said, "I'll find out if he belongs to the House of David."

"No," said the young man when I asked him. "I am a hippie."

Looking at my wife and I, he asked if we didn't find it hard to maintain our culture in the society we live in.

"We are only strangers here. The world is wicked."

"I don't believe the world is wicked," the young hippie disagreed.

"Scripture plainly states that the whole world lieth in wickedness."

"I find contradictions in the Bible, so doubt if the Bible is true."

"Actually there are no real contradictions in the Bible,"

I said, "If it seems that way, it is only because we don't understand a portion of it correctly."

The hippie seemed to be interested, so I went on, "The Bible proves itself to be true because it works. It takes drunkards, thieves, fornicators, and criminals and makes new creatures out of them. It changes them to lovable people who are easy to associate with and who seek to live for the honor of God and the good of others."

"Another way the Bible proves itself to be true is by the accurate prophecies which have been fulfilled, or are every day being fulfilled. All the riots, strikes, murders, and increased warfare is a fulfillment of Bible prophecy that the earth will be filled with violence."

"But wasn't there a lot of violence already in the days of the Roman Empire?" my friend objected.

"Of course, there always has been some violence, but has the world ever been as full of violence since the days of Noah as it is now?"

As you will notice, I call this "horrible" hippie my friend. Actually I was beginning to feel somewhat that way. It seemed to me that he was open to the truth and willing to accept it when given in an understanding way.

"There are, of course," I continued speaking, "things in the Bible which we do not understand and can't explain, but by faith we can accept them as true. We even do as much with natural things. We believe that a black cow can eat green grass and thereby produce white milk. Though we can't explain this, or understand how it is done, we believe it to be true."

"In the same way there may be things in the Bible which we cannot understand or fully grasp, yet we can believe them to be true. One thing that seems hard for some people to grasp is their own sinful nature, which the Bible says is inclined to wickedness."

"It isn't man himself that is wicked," the young hippie said, "it is but a wrong environment that causes him to do things he shouldn't."

"The Scripture says, 'The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth,'" I pointed out. "The fact that the Bible mentions the heart shows that the trouble is deep-seated and that we have more than a wrong outside influence to contend with. It is very important that we compare our lives with what the Bible requires of us. The Bible says that those who compare themselves with other people are not wise. Only by comparing ourselves with the Bible will we receive the conviction of sin that is a must for every individual before he can come to Christ. Unless we realize our sinfulness, we will see no need for a Saviour to save us from our sins."

"Studying the Bible with an honest heart to know the truth will bring the sinner under condemnation and may make him feel quite miserable and sorrowful. We should not seek to escape this through worldly means of any kind such as amusements, riches, or sinful pleasures. If we become truly sorry in a godly way, it will lead to a repentance we will never regret. For after we receive forgiveness of sin through faith, the Christian life is not just a life of sorrow, but of peace and joy in the Holy Spirit."

At this the hippie said, "I was wondering if the Christian life isn't dull and rather dry."

"No, indeed," I told him. "Where the sinner has but fleeting pleasures, the Christian has true joy."

I don't know how long we talked, but I would guess a good half hour. As we wanted to eat breakfast yet before bus time, we parted after getting his address and giving him some reading material explaining our faith.

As the hippie gave us a friendly farewell smile, he did not seem "horrible" to me, though I believe that many of the things hippies do are horrible. Instead of seeming "horrible", the hippie appeared to be sincere, but mixed-up and confused as to what was right and wrong.

After meditating over our conversation together, and how he had insisted that man was not sinful in himself, my mind went back to a short time before when I had seen something very misleading. Attractively displayed in a well-lighted window, Christian Science had portrayed a man with the following words, "Is Man A Sinner? Not the Man Which God Created — You Are That Man."

There was also a written notice in the window, inviting people to come at a certain time and they would explain why man is no sinner. Was that not the very same teaching the hippie had come to believe?

Often in depots and other public places I have seen Christian Science tracts in holders, inviting the passerby to take one. The pamphlets are free, and as many people are seeking for something they don't have, they are apt to read the offered pamphlets and be misled.

Have we as a church done our duty? Had we been as zealous in putting good reading material in public places as the Christian Science people are to put false material, might there not be fewer misled people such as the young hippie I talked with? Can we say with Paul, "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men ..."? (2 Cor. 5:11) Or are we afraid of offending people if we warn them about their sins and of the wrath to come?

As I think of these matters, I need to ask myself, "Have I failed in doing what I should have done to prevent people from becoming 'horrible'?" ■■

## PEOPLE AND PROBLEMS

### AT THE HOSPITAL

by

Mrs. Monroe L. Kuhns

(The Author of "Two Were Different" tells about her recent stay at the hospital.)

Little Miriam, now ten years old, has developed a muscle weakness, so we have brought her to the hospital for tests. As I sit by her bedside waiting for her to drop off to sleep, I am surrounded by many noises. Most touching are the cries of three-year-old Crystal.

I can hear her as the doctor and nurses try to jab a needle into her vein. Again and again they try but are not successful. The vein has collapsed. Crystal has not eaten for four days. Today she took three swallows of Pepsi and several sips of water.

This morning she was given a blood transfusion and she picked up enough to be taken out on a wheelchair. When she tried to crawl off the chair she fell and bumped her head.

Crystal has cancer and it has spread all through her

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body. Her legs and arms are like broom handles, and dark circles surround her beautiful blue eyes. She apparently has only a short time to live.

Her mother, dressed in slacks, is smoking a cigarette to calm her nerves. Today she scolded Crystal. She says she has another child, a fourteen-month-old boy and that's enough!

Crystal will not follow her mother's footsteps. At most she will have only a few weeks to live, and then she will be with Jesus.

Tena Louise, 4, and Charlie, 6, were severely burned. The cabin in which the family was vacationing burned when a gas heater exploded. Their father managed to drag the two children and their mother to safety. But he died five hours later. Their mother lived three days.

I gasped when I saw the fiery red blotches covering more than half of their bodies. Charlie has only blisters and scabs where his hair should be. Part of one ear is gone. His face does not have many blisters but Tena will have scars for life.

Their Grandfather and an uncle and aunt come to sing them to sleep, love them, and do what their parents never will.

Just this afternoon Charlie's grandfather took him into the lobby and talked to him in a man-to-man fashion.

"Charlie," he said, "sit down here and I want to tell you something. Are you going to let the doctors work on the ear?"

Charlie watched the blinds fluttering in the breeze and firmly shook his head no.

"Look here," Grandfather said, "I want to show you what happened to Gramp when he didn't watch out for infection."

Grandpa took off his shoe and his sock and showed his foot with two toes missing. "That's what happened 'cause I didn't take care. Now will you be a smart boy and let the doctor take off the scab?"

Slowly he nodded his head yes. Charlie and Tena have been here two months.

Five-year-old Debbie, dark, curly-haired and with sparkling eyes, came to me and wanted to know what the buttons were for on Miriam's ears.

I told her they are for Miriam to hear. Only then did I notice the rasping sound which came out of a little hole in Debbie's throat when she talked. I asked her what happened and she told me she was shot with a gun.

Later I learned the mother and father were fighting. The gun went off accidentally and innocent little Debbie was shot in the neck, rupturing her vocal chords.

After the accident, her mother spent some time in a mental hospital. She hardly ever comes to see Debbie.

Here comes twelve-year-old Joey who is scheduled for his 23rd kidney operation. He became too lively and chased a nurse through the halls. The exertion caused his incision to become infected.

Dannie is a colored boy only seven years old but he uses language like too many grown-ups. He even calls the colored nurses big black dogs, and they think he is funny.

Dannie has a stomach ailment which requires surgery. Every day he talks of eating sausage and eggs, but on his shirt is a note, "Please do not feed me."

Myron Bontrager, the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. March 1969

Freeman Bontrager of Garrettsville, Ohio, is on the third floor. He is suffering from acute leukemia and his fever-wracked body speaks of only one thing — pain.

He is lying on an air conditioned mattress, a fan is going by his bedside, and a breeze is coming through the open door, but still he says he is hot. He asks for ice water and kool-aid.

In spite of his sufferings, he has courage. He says if he gets well, he wants to be a preacher and tell others about Jesus. He says Jesus can still heal him, but if He doesn't, then he is going to be with Him.

Sometimes when he prays, he holds up his hand as if waiting for Jesus to grasp it. With tears in her eyes, his mother related to me, "Myron asked me to tell the children at home he's sorry for the times he teased them and wants them to forgive him," I could not help but weep with her.

This morning fifteen doctors were here in Miriam's room. Several examined her while the others watched every move she made. They tried her reflexes. She has hardly any from her waist up and her elbows register zero. Her problem seems to be similar to muscular dystrophy and is in no way related to her previous condition. The doctors say they have never seen anyone before with both of these diseases.

I sit here in the hospital lobby and see all these disease-stricken children and meet their parents. Other than Myron's mother, (who has fully committed herself and her son into God's hands) I see no one reading the Bible. Nor do I hear anyone thanking God for giving them strength to bear their problems.

Instead, I see them smoke and smoke, and they watch T.V. to soothe their nerves. I cannot help but feel sorry for them.

A lady dressed in a bright blue mini-skirt, with eye-lashes and brows to match her dress, asked me how the people who live in the country all the time manage to keep their sanity!

Today her two-year-old daughter is in heart surgery. Last night just before retiring she came to my room and asked me to do a special prayer for her daughter. Why did she ask me to do it? Does she not trust her own faith?

Mothers, when you are tempted to be irritable over spilled milk, when work piles up and babies fuss and your nerves are ready to snap, come with me to Cleveland to this hospital for one day. When you go home, I believe the dust and dirt will look like gold.

I know I am going home a more contented mother.

P.S. Later — Myron Bontrager died on Saturday morning. The two-year-old girl who had heart surgery never woke up from her operation. She died in the recovery room.

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"Sorrows shared are halved; happiness shared is doubled."

"The amazing thing in life is how rarely those are bitter who have the most right to be."

"Not in doing what you like but in liking what you do is the secret of happiness." — James M. Barrie

"Remember that 'Help us grow this grass' is a far more effective sign than 'Keep off the grass'."

— Norman Vincent Peale

WHO WOULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT THAT SUCH  
LITTLE THINGS COULD CAUSE SUCH BIG PROBLEMS  
IN MARRIED LIFE? A BIT OF STARLIGHT SHINES  
THROUGH THE NIGHT TO FILL DANIEL KRAMER'S  
HEART WITH FAITH AND HOPE.

— By David Wagler

## HURT IN THE HEART

Daniel Kramer gave his horse a vigorous slap with the lines as he headed out the lane. Already it was eleven o'clock and he had intended to start for town an hour ago. Why did it have to be like this? Why must he always leave home in such a state of mind?

As his horse took him down the road, he stole a fleeting glance back toward the house. A wisp of smoke was curling upwards from the kitchen chimney. The farmstead was a picture of contentment, at least from the outside. No one would ever guess that on the inside, the home was sometimes not so peaceful.

Daniel and Savilla had been married five years. At first, things had gone smoothly, but before six months had passed, there was friction below the surface. At times there were arguments, but these were short-lived.

When two years had passed, little Emanuel arrived on the scene. This was all so new. Savilla was thrilled to hold the cuddly little baby close to her heart. The challenge of motherhood was so pressing that, to Daniel, it seemed she devoted all her time and energy to caring for the baby.

Daniel, meanwhile, stood awkwardly to one side and looked on, at a loss to know just what to make of it. His arms were too big and stiff to hold such a little bundle and when he did try to rock the baby to sleep, he had but little success. "Just what is a father's role in caring for a baby, anyhow?" he wondered.

But time went on and the baby grew to a laughing, playing little tot. Soon he was toddling across the floor. When he was two years old, little Leah arrived and then Momma's attention was directed to the new baby. Little Emanuel was cross and irritable. Oftentimes he cried.

"Can't you make that boy be still?" she demanded of her husband one day.

"Momma. I want to go to Momma," Emanuel sobbed.

But as time went on, he did grow fond of his Daddy and they had many happy times together.

Even so, there were regular flare-ups between Momma and Daddy. Just this morning Savilla had said at the breakfast table, "If you go to town today, Daniel, why don't you get us a davenport?"

Daniel had been taken by surprise. "You know we can't afford something like that! Why it would cost \$75.00. We do have a lounge and that is good enough for awhile."

"But I want something we can open for a bed," she had answered. "It doesn't have to be a new one. Aunt Sadie said there's a good used one at Siegel's furniture store

for only \$50.00."

"But \$50.00 is \$50.00," he had retorted, "and we're trying to save up enough money to buy feeder steers for this fall."

"It's always the same story," she had answered hotly, "more steers and steers. When are you ever going to get enough steers? Everybody else around here that's been married five years has more furniture than we do."

Then Daniel had gotten his coat and hat and had stomped out of the house and slammed the door behind him. As he finished the morning chores he wished he had not acted so rashly. Just as he was finishing feeding the pigs, Sam Troyer's boy came riding into the lane.

"There's some cattle in our backfield," he said. "They look like they might be yours."

"I wouldn't be surprised they were," Daniel answered. "They're always crowding the fence. I'll get them right away."

By the time he had gotten the cattle in and patched up the fence, it was ten o'clock. That was the time he had wanted to start for town. Quickly he finished his chores, harnessed the horse and got the buggy ready. Then he went to the house to change clothes.

As he came in, Savilla said, "I thought you were going to town at ten o'clock?"

"I wanted to, but the cattle were out. I had to get them in and fix the fence."

"Surely not again! They broke out last week, too. I don't see why you don't fix the fence so they can't get out."

"I did have the fence fixed, but they crowded against it back there by the apple tree. They were reaching through to eat apples off the ground. Then the wire broke and six of the cows slipped through."

"Why don't you put up a new woven wire fence? Then you wouldn't always be late going to town."

Daniel bit his tongue and kept quiet at this last remark. He buttoned his shirt, grabbed his billfold and started out the door. When he got to the barn he heard a pig squealing so he had to see what was wrong. He found the pig was caught in the fence, so he managed to free him. Then he had to go to the pump to wash his hands. When he finally got started, it was eleven o'clock.

Now his horse was jogging steadily onward, but by the time he had traveled the seven miles to town, he heard the siren blowing to announce the arrival of noon.

He busily went about his shopping and had finished at three o'clock. He would still have time to take a walk over

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to the furniture store and look around.

"We simply can't afford to spend \$50.00 for furniture now," he thought to himself, "but if I could find something real good for \$25.00, that would be a different story."

"Do you have any good davenports that can be opened for a bed?" Daniel asked as the owner came smiling toward him.

"Oh yes, we have one here. It's a lovely aqua blue and just like new." Quickly he let down the back to show how it worked.

Daniel thought to himself, "It is a nice piece of furniture but the color is too bright."

"Don't you have any others? I would like a darker color."

"No — this is all we have right now. This one is priced at \$50.00, but if you buy it today, I can give you a 10% discount."

"No, I don't think so, today."

The owner took out his notebook and scratched some figures on it. Then he said, "I'll tell you what. I know you'd like to buy this nice davenport for your wife. Give me \$35.00 and you can have it."

Daniel began to study. It would be a bargain at that price, but he did not like the color. "If it were only a darker color," he thought to himself, "then I would buy it for Savilla."

Daniel walked on. Soon he noticed a beautiful kitchen stool. Maybe he could take this home with him. Savilla would be pleased to get a new kitchen stool.

"How much is this one?" he asked, trying not to show too much interest.

"That kitchen stool is slightly used, but it is just like new. A new one sells for \$14.50, but you can have that one for \$4.50."

"All right," he said, "I'll take it."

On the way back to the buggy, Daniel walked through the fruit market. There were rows of fruits and vegetables. One vendor had a variety of special foods.

"What's this here?" he asked.

"Dat's pumpernickel. It's kind of a rye bread. Over in de ole country we always used dat as a bet-time snack."

"I'll take one," he said, throwing down a quarter. Savilla always loved bet-time snacks. He would save this and give it to her as a special treat.

When he neared the parking lot he saw another buggy tied up beside his own. An aged man was carrying a basket of eggs toward the produce market.

"Why Uncle Simon!" Daniel exclaimed, "Just imagine seeing you in town. How is everyone?"

The elderly man was Savilla's uncle, and a close friend to Daniel and Savilla. His wife had died several years earlier, and frequently he would stop in and visit with Daniel. Sometimes he would stay for dinner or supper.

"I guess everybody is purty much like usual, over our way," he replied, "and how's the family and Emanuel and little Leah?"

"They are well, and I guess we are about — about like usual, too," he answered a bit slowly. "We haven't seen you for a long time. When are you coming over again?"

They visited fifteen minutes and Daniel tried to remember each bit of news that would be of interest to Savilla. Then Uncle Simon said, "Well, I must get these eggs sold and do my shopping. It'll soon be time to start home."

As Daniel drove home, he rehearsed the news Uncle Simon had told him. As he turned into the lane, he tucked the pumpernickel bread into his big inside coat pocket so Savilla would not see it. This would be a pleasant surprise for her.

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Daniel unhitched the horse and put him into the barn. Then he started carrying in the groceries. But first he set the kitchen stool inside the shed. He would give it to her after supper.

As Daniel came in with a big box of groceries, Savilla said, "My, it's about time you come home. The baby was fussy all afternoon and I didn't hardly get a thing done. Then this evening the oil stove was out of fuel and when I went to fill the tank, the barrel was empty. You forgot to put the other barrel on the stand this morning. So I had to start fire in the wood stove. Supper won't be ready for awhile yet."

"Oh, that's all right," Daniel said meekly. "I'll have to do my chores first anyway."

Savilla started putting away the groceries and Daniel went to change clothes. When he came through the kitchen to go to chore, Savilla said, "Daniel, where's the nutmeg?"

"Where is what?"

"The nutmeg. I wrote up nutmeg on the grocery list. Why didn't you get it?"

Daniel's face colored. "Oh, I — I guess I forgot it. They didn't have any at the A & P where I got the other groceries. I was going to stop at the corner market on the way back but then, I guess I forgot it."

"Forgot it! Forgot it! That's what you always say. I wish you'd bring home what I write up. Here I was going to make pumpkin pie for over Sunday and I can't if we don't have any nutmeg."

"Really, I'm sorry. It spites me I forgot it, but I had intended to get it. Maybe you'll just have to make some other kind of pie."

"Oh, well, maybe we just don't need any pie. If I can't make pumpkin pie, I guess I'll just not make any."

But Daniel was on his way to the barn and did not hear Savilla's last remark. He had quite a few chores and it seemed to take longer than usual that evening. When the chores were finished he came in, and supper was ready. They sat down to eat.

"Guess who I saw in town today?" Daniel said cheerfully. "Your uncle Simon and he was carrying a basket full of eggs."

"No, you don't say!" But just then there was a wailing sound from the bedroom and Savilla jumped up, saying, "There goes the baby again. I'll have to rock her."

But the baby cried and cried and Savilla rocked and rocked. Finally when she quieted down, Daniel was finished supper.

Savilla came to the table and tried to eat with one hand, bouncing the baby with the other.

"Oh, yes, I bought something today which I didn't bring in yet."

So saying, Daniel went outside and soon returned with the stool he had gotten for Savilla. Would she ever be surprised to see it!

He set it down in front of the kitchen sink. Savilla was busy with her supper and the baby.

"See here what I got for you."

Savilla turned and eyed the stool with surprise. Her mouth fell open. "Daniel, did you buy that?"

"Yes."

"Why, that one's as high as Aunt Sadie's, and I told you Aunt Sadie's stool is too high, didn't I?"

If Daniel had been shot with an arrow, he would not have been more hurt. His face fell, and he stammered, "You — you said — what?"

"I thought I told you I wouldn't want a stool like that. It always makes my legs so tired, and besides — if little

"Manuel would ever crawl up there he might easily fall off and break his arm."

The color began to mount in Daniel's face. Savilla noticed his keen disappointment and tried to smooth over the hurt. "Oh, that's all right. I don't suppose you paid very much for it."

"I — I paid \$4.50 for it but the man said it was worth \$14.50."

"Well, that's just fine. We can take it back and get the money back. Then we can save the money and sometime use it to buy a davenport."

Just then there was a cry from the living room. "Quick, Daniel, go quick. 'Manuel must've fell off the desk."

Daniel hurried into the living room and picked up the crying boy. "Here, I'll show you some pictures. I'll show you a whole book full of puppies."

Soon the little boy was contentedly looking at the pictures. As he rocked the boy, Daniel's mind was in the kitchen. So many nice things he had planned for this evening and now it was this way again. Why — why — why? His heart was bobbing up into his throat and his head ached.

He thought of all the bits of news he had remembered to tell Savilla about her relatives. He thought of the little loaf of pumpernickel bread wrapped in shiny tinfoil, safely tucked away in his coat pocket. It would stay there and tomorrow he would take it back to the woods and throw it into the gully for the birds. And all the news that Uncle Simon had said, what was the use of relating such things to someone who never appreciated anything you tried to do for them? He was determined not to say one word of what Uncle Simon had said.

The baby had fallen asleep so Savilla put her in the cradle while she washed the dishes. All the time Daniel was playing with little Emanuel and lavishing on him any morsel of love which could be squeezed out of his hurt heart. "See this puppy, this is really a nice puppy."

When Savilla had finished the dishes, she came into the living room and started sweeping the floor. "You say you saw Uncle Simon in town today? What did he have to say? My, it's been a long time since I've seen him."

Daniel pretended not to hear her. "See this puppy. Here's a big black puppy, and here's a —"

Just then there was a wail from the bedroom. "Oh that little girl, there she goes again." Savilla was off for the bedroom.

Twenty minutes later little Emanuel had fallen asleep so Daddy took him into the bedroom to put him to bed. Softly he laid down the boy and covered him with a blanket. Then he glanced toward their bed and there was Savilla curled on the bed sound asleep. In her arms was the baby, sleeping sweetly.

A scowl crossed Daniel's face as he muttered to himself, "I won't wake her. For all I care, she can stay there till morning. When she's curled up with her baby, she doesn't care about anyone else."

Then he went into the kitchen and gazed at the stool. It was still standing in front of the sink. Apparently Savilla had used it while washing the dishes. Silently he picked it up and carried it to the shed. Then he went back to the kitchen. It was empty and he was alone. Something was binding him around the heart. His head ached. What could he do?

Then he thought of Savilla — yes, she was to blame — or was she? But no, then his thoughts went back to that afternoon in town, how he had looked forward to pleasing his wife, and how much she actually meant to him. His

thoughts went back to years ago — to the time before they were married. They loved each other just as much now as they did then, but it was these things, these little things were always getting in the way. Who would ever have thought that such little things could bring such great big problems. Perhaps he was to blame more than she. Perhaps he had been too inconsiderate; perhaps he had taken too much for granted.

Behind the house was a wooded hillside. Down in the valley was a level field and a small creek gurgling through. Here it was always so calm, so relaxing. Ah, that was what he needed now.

Grabbing his hat and his coat against the cool autumn air, Daniel headed for the woods. The music of the night, the crickets, the countless insects — the harmony was soothing to his soul. From the creek below, a hundred frogs were calling to each other. Somewhere in the distance the cries of an owl pierced the night.

Breathing the crisp night air was invigorating. Soon Daniel was at the bottom of the slope, had crossed the creek and started up the other side. At the top of the hill was a pasture field and two red oak trees were standing majestically on guard. He sat down and looked up. Laughing down at him were a thousand dancing stars, some dim, some bright. Where were they and where was he? Were these the very same stars Abraham had counted thousands of years ago, when God had given him a promise under the open heavens? These stars were still in their same places, still doing their bit to bring honor to the Divine Creator.

From their places high in the heavens, the stars seemed to be smiling down — down upon the earth. They seemed so deep, so pure, so beautiful. They seemed to be speaking of faith, and hope and eternity — and they were speaking to him.

A few moments ago he had been faced with problems, insurmountable problems, and now where were they? He could hardly remember them. A bit of starlight had penetrated the night and filled his heart.

He took off his hat under the open heavens. As he breathed the cool night air, he whispered a prayer, "Oh God, thank you for showing me the way. Now help me to be true and to keep my eyes on Thee."

For five — ten — fifteen minutes, time seemed to stop as Daniel sat in deep meditation. New faith filled his heart and the despair and doubt of a few minutes ago were gone. Slowly and calmly he rose and headed back through the woods.

He had been gone an hour but the lights were still burning. As he entered the house, he saw that everything was just as he had left it. Quietly he tiptoed to the bedroom and peeped in. Savilla was still asleep. Then he went to the kitchen and busied himself.

Twenty minutes later he went into the bedroom again and said softly, "Savilla."

There was no answer, but after repeated calls, she finally said, "Yes, what is it? — what do you want?"

"Savilla, do you want a bedtime snack?"

By this time she was awake and staring at him, "A what?"

"Do you want a bedtime snack? I have something special. I got it today and it's called pumpernickel. I have everything ready on the table. And oh, yes, I wanted to tell you what Uncle Simon said today."

Now Savilla was rubbing her eyes as she followed him to the kitchen. "Oh yes, and I was going to tell you, that kitchen stool, I liked it real good after all. I used it to do the dishes this evening, and I want to keep it, because — because you got it for me."



### An Unseen Danger

**"A**T LAST WE'RE through housecleaning," my sister Sylvia said to me as she stood on the chair and stretched herself to hang the last curtain in the living room.

"I'm glad it's done for this year," I answered. I had been helping my married sister with her spring housecleaning, and it had been a longdrawn-out affair, reaching into the cherry season.

Sister Sylvia stepped down from her chair, eyeing the shining walls with a sigh of relief. She little suspected that before noon the next day the house would be in a bigger mess than it had ever been before.

At the time I was suffering with a cold and sore throat. Even though I didn't feel well, I kept on with the work. For the rest of the day I helped her with the cherries. We were working on a small enclosed porch with a cement floor which was being used as a kitchen. At one end of the porch a few steps led down to a door opening into the cellarway.

"We'll just set the cherries here on the table," Sylvia

## SHE PAINTED HER FINGERNAILS RED

- Author's name withheld



said late in the afternoon. "I'm beginning to feel tired."

My sister Sylvia and her husband had two children, a boy and a girl. Leslie was two and Martha was one. They had been playing quietly in the living room while we worked, but now Leslie left his blocks and came out to the porch. He stood on tiptoes trying to reach the bowl of cherries on the table.

"We want more cherries," he said.

"You've had about enough cherries," his mother answered, "and if we give you some, the baby will want some too."

He shook his little head, so Sylvia relented, "Well, only two more."

"Here, let me give them to you," I said. "But don't let the baby see you."

Quickly he took the cherries I offered him and held his chubby little fist to a side so little Martha wouldn't see the cherries as she came waddling into the kitchen.

Absorbed in watching the children, for a moment I had forgotten how tired I was. But as we finished the cherries, I said, "I'm glad we got this job finished today, even if we are both tired."

"I am glad too," Sylvia said, "because I'm supposed to go to the hospital tomorrow morning with Dena Kline."

Dena's husband was scheduled to have an operation the next morning and Sylvia had promised to go with Dena. In the little village of Seling's Crossroads, the houses are grouped closely together. Since Sylvia and Dena were close neighbors, they had become good friends.

"When are you going to wash this week if you go to the hospital in the morning?" I asked. I knew I didn't feel well enough to do the washing.

"Oh, I've sent word to sister Maggie to come tomorrow. She'll do it."

"But she's working at Joe Sweeney's now. Do you think

THIS STORY MAY SEEM UNBELIEVABLE, BUT IT ACTUALLY DID HAPPEN. IT IS A MOVING ACCOUNT OF A CAREFREE GIRL WHO IS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH AND SUDDENLY REALIZES SHE IS NOT PREPARED. HER FIERY RED FINGERNAILS SEEM TO BE A BLAZING SYMBOL OF HER SINFUL LIFE.

they will let her come?"

"Oh, it's just for a day," Sylvia said. "I'm sure they won't mind."

Maggie was the youngest of my sisters. After Father had died, Mother had consented to her working for the Sweeney's. She knew there would be temptations, of course, but wages were high for working out, and we needed the money.

"Well, I hope Maggie can come," I said. "I'll be anxious to hear how she's getting along on her job." I knew Mother sometimes worried a little about Maggie working out. The Sweeney's were nice people, but then, Maggie was so young and with a radio in the house and the daily influence of a worldly home — there was some cause for uneasiness.

"Well, I'd better keep working," Sylvia said. "I want to paint the back porch yet tonight so that job will be done."

"Paint the porch yet this evening?" I said. We had been busy all day long, but it seemed my sisters tried to do everything in one day.

I was tired so I retired early to my small downstairs bedroom. Late that evening Sylvia painted the porch.

The next morning I had a headache and a sore throat. It was a cool and cloudy morning, and I didn't feel like getting up. As I lay in bed, I could hear Sylvia moving about in the cellar, getting the wash ready for Maggie. Since Sylvia's husband and my unmarried brother worked together in a machine shop, their clothes were often greasy and Sylvia did the washing for both of them. She would wash the men's shirts and pants first in gasoline and then lay them on the cellar floor to dry. I heard her open the cellar windows so the fumes could escape.

I was still in bed as she finished washing the clothes in gasoline and spread them out on the floor, ready for Mag-

gie when she arrived to do the rest of the wash. Then Dena came and Sylvia left for the hospital.

In a short time Maggie arrived. She spent a few minutes at my bedroom door chatting. Then she said, "Well, I must hurry and get my washing done."

She went to the cellar and started sorting the clothes. The concrete floor was cold to her bare feet and the draft from the window chilled her. Quickly she closed the door and the window tightly.

Maggie paid no attention to the greasy clothing lying on the floor. The fumes from the gasoline burned her nostrils, but in her haste to get the washing done, it never occurred to her that here was an unseen danger.

After a while Maggie appeared again at my bedroom door and now she had little Leslie in her arms. "He came into the cellar and wanted to stay with me," Maggie explained, "but it's too cold down there, even with the windows closed. I fixed his bottle."

"Put him behind me in the bed," I said.

Little Leslie gripped the bottle with his chubby hands. He could hardly wait to start drinking until Maggie had tucked him in.

"Now you'll be all right," I said, giving him a few pats. He tried to smile with the nipple in his mouth, but the milk ran out of the corner of his mouth and down his cheek. I took a kleenex and wiped it off.

As Maggie stepped back a flash of red color on her hands caught my eyes. "Maggie," I gasped, "did you paint your fingernails?"

#### "Maggie, But Why?"

To put it mildly, I was shocked. Maggie was several years younger than I and we had spent many happy times together. We were very close to each other and never before had she done anything like this.

In an unguarded moment she had turned her fiery red fingernails toward my eyes. I could hardly believe it. "Maggie, you know you shouldn't — and besides, you're joining church."

I sat up in bed and gazed at her in astonishment. She just stood there, with a slight smile playing over the corners of her mouth. Then she held up her hands in front of her face, the nails turned toward me and said in a teasing manner, "Gel, sie sind shay?" She laughed softly.

Many times she had teased me before in her mild and friendly way. But this was different. I groped for words to express myself. Maggie appeared to be enjoying the fuss I was making over her fingernails.

"Maggie! But why did —"

She didn't wait for me to finish, but turned and left, closing the door behind her.

I lay there thinking troubled thoughts. My dear youngest sister. How could it be? Surely she didn't realize what she was doing. Did she realize what it meant to be preparing for baptism, to join church and promise to serve only God? Was she merely joining church because her friends were and she was old enough, too?

My heart was stricken with grief. Surely Maggie knew it was wrong for her to paint her fingernails. Was she trying to serve both God and her own will?

My thoughts went back three years to the day I had been baptized. On the way home from church we had stopped at the cemetery. My uncle had died that spring, which brought serious thoughts to our minds. Father seemed to be glad that another of his children had been baptized and he seemed to be deeply touched. Little had we thought at the time that very soon Father would be lying in the

cemetery too.

Now Maggie was eighteen. She and I lived alone with Mother since Father had died. When the chance came for Maggie to get an outside job, Mother had hesitated, wondering what was best. But we needed the money, so Maggie had taken the job. And now the fingernails. Was this the result of a worldly environment?

My mind rambled on and on after Maggie left me. My sore throat ached and I realized I was beginning to feel thoroughly miserable. "Maybe if I went out and fixed some lemonade, I would feel better," I thought. But I didn't move from my cozy bed.

Now I shudder to think of what might have happened had I gone to the kitchen.

Again Maggie's red fingernails came into my mind. Little Leslie was on the bed beside me, contentedly drinking from his bottle.

Then suddenly a loud sound rocked the house. BOOOOM.

The bedroom door flew open. The curtains swirled away and pictures were flung from the living room walls. Heavy furniture bounced out of position. Several boards came up through the living room floor.

"HELP, HELP. FIRE!" Maggie burst from the cellar door into the yard, screaming.

Then she remembered me and the children. Quickly she ran into the house and raced upstairs. She snatched the baby from her crib and down the stairs and out the door she went. She bolted across the street and into the neighbor's house without knocking.

The neighbor woman, elderly Minnie Schwartz, glanced up, startled as Maggie entered. When she saw the panic and anxiety on Maggie's face, her hands flew to her throat. "Ach, doch, Maggie, was hut kappened!" Her eyes widened with alarm and her high-pitched voice rose to a shriek.

Maggie pushed the child into Minnie's arms. "Take her quick. Fire — The house." Then she came running back.

In a moment she was in my bedroom. I was on my feet, standing in front of my bed, dazed and wondering what had happened and what to do.

"Hurry and get out," Maggie shouted. "Quick. The house is on fire." She reached across the bed and grabbed Leslie in her arms.

"But I'm not dressed," I stammered.

"Never mind," she said. "Just hurry."

Just outside the bedroom door the desk had been knocked away from the wall by the impact of the explosion. As I hurried from the bedroom, I tripped and stumbled to the floor. For an instant I lay there.

"Get up. Please. Quick," Maggie begged. "Get out right now, fast."

She raced again to the neighbor's home and put Leslie in the old woman's care too.

Not knowing just how serious the fire was, I crawled to my feet, grabbed Sylvia's housecoat and slipped it on. I was still standing in a half daze on the freshly-painted porch when Maggie came rushing back from the neighbor's. The bottom of my bare feet felt as if they were coated with glue, sticking to the porch floor.

Maggie came up to the porch, holding her hands forward. No, she wasn't laughing now about her red fingernails. The skin was hanging from her hands and a watery fluid was dripping to the walk. Only then did I realize that Maggie was burned — her arms, her face, her hands.

"Oh, I feel as if I'm burning up." She writhed in great pain. Then she turned and hurried around the house and I was alone.



### More Serious Things To Attend To

Because of the cloudy morning most of the people had their doors closed. When the explosion occurred, some thought it was thundering.

It began to drizzle — a cold rain in June. The cool breeze and the wet paint sticking to my feet were not very pleasant. I decided to go into a small building which stood nearby. "It should be safe even if the house does burn down," I thought. Smoke was seeping from the eaves.

Ella Gardner, who was a close friend of Maggie's, and worked nearby, came to the door of the shop where I was.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Carry things out of the house."

I wondered what had happened to Maggie. Soon Ella returned with her arms loaded with pillows. She stacked them inside the shop and hurried back to the house. Afterwards Sylvia was to wonder what happened to those pillows for several days, until she came upon them in the shop.

What a dismal day it was. I had chosen a lonely corner as a refuge. The crowd of people were gathering on the opposite side of the house.

Soon a man came to the door of the building and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," I said. "I wish I had my shoes. They're in the bathroom."

He left and a short time later came running back with two shoes — one of mine and one of Sylvia's husband's!

The fire truck arrived and the sheriff. But where was Maggie? What had happened to her? Was she seriously hurt? Was the house burning down? In the confusion no one seemed to know.

One of the neighbor ladies brought me some hot broth. This helped warm me up. When she left, I was alone again. I didn't know what to do, or where to go. I was sick, and wasn't dressed except in a housecoat. A feeling of loneliness engulfed me. Oh, where was Maggie?

When Maggie had seen that I was all right, she had hurried away from the porch and gone to the Dennis Cameron residence. As she entered, Mrs. Cameron exclaimed, "Oh, Maggie, what has happened?"

Maggie was crying. She really didn't know what had happened. "I don't know," she stammered through her tears. "When I started the washer, everything was in flames."

Mrs. Cameron glanced outside and saw men running about excitedly. She could see a column of smoke rising from the cellar window of her neighbor's home.

Maggie paced back and forth in great pain. She was crying more softly now, but when she glanced down and saw her painted nails, the sight increased her anguish.

"I'll call a doctor," said Mrs. Cameron, but soon she came back, saying, "It's no use. Everyone is trying to call the fire department."

Walking in front of Mrs. Cameron, Maggie held out her burned and painted hands. "Please, Mrs. Cameron," she begged. "Please take the paint off my fingernails."

"I can't, Maggie," Mrs. Cameron said. "I have no remover."

"Oh, what can I do now, what can I do now?" Maggie wailed. Her voice trembled with fear. The pain of her burns was nearly unbearable and her guilty conscience was burning her inside.

Suddenly Maggie realized that she was facing death, and she was not ready to die. She had been so carefree and

happy and living only to have a good time. Suppose she had burned to death in the cellar? What if she should die now before they could get her to the hospital? Her fiery red fingernails seemed to be a blazing symbol of her sinful life. Oh, if only she hadn't — if only she had lived differently.

Just then the door opened and Ella Gardner came in. "We must take her to the hospital at once," she said. "I'll ask someone to take her."

Other women soon gathered when they heard where Maggie was. "We should get her dress off, and away from the burns," one of them suggested. But it was not easy. With a scissors they cut the dress from her as gently as possible. Then they wrapped Maggie in a clean sheet.

Maggie winced as the rough sheet touched her burned arms.

"I know it hurts," said Ella, "but it won't take long." The car is waiting now, and I will ride with you to the hospital."

It was a long six miles to the hospital. Maggie had time to think, but always the same thoughts came back to plague her. As she was pushed into the emergency room, she pleaded, "Please take the paint off of my nails."

"Forget about it," snapped a nurse with more sternness than sympathy. "We have more serious things to attend to now."

Maggie was grieved. The nurse didn't realize how serious this matter was to her.

### "You May See Your Sister Now"

A cool damp breeze chilled Sylvia as she went down the steps of the hospital. Dena was still in the waiting room as her husband had not yet returned from the operating room. The operation was not considered to be a serious one, so Sylvia decided to do some shopping before starting home. She thought about Maggie who was at home doing the wash and taking care of the children.

In the distance, Sylvia heard a fire siren. WEEEEEE.

"Wonder where the fire is?" Sylvia asked one of the clerks of a store she entered.

"The fire engine headed east toward Seling's Crossroads," the clerk answered.

Sylvia wasn't alarmed by the information. A lot of people lived east of town. She finished her shopping, then walked back to the hospital to see how the operation had gone for Dena's husband. As she entered the waiting room, she spied Ella Gardner with a serious look on her face.

"Why, Ella, what are you doing here?"

Ella began to cry when she saw Sylvia. She could not answer.

"Tell me, Ella," Sylvia spoke softly and sympathetically, "has something happened? Is your mother sick?"

"No, no," sobbed the girl. "It's Maggie."

"Maggie? Not Maggie — not my sister Maggie?" Sylvia wondered if she had heard correctly. "What happened, Ella. Please tell me."

Ella swallowed hard and tried to gather courage, while Sylvia became more and more anxious. "There — there was — was an explosion."

"Explosion?" Sylvia gripped Ella's arm. "The — the children —"

"The children are all right."

"And Maggie?"

"The doctors are still caring for Maggie," Ella became more calm now for she knew Sylvia needed comfort to help her still her emotions.

"Where was the explosion?"

"In the cellar."

"Ooh," Sylvia's thoughts went at once to the gas-soaked clothing. A new fear rose in Sylvia's heart. "Did — did the house burn down?"

"I don't know," Ella admitted. "But the fire truck was called."

"Oh, I must go home — no, I must see Maggie first."

The nurse at the information desk told Sylvia, "It won't be very long now. They are nearly finished with your sister and you will be allowed to see her."

When Sylvia saw Maggie, she broke down and cried. Maggie's face was bandaged with only slits for the eyes, mouth, and nostrils. Her arms and legs were also badly burned.

Maggie too burst into tears when she saw Sylvia crying. "It was all my fault," she sobbed. I should not have shut the windows."

"No, Maggie. It wasn't your fault. It was my fault. I should have told you before I left."

We found we all had something to be thankful for. When Sylvia arrived home she found her house was still there, with little damage by the fire and explosion.

The fire chief shook his head and said, "Gasoline is very dangerous and must be used with great care, especially

anywhere it can come in contact with even a spark of fire."

I was thankful that I had not gone out to make myself some lemonade that morning. The chair on which I usually sat next to the table and the wooden door beside it were broken and blown out into the yard.

Mother was sorry for Maggie that she had to suffer so much from her burns. She was also grieved when she learned that she had painted her fingernails. "But it is my fault," she said. "I should not have sent her to work at a place where she would see such things and hear the radio."

But Mother was glad that Maggie had learned her lesson. And three months later when Maggie was baptized, we all felt she realized the seriousness of what she was doing.

Maggie's burns healed, but not without scars which she carries through life. They remind her many times of her wilfulness and rebellion. But the experience was not in vain. Never again did she paint her fingernails red, and the lesson was a warning to her when other temptations beckoned.

Today Maggie is a busy housewife, striving to fulfill her place in the home and church. She has a family of her own, and some of them are in that age when worldly temptations are inviting. Maggie hopes with all her heart they will not have to learn their lesson the way she learned hers — the hard way. ■■

## **I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU, MOTHER**

"Mother, please let me go. "We'll get some fine fish for supper," begged a little boy as he stood beseechingly before his mother."

"But I'm afraid to have you out in the boat with those boys," reasoned the mother. "You might fall into the lake and be drowned."

"No, I won't," the boy said. "I will be as careful as I can."

"But you're so young and you can't swim," said Mother kindly. "And I'm afraid Tom and Joe are not the best boys for you to go with — they're soreckless. I don't want my son drowned."

"I won't get drowned."

"But there is danger of your drowning," said Mother again.

"I don't believe you," said the boy insolently.

"You don't believe me! When did I ever tell you an untruth?" asked Mother in surprise.

"Many times," said the boy positively.

"When?"

"When I was a little fellow you used to tell me there was a bogey-man in the other room and he would get me, but — but I went into the room and looked everywhere and there wasn't any bogey-man. And you told me big bears lived in the sandbanks, and I mustn't go there. But I did go and hunted all over for the bears. They were not there. Also you told me if I said a lie the bad man would get me, but I did once and no bad man ever came. You are just trying to frighten me now."

The boy was not insolent now, but in earnest. His mother didn't know what to say. She was guilty of all the untruths he blamed her for, but she had never thought of them as lies. What could she do now? When her child wanted to do something that was dangerous, her word meant nothing to him.

She felt sick and faint, but her child must be persuaded

not to go. She strictly forbade him and saw that he did not slip away and go. She had a very unpleasant scene with him, and her sense of guilt made it hard for her to manage him.

The shock of the boy's words stayed with her. "What have I done? What am I to do?" she cried over and over again. "My son just coming to the years when he needs my guidance and counsel, and I have already lost my hold on him. God, show me what to do."

When her little son was over his anger about the fishing trip, his mother took him and told him how sorry she was for the things she had said that weren't true. She explained that she realized she had been very much in the wrong, but had asked God to help her never again to tell him an untruth.

From that time on the mother was careful what she told her son. She had come too near losing him to dare to trifle with his sense of truth again.

- selected by Mary Kilmer.

## *The Simple Truth*

We always tell the simple truth,  
We do so, for we love it.  
There's nothing bad, or big enough  
To get the better of it.

A lie is like a shadow, or  
A wordy, windy bubble;  
It holds no good, it has no use,  
It brings us only trouble.

The truth is like a golden robe,  
That honors those who wear it.  
Its beauty never shall be soiled;  
No lie shall ever tear it.

- Mary Tate

Submitted by E. J. B.,  
Leonardtown, Md.

Family Life



## THE CAT

## OR THE NEEDLE

- Mrs. Alvin Burkholder



"Drop that cat, Lamar, quick. Drop it!" shouted Hal. "But — but I can't," exclaimed Lamar. "Her claws are fastened on my shirt."

"She'll bite you," warned Hal, running toward his friend.

"Ouch. Ohhh, she already did," moaned Lamar.

This was the excitement that met me one warm evening last spring as I came driving in the lane.

The neighbor boys, Kevin and Hal, were down to play ball with our son, Lamar. Soon one of them spied a wild-looking Angora-like cat running toward the corncrib. As is the nature of boys, they all followed the strange cat, with the dog, Pepsi, running ahead.

The cat had dashed under the corncrib where several blocks were missing from the foundation. But she soon realized her mistake since the spot could be reached by dogs and boys.

Her big green eyes met those of an excited Spitz dog and an eager ten-year-old boy.

She chose to attack the boy. The results were scratched up arms, a bloody shirt and right hand, with a nasty bite between the thumb and forefinger — and a scared boy who wished he had left her alone.

After giving first aid to Lamar, the doctor was called. We took Lamar in to the office where he was given a shot for lockjaw and an antibiotic to fight infection. And (as we had feared) we were given one ultimatum, "I will give you ten days to capture that cat," the doctor said. "If this can't be done, Lamar will receive his first rabies shot on the tenth day."

"I'll never chase a stray cat again," was the only comment Lamar could make as we left the office.

The next morning his right hand was swollen and very sore. He couldn't write with that hand for about a week.

In spite of all our efforts, along with the cooperation of a good neighborhood, the cat was gone with no intentions of returning to that environment.

Needless to say, we had something to think about in those ten days. After submitting the whole matter into God's hands, we trusted that He would lead. We would simply wait for the outcome.

We did gather information on rabies through doctor books. We learned that after the rabies virus enters the body, it travels along the nerves to the brain or spinal cord. It takes a certain length of time for it to reach the brain, depending on where the bite is. Had the cat bitten Lamar on the face, the rabies shots would have been started immediately. On the foot, the doctor could safely have waited fourteen days.

We knew that the shots would be painful, but we also knew that we couldn't postpone them until we saw symptoms of rabies, for then death is almost inevitable. The doctor also explained that duck serum is now being used, and the shots are milder than they used to be.

The shots are given in the abdomen, around the navel, one day one place, the next day another place, and so on. One shot a day for fourteen days.

So on the tenth day we were back in the doctor's office,

and Lamar received his first shot.

"Not too bad," he said, "considering the looks of that long needle." He went up after school every evening to receive another shot. All went quite well until half way through the series. Two of the fourteen shots reacted on him which caused red blotches about the size of a silver dollar, also slight fever. During this time his tummy muscles were so sore he could barely stand up straight to walk. He slept downstairs several nights as the stairway looked twice as high as it really was.

After these reactions subsided, the rest went quite well again. On the last visit to the doctor, Lamar didn't look as dejected as on the first one!

Do you children get the lesson? Stay away from stray animals or you may hear the doctor say, "The cat or the shots in ten days."

This isn't to discourage anybody about rabies shots if they are needed. After all, we still have our healthy ten-year-old boy, for which we are thankful. And of one thing I feel certain, the next time Lamar sees a strange cat he will not try to capture it. ■■

## GETTING RID OF SALESMEN

Several years ago, a neighbor's girl boasted to one of our girls in school about her mother's method of getting rid of salesmen. At present, the exact technique has slipped my mind, but I do remember that it was unpleasant for the salesman.

Door to door salesmen can be annoying. The reception they get varies greatly from door to door. Some householders will slam the door without waiting to see what the salesman is selling. Others are so gullible that they believe the most fantastic stories or claims the salesman makes. Still others, at least among the women folks, will buy just to get rid of the salesman, or because they are afraid of him.

I am ready to admit that I have frequently lost valuable time because of salesmen. Even though I rarely buy from them, I feel I owe it to them to hear what they have to offer. Afterwards, when I have decided against buying, and have given "No" as an answer, I expect them to go. Most of them do.

An exception to the rule happened about fifteen years ago, and it still rankles my conscience. A very persistent salesman for a local hatchery tried to sell baby chicks to me. I was well satisfied with the chicks supplied by a rival hatchery, and had no intention of changing.

Even though I explained this to him, the salesman persisted. Meanwhile, two men from the hatchery were driving past, and seeing his car, decided to drop in to see how he got along. Apparently they had sort of a contest to see who would sell the most chicks.

The salesman kept on talking, and I kept on refusing. After I tired of it, I started ridiculing him in front of his two fellow workers. Finally he gave up and left.

Afterwards, I found out that this man had many worries. There was one set of twins in the family, and one child had spent some time in the hospital. Money was scarce. When I learned of these things, I felt badly for having made fun of him, even though he was in the wrong. I have since then tried to keep in mind that even though salesmen may seem like a nuisance, they are humans with feelings, and have problems like the rest of us.

- Isaac R. Horst, Mt. Forest, Ontario



Anna Wingard Yoder, Middlebury, Indiana  
May 3, 1915                      December 13, 1968

Verna Miller Christner, Topeka, Indiana  
Sept. 4, 1915                      December 22, 1968

Saloma Kauffman Miller, Shipshewana, Indiana  
July 17, 1907                      December 31, 1968

## The Angels Came

God has talked to us again;  
For us to hear His voice  
He chose three kind and gentle souls  
To die. There was no choice.  
Cancer- stricken, there they lay  
And suffered patiently;  
They bore it all without complaint  
And loved Him faithfully.

Anna's face had swollen so  
She could no longer see;  
Her hearing, too, grew less, and yet  
In all her misery  
She was growing close to God;  
She saw Him in her dreams.  
He led her in His pastures green  
And by the water streams.  
My uncle's house is now so bare,  
For God has called her name;  
Her work was done; 'twas time to rest,  
And so the angels came.

Verna lay and gasped for breath  
The flame of life burned dim;  
Jesus was her one desire,  
She only asked for Him.  
Through scenic beauty God led her  
Until they reached the door;  
He eased her last few laboring breaths  
And then she breathed no more.  
It was on Christmas Eve I gazed  
Upon her lifeless form;  
Beyond that room my wand'ring thoughts  
On mem'ry's wings were borne-  
All summer long I'd worked for her,  
I knew her end was near;  
My heart cried, "Lord, what good did I  
For her while she was here?"  
I thought of all those summer days,

I let my mind run free  
But all goods deeds I could recall  
Were deeds she'd done for me.

Saloma ate no daily bread,  
Just liquids could she take,  
And thus she lay for many days,  
Yet lived for Jesus' sake;  
The neighbors came to her one night  
And sang for their dear friend;  
I went to say goodnight to her;  
She took me by the hand.  
She thanked me for a scrapbook page  
That did her courage give.  
I'll always remember you, " she said,  
"As long as I yet live."  
But God has called and now I hope  
Her pledge is yet of worth;  
Do angels keep a mem'ry still  
Of friends they knew on earth?

—Mary Arlene Byler

I appreciate Family Life for there are many thoughts and warnings, like "Who Is This Man?", "Mary and Martha" and many others. I feel they are like guard rails along life's pathway for us and our children.

I am a mother of seven healthy children ages 8 to 20 years. I spend most of my time in my rocking chair for I am unable to walk because I have multiple sclerosis. But I have many blessings for I never have any pain.

Let us see that we love one another with a pure heart fervently, being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth; and the flower thereof faileth away. I Peter 1:23,24

- Mrs. Paul Zimmerman  
Lititz, Pa.

This shut-in mother enjoys the Windowsill. Why? We can know that her mind is not bound in by four walls, but runs free, with the interest of others.

Years ago I met a mother who was an invalid. She seemed to be very sorrowful. In the past she had been a hard worker, and had done her work well. She enjoyed her husband and children; then sickness struck. Her menial labor was finished; she must spend the rest of her life as an invalid.

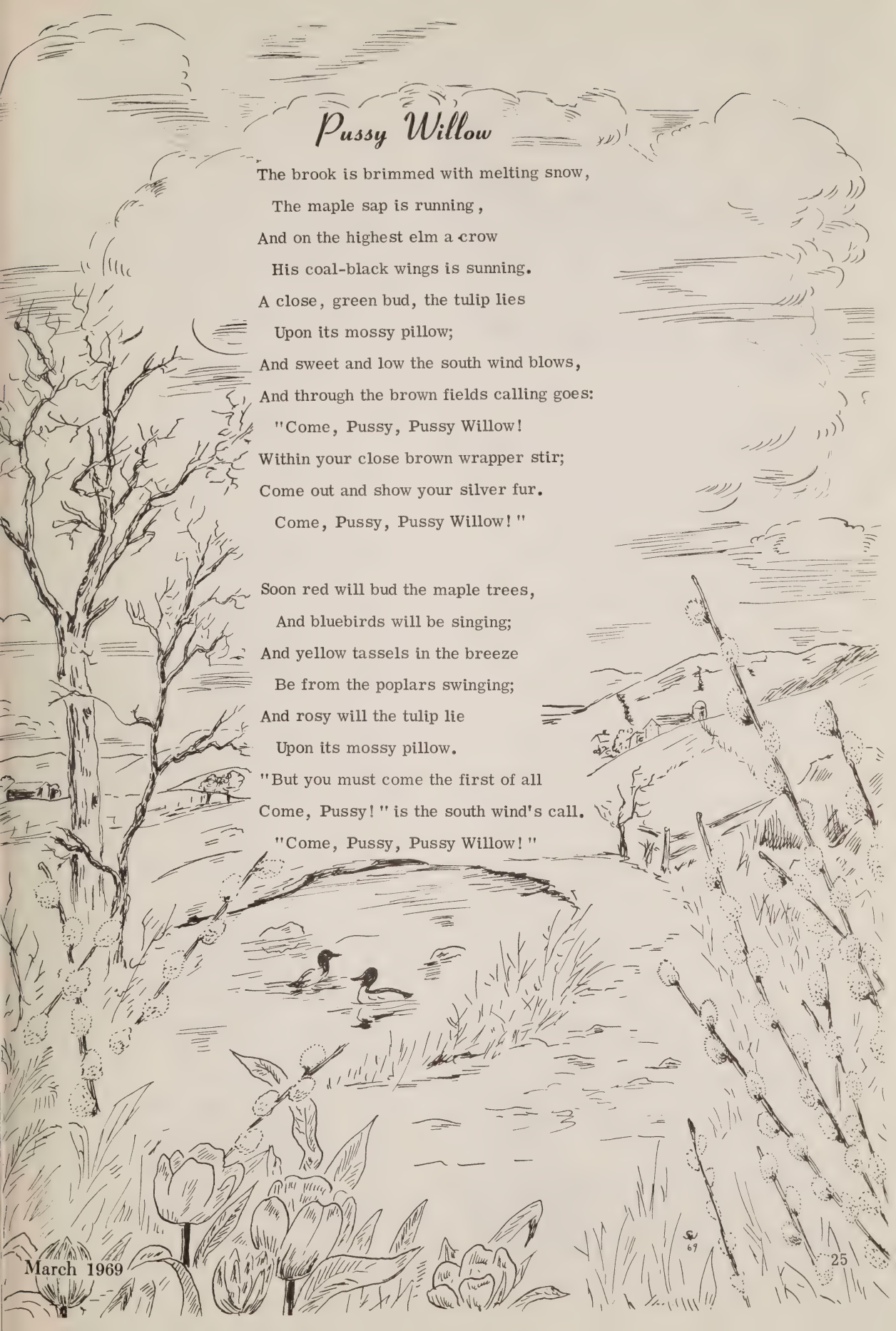
Her thoughts refused to submit to her infirmity. "How? I would like to clean my own house and do my own work," she would say. Thoughts like these are sure to bring needless misery.

We shut-ins should not dwell too much on the things we cannot do; but let us be sure we can't do them before we resign ourselves to not doing them.

Plans are being made to have the annual Adult Handicap Gathering in Holmes County this year. Further announcements will be made in this column.

Send all contributions for this page to "Sarah", c/o Pathway, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada





## *Pussy Willow*

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,

The maple sap is running,

And on the highest elm a crow

His coal-black wings is sunning.

A close, green bud, the tulip lies

Upon its mossy pillow;

And sweet and low the south wind blows,

And through the brown fields calling goes:

"Come, Pussy, Pussy Willow!

Within your close brown wrapper stir;

Come out and show your silver fur.

Come, Pussy, Pussy Willow! "

Soon red will bud the maple trees,

And bluebirds will be singing;

And yellow tassels in the breeze

Be from the poplars swinging;

And rosy will the tulip lie

Upon its mossy pillow.

"But you must come the first of all

Come, Pussy! " is the south wind's call.

"Come, Pussy, Pussy Willow! "



Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

### *Send the Children to Bed With a Kiss*

Oh mothers, so weary, discouraged,  
Worn out with the cares of the day,  
You often grow cross and impatient,  
Complain of the noise and the play.  
For the day brings so many vexations,  
So many things going amiss  
But mothers, whatever may vex you  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often  
Perhaps from the pathway of right,  
The dear little hands find new mischief  
To try you from morning till night;  
But think of the desolate mothers  
Who'd give all the world for your bliss;  
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings  
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For someday their noise will not vex you;  
The silence will hurt you far more;  
You will long for their sweet childish voices,  
For a sweet child's face at the door,  
And to press a child's face to your bosom  
You'd give all the world for just this,  
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow;  
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

- Selected by Mrs. H., Ind.

A nice letter came from Mrs. Levi Stauffer, of Maryland, telling us how she appreciates Family Life and also reminding us that all honor and praise belongs to God. Her letter continues:

"How many times has a mother glanced out the window to see company coming up the walk. The floor is unswept, the dishes are on the sink. Yes, today the house is upside down. This is the day our old friend we haven't seen for years drops in! She does not know that the house was tidy and clean a few days before.

But if God knows ..... she took time to write a letter to someone old and lonely, she took time to be patient with the busy little "wrecking crew", she took time to pray. Her mind wasn't too crowded with polishing, mending,

cooking - to meditate.

Yes, if only we mothers don't fear to take time to do these things. God sees, and He cares less about what men see. Many days pass by in which we feel we could have done better in our material management. When we die we will be judged by how God sees. Let us not seek our reward of men.

If our family has been fed today,  
Had clothes to wear,  
And were shown the way,  
It matters little that -

The house is untidy,  
The floor is not swept;  
There is joy in heaven  
If God's Word has been kept.

It seems when we think of supper at our house, we think of soup and cheese. This is favorite evening fare, even if the soup is only boiled milk, salt and bread crumbs.

There are still many homes that love corn meal mush and milk in the evening, and fried mush (corn meal) and liverwurst or gravy in the morning.

In grandmother's day corn mush was not thought of as a health food; it was food to live by. Today corn can still be dried in the oven and then ground and used as it was in the past. But today's mother is likely to see it as a wholesome health food for her family - supplying vitamins, minerals and protein.

We are sure homegrown grains and vegetables are more wholesome than store foods with all their additives.

Homemade soups also prove to be the best and the most economical. There are many old-fashioned soups that are still favorites - "rivvel", "rascht", "brucka", and hot water soda cracker soup.

If you want a change from soup, try the following wholesome recipe:

#### ROLLED OATS PONE

1 pint rolled oats  
1 pint whole wheat flour  
3/4 cup brown sugar  
2 teaspoons soda  
1 pint buttermilk and cream. Add a

little extra if you do not like it very dry.

Bake like Johnny Cake. This is very delicious served with black cherries and top milk.

#### Cocoa Icing

1 cup sugar, 4 teaspoons cocoa,  
2 tablespoons corn starch, 1 cup  
boiling water

Boil till thick, then add 2 tablespoons butter and vanilla.



#### GRAHAM PUDDING

2 cups graham flour  
1 cup sweet milk  
1/2 cup molasses  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 cup raisins (optional)  
1 egg  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon spice  
A pinch of salt

Mix and bake. May be eaten with milk,  
or fruit and milk.

Topped with orange-flavored frosting, it  
will pass for cake.

- Mary Ann Yoder, Pa.



#### OLD FASHIONED RAISIN BARS

1 cup seedless raisins  
1 cup water  
1/2 cup salad oil or shortening  
(I use one stick oleo)  
1 cup sugar  
1 slightly beaten egg  
1 3/4 cups sifted flour  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 teaspoon allspice  
1/2 teaspoon cloves  
1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Combine raisins and water. Bring to boiling. Remove from heat. Stir in shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in sugar and egg. Sift together dry ingredients. Beat into raisin mixture. Stir in nuts. Pour into greased 13 x 9 x 2 inch pan. Bake in 375° oven 20 minutes or until done. When cool, cut in bars. Dust with confectioners' sugar.

For thin brownie size cookies, bake in greased 15 1/2 inch jelly-roll pan 12 minutes, or till done. (I prefer them this way.)

- Mrs. Alvin Yoder



When you send in a recipe be sure to have it correct. Check and recheck. Also add every little detail that is necessary for the readers to understand it. I'm also glad to have special recipes for each month of the year, but they must be at my desk fifty days before Family Life is printed.



#### Artists

From flour, sugar, eggs and salt  
A baker makes a cake.  
A landscaper fashions his art  
With shovel, hoe, and rake.

From a lump of gray, shapeless clay,  
A potter makes his vase;  
In massive marble, the sculptor  
Forms a delicate face.

The artist creates a sunset,  
With colors, pen, and brush;  
The poet writes his masterpiece  
In silence, far from rush.

God takes a human full of sin, —  
A dark and wicked heart;  
Fills him with His goodness and love,  
Sets him from all apart.

He is a chosen vessel now, —  
A wondrous work of art;  
A work that only God can do, —  
A new and holy heart.

- Faye Bechtel  
Battle Creek, Mich.



#### Some Mothers Write

I enjoyed and heartily agree with the article, "Enjoy Your Children More". (Nov. issue) Now a good way to help your children to enjoy us more in later years, and after we have passed on, is to collect poems, sayings, and other worthwhile writings in a scrapbook which will benefit them and help them to live a victorious life for their heavenly Father.

- Mrs. H. M., Ohio

It had been a full and busy day preparing for a trip with our four small children. I was tired and irritable with the children. Imagine my shock and surprise to hear our oldest child ask quietly, "Are you tired of us?"

- Mrs. H. M., Ohio

(Why mothers turn gray!) Daddy broke the news on a nice, quiet Saturday morning. "Children you may all go to the ice pond this forenoon, with the exception you all chip in and help sister clean up the house first, so she can go, too."

The ten year old grabbed the couch blanket and asked, "Where shall I shake it?"

"Outside, through the washhouse!" I answered.

Soon he came back and said, "Mom, the washhouse is full of dust."

All mothers with big families know how full a couch blanket can get. You can imagine the dust! Two of the others were singing at the top of their voices. The work was finished and all were off.

I relaxed a few minutes, then started my baking with ease. But, oh, the quietness! Sometimes I believe the stillness is almost as hard to bear as the noise.

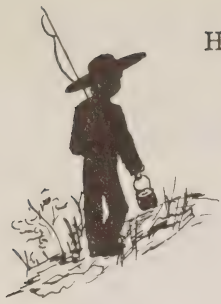
- Mrs. M.H., Ont.



Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



There are people  
who excuse their  
impatience and  
grouchiness as  
"just a case  
of nerves"!   
Aunt Betty



Hier ist noch ein

Sammy story

Papa

sein Bubele

Der John Miller lechte Wildh über der zermahlte Weizen auf sein Teller aber er redete nichts. Den ganzen Morgen erschien es die Familie daß der Vater hätte etwas schweres auf sein Gemüt. Aber sie wußten nicht was les war.

Die Mutter sagte, „Wir müssen nicht zu viel Zeit nehmen uns zu bereiten für an die Gemeinde gehen.“ Sie fragte der Sammy, „Hast du deine Heberschuhe gefunden?“

Ob der Sammy antworten konnte, sagte die kleine Anna, „Sie sind draus im Hof und es hat drein geregnet.“ Der Sammy und der Andy waren auf den Bank gesißt am Tisch.

Als sie aßen, war der Vater noch stille. Aber die Knaben wünschten er würde bald reden.

Ueber eine Weile hustete er ein wenig und legte die Hände an den Tisch, und sahe die Knaben an. Da fielen der Sammy und der Andy ihre Angesichter, denn sie sahen der Vater war betrübt.

„Andy und Sammy,“ sagte der Vater freundlich aber kräftiglich: „Ich habe gehört daß ihr am letzten Gottesdienst euch nicht aufgeführt hat wie es euch zusteht. Ich höre dies zu oft von euch.“

Er war ein wenig stille. Der Andy sein Weizen hat nimmer gut geschmeckt, und der Sammy hat auf sein Teller g'scharrt mit seinem Löffel.

Der Vater sagte weiter zu die Knaben, „Heute, wenn ich sehe daß ihr nicht tugendiam sind wird es etwas anders werden; Und wenn die andere Knaben naus gehen sollt ihr sitzen bleiben. Wenn es aber notwendig ist daß ihr naus gehet, dann geht allein und bleibet nicht lang.“

Der Amos war ein stiller und gehorsamer Sohn. Er sagte zum Vater, „Oftmals ist es der Larry Troyer und der Wayne und Mose wo der Aufruhr machen. Sie lachen und schwätzen als.“

„Ja, wenn,“ antwortete der Vater, „wenn die andere aber schon nicht tun wie sie sollen, dann muß der Andy und Sammy nicht nachmachen.“

„Ja, das ist recht,“ spricht die Mutter. Sie gukt zu die Uhr. „Wir müssen aber fertig machen. Es ist hoch zeit daß wir uns rum machen.“

Als sie aber vom Tisch gingen, ermahnte der Vater die Knaben noch einmal, „Vergesst jetzt nicht was ich euch gesagt hab.“

„Ja,“ antworteten die zwei Knaben.

Es war Sommer, die Gemeinde war bei dem Andy Raft, und in die Schener gehalten. Der Boden war bedeckt mit Heu. Da etliche von die Mütter dies sahen sprachen sie, „Das Heu gefällt uns nicht, denn die Kinder ihr Spielsack müßte verloren gehen drinnen.“

Da sie ab vom Surren gingen sagte der Sammy zum Andy, „Ich will nicht neben der Larry, oder Wayne und Mose sitzen.“

„Und ich auch nicht,“ antwortete der Andy, „Wer kann still sitzen neben solche Buben?“

Wo die Zeit war für in die Schener gehen hat der Sammy probiert abweichen von die ungehorsame Buben, aber es dünkt ihn, sie hangen an ihn umher wie Vletten. Sie waren gute Freunde.

„Was kann ich sagen zu sie, oder tun,“ denkt er, denn er wußte daß sein Vater meinte was er sagt.

Wo sie in die Schener gegangen waren, war der Sammy zwischen der Larry und Mose gesißt. Die Leute waren nicht lang am sitzen bis der Larry sich herunter bückte und fing an zu erzählen was sie tun wollen nach der Gemeinde. Der Sammy blieb gerade auf sitzen und bückte sich nicht. Der Mose war auch gebückt. Bald waren ihre Köpfe beinahe zusammen über der Sammy sein Schoß.

Der erste Prediger fing an zu predigen. „Sammy,“ sagte der Mose, „Laß dich herunter und ich will dir sagen was wir tun heute. Du darfst auch mit gehen.“

Als der Sammy ihn nicht gehorcht, fragte er, „Was ist les? Hast du Gijig getrunken?“ Da lachten die zwei Knaben.

Der Sammy sagte zu Larry und Mose, „Mein Vater hat mich gewarnt, ich soll nicht schwätzen und lachen in die Gemeinde.“

Der Larry winkte gegen Mose. Der Sammy wünschte sein Bruder Andy und der Post Gengerich wahren an seiner Seite.

Der John Miller war nahe dem Singtisch, und öfters guckte er aus dem Eck von seinem Auge, um zu sehen wie seine Söhne sich aufhielten. Da er sahe daß sie still und aufmerksam waren, ward er froh.

Da das erste Gebet getan war, gingen etliche von die Knaben aus die Schener. Aber der Sammy und Andy blieben sitzen. Da stund Larry und Mose auf und gingen auch naus. Da sakte der Sammy sich ein wenig beiseit gegen die andere Knaben.

Da sie an der Pump waren am Wasser trinken, sagte der Larry zu Mose, „Der Sammy ist am gut werden.“

„Wir wollen mal sehen ob er so gut ist wie er meint,“ antwortete der Mose.

Wo sie wieder in die Schener eingegangen waren, sahen sie daß der Sammy sich zur seite gesetzt hat. Das gefiel ihnen nicht. Der Larry ging und sakte sich neben der Sammy, und der Mose neben der Larry.

Ueber eine Weile nahm der Larry ein Stangel Hen und stach der Sammy an den Hals. Der Sammy schlägt es weg mit seine Hand, und sakte wieder stille und horchte was der Prediger am sagen war. Wieder und als wieder hat der der Sammy gestochen. Da der Andy es sahe, verwunderte er sich daß der Sammy es annimmt. . . Nun nimmt der Larry Hen und stochete es zusammen wie ein kleiner Strick. Als der Sammy den andern Weg gukte, schlenkerte er der Strick im Sammy sein Angesicht.

Der John Miller gedacht wieder an seine Söhne und dreht sich in zeit für der Sammy sehen das Hen weg reißen aus der Larry seine Hand, und in Larry sein Angesicht reiben. Der Larry hat probiert ihn abwehren, aber es war umsonst. Der Sammy war etwas zornig geworden und als sie stritten vergaß er die Ermahnung am Morgentische, bis er fühlte die Hand seines Vaters auf seine Schulter. Der Sammy sein Gesicht war rot geworden als er hörte sein Vater ihn ins Ohr sagen, „Komm mit mir.“

Der Vater führte ihn mit sich, und er mußte neben ihn sitzen. Er schämte sich sehr, und die Tränen gingen ihn über seine Wangen hinunter. Der Sammy dachte bei sich selbst, „Der Larry kann tun wie er will, und muß kein

FAMILY LIFE



Stoß leiden. Ich hätte viel lieber Schläg als dies."

"Es war nicht seine Schuld," wipert der Host zum Andu. Der Andu antwortete nicht, aber er nickte sein Kopf, daß der Host vernimmt daß er einig ist.

Wo das letzte Lied geungen war, fragte Samun sein Vater, "Darf ich gerade Heim gehen?"

"Ja," antwortete der Vater, "wenn der Andu mit gehet." Es war zwei Weile zu der Miller Heimat.

Der Andu ging gerne mit, denn er hatte Mitleidens sein Bruder die weil er wußte daß der Larry die Schuld war. Er sagte auch seinem Vater, "Es war der Larry Schuld."

Der Jeff Troner, Larry sein Vater, war in die Stadt gekommen wo der John Miller sein Gaul am lösen

"Es ist bald zeit hand an legen daß unsere Söhne horjamkeit bewegen. Es wäre gut wenn mehr Väter

## Der Anfang der Kreatur

Worten Und Weise Von Anna Smucker Stoltzfus

The musical score is written on a single staff with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple, using mostly quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are in German and tell the story of the beginning of creation.

An der Welt An - fang, Schuf Gott der Him - mel und die Er - de;  
Aus A - dams Sei - te, nahm Gott ein Ripp und baut ein Wei - be;  
Die Schlang der Teu - fel, Hat nun der Mensch aus Neid ver - such - et;  
Und al - les was dar - in - nen war; Und Er pflanz - te ein Gar - ten  
Für ein Ge - hülff - in nur für ihn; Nun bei ein - nan - der war'n all die  
Da nahm er die ver - bot'ne Frucht; Im schö - nen Gar - ten lüßt Gott  
In E - den ge - gen Mor - gen, Für A - dam zu be - wah - en da.  
Kre - a - tur - en lieb - lich, Und wusz - ten ja von kei - ne Sünd.  
Sie nim - mer - mehr da Woh - nen, Trieb sie her - aus, die Erd verflucht.

Dornen und Disteln,  
Sind dann gekommen auf die Erde;  
Dazu viel Arbeit, Angst und Noth;  
Trübsal und Schmerzen,  
Neid, Hasz und viele Herzenleiden,  
Und endlich noch der bittere Tod.

'S hat Gott bedauert,  
Wie tief die Menschen sind gefallen;  
Er gab sie ein' Verheiszung schön;  
Dasz ein'r wird kommen,  
Die alte Schlang der Kopf zurtreten,  
Wird durch sein Blut uns waschen rein.

Schon viel im Glauben,  
In sel'ge Hoffnung sind gewarten,  
Und sind gestorben ehe Er kam;  
Zu Gott geopfert,  
Bis zu der Zeit da es erfüllet,  
Kommt Jesus Christus Gottes Sohn.

Ja, wohl wir wissen,  
Sein ganzes Leben auf die Erden,  
War rein und unbefleckt von Sünd;  
Hat viel gelitten,  
Die ganze Welt ihr' Sünd getragen,  
Will durch sein Blut uns waschen rein.

Ich will Gott danken,  
Für seine unaussprechlich Gnade;  
Die Er am Kreuz für uns erwarb.  
Wie grosze Liebe,  
Dasz er sein eignen Sohn nicht schonte,  
Schickt Ihn zu sterben für uns dort.

Ich will es glauben,  
Dasz Christus ist vom Tod erwecket,  
Zur rechten Gottes uns vertritt;  
Tut für uns sorgen,  
Und will uns nimmermehr verdammen,  
So wir hier leben nach sein Wort.

Ich will aus Liebe,  
Den schmalen Weg zum Himmel wandeln,  
Ich will nicht leben nach dem Fleisch;  
Zu Gott nun beten,  
Ja alle Tag um Christi Willen,  
Völlig zu werden nach dem Geist.

Und ich will hoffen,  
Dasz ich kann mit die Auserwählten,  
Am Jüngsten Tag bei Christo sein;  
Dort ewig leben,  
Mit Ihm und all die heilige Engel,  
Und unaussprechlich mich erfreuen.

würden wie du Heute getan hast," sagte er zu der Sammy sein Vater.

"Ja," antwortete der John, "Es ist bedauerlich, aber wenn die Knaben sitzen müßten auf der Mittelbank wie die Mädchen so würden sie mehr aufmerksam sein."

"Der hintere Bank war noch immer der Knaben-Bank."

"Aber doch, wollen wir Sonntag nach Sonntag die Knaben sehen ihre eigne Sachen treiben und der Gottesdienst verachten?"

"Wenn wir sie züchtigen wie du heute dein Knabe hast, so würde es vielleicht besser gehen."

"Vielleicht — Ja, für eine Zeitlang, aber es ist nicht gut daß sie der hintere Bank haben. Tun wir sie nicht versuchen damit?"

"Wir wollen am ersten mal probieren was du heute getan hast."

"Hast du das recht Ding getan?" fragte der John.

"Ich sag du hast das recht Ding getan! Es wird besser wenn alle Väter bekümmert wären was ihre Söhne tun am Gottesdienst." Er redete laut, und schlenkert seine Hand es zu bekräftigen.

Der John Miller war stille ein wenig. Er sahe auf den Boden und machte das Stroh zusammen mit seinem Fuß. Der Gaul war unruhig für heim zu gehen. Endlich fragte der John, "Willst du auch so tun wenn dein Sohn ungehorsam ist?"

"Verstannen recht! und mehr! Er wird bei mir sitzen bis er weiß wie wir tun sollen in der Gemeinde."

"Es war mir schon gesagt daß dein Sohn tut auch helfen der Aufruhr machen in die Gemeinde."

Der Jeff Trover sein Angesicht war rot geworden. "Du sagst nicht! Ich kann nicht glauben daß der Larry ein Aufruhr macht. Nein, nicht mein Sohn!"

"Forsche nach und frage andere," sagte der John sanftmütiglich.

"Ja, das werde ich tun!" Und er läuft davon.

Zwei Wochen später war die Gemeinde an das Olen Millers. Es war ein schöner Tag aber der Sammy war betrübt. Morgens ob sie auf der Surrey gingen, hat der Vater gesagt, "Heute sollst du noch bei mir sitzen."

"Ich — ich wieder zu dir sitzen?"

"Ja —" sagte er mit sanfter Stimme, "Du wirst bei mir sitzen Heute. Es gehet dir hart, du wirst es nicht verstehen aber vielleicht wenn du älter wirst so wirst du es verstehen."

"Aber Vater, muß ich? Es war nicht meine Schuld."

Der Vater legte seine Hand auf den Sohn seine Schulter, und die Tränen stunden beide in die Augen. "Du sollst gehorchen wenn Gott redet durch die Prediger. Du sagst es war am Larry seine Schuld, und vielleicht hat er die größte Schuld; aber du bist auch zornig geworden. Du hast dich nicht geschämt ein Aufruhr zu machen in die Gemeinde so sollst du dich nicht schämen die Strafe auf dich zu nehmen."

Der Sammy schwieg stille, denn er wußte das Weinen und Betteln nichts helfen würde. Er wollte auch nicht daß die Leute sehen können daß er geweint hat.

Wo sie ans Olen Millers kommen waren läuft der Larry nahe bei der Sammy und sagte, "Papa sein Bubele!" Aber der Sammy sprang weg und ging zu seinem Vater in die Scheuer.

Wo der Prediger anfang zu predigen hat der Sammy sein Scham vergessen, denn er hat besser hören können als auf der Knaben-Bank.

Der Larry sahe daß sein Vater sich nicht drehte für ihn

anzusehen. Als der erste Prediger bald fertig war fing der Larry an die Kinder unruhig zu machen die vorne an ihm saßen mit ihre Väter. Er steckte den in ein Kind seine Haare, dann steckte er es dem Kind am Hals und an sein Hemd. Da schrie das Kind laut. Larry und die mit ihm waren, lachten.

Plötzlich stand der Jeff Trover auf seine Füße, drehte sich und sahe der Larry lachen. Da der Larry sein Vater sahe, war sein Gesicht gefallen, und er war ganz still.

Da ging der Jeff Trover und sagt zu seinem Sohn: "Komm du mit mir." "Nein, nein," schrie der Larry, und blieb sitzen.

"Ja, du kommst aber," antwortete der Jeff. Er ging hin und nahm ihn bei der Schulter und reißte ihn von dem Bank. Der Larry fing an zu weinen, aber er mußte mit seinem Vater gehen. Dann war er nahe der Sammy mit seinem Vater gesitt. Der Sammy war froh daß er nicht so ein Aufstand gemacht hat . . .

Als die Gemeinde aus war, und sie am bereiten waren heim zu gehen, sagte der John Miller zu dem Jeff Trover, "Nun sehe ich daß du so gut bist als dein Wort. Ich hoffe daß unser Exempel wird helfen daß die Knaben sich jetzt tugendhaft anführen. Aber sage mir, wie hast du ausgefunden daß dein Sohn ungehorsam war heute? Du hast dich nicht bekümmert dich zu drehen ihn zu sehen."

Jeff antwortete: "Das war leicht. Diesen Morgen sagte ich zu mein Weib: Du kannst der Knaben-Bank sehen besser als ich kann. Halte dein Auge auf der Larry, und wenn er ein Aufruhr macht, so winke mir. Sie winkte mir sehr eifrig, dann wußte ich daß es zeit war ihn zu holen."

## Announcing

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# CHILDREN'S SECTION

## A FRIEND

by Elmo Stoll

### FANNIE AND RACHEL KING FELT SURE THAT LYDIA STOLTZFUS WOULD SPOIL THEIR DAY AT THE ZOO. AND ALMOST THEIR DAY WAS SPOILED— BUT NOT BY LYDIA FOR FANNIE

#### Part 1. Surprise at Supper

**T**HE CHILLY APRIL RAIN splashed against the gray sides of Dan King's topbuggy as he pulled his horse to a stop outside the barn. Dan King was thankful to be home before dark as he put his horse away and hurried to the house.

Under the shelter of the porch roof he stopped and stood watching the heavy clouds in the overcast sky. "Sure hope it clears by tomorrow," he said to himself, "or the children will really be disappointed."

Inside the house, Fannie, the oldest daughter in the King family, was just taking the shoo-fly pie out of the oven so it would have time to cool before supper. She looked up as the door opened and her father entered.

"Well, Fannie," Father said, taking off his damp coat and hanging it behind the stove. "I've got a surprise for you."

"Hope it isn't company for supper," Fannie laughed. "We're not having anything special — just shoo-fly."

"No, it's not company," Father said. "Guess again."

"Oh, I can't guess," Fannie said. "Here's Rachel. Let her guess."

Rachel had been in the living room, studying her eighth grade reading for school. When she heard the conversation in the kitchen, her school books were forgotten.

"Come on, Dad," she said eagerly. "Don't tease us. What is the surprise?"

"Well," Father began slowly. "I was talking with Don Hilderbrand in Gap today. He said he plans to drive in to Philadelphia tomorrow and he would have room in the car for five more to go along."

"Oh, goody," Rachel exclaimed. "We can go to the zoo!"

Father could hardly have suggested anything that the King family had talked of doing more often than going to the zoo. Several times before they had planned to go, but each time something had turned up to keep them from going.

As the King family sat around the supper table that evening, there was plenty of excitement about the proposed zoo trip. Since there was only room in the car for five, it was clear that the whole family could not go. Besides, the baby had been sick for a few days. Finally it was decided that Father would go with the two girls and nine-year-old Ben. Mother would stay home with the baby and the younger children.

"Let's see," Rachel said, counting on her fingers. "Daddy, Fannie, Ben, and myself. That's only four."

"That's right, we'd have room for one more," Father agreed. "Why don't you girls ask a friend to go along?"

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Fannie and Rachel were pleased with the idea. "But who shall we ask? Let's see —"

"I know who would be a good girl to ask," Mother said quickly.

"Who's that?"

"Why, Lydia Stoltzfus. She's the only girl in the family, and would probably be glad for the chance to go."

"Oh, not Lydia," groaned Fannie, stealing a quick glance at Rachel. "We'd rather ask somebody else. Wouldn't we, Rachel?"

Rachel nodded.

"But don't you think it would be nice if Lydia got to go?" Mother asked pleasantly.

"No, Mom, we don't want her," Fannie said, shaking her head. "She would spoil the trip. She always thinks she's so smart and knows more than we do. She doesn't deserve to go."

Father looked surprised. "You shouldn't talk like that, Fannie," he reproved. "How do you know what she thinks?"

"Well, she always acts like a know-it-all. I won't ask her to go for anything —"

Suddenly Father's face grew stern. "Stop," he said. "I don't want you talking like that. If that's how you feel, I'm not sure you deserve a zoo trip."

Fannie looked dismayed. She hadn't thought of it turning out this way.

"That's right," Father said firmly. "Think it over. Either you ask Lydia to go along, or we call the trip off. There'll be no more nonsense."

That settled it. Fannie looked at Rachel with regret in her eyes.

"Maybe Dad will change his mind," Fannie whispered hopefully as she was helping Rachel do the dishes.

"No, he won't," Rachel answered. "And you know it too. If we coax we won't get to go at all. Let's take Lydia — that's better than staying at home."

Since there was no way out, the girls gloomily submitted to having Lydia Stoltzfus along.

"Both of you girls go over and invite Lydia," Father told them when the dishes were done. "The rain has stopped now and it's only a quarter of a mile."

Reluctantly the girls went.

Lydia Stoltzfus was plainly surprised when they told her why they had come. "Oh, I would love to go along," she said, smiling happily.

The two King girls tried not to let their disappointment show on their faces. "Okay, be ready by 8:30 in the morning."

They turned and left, walking home in silence.

#### Part 2. "You Think You Know Everything"

The morning sun glistened in the pools of rain water standing alongside the narrow paved road as they drove through the Pequea Valley. The three girls rode in the back seat. Fannie and Rachel had gotten over much of their disappointment of the evening before and seemed cheerful again. They tried hard to act friendly toward Lydia. If the Stoltzfus girl had ever sensed that she wasn't truly welcome, she didn't show it. She chatted pleasantly all the way.

The weather was certainly doing its part to provide an enjoyable day at the zoo. The April sun shone with spring-time brightness.

"I believe I can find the zoo," Don Hilderbrand said when he heard where they wanted to go. "It's right at the west edge of town, just across the Schuylkill River."

They drove slowly through the streets of Philadelphia, passing long rows of houses that were built tightly against each other, colonial style. But soon they were in a poorer section of town where the unpainted houses slouched like tired gray shadows. Pieces of paper and tin cans littered the sidewalk. A robin hopped on a patch of green grass, cocking his head to listen for a worm crawling. It was the only cheerful sight in a bleak landscape of drab, ill-kept houses and littered lawns.

"I didn't know Philadelphia was like this," Fannie said. "Things look so — so — run down."

"But not all of Philadelphia is like this," Lydia said quickly. "This is the slum area."

"Oh," Fannie bither lip. Of course, Lydia would know. She always knew everything.

They slowed down and turned at a corner where a green sign pointed to the right. The sign said, "ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

"What kind of a garden is that?" Fannie asked.

Lydia laughed pleasantly. "That's the zoo. Just a long word for it."

"Oh," Fannie felt humbled. How could she have known?

They reached the zoo. Little Ben stuck close to Father at first. Clusters of people seemed to be walking in every direction.

"Oh, look," shouted Ben, "there's a mule!"

"How queer," said Fannie. "Why do they have a mule in the zoo? We can see lots of mules at home."

"I guess that's for city people," Lydia suggested. "They don't have mules at home like we do. It's probably a real treat for them."

"Oh," said Fannie. How simple the answer was. From now on she would think before asking a question.

They passed a pen of zebras. How funny they looked. Ahead of them a little girl, hanging on to her father's hand was saying, "Look, Daddy. There are some striped horses!"

What a lot of things to see. Small metal signs were fastened to the wire fences, telling the names of the animals and where they were from.

They climbed some steps and went into a large building. "Monkeys," exclaimed Fannie. "I like monkeys. Wonder if we're allowed to feed them."

"These aren't really monkeys," Lydia said. "They're gorillas, and let's look for a sign telling us if we are allowed to feed them or not."

Father and Ben were off to one side, looking at another pen. Fannie was about tired of having Lydia always know more.

"They're all the same, monkeys and gorillas," Fannie said resentfully.

"No, really they aren't," Lydia said calmly. She didn't seem to notice how upset Fannie was, nor why. "Gorillas are much bigger than monkeys. That is like saying cats and tigers are the same."

"Oh, sure," Fannie said angrily. "You think you know so much. I never saw the like. You think you know everything."

Lydia looked hurt. She didn't answer.

The next pen held a pair of chimpanzees. The girls watched fascinated as the animals jumped from bar to bar, swinging gracefully on their long hairy arms. The one seemed bent on entertaining them. After swinging wildly about, he ran into a corner, sat down, stuck out his lower lip at them, then started piling some banana peelings on top of his head.

"Wow, doesn't he look dumb," Fannie said.

Lydia didn't laugh. She tried to smile, but the hurt lingered in her eyes.

Part 3. "Koom, Llama, Koom"

"Where are the bears?" Ben asked. "I'm tired of looking at monkeys. Don't they have any bears?"

"Yes, the bears are somewhere else. We'll come to them soon," Father assured him.

There seemed to be no end of different kinds of animals. Buffaloes, kangaroos, camels, wolves and foxes. The lions were frighteningly huge, and seemed never to rest. They paced from side to side on padded paws — back and forth, back and forth.

"I wish one would roar," Ben said as they passed.

The girls were strangely silent.

They passed a pool with a large hippopotamus in it. He had his mouth open, showing ugly, flat teeth.



"Oooh," squealed Rachel, "he would like to have one of us for his dinner."

Fannie could not help but notice how differently Lydia was acting. She hardly spoke, only smiled and tried to act normal.

To Ben's delight, they found the place where the bears were kept. A boy and a girl were tossing peanuts to a shaggy white polar bear.

"Those peanuts look so small for such a big bear to be eating," Father laughed. "I would get discouraged eating that slowly."

"Wow, look at that grizzly bear," Fannie said, pointing to the largest bear of all, a cinnamon colored bear.

"That's not a — " Lydia stopped and turned away. She didn't finish her sentence.

Fannie glanced at the small sign posted at the corner of the wire pen. "Kodiak Bear. The largest species of bear in the world." She knew now what Lydia had started to say and was afraid to finish.

Next in line was the snake house. The girls found the size of some of the snakes nearly impossible to believe. "What if some of them got out of the cage?" Rachel asked.

"I'm nervous enough without you talking like that," Fannie said. She shivered. "Let's get out of here. I don't like snakes."

Father and Ben weren't finished seeing the snakes yet, so the girls hurried out of the building by themselves. Outside Lydia walked close to Fannie. "I'm sorry," she said softly, "if I acted like I knew everything. I — I didn't mean to."

Fannie tried to think of the right thing to say. She felt worse inside than ever. She was the one who should apologize for spoiling the day for both of them.

"I — I guess it was more my fault than yours," she stammered. "I guess I was just jealous of you because you're so much smarter than I am. I'm always so dumb."

For a moment Lydia just stared at her. "You — mean you were jealous of — of me? Oh, Fannie, and so often I've wished I could be you. It's been hard many times not to be jealous of you."

"Jealous of me?" Fannie said. "I can't believe that. Why — you always had better grades in school and are so



smart. Whatever were you jealous of me about?"

"I've always wanted to have a sister to play with me," Lydia confessed. "Sometimes it's awfully lonely being the only girl in the family. All there is to do is read."

Just then the girls were interrupted when Father and Ben walked up to them. "Ben wants to go see the tigers," Father said.

"We'll look at the tigers later," Fannie said. "Right now we'd rather go over and see what is in the pen over there." She pointed to a nearby pen with some woolly animals grazing in it.

"How peaceful they look," Rachel said. "They look gentle enough to pet. Let's watch them for a change instead of those lions and snakes and hippopotamuses. They make me nervous."

The girls stood looking at the sheeplike animals with long necks.

"Let's pull some grass and see if we can coax them over, whatever they are," Fannie said. "What are they, Lydia?"

"I believe they're llamas, though I'm not sure, as there are some other animals that look a lot like llamas, but aren't. There should be a sign around."

The girls didn't see any sign. In a few moments Fannie had pulled a handful of fresh green grass and held it invitingly through the wire fence. "Koom, Llama, Koom. Ich geb dich eppas fa fresha."

The nearest llama seemed to understand Pennsylvania Dutch, for it soon came over to nibble tamely on the grass.

"Springnet faat; ich grick noch mae," Fannie said laughingly, pleased that the animal trusted her. Quickly she pulled some more grass.

As she held out the second handful of grass, some of the other llamas saw it and came running to the fence for a share too.

"Better be careful," Lydia warned, suddenly thinking of something. "If I'm not mistaken, those llamas sometimes spit at people if they become angry."

"Let her go," Rachel laughed, "that would be a good joke if Fannie's little pets spit at her."

"Oh, I'm not scared by the things you're saying," Fannie answered goodnaturedly, going ahead and pulling some more grass.

But this time, her pets didn't act so gentle. They all wanted the grass, and they crowded each other to get at it, stretching their necks longingly. One llama that was pushed back and didn't get any grass, pawed the ground angrily. It reared slightly, its head erect.

Lydia saw what was about to happen. "Look out," she shouted. With a quick motion she grabbed Fannie's arm and jerked her back, away from the pen.

With a hiss the angry llama spit, sending a stream of saliva through the fence to where Fannie had stood the moment before.

The girls scrambled back still farther, until they were safely out of reach of the llamas. Then suddenly all three of them were laughing. They laughed until their sides hurt, and each time they started discussing what had happened, they laughed some more.

Chatting happily as they walked, the girls set out to find Father and Ben to tell them about the llamas. "And best of all," Fannie thought to herself, "I'm going to tell Dad how glad I am he didn't let me have my own way last night. Lydia is a real friend and from now on we won't be jealous of each other — I'll share my sister with her and she can share some of the things she knows with me." ■■

## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

— by

David  
Luthy

### LIVING

### MOUSETRAPS



#### Part I. Late for School

"Come on, Tony," Eli Hostetler called to his horse. "We're going to be late for school."

The old, long-legged horse quickened his speed for a few steps, but then slowed down to his regular leisurely gait.

"Can't you make him go any faster?" asked Emma.

Her brother slapped Tony with the right line. The horse tossed his head and trotted faster.

"He goes okay now," muttered Eli. "But it will make my arm tired slapping him every fifty feet."

"I wish Dad would let us drive Jane to school," said Magdalena. "She's bigger and could pull this hack a lot easier."

"Maybe too easy," added Emma. "I feel safer with Tony, even if he is eighteen and a slowpoke."

The long school hack stopped for a car to pass, then turned in the lane of the Ezra Burkholder farm. Two children came out of the house, carrying lunch pails. The rear door of the hack swung open and they climbed in.

"Good morning," greeted Emma.

"Good morning," answered the new passengers.

As Eli turned the buggy out the lane, he suddenly pulled the horse to a stop. "Hey, what's that nailed to the washhouse?" The others stared out the windows. "Looks like a big hawk."

"Red-tailed hawk," spoke up Simon Burkholder. "My brother, Monroe, shot it yesterday down in the woods."

"I'd like to see it closer," said Eli. "Here, Emma, hold the lines a minute."

"But we'll be late for school," protested Magdalena.

Eli's attention was on the hawk nailed to the wall. If he heard his sister's advice, he paid no attention to it. The back door of the hack opened and Simon hopped out to join Eli beside the washhouse.

"Must be four feet or more from tip to tip," said Eli. He spread his arms wide to imitate the wings on the wall.

"Dad measured it. It's 44 inches," said Simon.

"Hurry up, Eli," called Emma. "We're going to be late."

"Okay, okay, I'm coming."

One last look at the hawk and the two boys reboarded the buggy.

## Part II. A Noontime Suggestion

Emma was right. They were late for school. When the buggy pulled into the schoolyard, no one was outside playing. Quickly the girls climbed out of the hack and ran for the schoolhouse. Eli and Simon hurried to unhitch old Tony.

It wasn't until noontime that Miss Gingerich asked the children why they had been late for school.

"Eli can tell better than we can," said Emma.

Eli looked at the side of the teacher's desk. "Our horse poked all the way, and ... and, well, I stopped at Burkholder's to see a hawk that was nailed to the side of the washhouse."

Miss Gingerich didn't become too stern, for she knew how much boys liked to study birds — especially big birds. "Try to get an earlier start from home," she advised. "Then you will have time some mornings to stop and look at things." She started to go toward her desk, but stopped and turned back. "You know, I wouldn't mind seeing that hawk myself."

"Would you?" asked Simon eagerly. "I bet Dad would let me bring it tomorrow, if you said it's all right."

By now a small group of students had gathered around their teacher. "Oh, yes, Teacher. Let him bring the hawk."

"Hawk," shuddered Nancy Nisley. "I don't want to see the thing. I'm scared of hawks."

"Ha, ha," laughed an eighth grade boy. "Are you afraid it will carry you off?"

"A hawk couldn't even lift her an inch off the ground," said Eli. "That's only a story about hawks carrying little children off."

"How do you know?" asked Nancy.

Eli went to the bookshelf and reached for one of the encyclopedias. In a few minutes he had the article he was looking for. He read out loud, "Even the largest hawk, the goshawk, can lift nothing heavier than the common rabbit."

"I've an idea," said Miss Gingerich. "If you are so interested in hawks, Eli, why don't you give us a report on Friday afternoon? Simon can bring the hawk then and show it to us."

Eli felt nervous about such an assignment. "Oh, I really don't know very much about hawks," he said. "But I think I could bring someone to school who does."

"Who?" asked a number of students together.

"Mr. Judson."

"Who's he?" asked Miss Gingerich.

Eli told how last summer he had been in town peddling strawberries, when he met a man who had a whole roomful of stuffed birds. "Maybe, he could come and tell us about them," suggested Eli.

Miss Gingerich thought for a second, then said, "That's a good suggestion. You talk with him and invite him to come on Friday after the last recess."

## Part III. An Interesting Afternoon

When Eli arrived at school Wednesday morning, he reported to Miss Gingerich that Mr. Judson had agreed to come. He would be there at 2 o'clock.

"Hurray," chorused the students, who had followed Eli to the teacher's desk. "That ought to be fun."

It was an excited and tense school that awaited Mr. Judson on Friday afternoon. When the elderly gentleman knocked on the glass door, thirty-two heads swung around to greet him.

"Answer the door, Eli," said Miss Gingerich. "And

invite our guest in."

With a slight air of importance Eli left his desk in the row of sixth graders and opened the door for Mr. Judson. His teacher joined them and introduced herself to the guest.

"Come up in front and stand beside my desk, Mr. Judson," she offered. "The children can hardly wait to hear what you have to tell them. And..." She hesitated and smiled, glancing down at the large wooden box beside Mr. Judson. "... and to see whatever you have to show them."

"Now children," spoke Mr. Judson, as he walked through the aisle toward the teacher's desk, "I don't plan to do all the talking this afternoon. I want you to ask any questions that you think of. Don't be bashful."

"Wonder what bird he has in the box," thought Eli, as he returned to his seat. But his thoughts soon turned to what Mr. Judson was saying in front of the room.

"The hawk family is a very large one. It has over two hundred different members. We can't talk about all of them today, and I really don't know about them all." He cleared his throat. "Many things I will say this afternoon will pretty well fit most members of the hawk family."

Mr. Judson tapped his fingers on top of the large box, which was resting on Miss Gingerich's desk. "Can anyone guess what I have in here?"

"A hawk," answered Susie Mast.

"Well, not exactly," answered Mr. Judson.

The children looked puzzled.

"What I have is a member of the hawk family, but it is much larger than the ordinary hawk. Can anybody guess now what it is?"

The children still looked puzzled. Finally Miss Gingerich said, "Could it be an eagle?"

"An eagle it is," grinned Mr. Judson. He unsnapped the clips on each side of the box. He lifted the box off its base. There perched on a tree limb was a huge eagle.

"Oooohh," gasped many of the pupils.

"Don't worry," smiled Mr. Judson. "It won't swoop down on any of you. It's stuffed."

Some of the boys sat on their feet in their desks and leaned on the desk tops to get a better view of the eagle.

"A Golden Eagle," stated Mr. Judson. His hand stroked the brown feathers lightly and rested on the head where the color was brownish gold. "This eagle is often called the 'king of birds'. In ancient Rome golden statues of it were carried in parades. And right here in America the Indians used its feathers in their war-bonnets."

Mr. Judson took a yardstick from the ledge on the blackboard. He stood it beside the eagle. "It measures thirty-three inches high from the tip of its tail to the crown of its head." To the surprise of the entire classroom, Mr. Judson stood behind the bird and took hold of its wings. The students could hardly believe their eyes as Mr. Judson stretched the wings. "Seven feet wide," he said. "Taller than any of your fathers."

"How fast can he fly?" asked Simon Burkholder.

"A hundred miles an hour," came the answer. "And by the way, this isn't a 'he'; it is a 'she'. Like all birds of prey, the female golden eagle is slightly larger than the male."

"Where do they live?" asked another pupil.

"The Western States is where most are found. They prefer to live on high rocky ledges or lone trees that overlook valleys. And their nests are enormous. One was found that contained two wagonloads of material. It was seven feet high and six feet wide. Such a large nest for only two eggs!"



Miss Gingerich now held up her hand. "What does a bird this size eat?"

"Mostly rabbits, rats, or prairie dogs. But a golden eagle has been known to kill foxes. On rare occasions when it is very hungry, it may attack a deer. But if the deer is healthy it can protect itself with its sharp forefeet. Of course an eagle couldn't carry off a deer to its nest like it does mice and rabbits. It would eat the meat on the ground like a buzzard does."

The room was silent for a minute. Then Simon Burkholder asked, "Does this kind of eagle eat chickens like other hawks do?"

Mr. Judson leaned against the desk and placed his hand beside the stuffed bird. "Any hawk or eagle can kill a chicken with little trouble. But it doesn't happen as often as people imagine. Really it is unfair to call a red-tailed hawk a 'chicken hawk'. It hardly ever kills chickens. A better name for it would be a 'Living Mousetrap', because over 50% of its diet is mice and rats."

"Then hawks aren't so bad to have around a farm after all," said Simon. "I'll have to tell my brother that."

"Tell him," continued Mr. Judson, "that the hawks we have around here are the farmer's friends. Some sheep ranchers in the West learned that about the golden eagle."

For years they thought it would carry off young lambs; so they shot thousands of them. They even hunted them from airplanes. But when the rat and prairie dog population zoomed upward, they realized what a mistake they had made."

Another hand was raised.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Judson.

"Aren't there any hawks which should be shot?" wondered one of the eighth grade boys. "I thought some kill song birds."

"You're right," said Mr. Judson. "The Cooper's hawk is bad for doing that. But we don't have many of those around here."

For another fifteen minutes Mr. Judson answered the children's questions. Then after inviting the class to visit his roomful of stuffed birds sometime, he left the schoolhouse.

In the hack on the way home from school, the Hostetlers and Burkholders were one steady buzz of conversation. Emma summed up the feeling of the others when she said, "That talk sure beat our usual Friday afternoon art period."

"And," added Eli, "it beat anything I could have given in a report."

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## Grandfather's Reading Lesson

# A NARROW ESCAPE

"Children, I will dismiss you now. The air in the distance is becoming so thick with smoke that I am afraid forest fires have broken out not far off. Go home as quickly as you can," said Miss Nelson, the teacher of a school in northern Ontario. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in less than two minutes the schoolhouse was empty.

For six weeks there had been little or no rain. Fire had broken out in the forest in different places, but as the weather had been calm, it had not spread, but had quickly burned itself out. Now, however, wind had sprung up, fire had broken out again, and great clouds of smoke were already blowing over the schoolhouse.

When the children separated and went off in different directions, one little party of three took a road leading north. These were Mabel Howard, a girl of sixteen, and the two brothers, Tim and Harry Lennox, aged eleven and nine years. The parents of these children lived three miles from the schoolhouse on adjoining farms, which were not likely to be reached by the fires; so the young people had no fear for the safety of their own homes.

They trudged cheerily on until they came to a belt of forest about half a mile broad, through which their road lay. Here the smoke was becoming dense, but the children, not expecting that the flames could reach so far, entered the wood without fear. They had not gone a hundred yards when the heat became unbearable; and, borne down by the westerly breeze, a roaring sound, like the rushing of mighty waters, fell upon their ears. Soon the hissing and crackling of the flames told them that the fire was fast sweeping toward them.

"Back — back to the clearing! We can't get through!"

cried Mabel, turning to run.

Then, stopping as suddenly as she had started off, she exclaimed, "Oh, those poor children, Gertrude and Crissy Moore! I met their mother this morning, and she told me that she and Mr. Moore would be away from home all day, and that the children would be alone. The house is two miles from here, and close to the woods. The fire will soon reach the house, and the poor little girls will be burned to death!"

"Come, boys, come! We must outrun the fire and get there in time to save them. Let us make a race for it!" And the three set off along the fields by the edge of the forest.

They started at full speed, and soon found that they were outstripping the flames. But great billows of smoke were rolling all around them, and before they had gone three-quarters of a mile the two boys sank to the ground, overcome by the heat, and almost stifled by the smoke.

What was to be done? Mabel could not leave them there in the path of the fire; and yet she dared not delay. Looking around in dismay and terror, her eyes fell on a well-known landmark — a small, placid lake.

"Come, boys," she cried; "try again. Our lives and the lives of the Moore children depend upon our not giving way. The lake is just beyond us there. Hold tight to me, and I'll take you to it." And, half dragging the nearly unconscious lads, she brought them at last to the water's edge.

All three threw themselves down and drank as they had never drunk before. Then the boys declared they were ready to go on. But Mabel said, "No, lie down on the ground. The smoke will not reach you there; and if the fire creeps across the field, wade out into the lake, where you will be quite safe till I can come back for you."

The boys lay down as she bade them, and then the heroic girl pushed on alone. Through the delay the fire had gained on her, and as she raced on in front of the roaring flames, she had to halt and stoop low to the earth to get a breath of pure air.

At last, breathless with running, Mabel reached Mr.

Moore's farm. The two little children were clinging to each other, screaming for help. No time was to be lost. The awful sea of fire was already bursting through the trees! Gently laying the children face down upon the ground, Mabel dipped her light woollen shawl in a pail of water, drew it over her head, and ran swiftly to the well at the back of the house.

Over the well was an old-fashioned windlass, around the drum of which was a rope attached to a great bucket. The ready-witted girl lowered the bucket rapidly to the bottom, and drawing it up again empty, found that the water must be less than two feet deep.

The air was now so hot, that in order to breathe, she had to draw a fold of the wet shawl over her mouth and nose. While doing this she noticed a pile of fire-wood standing in the yard. Hurrying to it, she brought back an armful of blocks, which she threw into the well. This action she repeated, until, letting down the bucket again, she found that the blocks of wood stood above the level of the water.



### *A Land Unknown*

Have you heard the tale of Lazy-lad,  
Who dearly loved to shirk,  
For he hated his lessons and hated his tasks,  
And he hated to have to work?  
So he sailed away on a summer day  
Over the ocean blue;  
Said Lazy-lad, "I will seek till I find  
The land of Nothing-to-do."

So Lazy-lad he sailed to the West,  
And then to the East sailed he,  
And he sailed North and he sailed South  
Over many a league of sea.  
And many a country fair and bright  
And busy came into view;  
But never, alas! could he find the coast  
Of the land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy-lad sailed back again,  
And a wiser lad was he,  
For he said, "I've wandered to every land  
That is in the geography;  
And in each and all I've found that folks  
Are busy the whole year through;  
And everybody in every place  
Seemed to have something to do.

"So it must be the best way, after all,  
And I mean to stay on shore,  
And learn my lessons and do my tasks,  
And be Lazy-lad no more.  
The busiest folks are the happiest,  
And what Mother said is true,  
For I've found out there is no such place  
As the land of Nothing-to-do.

Running back to the house, she tore the blankets from the beds, snatched little Crissy up in her arms, and bidding Gertie hold on to her frock, hurried again to the well. To drop the blankets to the bottom, place the children, one at a time, in the bucket and lower them down, was the work of a few moments. Then letting the bucket remain below, she grasped the rope, slid down hand over hand, and joined the terrified children in their strange place of refuge.

The descent was not made a moment too soon. The flames were already rushing over the dry grass and stubble. In another minute the rest of the woodpile was ablaze, and a sheet of flame swept over the well. The rope, catching fire at the top, quickly burnt through, and fell plump upon the heads of the children.

For hours they cowered in terror, watching the whirling smoke, and listening to the roaring flames above. By and by the noise grew less and the smoke cleared. Slowly the night passed.

It was impossible to get out of the well. Mabel, though her heart was full of fear, did her best to comfort the little ones, hoping that at last someone would rescue them.

Several hours passed away. The sun had risen high in the heavens, when at last hurried footsteps were heard approaching. The anxious mother had reached her home, to find nothing but charred and glowing embers. A cry of despair broke from her when she could find no trace of her children.

But what is that? Her cry is answered by a faint shout! She stands eagerly listening. Again the shout is repeated — it sounds like a voice from the ground. A sudden thought strikes her. She rushes to the well, leans over the charred curb, and from the depths the cheering words reach her ears: "It's me, Mabel Howard. Gertrude and Crissy are with me."

Kneeling down by the brink, and peering into the darkness, Mrs. Moore caught a faint glimpse of the children, and uttered a glad cry of thankfulness. Then, opening a little parcel of cloth she had bought in the town, she tore the cloth into strips, and tied a number of them together. Fastening a stone to one end of the line she lowered it to Mabel, who quickly tied the rope to it. Then Mrs. Moore drew up the rope and fastened it to the windlass.

"Send the baby up first!" she cried joyfully. In a few moments the delighted little one appeared in the bucket at the mouth of the well, and was clasped in her mother's arms. Gertrude came next, and then Mrs. Moore exclaimed: "What shall we do now, Mabel? You are such a heavy lump of goodness that I'm afraid I can't wind you up."

"Never mind me," laughed Mabel, cheerily. "Just lower the bucket again and let me send up the blankets, and then I'll make my own way out."

Up came the blankets; the bucket made another descent, and Mabel, grasping the rope with both hands, and leaning far back, planted her feet firmly against the rough wall, and walked up to daylight as cleverly as any boy could have done.

Imagine the words of heartfelt thankfulness with which she was greeted by the fond mother. Imagine, too, Mabel's joy when, on reaching home, she found that the little Lennox boys whom she had left at the lake had also escaped unhurt. Mr. Moore's house was soon rebuilt, and inscribed in his memory is the name of the brave girl to whose courage and quick wit he owed the safety of his children, the sunshine of his home.

- from Heath's Fourth Reader  
**Family Life**





# TWINS WHO WERE DIFFERENT

Perhaps you thought that Isaac was just a young man at the time the servant Eliezer made the long journey to Haran to bring back Rebecca to be his wife. If so, you will be surprised to learn that he was forty years old then.

The years passed swiftly after that — happy years for Isaac and his wife Rebecca. Happy except for one shadow — they were childless. No little boys or girls were given them to cuddle in their arms. No children played about the tent.

Meanwhile Isaac's father, Abraham, grew older. Finally he was an old, old man, and the time came for him to die. He had lived 175 years in all. Then he died. Ishmael, the son of Hagar, kindly left his home in the desert and came to help Isaac bury Abraham in the cave where Sarah had been buried.

Still Isaac and Rebecca had no children. Twenty years passed from the time they were married. Then, at last God gave them a baby — no, not one baby, but two. Twin boys were born to them. How happy it must have made them. They named the babies Esau and Jacob.

But as we shall discover later, when these boys grew up to manhood, they did not always bring joy. They did things that brought much sorrow into the lives of their parents.

From the very first the twins were different. They did not even look alike. Jacob was a smooth child, but Esau was covered with red hair. As they grew up, the difference showed in other ways too. Jacob liked to stay close to his mother, or walk outside the tent among the gentle sheep. Esau, on the other hand, was wild and rough, and liked to wander far away hunting and killing animals.

Esau had something that Jacob wanted very much. It was the birthright. Esau was the firstborn, and in those times the firstborn always was given the birthright. That meant Esau would some day get his father's blessing and twice as many of the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle as would Jacob. "I wish I could think of some way to get the birthright," Jacob thought many times as he watched his brother Esau go out to the woods to hunt wild animals. But it seemed like a wish that would never come true.

Both Isaac and Rebecca noticed many times how different their two sons were — they did not seem like twins at all.

Often Esau came home at the end of the day with a deer slung across his strong shoulders. He would dress it skillfully and cook it with the most delicious seasoning — he knew just how his father liked it.

"Ummm," Isaac would say, greatly pleased with his son, "what good meat." Then he would praise Esau for his cunningness in stalking wild game and his skill in preparing it to eat. Isaac loved the taste of deer meat, and he made no secret that Esau was his favorite son.

Jacob only clung closer to his mother, for he knew that although his father did not care for him, his mother loved him more than she did Esau. She was pleased that Jacob would rather stay and help her in the tent than wander in the woods with his brother Esau.

One day Jacob went to the fields and gathered some lentiles to cook into stew. The lentiles grew on vines

much like peas, and the stew was called pottage.

As Jacob stirred the pottage, a delicious smell rose into the air. Suddenly his thoughts were broken by the voice of his brother Esau.

"Jacob," Esau was begging, "give me some of that pottage to eat."

Jacob whirled around. There on the ground lay Esau. But now he did not look strong and cunning. He had been away hunting and came back empty-handed and so faint he knew he would soon die. Only by using all his remaining strength had he been able to drag himself to where Esau stood cooking.

"Give me some stew," Esau moaned weakly. "I'm so — so faint."

But Jacob felt no pity for his brother. He thought at once of the birthright he longed so much to have.

"Sell me your birthright," Jacob bargained with his dying brother. "If you sell me your birthright, I will give you some stew."

Jacob's eyes narrowed and his face grew shrewd as he waited for the answer. Would he be willing to give up his birthright for a meal of pottage?

"Of what good is a birthright when a person is dying?" Esau groaned bitterly. "Take the old birthright, for all I care; only give me something to fill my stomach."

Jacob jumped at the chance. "Swear to me that you are serious, and that the birthright is really mine," he demanded.

Esau swore.

His eyes glinting with triumph, Jacob dipped out some of the steaming pottage for his hungry brother.

With great gulps, Esau ate the nourishing food. Slowly strength ebbed back into his weakened body. Finally he stirred, then rose unsteadily to his feet. And after that when he thought of his birthright, he despised it even more than he did his scheming brother.

- E. S.

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## HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER? (Questions from last month's story)

1. What sorrow came into the life of Abraham and Isaac?
2. Why didn't Abraham want Isaac to marry any of the girls of Canaan?
3. What promise did Abraham ask his most trusted servant to make?
4. Who was Nahor?
5. What sign did Eliezer ask God to give him at the well in Haran?
6. How soon did a girl come after Eliezer prayed?
7. Did God send Eliezer the sign he had prayed for?
8. What was the name of Rebekah's brother?
9. What did Eliezer insist on doing before he would eat any food?
10. Was Rebekah willing to go with Eliezer to become the wife of Isaac?

ANSWERS: 1. Sarah died 2. Because they worshipped idols 3. That he would travel back to where his relatives lived and find a wife for Isaac 4. Abraham's brother 5. That the girl who was to be Isaac's wife would say, "Drink, and I will draw for your camels" also. 6. While he was yet speaking 7. Yes 8. Laban 9. Make known his errand 10. Yes

# YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

## AMISH AND MENNONITE FAMILY NAMES

- By Joseph Stoll

### Part 4

**SHANTZ** — This name is found mainly among our Old Order Mennonite subscribers. It is a Swiss name, known among the Anabaptists as early as 1541. In 1567 Hans Tschantz was imprisoned at Bern for his faith.

Jacob Schantz was born in Switzerland about 1710, was later driven to Holland because of religious persecution, and from Holland he came to America in 1737. He located in Pennsylvania, but several of his grandsons moved to Ontario in the early 1800's, and the family has become numerous there.

But there is an Amish branch of the Schantz family, too. Joseph Schantz (1748-1810) who changed his name to Johns, lived in Somerset County, Penna. by 1793. In 1810 he founded the city of Johnstown on his farm. The name Johns is not found among the Old Order Amish today, but a number of Joseph Johns' descendants were church leaders, first among the Amish and more recently among the Mennonites. In his diary of 1864, John E. Bontrager of near Middlebury, Indiana wrote on October 30, "We been in the meeting at Daniel Johnses."

**SHETLER** — The pioneer Shetlers who came to America were Daniel Schöettler, his sisters Mary and Helena, and his half-brother Christian. These all came from Germany in 1833 or soon after, some landing in Baltimore and some in Philadelphia. They first settled in Somerset Co., Penna. and later some members of the family moved west. Christian, however, lived and died in Somerset County, though many of his descendants now live in Holmes and Wayne Counties, Ohio.

**STAUFFER** — This is a Mennonite family name meaning "cupbearer" or possibly "steep hill". The Stauffers were natives of the Emmental and of the Aar River valley of Switzerland. Christian Stauffer was an "obstinate" Anabaptist preacher who was in prison at Bern in 1644.

The name is more common among the Mennonite groups today than among the Amish. Jacob W. Stauffer (1811-55) was the founder of the Stauffer Mennonite Church, a branch begun in 1845 as a schism from the Lancaster Mennonite Conference.

**STOLTZFUS** — On Oct. 18, 1766 Nicholas Stoltzfus with his two sons and two daughters landed at Philadelphia from Zweibrücken, Germany. This Nicholas Stoltzfus is believed to be the ancestor of all those bearing the Stoltzfus name among the Amish and Mennonites today.

Nicholas purchased a plantation along the Schuylkill River near Reading, Pennsylvania. This he divided into five farms. The oldest daughter, Barbara, married John Schmucker, oldest son of the immigrant Christian Schmucker. (See above).

The Stoltzfuses were hard workers and good

managers, and prospered financially. Large families among them was the rule.

Christian Stoltzfus (1748-1832) was born in Germany, the youngest son and fourth child of Nicholas Stoltzfus. He was a farmer and Amish bishop and in his later years lived near Gordonville, Penna. His name appears as "Christel Stoltzfus" among the signers of the Amish discipline of 1809.

**STUTZMAN** — As early as 1711 Christian Stutzman and family left the shelter of Holland (to where they had fled from Switzerland), and sailed for America. Some years later, in 1727, John Jacob Stutzman landed in Philadelphia, and from him most of today's Amish Stutzmans are descended. The grandson of John Jacob, Christian by name, married Barbara Hochstetler, the daughter of Jacob Hochstetler of the Indian Massacre.

The descendants of this couple, Christian Stutzman and Barbara Hochstetler, are listed in one of the biggest family genealogies on the market today. The book contains over 15,000 entries and was compiled in 1912 by Harvey Hochstetler. It was recently reprinted.

David J. Stutzman (1800-1966) of Holmes County, Ohio was the author of two books, Der Schmale Verleugnungsweg (1917) and Language of the Death-bed (1958).

**SWARTZENTRUBER** — This Swiss name may mean a "seller of black grapes". In the early 1700's a family Bible used the spelling Schwartzentraub.

The Swartzenrubers are believed to have been natives of Waldeck, in Germany. The first known immigrations occurred soon after 1800, when members of the family came to Somerset County, Penna. and to Ontario. Michael and Christian Swartzenrubers were living in Ontario before 1840.

Jacob J. Swartzenrubers (1800-68) was born in Waldeck, Germany. He was ordained an Amish minister in Germany in 1826, and in 1833 he moved to Somerset Co., Penna. In 1851 he moved to Iowa and was there ordained the first Amish bishop in Johnson County. His two sons, Joseph and Frederick, were also bishops in Iowa after him.

Jacob's grandson was Jacob F. Swartzenrubers (1851-1924), an outstanding Amish leader and editor. He served as bishop of the Lower Deer Creek Church from 1887 until 1915, at which time his church joined the Western Amish Mennonite Conference, and Bishop Swartzenrubers changed his membership to the Old Order Amish near Sharon Center. Jacob F. was one of the founders of Herold der Wahrheit and served as editor for two years, and editor of the Junior Department until his death. To hundreds of boys and girls he was known as Uncle Jake.

**TROYER** — One of the very first Swiss Anabaptist martyrs was Hans Dreier, who was drowned in Bern on July 8, 1529, along with two other Anabaptists. When he was questioned before the court, he explained the points of his faith — he held fast to believers' baptism, did not think it was right to swear oaths, did not believe true Christians would let others suffer want.

Jacob Treyer was an Anabaptist of Laufen, Switzerland. In 1529 he was put in neck irons and

Family Life



brought to the market place of Basel. There a crowd of spectators soon gathered. Jakob boldly spoke to them concerning repentance and the new life. However, when some time later he was sentenced to death by beheading, he cast himself at the feet of the judges and begged for mercy. Because he recanted, he was pardoned.

Beginning about 1733 some Treyers from Bern moved to Pennsylvania, settling in Berks County. These were all Amish. By 1752 the brothers Michael and Andreas Troyer were listed as members of the Northkill Amish congregation in Berks County.

In later years the Troyers spread westward, and today they are one of the most numerous Amish families. Bishop David A. Treyer of Holmes County was an influential Amish bishop during the second half of the nineteenth century. He wrote the booklet, "Hinterlassende Schriften", which was first published in 1920.

John Troyer, who lived near Kokomo, Indiana, had an unusually large family, perhaps the largest of all time among the Amish or Mennonites. John was first married to Catherine Schrock who bore him twelve children. Following her death he married her cousin Caroline (Schrock) Kendall, a young widow with two children. John and Caroline in turn had seventeen additional children. This made a total of 31 children.

**WAGLER** — The Waglers came from Lorraine, France to Canada in the 1840's. In Europe they lived in the area near Colmar and Mulheim. John S. Wagler came to Waterloo County, Ontario in 1845 as a young unmarried man of 25. Three years later his father, Bishop Christian Wagler, and two of his brothers also came to Canada.

The above John S. Wagler was ordained a deacon in 1852, and in 1871 he moved with his family to Daviess County, Indiana to the new settlement there. The reason for moving was to seek a warmer climate; John was a small frail man who did not like the Canadian winters. The Waglers in the U.S.A. (and now some in Canada, also) are descendants of this John and his wife Magdalena Christner (born in Germany in 1831).

In Waterloo County, Ontario, the Waglers have played an important role in the church. John's brother, Minister Christian Wagler (1810-87) was the father of Jacob Wagler (1839-1901), a widely-known bishop who also practiced medicine, and of Christian Wagler (1838-1910) a deacon. Bishop Jacob Wagler, in turn, was the father of two deacons, Jacob Wagler and David Wagler, the latter of whom is still living near Kingwood, Ontario, age 91. This David Wagler has in his possession the old Wagler family Bible that was brought over from Europe. It is a rare Froschauer Bible in the Swiss dialect, printed in Zurich in 1545.

**WEAVER, WEBER** — This is an old Mennonite family name of Swiss origin. It is very common on the Palatinate census lists of the late 1600's and early 1700's. The name undoubtedly had an occupational meaning at first.

Four brothers — Jacob, Henry, George, and John Weber — are known to have arrived in Lancaster

County, Pennsylvania before 1718. The first three established a settlement in the rich bottom land between Blue Ball and Conestoga, which came to be known as Weberthal or Weaverland. The German spelling of Weber is still used by the Old Order Mennonites of Ontario.

Weaver is also a common name among the Amish, especially in Holmes County, Ohio. At least one branch of Amish Weavers is known to have come to Ohio from Johnstown, Penna.

**YODER** — An old, old Swiss family of the canton of Bern. According to recent research, the Yoders were a Bernese clan found at the edge of the Oberland as early as the 1100's.

The name Yoder is evidently derived from the Christian name "Theodore". Saint Theodore, a missionary in the Swiss Alps in the Middle Ages, has become known as St. Yoder. The Swiss almanac still lists St. Joder's Day (August 16). It is believed possible that a family who admired and worshipped St. Joder, adopted his name as their family name.

In 1531 one Heini Joder was imprisoned at Basel as one of those defiantly spreading Anabaptist doctrine. The Bern records show that other Joders became Anabaptists in the 17th. century.

A number of Yoders migrated to America, which accounts for the large number of Amish and Mennonites by that name. The name is second only to Miller.

It has long been believed that the earliest ancestor bearing the name Yoder was a widow Barbara Yoder, whose husband died at sea on the journey to America. She came with her family in 1714. Recently there has been some doubt whether Barbara Yoder was really Amish.

In 1742 Christian Jother, Christian Jotter, Jr., and Jacob Yoder, all apparently Amish, arrived in Pennsylvania. This Jacob Yoder was known as "Strong Jacob Yoder" and there were many legends about his great strength.

**ZEHR** — The Zehr's are another old Swiss family who followed the route from the Emmental to the Palatinate or the Alsace-Lorraine area, and from there to America. Peter S. Zehr was one of the first immigrants. He was born in 1809, was ordained a minister in France, and arrived in Canada in 1838. Peter practiced medicine and became widely known as "Doctor" Peter Zehr.

**ZOOK** — The Zook family were originally from Signau in the Swiss canton of Bern. Caspar Zougck was one of the Anabaptist speakers at the Bern Debate of 1538. Uli Zougck, a preacher in the canton of Bern, was imprisoned in 1644.

Hans Zoug was a noted Anabaptist minister in Switzerland who endured much persecution. Three of his grandsons, the brothers Christian, Moritz, and Johannes Zug, arrived in Philadelphia in 1742, and became the ancestors of the many Zooks in our churches today. By 1942, two hundred years after their arrival in Philadelphia, these three brothers were believed to have had about 25,000 descendants. Many of these are Quakers, or belong to some other religious belief other than Amish or Mennonite.

The End

# STARS FOR MARCH



"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8:3-4.

## What Is Man?

The sun's last rays were fading fast  
And night was coming on;  
The troubles of the day were past  
And all my work was done.

Retreating to the hilltop crest  
Where God seemed very near,  
I searched the skies from east to west  
To see what might appear.

And as the dusk changed into night  
And all was calm and still,  
I saw the first star's twinkling light  
Beyond that distant hill.

And as I watched, three others gleamed  
High in the northern sky;  
And then a hundred more, it seemed  
Came out to testify.

At length, two thousand jewels of light  
Had filled the heavens' span;  
And in my heart while all was quiet  
I whispered, "What is man?"

The wonders of God's great creation are to the soul what a cup of sassafras tea is to the body — a tonic. When a person is tired or lonely or discouraged, or weighted down with problems, there is oftentimes nothing better than a little trip to the out-of-doors. It may be a walk in the meadows, a stroll through woods or a half hour sitting quietly beside the stream listening to the music of running waters.

If it's a clear night, there's nothing like a walk by the starlight, the darker the better. There seems to be a depth to the quietness and no two stars are alike. Compared to the vastness of the heavens, man and his world are so small as to be hardly worth mentioning.

As long as we are puffed up and conceited, then God can not talk to us. First we must realize how small and insignificant we really are. It is a truth that God resisteth the proud but He gives grace to the humble. (1 Peter 5:5).

Astronomers tell us that the heat and power of the sun is beyond imagination. The sun is shining out in all directions and the earth receives only a very small fraction of the total heat and light. Without sunlight, all life on earth would soon die. It is estimated that the sun is a million miles in diameter and that it is gaseous instead of solid. Temperatures may be as high as 23 million degrees Fahrenheit. If all the heat from the sun were directed toward the earth, it would be enough to melt a chunk of ice the size of the earth in 15 minutes. But actually only a small fraction of the heat from the sun hits the earth, the rest going into space. It is a sobering thought to think that of all the heat which is thrown off from the sun, the earth is the only place where it is used to support life. There is evidence to show, and the Bible infers it as well, that in the entire solar system there is no life, either plant, animal or human, except on earth. When God created the earth, the moon, the sun and the stars, he placed each one in exactly the right place and the right path. For what? For the benefit of mankind.

As long as man remains ignorant of these things, he may be proud and puffed up. But once he realizes how small he is and what great things God has done, it causes him to become humble. And that is, after all, the only kind of people He can use in His kingdom. ■■

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# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## FENCE CROWDERS OVERCROWDED?

If there isn't any better material available for Family Life than Fence Crowders' Club, please, don't print it! The wording is awful, and the thought we obtained from it wasn't worthwhile thinking.

I'm sure better material has been sent in that was never printed. Why spoil a good paper with poorly-worded, dare I say trash, such as F.C.C.? - R. N. M., Ohio

Last night after chores and supper our third grader asked, "Was meent das?" He had read a page of "Welcome To The Club" and the look of perplexity on his face made me wonder, what is wrong? I told him it means people dissatisfied with the way their parents want it, but never thought of finding a story with 33 paragraphs encouraging fence crowding and one line referring to the place of the doomed, then almost making a joke out of that last line.

Sure, we adults get the message but why call it Family Life if it is not for the family?

- Isaac J. Borkholder, Indiana

"Welcome To The Club" in the February issue was outstanding. Keep up the good work. - L. J., Indiana

We could not appreciate the Fence Crowders article in February issue. Certainly we need to warn against "fence crowding" and I feel the writer's concern was in order but does the end justify the means? A little sarcasm may be in order at times ... but is it consistent to use falsehood, even in jest or when everyone knows it is false?

- Paul Horst, Tennessee

I was disappointed after reading the Fence Crowders article. I feel the writer did not bring out what the results will be if one goes on being a fence crowder.

Don't we have enough young people going astray without giving them the go signal that those things are okay? We are concerned about our children and love them but not so much as to let them do as they please and encourage them to go the way of the world. - Mrs. E. M., Mo.

The article, "Welcome to the Club" was good except it was rather incomplete without a signature. I thought it should have been signed, "Satan" as it was just like Satan talking out loud.

- Barbara Fisher, Pa.

We do not feel that anyone needs any encouragement in this life to be a fence crowder or disobey parents or church rules because we are all born with a sinful nature. We feel that with as many editors as Family Life has it could have been avoided before it was printed.

- L. L. M., Mo.

The Fence Crowder article illustrates many excellent points. The wise man Solomon gives a similar warning, "Rejoice oh young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine

heart and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgement." Eccl. 11:9. This would have been a very appropriate ending for the fence crowd's article. - L. J. N., Ontario

ANSWER — The Fence Crowders article would be difficult for children to understand. No doubt the parents would have to explain it to a third grader. But we do have a children's section and it does have easier reading.

But the trouble with us adults is that too often we don't really take time to read what we read. We're apt to just skip over it and then think we know what it says.

We believe that anyone who has read the Fence Crowders article carefully will not have found any of the 33 paragraphs encouraging fence crowding. We think the whole article discourages any such idea, and does it in a way the reader is not likely to forget.

As for falsehood, we are not able to find any. Unfortunately, the fence crowd's are still saying, "Welcome to the Club", and they will have their "reward" for being faithful members. 2 Pet. 2:13.

Our apologies to L. N. J. The verse from Ecclesiastes should have been at the end of the Fence Crowders article.

## EASTER MORE IMPORTANT

I appreciated the article "Learn Not The Way Of The Heathen" in the December issue. Christmas may not be Christ's birthday, for He was born at a time of year when shepherds were in the fields keeping watch over their flocks by night — which would not be in the winter time. If God had considered it necessary that we observe the birth of Christ, He would hardly have hidden the exact time or date.

But we are to commemorate His death and suffering. (Isaiah 53:5). We may find that the celebration of His birthday has its origin in pagan custom rather than Christian. It seems that many would remember Him as a little babe, but would not accept Him as their risen Lord.

- C. N., Pa.

## THINK THREE TIMES BEFORE SAYING NO

"Obedient Mothers", February issue, is one article I agree with 100%. How much better it would be if we'd always think three times before saying "no".

In fact, it would often be better never to say "no" than to say it and not keep it. - B. F., Pa.

## SAMMY BOOKS

Family Life has a good rating with our family, even down to our 4-year-old boy. They always enjoy it when I read the children's stories to them. For our little boy, that first Sammy story you printed still seems to be the greatest story he has ever heard. All Family Life's are "Sammy books" to him and at first sight of one, he says,

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"Oh, is there a Sammy story in it again?" Whether there is or not it always ends up with, "Please read this other one to me again," and he quickly pages through the old pile to find the familiar picture on the cover. So far, no one around here has had the nerve to insult him by telling him how tired we are of reading it or hearing it read.

And worst of all, I dare not skip one little paragraph. He has memorized it so well that he is sure to notice. Actually, we have to wonder why he does not get tired of it, as he always ends up being a very serious little fellow with tears glistening in his eyes.

- Mrs. Ammon K. King, Pa.

## PATHWAY PEN POINTS

### IMAGINE MY SHAME

The letter in F.L. about giving thanks in a restaurant before we eat was a vivid reminder of one evening when a friend (who was not of a plain church) went with me into a small restaurant for supper. When the food was brought to us, I started eating immediately while he bowed his head and gave silent thanks. I believe it came from the heart and was not done to make a display before men. You can imagine my shame, for my friend's example spoke louder than words.

- Lewis Martin, Va.

### LAUGHING LESS LOUDLY

My nose was running and my fingers were numb as I stood in the cold January wind. This morning I had decided to attend the public sale as there were a few items I needed. But now I almost wished I was at home beside the warm stove.

As I stood listening to the droning of the auctioneer and the loud bursts of laughter that came from the crowd, I thought, "These are mostly plain people. The Bible says we should be friendly. Maybe I ought to laugh more."

After the things were sold that I wanted, I headed for home. But I kept on thinking about the subject of laughing. Maybe I ought not be so quiet. Maybe I should laugh more.

When I reached home I decided to see what the Bible says about laughing.

"I said of laughter, 'it is mad'." Ecc. 2:2.

"Sorrow is better than laughter for by sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better." Ecc. 7:3.

"Let your laughter be turned to sorrow and your joy to heaviness." James 4:9.

The Bible also tells us in different places that we should be friendly but nowhere does it say that we must laugh to be friendly.

I came to the conclusion that it is best to have a smile that comes out of love from the heart and that I should be quiet and friendly but seldom laugh.

- H., Indiana

Editor's Note: A wise man of many years ago wrote, "The fool raises his voice in laughter, but a wise man smiles quietly." Sirach 21:20.

### WHAT I COULDN'T STAND

Now everything is peaceful and quiet. My room-mate has left for home. A week ago when I entered the hospital, I was delighted to have a room-mate as I looked forward to the nice visits we could have together. After she was there a few hours I opened my eyes and there before me on the wall was a T.V., going full blast.

What should I do? I couldn't help seeing it. The operation that was to be performed on me the next morning did

not bother me for I knew God would take care of me.

But this T.V. in my room — it did bother me. Would I have the right to tell her to shut it off? I was paying for the room just as well as she was.

Finally I could not stand it any longer so I told her she could not have it on all the time. Well, she did turn it down, but the flashing pictures were there anyhow.

The thought came to me — what a difference between a Christian's communication and that of the world! When my greetings started coming, they all contained messages of love and peace and were a blessing from our heavenly Father. I could not help but feel sorry for those who look to television for their comfort.

- Mrs. A. B., Illinois

### OPEN UP

"Hey, Hey, Would you please open the door?" Someone was knocking on the door and calling.

Half asleep, we rubbed our eyes and thought we were dreaming. But there it was again. "Hey, hey, open up!"

We looked at the clock and it was 11:30. Who would be knocking at this time of the night? It was a neighbor bringing us a death message.

We had to think, Jesus knocks on doors too, on the door of the heart — and He has a message, a message of life and death. If we hear that knock we should open at once before He is gone. As long as we are asleep in worldly pleasure, we may not hear the knock. We must leave the things of this world behind.

The story is told of a man who fell into a well. He called for help and someone let down a rope but he couldn't keep hold.

"Take hold with both hands," they called to him.

"I can't. I have a satchel here I must hold with my other hand," he replied.

"Forget about the satchel," they called to him, "and grab the rope with both hands."

He did so and was rescued.

- L. M. M., Ohio

### A HALTER OR A HAT

Your story entitled "Caught In The Middle" about halter off or on, reminds me of a hat story. Years ago one Sunday evening we walked to our neighbors to visit. He is a Lutheran, a notary public, and has a college education.

He gave us a warm welcome and then he said, "I perceive you have your hat on for Demut." And then he added, "If I go without a hat and pride myself in it, then it is Hochmut."

I knew that my neighbor seldom wears a hat except when it is real cold. He knew me very well and we were good neighbors so he was not afraid to talk to me like this.

Therefore I was not surprised when he ended up by saying, "But you know, if you come with a broad black hat and pride yourself in it, then that is Hochmut too."

This I did not forget for it is all too true. If we pride ourselves when people take pictures of us "plain" people, then that is Hochmut too.

An Old Order Mennonite once ordered a new carriage, but when it came it was so shiny compared to his old one that he took a broom and dirty water and went over it before he used it. But later on he got more used to it and then he washed it before using it.

We can have pride in our carriage and horses. As a man once said, "Wonn abber ein Gowel may es an holb stund strikled ist, dann ist es Hochmut." ("When a horse is hurried for more than half an hour, it is pride.")

Pride is hard to get at. When we kick it out the front door, it comes in the back. Once we are aware of our humility, then we have lost it.

- Amos B. Martin, Pa.

### AT FOUR IN THE MORNING

I was out in the yard awhile ago, about four o'clock. Such a peaceful scene! The impression left on me as I stood there under the maple tree was that God's in his heaven, all's right with ... the world? No, not with the world of men. All is right with those who realize they "have been bought with a price," and live accordingly.

At four in the morning the world is about as peaceful as it gets. The traffic on the highway could not be heard this morning. A host of song-loving frogs were faithfully swelling their choruses from Leroy's pond. Is this their way of praising their Maker, the same as the birds do with their songs?

About then a night-roving hound broke forth with excited baying and bellowing from the swamp a half mile to the south. All the neighborhood dogs came out of their nests and began asking what all the fuss was about. Our dog, Ted, also came bounding out of the woodshed, barking as he came. When he saw me, he really began to shout. I spoke his name softly, and he came over and apologized to me for the mistake.

A rooster's lone crow came floating over the fields and forests. His message was unmistakable. He was announcing the day. The birds were still asleep, there was no hint of brightness on the eastern horizon, there was nothing from appearances that bespoke the coming of the day, yet that rooster knew what he was crowing about. His cock-a-doodledoo was an inspiration to me — to not go back to the warm bed as I had planned, but to grab a pen and do some writing. That is what I have been doing for the last forty-five minutes. I am not sorry for the sleep I have missed.

Solomon does not speak well of sluggards who love their sleep. When there is so much to do, who has any desire to lie abed? (My conscience speaks, "You do, you hypocrite, and you know it.")

Now dawn is spreading over the land, the moon no longer rules, and the alarm clock in the bedroom just went through its five o'clock jangles. So perhaps I'd better screw the cap on the ink bottle and strike out for the field. I want to sow some grass seed where we sowed oats yesterday. What better time than early in the morning to do it?

#### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS ?

If you are moving, please send us your old and new addresses.

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### WHAT IS WAR ?

"War is all the horrible things a human being can do to another human being because he has not learned to love..."

These are the words a U.S. Air Force major in Vietnam wrote home to the fourth grade class in a Wichita, Kansas school where his son is a member. Some of the grade four boys had written at Christmas time asking, "What is war?"

The Major, Victor Colasuonno, wrote: "I'll tell you what war is not. It is not a glamorous, daredevil existence where the 'good guys' always win. It is not a game which you play and which I played as a child, where you go home to a good supper and a warm bed after it is over.

"War is the curse of mankind because he will not listen to God's will. War is the agony of mankind because he will not love his neighbor."

The letter concludes, "If man learned to love, there would be no wars, for man does not hurt what he loves. Perhaps your generation can accomplish this — it seems that mine has failed. Do not allow adults to teach you to hate — for no reason and against no man."

When the letter was read to the class, the pupils listened silently. A telegram had come earlier, stating that Major Colasuonno was killed in action shortly after the letter was written.

What is war? We believe one fourth grade class knows.

### SAVE BY STOPPING SMOKING

Do you want to give each of your children a present worth \$14,000? Set an example by not smoking.

For the smoker consuming a pack a day, the cost is about \$120 a year. If this money were put in a bank from age 17 to age 65 and yielded a conservative 3 1/2% interest after taxes, the accumulation would amount to about \$14,800. For a family of two smokers, this would total about \$29,600. This is not the end of it. Smokers have about 50% more illnesses than nonsmokers. And no one needs to be reminded what this costs in doctors' bills.

### IS THE DATE POSTPONED ?

The end of the world has been postponed a month, according to a small Italian religious sect who had set the date earlier at February 20. The leader of the group, Maria Staffler, made the announcement after the end of the world failed to come at the time she had predicted. The extra month has been granted, she declared, to allow more persons to get into flying saucers which will take them to heaven. She and her followers are waiting in an isolated mountain hut in Italy.

Setting a date for the end of the world is nothing new. All kinds of mystic formulas and revelations have been used to figure the exact day. A year rarely passes without at least one announcement of the world's doom. Even as long ago as the days of our Anabaptist forefathers, such predictions were known.

All of these self-styled prophets ignore what Jesus plainly stated, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no,

Family Life



not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."

Though we do not know the day, we as Christians are not blind to the signs of the times. The knowledge explosion, population growths, and the increasing lawlessness of our space age are indications that the world is approaching a climax. Surely, the great day of the Lord's return is not far distant.

Yes, it is quite possible that the Lord will return on March 17 of this year, as Maria Staffler predicts. But it is also possible that He will come before that time, or wait till some later date. We are sure that she does not know.

## MIXED-UP VALUES

Mary McMahon was found dead in her home on Nov. 30, 1968. Her neighbors in the busy city of Hollywood, Florida thought she was just a poor frail widow who lived off her pension. No one dreamed she was a millionaire.

When police came to investigate, they found the gray-haired widow dressed in a flannel nightgown, lying dead in her bedroom. They also found her money.

There were boxes and boxes of cash and stocks and

bonds — some boxes on shelves, some in cupboards, some on the floor. The money was tied in bundles with green cord.

The funny thing was that the house had a very good safe cemented into the floor. But all the safe contained was pennies, about \$150 worth. The \$100 bills were stored in cardboard boxes.

One of the pennies was wrapped in paper and on the outside these words were scribbled, "Found while shopping on Van Buren Street."

The widow's code of values was mixed up pretty badly; with this we'll all agree. But she has a great deal of company in today's world. What about the men and women who neglect their souls and are interested only in making money? Aren't they also mixed-up in their values? Jesus said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Widow McMahon left her treasure behind when she died in her Florida home. How much more rewarding it would be to have laid up incorruptible treasures in an eternal home.



Old fashioned hospitality is a trait that has been and should be kept up among the plain people. Of course there are exceptions but this is something that more or less "comes natural" with the simple and rural way of life. It also has a tendency to "die naturally" as we get into a commercial or city type of life.

When we travel, we prefer the public means of transportation, that is by train or bus. This means that when we get there, someone will have to hitch up and haul us around wherever we want to go. Of course there are times of the year when a farmer is busy with the harvesting, or some special job, where we would not want him to take time off for this. However it is surprising how often it does suit to take a day off to "haul company around". When I think back to the time of childhood, these privileges were one of the highlights of the year's activities.

But for those of our friends who are employed in factories, this is something that is not so convenient. When our farmer friends are busy, we can always go with them back to the wheatfield or the threshing ring, but how would we look to spend the day with our friends at the factory?

The most widely-traveled person in New Testament times was probably the apostle Paul. How did he manage to get along with people? In Philippians 4:12 he says, "I know how to live in lowly circumstances and I know how to live in plenty. I have learned the secret in all circumstances of either getting a full meal or of going hungry, of living in plenty or being in want." (Phillips). I am afraid that too often we are more concerned in providing our visitors with the utmost in food and service, than we are in visiting with them. Personally when I visit in a home away from home, I would much prefer to do as they do and eat what they eat and to see how they live. I do not want

others to try to "wait on me" and have everything like I am waited on at home. If this were my aim, then I would not leave home to begin with, for I have found that my wife can do this better for me than anyone else — she knows what I like and what I don't like.

The housewife who can remain composed when visitors drop in unexpectedly and go ahead and fix a simple meal for them, deserves a special credit. Anyone who arrives a half hour before meal time (and we do that sometimes) certainly doesn't expect a chicken dinner. Chances are they came to visit, not to eat, and will appreciate a simple meal.

An outstanding meal which we had years ago I still remember, even though I have had about 15,000 meals since that time which I don't remember. We had arrived late at night, and the next morning our host wakened us for breakfast and served us hot drink, with plenty of toast, butter and honey. We were hungry and the meal was simply delicious.

Recently we received a letter on this subject from a reader. This is what he says:

"We do a lot of visiting, both in friends' and strangers' homes. We also like to be visited both by friends and strangers to get to know each other better. There are also scriptural reasons. Hebrews 13:2 and I Peter 4:9.

"When we are guests, let us remember the Golden Rule. It has been our experience to have guests, especially on Sunday morning, who could hardly get ready in time for breakfast. Then after breakfast they would dawdle around until everybody was late for church. Nobody likes to be late for church. So we should conform to our host's schedule and then we will be welcomed back. We should remember that we are taking our host's time and should not inconvenience him more than necessary. He probably has his things planned and has a schedule too.

"At this time of the year a lot of traveling is being done. As Christians, let's see if we can't improve our manners, so that we can be welcomed back honestly."

(Continued on next page)

Oftimes the editors are a bit puzzled as to what should or should not be done. We don't expect to please everybody but we do hope we can please somebody. About the time we are all agreed on a certain point, somebody comes along and knocks it over.

From the beginning we have had the "Letters To The Editors" section and considered it one of the most interesting and worthwhile parts of the paper. A few days ago we received some material from a reader with a note that said, "Please print this in the "Letters To The Editors" column so the people will be sure to read it." This amused us a bit as the material she had submitted didn't really belong in that section. Imagine our surprise when the next day we received a letter from another reader saying, "I think you should discontinue your "Letters To The Editors" column as I feel that eventually it may do more harm than good." So we took that into consideration, too.

But really it's not surprising to find all different kinds of opinion among our readers. I suppose that if we tried to follow everybody's advice, Family Life would have only about two pages, and maybe one of those would be blank.

Several days ago when we received a number of "off-letters" in the morning's mail, we also received an article for publication about the man who tried to please everybody. This story is submitted regularly, but we have never used it because we feel that the story is so well-known that it is worn out. But in case you don't know it, here's a condensed version:

"A man and his son started to town leading their donkey. Soon they met some people who laughed at them and said, "Why don't you ride the donkey?" So the man got on the donkey's back.

Soon they met some people who said, "Why don't you let your poor boy ride?" So the man got off and the boy got on.

Soon they met some people who said, "Have you no respect for your father?" So the man crawled on also and both of them rode. Soon they met some young people who laughed, "Look at the poor donkey. You ought to be carrying the donkey instead of him carrying both of you." So they got off and got a pole and tied the donkey to the pole and carried him into town."

But seriously, we do want our readers' opinions, and as long as they are given in good faith, we appreciate them and consider them. ■■

## WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

What is wrong with public schools? What do parochial schools offer? What can we learn from history? What are the duties of Christian parents? How does someone go about starting a parochial school?

This booklet can give you some of the answers to the above questions. It is a reprint from the "Blackboard Bulletin" and was written by the editor, Joseph Stoll.

Size: 80 pages.

PRICE: \$.25 each; \$2 per dozen;

Pathway Publishers R.R.4 Aylmer, Ont.

## Views and Values



### THY SPEECH BETRAYETH THEE

The flickering light of the orange flames cast dancing shadows about the courtyard.

The rough skin of Peter's weatherbeaten face seemed pale in the unsteady glow. He shivered involuntarily, partly from fear and partly from the damp air. Pushing his way nearer to the little heap of glowing coals, he held out his roughened hands to warm them.

His movement caught the glance of an alert servant girl standing nearby. Her eyes fastened curiously on Peter. "Thou also wast with this Jesus of Nazareth," she said.

Peter drew back in alarm. "I know not what thou sayest," he declared through drawn lips.

The haste and vehemence of his denial brought more suspecting glances upon him. Uneasily he made his way out to the porch. But the move was not to bring him peace. Again the sharp eyes of a maid noticed him. She turned to those standing around. "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth," she pointed out, looking straight at Peter.

An oath burst from Peter's lips. "I don't know the man," he swore.

But his very denial testified against him. Peter could not hide his Galilean accent.

Soon someone else put the same question to him. "Surely you are one of them," the man said accusingly, "for thy speech betrayeth thee."

Peter was caught and the more desperately he denied it, the more evidence he supplied his enemies. There was no escape. Every word he spoke rang thick with the betraying accent of Gentile Galilee.

As we look at Peter stammering and sputtering, and even swearing in an attempt to deny something that was all the while becoming more evident, we cannot help but feel a tinge of pity. Yet we do well to waste neither words nor sympathy in saying, "Poor Peter". For every day the same words that were spoken to Peter could just as truthfully be said to us, "Thy speech betrayeth thee."

Recently a minister told how a young man from another community was visiting with him. Soon the young man was telling about troubles in his home church. Several times he hinted, and finally he came right out and complained openly how unreasonable their bishop was. "He's against this and he's against that," the young man said impatiently.

"That's strange," the minister protested mildly. "I haven't found him so."

"You just don't know our bishop," the young man returned feelingly. "Why, I believe anything the world has he's against, no matter what it is."

After a while the young man left. The minister watched him go. "That poor fellow," the minister thought to himself. "He probably thinks he really told me some things about his bishop, but he didn't. All he did was tattle on himself. He told me what kind of a person he himself is, one who is discontent, in love with the world, and becomes rebellious and spiteful when he can't have his own way."

Undoubtedly the young man never guessed how much of

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his true character he had revealed to the minister. He had not yet learned the truth of the words spoken outside the high priest's palace that chilly morning two thousand years ago, "Thy speech betrayeth thee."

This is one of the most firmly fixed laws in the universe. It is unchanging and unchangeable. What is inside us is bound to come out. We may try to hide it and keep it back. If we are skillful, we may be able to do so for a while. But sooner or later, what is really inside of us will show up in our speech.

"I can think what I want to," many a person has said to himself, "Nobody on earth can read my thoughts. No one will ever know what I am thinking."

But it isn't true. Our thoughts are bound to flavor our speech. A person who is selfish and thinks only about himself will discover that he is being betrayed by his speech. His conversation will tend to be self-centered — a reliable indication that his thoughts are the same. More than ten years ago the New York Telephone Company made a study of telephone conversations to find the one word most frequently used. That word was "I". Although probably none of the people involved in the study would have admitted to being self-centered — their speech betrayed them.

The same is true in every area of our life. The person who thinks impure and lustful thoughts willingly and continually will discover at last that his speech betrays him. His speech will come out colored and tainted by the sensual thoughts he secretly harbored.

If we nurse a grudge, encourage feelings of ill will and hatred toward others, those who listen to us long enough will detect the little digs and slams we aim toward those we dislike.

A young girl resented deeply a friend of hers whom she felt had stolen her boyfriend. The secret resentment and bitterness grew until finally one day when the two girls were together, the one who felt she had been wronged, burst forth with a torrent of angry words.

The second girl listened in shocked surprise.

In a few minutes the angry girl regained control of her feelings. She was instantly flooded with remorse for the way she had expressed herself. "I don't know why I said all those hateful things," she insisted over and over, trying to make amends. "I really don't feel that way about you at all."

But even though the girl could not admit it to herself, nor bear to have her friend know, the angry words and not the apology were the correct measure of her true feelings.

Imagine yourself resting under a shade tree on a summer day when you look up and see a friend approaching, carrying a full bucket. You notice that with each step your friend takes, water is being spilled over the brim of the bucket and running down the sides. As he sets the bucket down, meanwhile spilling some more water, your friend says, "Next time I won't make the bucket so full of milk."

Wouldn't you look up in surprise and say, "Milk? That looks like water you're spilling."

"It doesn't matter," your friend says quickly. "Regardless of what spills over the brim, I've got milk inside."

Of course, you would never believe such a foolish claim. If a bucket keeps spilling water, that's a pretty safe sign there's water, and not milk, inside.

In view of this, what is wrong when we talk constantly and solely of our crops and cattle, or how to make a dollar, yet claim we are free from "the love of money"? Or what if we sit around and tell jokes and laugh lightheartedly most of the time we're with friends, yet profess to be

"soberminded"? What if we pretend that we have put Jesus first in our lives, yet are ashamed to confess His name? Or what is the use, after we have just finished harshly criticizing a brother in the church, that we piously add, "Alles tzat aus liebe und guter meinung." (Everything said out of love and good intentions.)

No, if the bucket we carry spills water, let's not argue that it contains milk. In the same way, if the words we speak are off color, unkind, or carnal, let's not claim our heart is filled with purity and love. Jesus summed it up when he said, "For out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Matthew 12:34

Our speech will betray us, and it is useless to try to change that. The only sensible solution is to be, with the help of God, the kind of person that will not need to blush in shame when in an unguarded moment our true character is exposed by our tongue. ■■

## THE YEAR I GREW UP

Author wishes to remain anonymous

**T**he only things that ever challenged me were a tall tree that no one else could climb, or a windmill with sparrow nests around the middle at every support, or a game of hide-and-seek. I was as carefree and irresponsible as a sparrow.

That was the case until that unforgettable spring. Trees were getting dressed again and birds were flocking north. Some cows had new calves out in the barn, and the mother cat had four kittens. That was the spring I turned eight.

I didn't notice that my mother just sat in the rocking chair in the corner of the living room all day. If I did, it didn't bother me. I didn't notice that everyone else in the family worked from sun-up until sun-down, my seventeen-year-old sister getting up at five o'clock school mornings to put out the family wash, my dad looking tired and careworn and more stooped, plowing and milking cows and feeding chickens and ...

I didn't notice or I didn't care.

It was Saturday, my favorite day. I chased eagerly after a frightened kitten in the barn loft while pigeons cooed in the rafters overhead. I climbed the rafters to where the mother pigeon had her nest. The two eggs were warm. I thought about the young, fat prickly-yellow babies, and how they'd be my pets.

"Yoo-hoo! Where are you?" My sister was calling me. I let her call awhile; I knew what she wanted. But finally I clambered down the hay loft ladder and trudged out to the garden. They were all hoeing. Sis had a hoe for me. I bent down over the pale green peas and pulled out a sliver of grass. How I hated to work in the garden, and especially on Saturday! I went over my mental excuse list for a suitable one.

"I have to go to the bathroom; I'll be back." I dashed for the house before Sis could stop me, dragging my hoe

along. It made a little furrow in the sandy ground — like a plow, I thought. I walked backward so I could pull the hoe harder. It made a deep furrow. Then I made another one beside it, and another.

"I thought you had to ..."

"I'm going." After dropping my hoe, I went into the house, banging the back screen door.

"Is that you?" My mother's voice echoed weakly from the living room, followed by a hacking cough.

What did Mama want me for? I padded through the dining room.

"Come to me. I want to talk to you a little, dear." Mama put her arm around me and drew me close. She seemed so weak — Mama, who was usually so strong.

"Honey, it's hard for me to tell you this, but I have to. Six years ago when Linda was born, the doctor told me if I ever had any more babies it would kill me. But ... now ..." Mama paused, as though she were not sure how to say the rest. Finally she went on, "I have been to the doctor, and he told me I cannot do any work because I have something wrong with my heart. That's what makes me cough so much. So I want you to be my little worker. And ... honey, the doctor thinks I won't be here much longer ..."

I didn't wait to hear any more. I ran through the house, out the door, and on and on. Finally, exhausted, I sat

down and cried. I cried until no more tears would come. Then I prayed. I begged Jesus not to let my mama die. I thought of Daddy's tired face, of big Sis's getting up at five o'clock and washing. I thought and thought. And then I cried some more.

The next day I thought, and Monday, when I went to school, I was still thinking. I tiptoed to teacher's desk and said I had something important to tell her. She said, "Come on out in the hall." We went, and I told her about my mama. She told me to go to my desk, lay my head on it and pray. I did.

That afternoon when I got home, I changed my clothes as fast as I could. Then I hurried to the barn where Daddy was feeding the cows.

"Hi, Daddy. What can I do?" ■■

In a letter to the editors, the author of this story wrote, "Family Life is a gift subscription to us and we really appreciate it." Then a little farther on in her letter she says, "Incidentally, the F. L. subscription was a gift from my mother who is still living, having been healed miraculously of a heart condition which is 'always' fatal. And my little sister (who was born after the above episode) is now 13, and a blessing to the home."

## FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

### THOUGHTLESS ZEAL

As I sat by the fireside this evening, I got to thinking how strange man is — so quick to find reasons to defend his own ideas, yet blind to the reasonableness of another's thinking where it differs from his own. I guess we're all that way, more or less. Some men more, others less.

Maybe it was the warmth of the living room stove that started me thinking of air conditioning. The snow rattled the windows, but inside our rather shaky old house, the air was nice and warm — conditioned by the heat of the stove. Without this kind of air conditioning, a person would get pretty cold in the winter.

Some years ago a distant cousin of mine who is no longer Old Order Amish visited some of his relatives. This cousin lives in a state where the heat gets pretty oppressive in the summer time, and as he was talking to his relatives he mentioned that his congregation had installed air conditioning equipment in the church building.

The relatives, of course, were duly horrified. They indeed had good reason to disapprove, or to question the wisdom of spending so much money just for the churchgoers to be a little more comfortable two hours a week. Air conditioning at that time was a very modern convenience found only in the homes of the rich or in plush hotels and stores.

I don't think the relatives did wrong to object. But I am afraid their zeal took a wrong turn and somehow failed to be convincing or logical. What did they say?

"Air conditioning!" they frowned. "Are you dissatisfied

with the way God makes the weather? If God wills it to be hot, we should be submissive enough to bear it."

Cousin only smiled and pointed to the pot-bellied stove in the room. "What's that?" he asked. "Isn't that an air conditioner you've been using for many years?"

Well, Cousin was quite right, and yet I wonder if he wasn't also partly wrong. True, stoves have for years been used in the winter time. But his parents and grandparents survived very well without air conditioners in the summer time.

So I just wonder whether in his zeal he did not make the same mistake in reasoning his relatives did — picking up points that were in his favor, and disregarding the others.

#### Did God Make a Mistake?

I suppose we've all been guilty at times of being more zealous than thoughtful. Sometimes we've felt pretty smug with all the arguments we could think of to defend the way we do something. But then when we talked to a stranger and mentioned some of these pet points, we were surprised at the way he could argue them away. Then we realized that some of our points weren't as good as we had imagined.

I think we need someone to challenge us once in a while. Then we dig deeper, think and talk about points of our faith until we understand the true principles that lie behind our nonconformity.

There's an old story that I understand is true which illustrates what I'm trying to say. It's another case of a brother using the wrong approach to prove that something is harmful. And it proves that no matter how right or how

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righteous we may be, if we use faulty thinking to support our position, we're not going to be very convincing.

This is the way I remember hearing it. An Amish brother was walking along the road toward town. A car came along, slowed down, and stopped.

"Want a ride into town?"

"Sure thing."

The car was soon on its way again. The driver was a stranger to the Amish, and he was curious. Between puffs of the cigarette he was smoking, he began asking questions.

He found his passenger friendly and talkative. Before long the driver reached for another cigarette. He held the pack to the man seated beside him. "Here, want a smoke?" he offered.

"Uh, no, I don't smoke. I don't believe in smoking," the brother answered. Then he laughed a little self-consciously, and continued, "You see, I figure God didn't intend that man should smoke. If he had, he would have built him with a chimney."

The driver did not say anything for a moment. Then he braked the car and brought it to a stop. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "You can get out here. I suppose if God had intended that man should ride, he would have put him on wheels."

This may sound like a joke, but it really is not. There's a deep principle here — we must be careful to base our faith on the Word of God and not on human reasoning.

I'm sure the brother didn't need to be apologetic about his stand against smoking. He could have merely said, "I feel tobacco is harmful to my health, and the Bible teaches me to take care of my body." (Here again he should live this principle consistently, and not bring harm to his body in other ways.)

No, I don't think God made a mistake by not putting a chimney on man. Adam and Eve are the ones who made the mistake and their descendants are still making it — the mistake of misusing God's creation instead of using it to His honor. God doesn't make mistakes, but the trouble is, in our zeal we sometimes attribute to God that which is really our own doing.

#### Near-of-Kin Marriages

I'm thinking now of the subject of intermarrying in the same "Freundschaft", generation after generation. I know this is a touchy subject, but we should be able to approach it with a calm mind and discuss it with each other. In the February issue of Family Life in the "Letters to the Editor" section, a reader commented, "Because of the steady increase in second-cousin marriages, doctors are predicting an alarming rise in birth defects among the plain people."

We editors or have any information or opinions on this subject the readers might want to share with us. We have received several letters already, and expect to receive more.

Some of the letters say, "Why blame retarded or deformed children upon close-relation marriages? We were always taught that if such children were born to us, it would be because it was God's will so. Perhaps He has a reason for it, and wants to draw us nearer to Him through such children."

I respect people who feel this way, but I wonder if they're being fair to God.

Certainly, God can and does allow abnormal children to be born both to parents who are related, and to parents who are not. In some instances He may well have a special reason for letting such a child be born to certain parents.

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In any case it is God's will insofar that He allows it to happen.

But this does not explain away the laws of heredity. All of us know that when both parents are tall and come from tall families, the children are likely to be tall, too. And if the father and mother both have brown eyes, we would be surprised if very many of the children had blue eyes. This doesn't say that it would be impossible for God to give short, stocky children to tall parents, or blond and blue-eyed children to dark parents. He could do it just as easily as the other way, but He isn't likely to.

In the same way, when there is a family history of some sickness or abnormality that can be transmitted from the parents to the children, the chances of the children being born with these defects is greatly increased if the parents are related to each other, and have the same family background. (If, however, the family tree is free of such inherited "weaknesses", marrying within the relationship can well be a different matter, with very little likelihood of abnormal children.)

Maybe I'm talking out of turn. I'm not a doctor and I am the child of a second-cousin marriage. But the point I'm trying to make is this: God will let His own laws, wisely planned at the Creation, go into effect. That is how the universe is run. This fact will not weaken our confidence of God's working in our lives; instead it will strengthen our faith. His ways are truly wonderful.

#### "His Time Had Come ..."

I hope I'm making myself clear. I don't want to be flooded with mail from readers who have misunderstood my meaning. And I hope what I'm going to say next doesn't startle them too much, either.

Most of us have read the poem, "Things Don't Just Happen, They're Planned." It's a good poem, but I think the author goes too far. He says things don't just "happen" to the Christian, they're planned by God. If you fall this morning and break your leg, don't fret, the poet says. Accept it as part of God's plan. He has a reason for it, and if you give yourself up willingly into His hands, the accident will prove a benefit and a blessing to you.

I agree, we should be totally submissive to God's will for our lives. We should be ready to accept whatever comes, whether it be misfortune, death in the family, or sickness. This I believe is Scriptural.

But I wonder, if I dare do so, whether God does all the planning. If we have a patch of ice by our front door and we don't apply some salt or some ashes, or make a practice of walking around it, sooner or later we are going to fall. If we break a leg, I think the blame should rest on ourselves. We should be slow to say that God willed it so. He allowed it to happen, and if we accept the accident in the right spirit the experience can indeed turn out to be a blessing.

In the same way, if I drive my buggy after dark without lights and a car runs into the back of it and kills one of the family — was it God's will? God permitted it to happen, yes, but let's be careful before we piously say, "Well, when a person's time is up, it's up, and that's all there is to it."

I believe it is possible to die before our time, just as it is possible for humans to do a lot of other things contrary to God's will. God can, and sometimes does, reach down and intervene in some unusual way, but most often He will not interfere.

I didn't say anyone could live longer than the time God has set for him. No, I don't think this is possible. But

: is possible to cut our lives short, for Solomon says in Ecclesiastes 7:17, "Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?"

We've been discussing a number of differing situations, but in all of them one thought has run throughout — in our zeal to serve God we must not get out on some limb. If we think it is better to live without air conditioning units and cigarettes (and I am one who thinks so), let's be sure our reasons stand up under cross-examination. If my wife and I are second cousins and our common great-

grandparents had two retarded children, let's not be surprised if some of our children are retarded, too, and wonder why God let it happen to us instead of to some other couple. If I stumble on a rotten cellar step I should have fixed six months ago, and fall down the stairs and hurt myself, I might better admit my carelessness and not say, "Well, I guess it's just one of those things that was supposed to happen."

A lot of the things that happen to us are the result of our own bungling. ■■

## ARE YOU AWAKE?

By A Minister, Ohio

Recently I came across a pamphlet with the title, "Children, Are You Awake?" It had been printed quite some time ago by concerned Amish people, but the message is very good for the present day conditions. After thinking about the title quite a bit, I wondered if it is also needful to ask us as parents and ministers, "Are You Awake?"

We can think of some poor drunkard who never goes to church; he needs to be awakened we think. Or maybe we are thinking about the boy who wouldn't listen to his parents and married a girl out in the world who now left him and takes love to another man — he too needs to be awakened. How true, but wait. Let's come closer home.

Let's take a look inside our homes and churches. Paul wrote to the Corinthian church, "Many are weak and sickly among you, ..." (I Cor. 11:30) In the second verse of the first chapter it says to whom this letter is written, "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth ..." What would we find in a letter if today Paul would be writing to the Amish church of God which is at Holmes County, or Lancaster, or LaGrange, or Arthur, Illinois? Do we think he would have any reasons to also write, "Many are weak and sickly"?

I think in any of the above mentioned places, plus other sections where our plain people are living, we could find plenty of reason to think that these words are true of us today.

I realize that many things go on among our young people that are not known by the parents and ministers. But in how many cases do we know what is going on, for example at some weddings with a large number of young people here, and some not even invited? We hear cursing words, see fancy hair-do's, flashy clothing, much evidence of alcoholic beverages by the number of bottles and cans to be gathered up next morning. What do we hear from parents and ministers? "It's not too bad." "It's always been so."

Dear ministers, let's wake up. Are we the kind of watchmen the prophet Isaiah speaks of, "His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber." Isa. 56:10)

Ministers and parents, you say, "We are singing hymns this evening at the wedding. We are doing our part." But

IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE  
A CONCERNED MINISTER ASKS  
ALL OF US SOME SEARCHING  
QUESTIONS.

is it true when you consider what Paul writes in Ephesians, chapter five? "For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth. Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord. And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done in secret."

Dear mothers, are you awake? It was not a young girl who took of the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden. It was Eve, the wife and helpmeet of Adam. It was not Lot's two daughters who looked back at the sinful city of Sodom. No, it was Lot's wife and she became a pillar of salt. Jesus says, "Remember Lot's wife."

Dear mothers, you may not paint your face and fix your hair like Jezebel, the wife of King Ahab, did, who was run over and killed by horses. Some blood was sprinkled on the wall, and when they went to bury her, the dogs had eaten her all except the skull (where the hair-do was) and the feet and the palms of her hands. Yes, those feet that walked up to the mirror, and those hands that reached up to fix her hair-do. Oh no, mothers, you wouldn't nearly do this, but wait. Are you sleeping or are you awake when your daughter goes out the door looking like a queen? Oh dear mothers and daughters, instead of spending so much time in front of the mirror, let's fall on our knees by our beds and in secret chambers and with tears ask God to be saved from the worldly fashions that are among our people.

Dear fathers, are you awake? Of the 600,000 men twenty years old and over who miraculously passed through the Red Sea, how many entered the promised land of Canaan? Only two, Joshua and Caleb. The others sinned and died in the wilderness.

In the time of Jacob he asked the children of Israel to give their ear rings and ornaments and they buried them, but over 400 years later these things which had been buried so many years earlier were among them again. And when Moses went up on the mountain, Aaron took the people's ear rings and made a golden calf, setting it before them as a god.

When Moses came down from the mountain, he was in great sorrow and distress because of the sins of the people. He didn't say, "It's not too bad," or "It's been so before." No, he made powder out of the calf and put it



in the water and made them drink it, which was real bitter. How true in our time, things become bitter in life when old things are coming back among our people which once were forbidden.

We could take immoral courtship for an example, which was not tolerated by our Amish ministers back in 1812 when they moved westward from Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Bitter, yes. All we need to do is to ask a pretty young girl who has fallen, or ask her mother after she finds out her teen-age daughter is in trouble.

Alcoholic drinks, especially liquor, were not tolerated, but what do we hear some fathers say now? "A glass of beer doesn't hurt anyone." But wait, every drunkard once drank one glass or so. Is drinking bitter? All we need to do to find out is to ask a poor mother with a large family, whose husband drinks, and there isn't enough food and clothing or love to go around. Oh, she thought once, "When we are married, he will quit drinking," but now she knows the bitter truth.

And tobacco. "Oh, now, not that yet. My dad and grandfather and even my grandmother smoked some." Yes, it too can become very bitter. The little boys want to smoke a little after seeing Dad do so all these years and up goes the barn in smoke. Or when we read how people get cancer

of the throat and mouth and suffer much after smoking many cigarettes.

"Oh, yes, cigarettes. We tell our boys not to smoke them." But listen, fathers and ministers, can the churches where the old people smoke and chew expect that their boys won't smoke cigarettes and tell foul stories?

Our people are spending much that is not for bread. Much is spent for long hunting and fishing trips. Is it the faith of our forefathers? Or is it the way of the heathen?

Dear ministers, wake up, wake up, and be like Isaiah says, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night; ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, And give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." (Isa. 62:6,7)

"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the way; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people. Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called, Sought out, A city not forsaken." (Isa. 62:10-12)



## HOW DO YOU PRAY?

by David Luthy

Many people have the practice of daily prayer — in the morning and at the close of day. Some gather as families for devotions; some pray apart as individuals. Other do both. The prayerbook is used in some homes, while in others a person leads in prayer "from the heart". No matter the form, in many homes each day prayers are lifted up to God. But are they always prayers?

If you were asked to define the word "prayer" in a sentence, what would you say? Maybe your answer would be something like this: "Prayer is when you kneel and direct certain words to God for things you need." If that is your idea of prayer, then it is possible you misunderstand what prayer is. It is the lifting of the heart and mind to God. No matter how many words are spoken, prayer is not prayer unless the mind (constant attention) and heart (loving affection) are directed toward God.

Prayer needn't have any words. An example of wordless praying can be found on page 844 of the *Martyrs Mirror*. Here is recorded the account of the deaths of Ursel and Arent Van Essen. Both were led to the place of execution with a small block of wood in their mouths and a cloth tied over their lips. But did this keep them from praying? Of course not. "Having ascended the scaffold, Arent fell upon his knees, and fervently offered up his prayer." Arent, in other words, lifted up his heart and mind to God — the two ingredients of prayer.

For everyone there is the danger of prayer becoming nothing more than routine "words". But unless the words

are accompanied by a lifting of the heart and mind to God, the so-called prayer is meaningless. Isn't it possible, too, that in heaven it will fall on deaf ears? Does God give His attention to mere words? Or doesn't He require something more — an attentive heartfelt prayer?

Not only is it necessary that we pray more than "words", it is also important what we pray. Do we find ourselves constantly praying the "give me" prayer, which centers on our own personal (and too often selfish) needs? This type of prayer — known as petition — has a valuable place in our prayer life. But it can too easily become our only type of prayer if we aren't careful.

Actually there are five types of prayer which we should include in our daily prayers. Petition has already been mentioned. A close relative of petition is intercession; this is when we pray not for ourselves, but for others. Maybe it is for a dying friend, our small child, or the farmer a mile away. For whomever it may be, intercession occurs when we pray for another person.

The direct opposite of petition is thanksgiving. How often do we ask God for personal favors, yet seldom think to thank Him for the many blessings already in our lives? Like the Levites mentioned in I Chronicles 23:30, we should "stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at evening."

A fourth type of prayer is confession. As the Bible teaches, we all are sinners, (I John 1:8). Thus we should make it a point in our prayertime to examine our thoughts, words, and deeds of the day and confess our failings to God.

The fifth and final type of prayer is adoration. This is pure worship and praise of God. We do not have to read very far in the Psalms before we realize that much of the time David, the Psalmist, is praising God. Psalm 103 is a perfect example of adoration. It begins: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Do we take enough time to praise God for His very goodness?

Someone might say, "Why pray? God knows all our needs." It is true that God knows our needs even better than we do. Yet he wants us to be humble enough to ad-

mit our needs — especially our need of His guidance in our lives. Equally important is the relationship He wishes to have with us — that of Father and son. Just as a child goes to his earthly father in various situations, so too we should turn toward God, our Heavenly Father.

Prayer should not be a quest for earthly happiness, but rather for divine fellowship and eternal salvation. In becoming a Christian we enter into a fellowship or friendship with God. With an earthly friend it would be impossible to have much of a friendship if we never saw one another, never wrote letters, never talked together. So, too, with our heavenly friendship. We can not become close to God without prayer — our direct communication with Him.

Also, prayer builds brotherhood. If we pray for others (intercession) we become more aware of their needs. Praying for someone makes us feel closer to them. Our church, then, becomes like a family — each member concerned for the other.

Perhaps the most important aspect of prayer has been saved until last. It is submission. Too often we tend to come before God in prayer, seeking not His will, but His approval of our own. Like Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane we must learn to pray, "Not my will, but Thine be done" — and really mean it, too.

Petition, intercession, thanksgiving, confession, and adoration — five types of prayer. Five types we should be praying every day. Otherwise it might be said of us as John Bunyan said: "Thou then art not a Christian that art not a praying person." ■

## A Tribute To A Departed Son

By Kathryn H. Nolt

Dear Son,

Today I met a lively boy and his shaggy white collie on a hilltop — where the fleecy clouds hung high. And as I so often do, I fancied that slender boy was you — with Rover by your side. The noon sun lit your face and shadowed your eyes. A faint breeze stirred your hair. But the shout from your lips never reached my ear. Your voice has been still these many years.

STILL — except in one little room which speaks so much of you. From the crib so lovingly made by your father's hands I seem to hear you gurgle and coo or sing a sweet lullabye and a snatch of "Sweet Bye and Bye".

Your first little suit is stored in the cedar chest, and here is the little bronze pennybank you chose as your own. In the bureau is the little watch you cherished so during your hospital stay. And there is the piece of surgical gown in which your silky locks are wrapped that were shaved from your head.

The tears fall fast as we recall how you battled so patiently the dread disease which slowly sipped the lifeblood from your veins. Yet I brush away my grief and tears — you left us so many precious memories.

We recall when you were a little tot and stood on tip-toe to put eleven ears of corn in Mike's manger. And one summer day you greased daddy's mowing machine, wheels and spokes and all in busy-body fashion.

And when you were so very sick you were concerned

that I should not forget your garters when we came to take you home. When we had to tell you we could not find them, and that you wouldn't need them, you seemed to understand. Your last weeks at home I would not exchange for anything on earth.

Now when I see a child that's lame, it seems I see you — for you too, were lame awhile. A blind child, too, reminds me of you — you were nearly blind the last while. A thin child causes tears to flow, for you too were thin before you left us.

It's hard to tell who misses you the most, but it doesn't matter. We all miss you. For two long years I wondered — if I, like doubting Thomas could see you, just once, then I would know that you are happy. And then one night you came and laid your soft hand on my arm and said, "Mother". You stayed but for a moment, then departed with the ones who came with you. Since that time, I feel so sorry for all who think that angels came to mankind only in the days of old.

Now every year in May when golden dandelions wreath your grave and the green grass waves over your last resting place, we sometimes go to ponder there but you aren't there — you never were. The sod can never hold the spirit of a child. There is a special place within our heart and home reserved for you and that is how it ought to be.

Now I must go, dear child, for a happy chorus of children's voices have burst in the front door and spilled into the rooms below and float up the stairway to echo in this room. They're excitedly calling —

Mother

P.S. I'll meet you once again, dear son, some other season. Deep in my heart I know, you'll be upon a hilltop, your sparkling eyes aglow, a faint breeze kissing your cheeks so fair and playing on your angel brow, surrounded by an angel band. Farewell for now.

## A Spring Prayer

Dear God, hear me, a little child,  
Who speaks to you in prayer!  
Teach me to know that your great love  
Is living everywhere.

Show me the work of your kind hand  
In flower, bud, and tree.  
Don't let me go uncaring by;  
Give me the sight to see.

Teach me to love each bird and beast  
To know their song or call.  
Show me that you give hope and joy,  
And to life one and all.

When flowers bloom or glad birds sing,  
Or trees bend with the breeze,  
Go with me, God, and tell me then  
That you are loving these.

God, help my heart to know and feel  
That if you love the tree,  
How much more truly you must love  
A living child like me.

Amen.



# *"I Don't Mean To Be Nosey, But ..."*

by Elmo Stoll

Amzie Coblentz glanced at his pocket watch as he walked down the street. He still had two hours before his bus would leave for Cleveland.

"I'll see if I can find a shoe store," he said to himself. "I need a good pair of shoes anyhow, and if I buy them now, it'll save me a trip to town when I get home."

It was hard to find his way around in a large city like Detroit, especially since he was unfamiliar with the streets. Finally by asking a policeman at the corner, Amzie found a shoe store only five blocks from the bus depot. From the stock in display in the show window, he guessed that the prices were reasonable. Amzie pushed open the door and entered.

After looking around a while, Amzie decided to take the pair of black shoes with crepe soles at \$11.95. They looked as though they would wear well on the farm — good, sturdy work shoes.

The store keeper had been busy with another customer, but now he walked around the end of the counter. "May I help you?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes," Amzie said, "I'll take this pair of shoes."

The store keeper nodded his head. He lifted the box from the shelf. "Would you like to try them on, or are you sure of the size? These are 9 1/2's."

"I'll try them on," said Amzie. "I don't like to have them too big."

While Amzie fitted the shoes, the storeman chatted pleasantly. He seemed very friendly.

Amzie placed his foot carefully on the carpeted floor, trying his weight on the front part of his foot, then on the back. The shoes fitted comfortably.

"They feel all right?"

"Yes, I'll take them."

The store keeper placed them in the box and tied it shut. "Was there anything else?"

Amzie shook his head, reaching into his pocket for his wallet. He paid the bill and picked up the box, turning to leave.

"Excuse me," said the store keeper. "I don't mean to

be noseey but — but are you a Quaker?"

"No," said Amzie. "I'm Amish."

"Hmmm. Amish. I've heard of them. Let's see —" The store keeper seemed puzzled for a moment. "Oh, yes, you drive horse and buggies. You're from Pennsylvania, aren't you?"

"Some of our people live in Pennsylvania. I'm from Ohio."

"But you do drive horses. I mean — I've seen it on television."

"Yes." Amzie looked toward the door. "Guess I should be going now. Thanks."

Walking rapidly, Amzie was soon breathing the cold air on the street. As he waited the remaining hour and a half until time for his bus, he wondered why he had pretended to be in such a hurry to leave the shoe store. Somehow, as he thought back to his conversation with the store keeper, he felt guilty. Was it right to appear in such a hurry, to give such curt replies and not answer his questions more fully? Didn't the Bible say something about being ready at all times to give an answer to anyone who asked about the hope within us?

The longer Amzie thought about the matter, the more he became convinced that he should have tried harder to give the store keeper answers to his questions.

"I'll try to do better if I get another chance like that," Amzie resolved. He meant it too, but secretly he wished it were not so hard to know what to say. Maybe that was why he was reluctant; maybe he knew deep within that he hadn't prepared himself as much as he should have to be able to give sensible, Bible-based answers.

Amzie Coblentz returned to his home and the daily routine of farm life. The questioning and his resolve seemed nearly forgotten.

Three weeks later Amzie's neighbor, John Mast, came over to help cut a supply of wood for the winter. Amzie and John usually cut their wood together, as it was safer than one working alone with the chain saw.

They hitched the team to the wagon, and loaded the tools they would need to work with. The closest way to reach Amzie's woods was to go down the road. The wagon bounced and jolted over the frozen gravel as they drove to the end of the lane.

The two men on the wagon noticed a long, blue car coming slowly down the road. They stopped the horses and waited for the car to pass before they drove out on the road.

A man and a woman were in the car. Amzie noticed that it had Texas licence plates. The car stopped and the man got out. He looked clean-shaven and expensively dressed.

"Probably some salesman," said John, watching as the man approached the wagon.

"Not likely," Amzie pointed out. "Not from Texas."

The man walked up to the side of the wagon, stuck out his hand and shook hands with Amzie, then with John. "I'm Herman Jager," he introduced himself. "I'm from Dallas, Texas." He smiled warmly.

Uncertain whether he should introduce himself or not, Amzie hesitated for a moment. John didn't say anything, so he didn't either.

Mr. Jager went on, apparently quite capable of carrying on the conversation himself. "My wife and I were just driving through, and we were curious. Okay if we ask some questions?"

The two men looked at each other. "Yeah, I guess,"

John said.

"You're Amish, aren't you?"

Amzie nodded his head. John seemed about to say something, when Mr. Jager went on, "I thought so. Well, my wife and I were just talking. Why is it you people still drive horses?"

"That's a hard question to answer in a few words," Amzie said, clearing his throat. "I guess it's all sort of tied in with our way of life. And it's hard to explain a part to someone who doesn't understand the whole."

"Well, it's the old way," John said.

"I see," said the man. "Why do you wear a beard?"

"Well, I never gave it much thought," said Amzie.

"Guess maybe because Jesus did."

"And electricity," Herman Jager continued. "Or telephones. Why don't you have those?"

"Those things are of the world," John said. "They're something new."

Then John noticed the chain saw. Somehow he half wished it weren't there. Uncomfortably he hoped the man wouldn't notice it.

"Is it true that you think the devil is on the phone?" Mr. Jager asked.

"No," said Amzie quickly, before John could answer. "I don't believe that."

"Then why don't you have them? Isn't it sort of hard to do without them?"

"We never had those things," John said.

Mr. Jager shook his head. "And T.V. You don't have T.V. either, huh?"

"No."

"But I bet sometimes you watch it when your bishop isn't looking. Huh, don't you now?" The man winked knowingly.

Amzie felt disgusted. What did this man think their religion was, just a quaint game, a novelty, a museum?

The man shivered from the cold winter air. "I won't

keep you any longer then," he said. "Bye-bye, and thanks for answering my questions. It's so nice to know about you people."

Herman Jager hopped into his car, gave one last wave, and slowly pulled away.

Amzie Coblentz watched the blue car drive away. His thoughts were in a turmoil. This time he had tried hard not to make the stranger feel his questions were unwelcome. Still —

"He sure was full of questions, wasn't he?" John said, breaking the silence.

"Uh-huh," Amzie said, loosening the reins. The horses pranced forward. The nearly empty wagon rattled noisily on the road as he let the horses trot. The din made conversation almost impossible, but Amzie was thinking. Even though he had done his best to answer Mr. Jager's questions, still Amzie didn't feel satisfied with the way things had gone. What was wrong?

"Did the man actually learn anything by talking with us?" Amzie wondered. "Did he know more when he drove away than he did when he came? Did we answer his questions, or did we evade them? And what about his questions, anyhow? Weren't they missing the point? Shouldn't we somehow have left him with a challenge to look below the surface, to consider what the true values of life are? What is our religion — just buggies, beards, and broad-brimmed hats? Couldn't we somehow have given him a glimpse of the New Testament pattern — a non-conformed church, a strong, close-knit brotherhood of believers, living together in fellowship and love, helping each other along the way?"

As they neared the woods, Amzie suddenly chuckled to himself. "Hmmm," he mused, "I guess I'm like the stranger from Texas. I've got a bunch of questions I would like to have the answers to. But I don't think stopping someone at the end of his lane for five minutes is the best way to get them answered."

**T**he editors of Family Life believe there are a lot of people like Amzie Coblentz among our readers, who are sincerely trying to find the best approach to curious tourists. What is our responsibility to people we meet on the sidewalks, in stores, in bus depots, on our farms and elsewhere? How much should we try to explain to them? What should be our attitude toward them?

Last summer an Amish minister from Belleville, Pennsylvania suggested that it would be well to have prepared a small leaflet on which would be answered the questions we are most often asked by outsiders. He thought such a leaflet would be good to give to interested questioners. Some people, perhaps, have the talent to be able to answer questions very well, but for others, a clearly written, brief pamphlet would be greatly appreciated.

Please write to us, stating your ideas and views on this matter. If you think such a leaflet should be prepared, say so, and write down the three questions you are most often asked. Then after each question, write what you feel your answer should be. It will be absolutely necessary for you to keep your answer very brief and to the point.

If the response is favorable, some of the answers may well be printed in Family Life and others incorporated into the leaflet the Pennsylvania minister requested.

But be sure your answers are clear and brief. If they are too long, it will lessen the chance of our being able to use them. So sit down and write us a letter fairly soon, giving any comments you wish on this subject, and listing what you feel are the three most frequently asked questions by outsiders. Address your letter to, Family Life Editors, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.





## A GREETING FOR A GIRL

It was still early. The Yoder girls were busy with the dishes.

"Sadie, you can sweep the floor," Mom said, as she cleaned off the table, "and Simon, you come and feed the dog."

Behind the stove Simon was stretched out on the couch reading Family Life. He was so absorbed in his reading that he didn't notice anyone was talking to him.

Sadie poked him with the broom as she went by and said, "Didn't you hear what Mom said? She said you have to feed the dog."

"What? On an evening like this? It's too cold. I'll feed him in the morning."

But Mom did not agree. "No, Simon, you ought to feed him this evening. He's hungry and the way the wind is howling around the corners, he ought to be fed right now."

"Awright," Simon said, but he made no move until he had finished reading "Hound Dogs and Dead Chickens."

By the time Simon came back from the barn, the rest of the family were sitting around the big stove, which smelled like it might be getting red hot.

"Scoot over," he said, "and let me get close too. The way everybody's crowding around the stove, you'd think you were trying to keep it warm."

"We ought to get up early tomorrow morning," Mom said. "So you children ought to go to bed."

Soon everyone was retiring for the night. Simon went to the bookshelf and dug out the copy of Family Life from the big Martyrs' Mirror where he had hid it when he went to feed the dog. Then he started to settle down on the couch again.

Before Susie went upstairs she came and whispered into Simon's ear, "Come on up. I've got something I want to show you."

"What is it, some flowers or something?"

"No, no, something you'd like to see."

"I'll come just as soon as I get done with this piece about Homely Hannah," he whispered to Susie, and then added half aloud, "That is, if I don't forget it."

A few minutes later he was trudging up the stairs.

"What's the big secret?" Dad Yoder asked after Simon had vanished up the stairs.

"I don't know what it's about," Mom answered. "I suppose they've got something going upstairs."

"That's queer they didn't tell you what they're up to," Dad said. "Usually the girls can't keep from telling you if they know something."

"I don't think there's anything to worry about," Mom said. "Probably a new game or something."

When Simon walked into the girls' room, he was still looking at Family Life. "I bet that was Mom that wrote this piece about Homely Hannah," he said. "You are always worrying about what people think about you."

"You're just teasing me," Susie said. "I know Mom didn't write that."

"How do you know?" Simon asked.

"Because she wouldn't write anything for Family Life," Susie said.

"Why wouldn't she?"

"Because she wouldn't," Susie answered. "She'd be afraid if she sent something in, they wouldn't print it, and if they did print it, she'd be scared somebody would read it and know she wrote it."

"You've really got it figured out, haven't you?" Simon laughed. "Well, anyway, this piece sounds like Mom and daughter Hannah — er, I mean Susie."

"Don't be silly, Simon, don't you see it's signed — L. S."

Susie walked to the buffet and picked up a big square white envelope. "What do you think of this?" she asked, handing it to Simon.

Simon opened the envelope and pulled out a birthday greeting.

"Oh, that's really nice. Where did you get it?"

"What do you mean, get it? We made it."

"Oh, c'mon, you mean you can make a greeting like that?"

"We couldn't find any that were suitable so Sadie and I decided to make one."

"Who's it for?"

"For a good friend of yours. Guess."

Simon opened the greeting and found the following verse printed neatly on the inside:

*Dear Leah,  
Life isn't all sunshine, it isn't all rain  
There's joy and sorrows and changes between.  
We wish you God's blessings in an endless long chain.  
And hope you'll be happy at the age of eighteen.*  
— L.

"You wrote that, didn't you, Susie?"

"What makes you think so?"

Simon turned the greeting over and on the back was another verse:

*Dear Friend Leah,  
You're so nice, you're so kind, you're so sweet,  
You're so pretty,  
I can hardly imagine you're eighteen already,  
You're growing up fast to be a gentlewoman,  
Please don't forget me, I'm just your fellow-human.*  
— S

"Sadie, you wrote this, didn't you?" Simon exclaimed.

"Right below this one there's room for another verse — your verse," Sadie said.

The color mounted on Simon's cheeks as he retorted, "What, me send a greeting to a girl? I guess not."

"But why don't you?" Susie wanted to know. "Leah would be very much pleased to have another verse on there — from you."

Simon turned the birthday greeting over and re-read the verse. Then he said, "My fingers are too big to write on there. And besides, if I know what's good for me I won't get mixed up in no girls' letters!"

"But you can write such good poems."

"Not near as good as those two," Simon said.

Simon got ready to go to his room. "I wish you girls would keep quiet now so I could get this Family Life finished this evening. Oh yes, if you don't mind, I'll take this greeting over to my room. I'd like to read your two verses again."

The two girls smiled at each other as Simon left the room.

The next morning while the girls were washing the dishes, Mom said, "What's the big secret about? It

sounded last night like something was going on upstairs." "Oh, that reminds me," Susie said. "We wanted to get it in the mail this morning. Sadie, go and ask Simon what he did with the greeting."

Soon Sadie came skipping back. "He says it's upstairs in his room. I'll go up and get it."

After awhile she came downstairs and said, "Where's a 6-cent stamp? I'll take it out to the mail box. Simon didn't write anything on it."

"Wait a minute before you seal it," Susie said. "I want to see it first. Are you sure he didn't write anything on it?"

She took out the greeting and examined it carefully. "Here's a verse," she exclaimed as she opened the inside fold. Sure enough, the poem was done up neatly in hand-printed letters:

*Dear friend,  
I doubt if you'll think of looking here inside  
But if you do, you'll find this little surprise.  
I tried very hard to think of something nice  
But I couldn't - the reason, I'm not very wise  
I send you best wishes, and tell you no lies.  
This comes from a friend - I hope you surmise  
Who wants to be your friend till the day he dies,  
-S-*

"From the look on your faces," Mom said as she worked the bread dough, "I'd say you either have a very nice letter or a very nasty one."

"It's a birthday greeting we made," Susie said. "We want to show you now that it's done."

She held up the greeting for her mother to read. After Mom had read Susie's and Sadie's verses, they showed her the one on the inside of the fold. "Can you guess who wrote this one?"

"I guess it was Simon, and I also guess that maybe he thinks more of that girl than he sometimes lets on."

"Well, anyway," Susie asserted, "I'm pretty sure he wouldn't have done that for any other girl except Leah Miller!" ■■

## My House Shall Be A House Of Prayer

Author wishes to remain anonymous

What can be done about talking in church or just plain visiting before church services begin? I've read about sleeping in church, but what about talking?

This was a struggle I had within so I had to start the fight with myself. So on Sunday I'd go to church, making up my mind I'd just not talk to anybody, and I didn't. But what were my thoughts? "This sister is wearing a pretty dress ... My, but Mary's covering is too little ..."

"Oh," I thought, "this is just as bad as the gossip," and so the fight went on. I prayed, "Oh, God, help me to be quiet in church and control my foolish thoughts."

A few years ago I read about going to church and how we should try to pray for those about us, and also for ourselves, that we could be given food for our souls. Many times I have failed and allowed my thoughts to wander, but each time I feel so ashamed of my weakness and pray that God will forgive me.

One Sunday as I felt my own weakness, I glanced about and saw a brother in pain from arthritis and I prayed for him that the Lord would help him bear his affliction and strengthen his soul. And before I had time to wonder who else there was to pray for, I thought of a sister almost blind, an old brother and his wife at home on a wheel chair. I prayed too for the rising generation, and for all those present, and when I saw some brothers and sisters engaged in gossip, I prayed God would forgive them and help overcome their weakness and make their spirits more pure. I thanked God for all others who are trying to lick the sin of gossip. At last the ministers entered.

I prayed, "Oh, God, speak loud and powerfully through thy servants that all our hearts may be touched and our souls be refreshed."

As the sermon began, I found that my heart was empty of worldly thoughts, for the love of God had gone out for all. As the sermon went on, God touched the bottom of my heart so that a stream of uncontrollable tears flowed. At first I was embarrassed and then I wondered why I didn't see others in tears. I remembered the remark of a minister that God's love used to be shown through tears during church services. Now I wonder if it is because hearts are so full of gossip when services begin that they cannot stay awake.

Oh, come, let us all join our hearts and minds and overcome the sin of gossip. Then we no longer need to be ashamed when there are strangers within the church gates. I am sure if we'd all practice praying without ceasing in the church, a lot of these sins we all are entangled with would be more easily wiped out and there would be far less to talk about as we would be helping to lift one another's burdens instead of letting them down.

A heartfelt prayer and a friendly smile would let God's love shine much further than a dozen words to draw one's mind away from God.

"And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." (Matt. 21:12,13)

And thieves is exactly what we are if we rob our own

Family Life

## Question Mart

### DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

1. Does anybody know the meaning of the German word *schabab*, found in the 4th stanza of the hymn, "Wo soll ich mich hinkehren, ich dummes Bruderlein?"—P. 414, Ausbund; p. 164, Liedersammlung, G. The last line reads, "Darum bin ich schabab".

2. Does anyone have information on the Amish settlement at Gibson, Mississipp, of the 1890's and early 1900's?

Send answers to: FAMILY LIFE  
Question Market  
R. 4, Aylmer,  
Ontario, Canada

Readers are invited to send in puzzling questions that some of our readers may perhaps be able to answer for them.



souls or others' from receiving a blessing. So the next time you are engaged in gossip just think maybe somebody is praying for you, and that your prayer is also needed. I hope others will also pray for me, for whatever sins I

may be entangled with.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools." (Ecc. 5:1) ■■

MOTHER BEACHY WONDERED WHAT WAS COMING  
OVER BARBARA. IF SHE ACTED LIKE  
THIS AT TWELVE, WHAT  
WOULD SHE DO AT  
SEVENTEEN?

THE  
BATTLE  
FOR  
BARBARA

- Author wishes to remain anonymous

"I Won't Wear It To School"

*B*ang. A door slammed. Mother Beachy looked at the clock. Could it be 4:30 already?

"Hello," she called cheerfully to her three youngest children as they trooped into the kitchen, clattered their dinner buckets onto the worktable, and came eagerly into the living room where their mother was sewing.

"What are you making?" asked Eli. "A shirt?"

"It had better be mine," spoke up John. "Eli got one yesterday."

"No, this isn't a shirt," answered Mother.

At this twelve-year-old Barbara came eagerly to look over her mother's shoulder. But her eagerness vanished as she saw the blue chambray garment. Her face fell. "Really, Mother, you're not making me a dress out of that stuff!"

Mother looked up in surprise. "Why, what's wrong? I thought you liked blue."

"But that's shirting. You made the boys' shirts like that," wailed Barbara.

"No, this isn't shirting. It's dress chambray. I sent for it at Garver's."

"I don't care. The boys have shirts like that, and everyone is going to laugh at me if I wear a dress like that," Barbara went upstairs and slammed the door.

Mother sighed. What was coming over their youngest daughter? Outbursts like this were becoming more and more frequent. Desperately the girl needed discipline and guidance. If she rebelled like this at twelve, what would she do at seventeen?

Only after the boys had gone to the barn to chore did Mother call to the girl upstairs. "Barbara, come. We want to start supper before it's time to milk. I want you to peel potatoes."

After muffled sounds and scuffling of feet, Barbara appeared at the bottom of the steps. One glance affirmed what Mother had suspected. Barbara had been crying.

There was a strained silence, then their eyes met. Barbara burst into tears again.

"Barbara." Mother's voice sounded almost impatient. "This will have to stop. You're too big to cry over every little trifle like this."

"Well, it's just not fair," sobbed Barbara.

"What's not fair?"

"That I have to wear dresses like that. Susan Lambright and Anne Lehman and — and all those girls get to go with their mothers to pick out the dresses they want."

"Didn't you do the same thing last fall?"

"Yes, but we still ended up buying what you wanted. Brown and gray and dull colors like that."

"But you knew well enough you couldn't have the other colors you chose. Light colors show the dirt so easily, and besides, it's wrong to have pride in our clothes. The Bible teaches us to dress modestly."

"But I can't see why I have to wear a dress made from shirting. You never even asked me if I —"

"Barbara." Mother's voice was getting firm now. "That will do. I had enough material left, so I thought I would surprise you and make a dress."

"Surprise, huh, I'll wear it for everyday, but I won't wear it to school." Barbara slammed the door behind her as she went to the cellar after potatoes.

Each Battle Harder To Win

Mother filled the woodbox and the coal buckets but her mind was occupied with other thoughts. She and her husband Ben stood side by side in the daily responsibilities of rearing their family and training the children. They tried to be obedient to their church's discipline of dress and hoped to teach their children the same obedience.

Mother sighed. In one respect their parochial school failed to be the help they had hoped it would be. So often Barbara came home asking for things that she and Ben were opposed to. They patiently tried to explain to Barbara why she was not allowed to dress in flashy colors, patent leather slippers, and bright-colored scarves. So far Barbara had always given in, but each battle seemed harder to win.

The following Monday morning the Beachy children scur-

ried about, getting ready for school. Mother got out clean shirts and denims for the boys, and hung Barbara's new dress on the halltree.

"Hurry and dress," she urged, "then you can ride with Daniel when he goes to Levi Esh's to husk corn."

Barbara came into the living room. Rebellion flared up in her eyes as she saw the fateful blue dress hanging there waiting. She looked at the dress, then at Dad, who was sitting at the desk writing. Without a word she picked up the dress and went upstairs. With Dad in the house she had no second choice. And she knew well enough why Dad was still in the house.

### "You Don't Care How I Look"

For a time things went smoothly in the Beachy household. The family spent long winter evenings in the cozy living room.

Eli and John were bending over a game of checkers one evening. Daniel was helping Barbara with her English. Father sat reading, and Mother began to nod over the stockings she was mending. Anyone looking in on this peaceful scene had no reason to suspect any of the conflicts the Beachy's were having with their growing daughter.

"Mother, I need a new covering," announced Barbara unexpectedly.

"Oh, really?" asked Mother sleepily. "As soon as we get a new one made, the one you're now wearing Sundays you could wear to school."

"All the other girls at school wear Swiss organdy coverings," said Barbara wistfully.

"Now, I wonder. Does Lydia Zook, too?"

"Well-l-l, no-o. But all the others do."

"Then don't say they all do. If you do, then Lydia will be the only one."

"But you always want me to follow Lydia's example. Why can't I do like Susan and Anne sometimes?"

"Huh," spoke up John, "I don't even think Susan looks nice the way she dresses. She's sloppy."

"She is not," said Barbara, all ready for a heated argument. "I wish you'd mind your own business."

"Children, that will do," said Father, laying aside his book. "Let's not argue. It's bed time."

Several days later Barbara came home from school and had a piece of paper. Mother eyed it curiously.

"Here's a pattern I want you to use when you make me a covering," Barbara said. "Susan brought it for me. Susan's cap fits me perfectly."

"Barbara, you know that we can't let you wear a covering like Susan does. A covering is meant to cover the head. This pattern is much too small for you."

"No, it isn't. You always make me dress like an old grandma. You should just see how the others look."

Tonight Mother did not pursue the argument further. Barbara trudged upstairs to change clothes. If only her mother weren't so old fashioned. She was always spoiling things, and it just wasn't fair.

The next evening Barbara saw a new covering lying on the bureau when she came home from school. She picked it up and examined it critically.

"No, you never listen to me," she wailed angrily. "You don't care a thing how I look, or if I have any friends, or anything."

"Barbara, we care more than you know. We love you too much to let you go on serving your pride. When you are older, you will understand."

"Oh, that's what you always say. I'm tired of hearing you say —"

Barbara stopped short. She had been too furious and blinded by tears to notice her father standing quietly in the doorway.

"Barbara," he said in a shocked voice. "This is no way for you to be talking to your mother."

Without a word Barbara turned and fled upstairs. But she was not surprised to hear her father's footsteps and his firm knock on the door.

"I know you think you're quite grown-up," he said, "but you're not too old for a spanking if you talk to your mother like that. Mother and I have tried to be patient with you, but you're getting more and more headstrong and disrespectful. Maybe this will help you to be satisfied with the clothes your mother makes for you, and not talk back to her." He left Barbara weeping hot tears of frustration and humiliation.

Barbara heard her father and mother talking in undertones downstairs.

"Barbara, I want you to help me in the barn tonight. The boys will carry wood and feed the chickens. Bring a lantern when you come." Her father was gone before she could protest.

Half an hour later she and Father were working side by side in the barn, carrying straw, bedding the horses and feeding the calves. Barbara loved working in the barn. Especially tonight she loved working with her father. She found herself telling him about their activities in school — the 100% she had made in arithmetic that day, the spell-down they were having on Friday, and the bird books they were making for art. She carried the lantern and tramped after father as he fed the pigs.

Only after she was in bed did she allow herself to think back over the unpleasant incident of early evening. But for some reason it didn't seem so unpleasant anymore. Barbara loved her parents, and she knew they loved her. They loved her in a way she could not understand, but she resolved just the same to be more obedient.

### Continuing Conflicts

Years went by. In spite of her resolve to be more obedient, as Barbara grew older the conflicts continued. There were times when her strong will won out. Against their wishes she wore thin nylon stockings. She bought dresses that her mother did not approve of. There was the constant battle over how Barbara was to comb her hair.

"Please, Barbara, comb your hair down. You look so stylish without a part in your hair."

"Barbara, don't wear your covering so far back. You can hardly call it a covering anymore, because it doesn't cover your head."

"Listen, Barbara, you're not going without your bonnet. Either you wear your bonnet or you stay at home."

These were admonishments that Barbara heard over and over again. Sometimes she obeyed, and sometimes she took her own way. If she did obey, it was just for the sake of peace in the family.

But even if Barbara was more and more taking her own way, she was not happy. Her friends did not provide the close feeling of fellowship she yearned for. Life was void and Barbara often found herself longing for something. And then there was her constant battle with her conscience.

"Children, obey your parents," admonished Bishop Dave one Sunday in church. "Even if we do not understand everything our parents ask of us, we must still be obedient. Someday when you find yourself in the place your parents are now, you will understand." His voice trembled



and a tear slipped down his cheek. "My own mother died when I was eighteen. Oh, how I have longed to tell her that I'm sorry for the many times I was disobedient."

Barbara sat spellbound. She knew she was not obedient to her parents. Was that why she was unhappy? What if her mother died, and she had to regret her disobedience all her life?

Bishop Dave was going on, "If we do not let our will be broken when we are young, we will find it hard to break later on. If we are not obedient to our parents, we will find it easy to be disobedient to the church and to the Word of God. Let's not allow pride to stand in our way ..."

"Pride," thought Barbara. "Is that really what is keeping me from obeying my parents?" Deep down she knew

it was.

The battle within her soul raged on. Was she really disobedient to God? Probably, because some of her dresses weren't really what she could call modest. She had always thought her parents were too old-fashioned and strict. Now that she sensed a new meaning in their teachings, she changed her views.

But the struggle was not so easily won. When Barbara was with her friends she found herself comparing with them. Then she wasn't so bad after all. But at home, and often at night Barbara was miserable. Little by little she came to see where she stood. She was a sinner in need of a Saviour.

The following spring Barbara's desires became reality. She, along with four other girls, began taking instructions for baptism.

Now Barbara found herself in more conflicts — not with her parents, but with herself. She wanted to comply with the rules of the church, but she found it so hard to wear cotton stockings and a larger covering. She had to make some of her dresses over before she could wear them.

If Barbara thought that "joining church" would solve her problems, she was sadly disappointed. With each victory she won, there seemed to be another one to strive for. How much easier it would have been now if she had been obedient more before. At times she won out, but too often she found herself sliding back. Her pride was an obstacle to a happy Christian life.

### Only Girl With A "Mommy Dress"

Barbara was bubbling with excitement. Daniel was getting married, and she was to serve as a tablewaiter. Her partner was to be Jacob, the bride-to-be's brother. Barbara considered him quite handsome, even if he was three years older than she was. She was determined to look her best.

Barbara hummed to herself as she worked on her new dress for the occasion. It was a lovely shade of blue — just right to match her eyes.

When Mother left the house for a while to help Father sack some corn for grinding, it was just the chance Barbara was waiting for. With deft fingers she worked fast, determined to have the pleats in by the time Mother came back.

She was sewing innocently on her apron when Mother returned. Barbara felt ill at ease, but relieved that so far Mother hadn't said anything. Anyway, wasn't she on her own now, to make her own decisions, and obey the church rules according to her own convictions? She picked up the dress to measure the length of her apron.

"Barbara." Mother's voice held a note of shock and disappointment. "You know you can't make your pleats like that."

Barbara's sewing zeal sank to the floor. "I have them all sewed in already. It's too late to change now."

"It's not too late. You can still change them, and that is just what you're going to do." Mother's voice showed that authority Barbara knew so well, but hadn't heard for a long while.

Barbara's mind went back to the years gone by, to the many disagreements, the unhappiness. Really, it wasn't worth the scene. Then she thought of the wedding. In her mind she was comparing herself with the other tablewaiters.

"But, Mother, I'm going to be the only girl there wearing a 'Mommy dress'. A lot of girls wear their dresses like this."

"Yes, maybe they do, but that still doesn't make it right



## He Washed Their Feet

BY JULIA WHITTIER WOLFE

On Passover Eve down Jerusalem street

Thirteen pilgrims with dusty feet.

Climbed a stair in the evening gloom,

Then slowly trooped to an upper room.

Pitcher with water upon the floor,

Towel and basin stood near the door.

Pitcher and basin seemed to say:

"Who'll do the foot washing, friends, this day?"

Twelve men supped, but their love burned low,

Till noiseless in the sunset's glow,

Jesus, in such a humble way,

With no reproachful word to say,

Arose and laid His garments by.

And while the twelve were wondering why,

Pouring out water cool and sweet

He washed those hot and dusty feet.

for you," said Mother earnestly. "Think what kind of example you're being to the younger girls."

Strained silence filled the room. The clock ticked loudly and a lazy murmur came from the teakettle on top of the stove. Far away Barbara heard the whine of a chainsaw.

She sewed on. Then the apron was finished. It was time for the decision. Barbara stole a glance at her mother. She was busy sewing, but her lips seemed to move in prayer. Barbara picked up the dress and set to work. Her heart pounded with loud thumps as she picked and jerked frantically at the stubborn threads. It was nearly two hours later that she lay down the dress with a sigh. She was back where she started from.

She was too frustrated to envision how often in future years she would look back to this incident with great appreciation for her mother. She had helped Barbara take a big step in breaking her stubborn pride.

### Why Not Take It?

More years passed. Barbara, no longer needed at home, found herself working out. It was while she was at Henry Grabers that the children came home from school one evening with a note from Susan Lambright. A group of girls were going to the New Mart to shop the next evening, and Barbara could go along. Barbara knew at once that she wanted to go. She sent word that she would be ready.

The next evening she was hurrying to get ready when she thought of something. Why hadn't she thought of that before — in time to say she wasn't going? She could have thought of some excuse. But now she was trapped. Well, maybe her fears were ungrounded.

"Beep, beeeeeeppppp." Barbara peeped out the window. She had been right. Not one of the other girls was wearing her bonnet. Barbara glanced at the bonnet in her hand. Well, once wouldn't hurt. She set it down on the dresser and started downstairs. Halfway down she stopped. Should she go without just because the others did? Why couldn't Fanny Troyer have gone along? It was easy to wear a bonnet if only one other person did too. But could she wear one tonight if she were the only one? So often when she was younger she had longed for the time when she could be her own boss. Now here was her opportunity. Why not take it?

"Beep. Beeeeeep." Barbara ran back upstairs, and grabbed her bonnet. Then she raced happily to the waiting car. ■■

"There can be no happiness if the things we believe in are different from the things we do." — Freya Stark

## Self, People, and Things

My heart should take heed to what it clings,  
That it be not "self, people, or things".

Perhaps we may think with all the rest  
"Not guilty," but let's first take a test.

How many minutes each day can we find  
That we harbor unrighteous thoughts in our mind?

Now let us check and examine the score;  
Our evidence shows we should love God more.

Let's strive to expel the thoughts that are vain —  
Purging, and praying to let the good reign.

Satisfied with our love? in His will?  
Ah, woeful it be, we need more love still!

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment." Mark 12:30

- L., Pa.

### Our Experience With Virus Pneumonia

Since reading in the Family Life the touching stories of some other parents' experiences, we were made to think of our experience with pneumonia about four years ago.

Our first child at the age of five weeks got what we thought was an ordinary cold. She had a stuffy nose and seemed uncomfortable so we took her to the doctor and he gave us medicine for her. Feeling our baby would soon be rid of her cold, we went home more relaxed. But after a few days she seemed to be worse.

Her breathing was more rapid and she seemed quite restless. My wife stayed up all night with the baby, not sleeping at all. The next day was not better so that night I decided it was my turn to care for the child. But trying to keep up with the child's breathing was impossible. I called the doctor.

The doctor's wife answered and said he would stop on his way home from the Ephrata Hospital.

When the doctor had arrived and checked the child, he said, "You should have called me sooner." He cleaned her stuffy nose and of course, the child cried quite a bit. Then getting his needle to give her an injection of penicillin, he took her diaper off and found that her bottom and back were turning blue.

The doctor lay the needle down and looked at us and shook his head. We thought we knew what he meant. But he did not say much.

"Shall we take her to the hospital?" we asked.

He gave her the injection and said, "If you want it that way."

Of course, it was not our desire to have it thus, but we thought it would be best. The doctor called the Lancaster General Hospital and ordered to have the oxygen tent ready.

On the way to the hospital we pulled to the side of the

Family Life

### DID YOU KNOW?

When the prophet Ezekiel's wife died, he was forbidden by God to mourn for her as a sign to the Jews in exile, who were not sad, though Jerusalem, the city of their fathers, lay in ruins.



- M. H. H., Pennsylvania

- Will Jordan

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## UNITY BETWEEN MAN AND WIFE

In the beginning God created all things. He made man in his image and let him have dominion over the creatures of the earth. When Adam and Eve sinned, God cursed the serpent but he also gave a punishment to the man and his wife. To the woman he said, "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children and thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over you."

Here we can see who is to be the head of the house. But some will say, "That was in the Old Testament times." What do we find in the New Testament?

"Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your husbands; that if any obey not the word, they may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives," 1 Peter 3:1-7. Here it also refers to the old, where the holy women trusted in God and were in subjection to their husbands. Sara obeyed Abraham and called him Lord.

In verse 7 the duties of the husband are also pointed out. The husbands should live with their wives with knowledge and giving honor to the wife as the weaker vessel.

In Ephesians 5:22 we find again that wives should submit

themselves unto their husbands. The next verse says the husband is the head of the wife and compares the relationship between man and wife with that of Christ and the church.

Would we want to be part of a church that does not put forth all effort to serve Christ, and to honor and respect Christ's wishes?

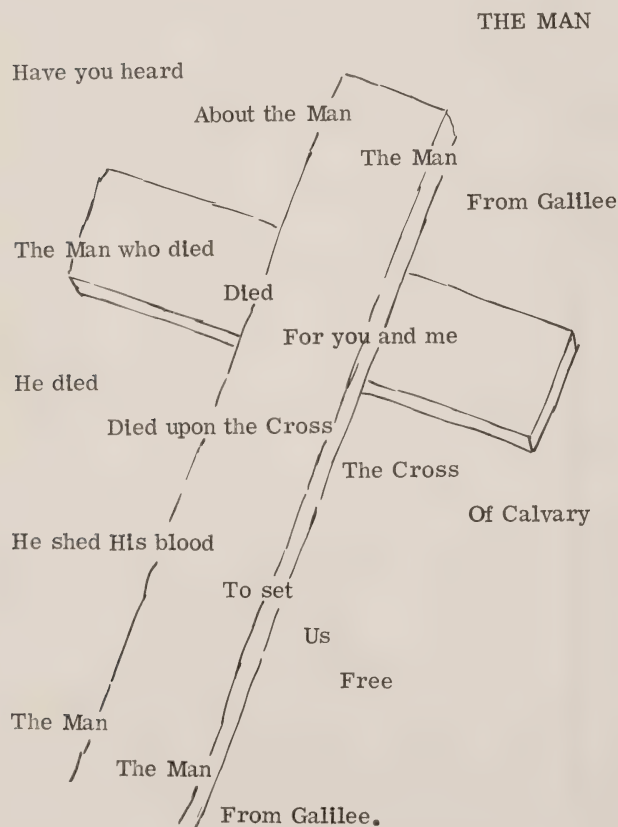
We also know that Christ gave his life for the church because He loved it so much. In Verse 25 it says, "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ has loved the church."

But perhaps first we should go back one step to the time before the wedding bonds have been made. How do we go about choosing a life companion? Do we choose for looks, or money, or for lust, as in the times before the flood?

First we should ask God to lead us and if it is His will for us to have a companion, that he would reveal this to us. It is also the responsibility of the parents to pray for their children in choosing their companions.

In Matt. 19:5 and Eph. 5:31 we read about leaving father and mother. Man and wife are then joined together as one flesh. Now if problems arise in life, let's not run back to earthly parents to see if we can get them to agree with us. We should take our problems to Jesus in prayer and follow His leading.

- J. B., Kentucky



— Becky Elcher  
Sturgis, Mich.  
49091

## A Child's Faith

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."  
Little children ask no more  
For love is all they're looking for.  
In a small child's shining eyes  
The Faith of all the ages lies.

Tiny hands and tousled heads  
That kneel in prayer by little beds  
Are closer to the dear Lord's heart,  
And of his kingdom more a part,  
Than we who search and never find  
The answers to our questioning mind.

For Faith in things we cannot see  
Requires a child's simplicity.  
For, lost in life's complexities,  
We drift upon uncharted seas  
And slowly Faith disintegrates  
While wealth and power accumulates.

The more man learns, the less he knows  
And the more involved his thinking grows,  
And, in his arrogance and pride,  
No longer is man satisfied  
To place his confidence and love  
With childlike Faith in God above.

Oh Father, grant once more to men  
A simple childlike Faith again.  
And with a small child's trusting eyes,  
May all men come to realize  
That Faith alone can save man's soul  
And lead him to a higher goal.

Selected by Eli Nolt

Family Life



## How To

## Become A King

A monarch of long ago had twin sons. There was some confusion about which one was born first. As they grew to young manhood, the king sought a fair way to designate one of them as crown prince. All who knew the young men thought them equal in intelligence, wit, personal charm, health, and physical strength. Being a keenly observant king, he thought he detected a trait in one which was not shared by the other.

Calling them to his council chambers one day, he said, "My sons, the day will come when one of you must succeed me as king. The burdens of sovereignty are very heavy. To find out which of you is better able to bear them cheerfully, I am sending you together to a far corner of the kingdom. One of my advisors there will place equal burdens on your shoulders. My crown will one day go to the one who first returns bearing his burden like a king should."

In a spirit of friendly competition, the brothers set out together. Soon they overtook an aged woman struggling under a burden that seemed far too heavy for her frail body. One of the boys suggested that they stop to help her. The other protested: "We have a burden of our own to worry about. Let us be on our way."

The objector hurried on while the other stayed behind to give aid to the aged woman. Along the road, from day to day, he found others who also needed help. A blind man took him miles out of his way, and a lame man slowed him to a cripple's walk.

Eventually he did reach his father's advisor, where he secured his own burden and started home with it safely on his shoulders. When he arrived at the palace, his brother met him at the gate, and greeted him with dismay. He said, "I don't understand. I told our father the burden was too heavy to carry. How-ever did you do it?"

The future king replied thoughtfully, "I suppose when I helped others carry their burdens, I found the strength to carry my own." - Adapted.



### A HORSE'S PRAYER

To thee, my master, I offer my prayer. Feed me, water and care for me and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter and a clean dry bed. Always be kind to me and talk to me; your voice means much to me. Pet me sometimes and I will serve you all the more gladly. Don't jerk me or whip me when going uphill. Don't mistreat me when I don't understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand. Watch me and if I fail to do my work properly, see whether anything is wrong with my harness or my feet.

Do not put a check rein on me so that I cannot use my head freely. If you want me to wear blinders, I hope you will make them stand away from my eyes.

Do not overload me and never tie me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod and examine my teeth for I sometimes have an ulcerated tooth which can be very painful.

Do not tie me so that my head is in an unnatural

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position, and leave me my best defense against flies, my tail. I cannot tell you when I am thirsty so give me plenty of fresh water to drink.

Give me shelter against the heat of the sun and when it is cold a blanket over me feels very good.

If you will do these things, I will try my best to serve you and do what you want me to. But when my strength fails, O master, do not turn me out or sell me to a cruel owner, but take my life in the kindest way.

If you do this, then I know that your Master will reward you for your kindness towards me, for is it not true that He was born in a stable? - Adapted

## Coming Next Month

### MARY'S FIRST DATE

On Monday morning Mary knew that she had been the envy of most of the girls at the singing the evening before, but for some reason her heart felt heavy.

### WE PRAYED FOR A HEALTHY BABY

-by Mrs. Menno N. Miller

A mother tells how fervently she hoped and prayed for a healthy baby. A difficult story for parents to read without tears.

### THEY LOST THEIR FATHERLAND

The stirring story of the horrors the Men-nontes suffered in Russia. The tragic part of this account is that perhaps they did not suffer as much for their faith as for their failings.

### SIMON AND THE BAILIFF

A tale of Anabaptist days based on the actual account recorded in the *Martyrs' Mirror*.

### STRONGER THAN SCOLDING

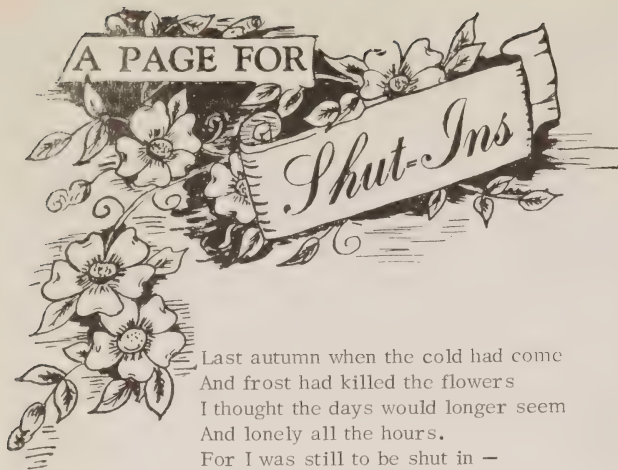
Lena Bender would not have minded working at Shetlers if it hadn't been for the constant teasing of their troublesome daughter.

## THE NEW ENLARGED CASSELL'S GERMAN-ENGLISH ENGLISH-GERMAN COMPACT DICTIONARY

WITH A PHONETIC KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION  
OF GERMAN WORDS

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PRICE \$2.00



Last autumn when the cold had come  
And frost had killed the flowers  
I thought the days would longer seem  
And lonely all the hours.  
For I was still to be shut in —  
How long no one could tell;  
Yet shut in by a Father's Hand,  
And He does all things well.

Now months have passed I still am here,  
Weary and suffering still;  
But O, how glad I've learned to say,  
"My Father do Thy will;"  
And days I thought they'd be so long —  
Have never shorter been  
And each has brought some joy to me  
Since I have been shut in

#### THE MISERABLE SHUT-IN

My shut-in days are not happy days. Many people consider my plight a sad one but they make no effort to do anything about it. Friends never send me flowers or fruit or make any scrapbook for me. And my visitors are few and far between. If someone does come he hardly notices me unless I look sickly. There are some who come quite regularly and boldly take of my belongings and do not return them again. Of course, if this can bring strength and joy to others it is well.

I am not able to bathe myself but nobody bothers to do it for me. Neither have I a mother or father to be concerned about my needs. My brothers do not own nor recognize me. Neither do I get to see them. I am sure they would not mind being with me although not in my condition. I am shut in from the rest of the world.

Most of my sisters are in the same plight as I am in and suffer with me. Several share the same room with me. We have such close quarters that only one of us can be at the table and eat at one time.

It seems we have no choice of food but have to be satisfied with the same fare day by day — and it is cold food at that.

I do not change clothes for festive occasions. Only once I received new apparel and although I wear it every day it has never been washed. I try to clean it the best I can and it is surprising how nice it looks.

I have a comb but I never use it on my hair nor find it necessary to do so, but it looks very nice worn on

my head.

It is not needful for me to complain, for people can see what I endure, although they cannot know when my cramped legs hurt.

When God made me, did He intend for me to be shut in like this? Some sympathetic people say it is not according to His plans. Were it according to His plans some of my relatives would maybe still be locked up in Noah's Ark. I'm a caged chicken.

#### Until

I could not build a house and thought  
That this I could not stand  
'Til looking 'round I saw someone  
Who could not lift her hand.

I could not see so well to read  
And thought how sad my plight  
'Til looking 'round I saw someone  
Who couldn't see the light.

I could not walk a happy mile  
And this made rough my day  
'Til looking 'round I saw someone  
Whose steps had missed the way.

I could not speak in accents clear  
And thought my speech uncouth  
'Til looking 'round I saw someone  
Who would not tell the truth.

I could not hear the soft raindrops  
And thought this was a strain  
'Til I saw someone who couldn't hear  
A songbird's sweet refrain.

I could not taste some flavors fine,  
"That's hard on me," I said;  
'Til looking 'round I saw someone  
Who couldn't swallow bread.

When we do look within ourselves  
And think how hard our load,  
We need but look about and see  
One fallen on the road.

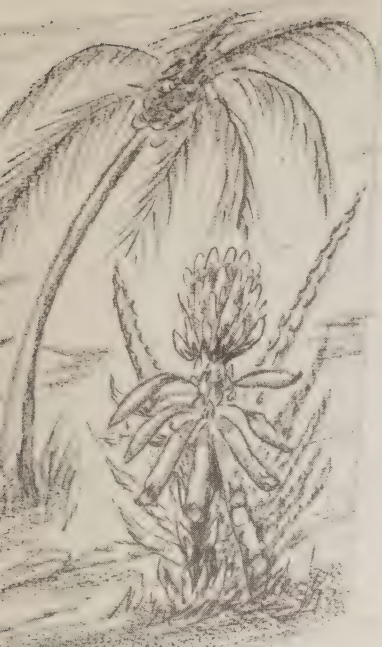
- Mary Harner

(Mary Harner is a patient at a nursing home.)

No physician ever weighed out medicines to his patients with half so much care and exactness as God weighs out to us every trial; not one grain too much does He ever permit to be put in the scale. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." (I Peter 5:7)

My child, I know thy sorrows,  
Thine every grief I share;  
I know how thou art tested,  
And what is more, I care.





## DEATH

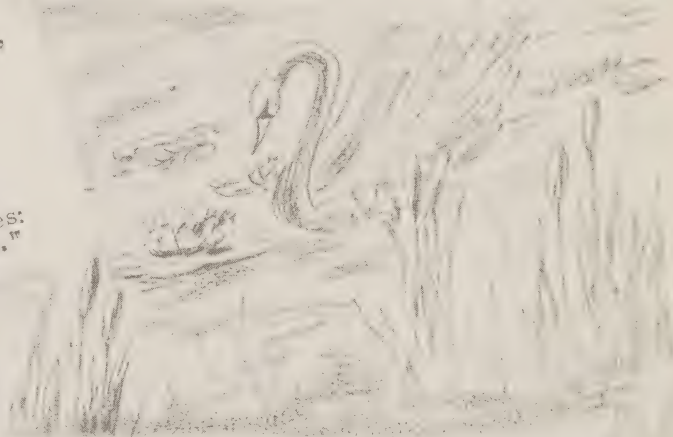
"Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,  
Away in the sunny south clime?  
By the humble growth of an hundred years,  
It reaches its blooming time;  
And then, a wondrous bud at its crown  
Bursts into a thousand flowers;  
This floral green, int its beauty seen,  
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;  
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,  
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies."

## RESURRECTION

"Have you further heard of this aloe plant  
That grows in the sunny clime?  
How every one of its thousand flowers,  
As they fall in the blooming time,  
Is an infant tree that fastens its roots  
In the place where they fall to the ground,  
And as fast as they drop from the dying stem  
Grow lively and lovely around.  
By dying it liveth a thousand fold  
In the young that spring from the death of the old."

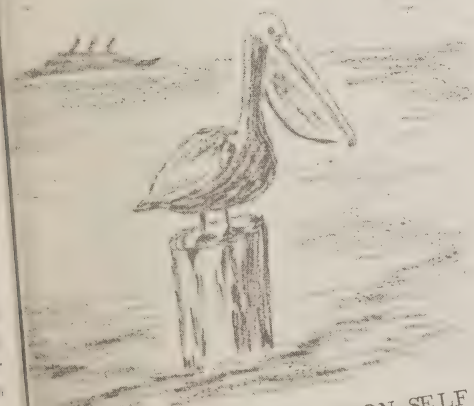
## SINGING

"Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,  
The snowy white bird of the lake?  
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave  
Or silently sits in the brake—  
For it saves its song till the close of life,  
And then, in the calm still even  
'Mid the golden rays of the setting sun,  
It sings as it soars to heaven,  
And the musical notes fall back on the skies:  
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies."



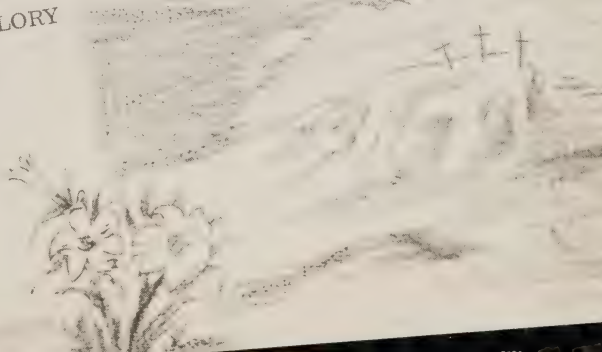
## SELF SACRIFICE

"Have you heard the fame of the pelican,  
The Arab's 'gimel el bahr'  
That dwells in the African solitudes,  
Where the birds that live, lonely are?  
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,  
And toils and cares for their food?  
It brings them water, from mountains far,  
And fishes the sea for their food;  
In famine it feeds them what love can devise  
The blood of its bosom and in feeding them dies."



## DEATH-RESURRECTION-SELF SACRIFICE-GLORY

Have you heard a tale, much sweeter than all,  
The tale of a wonderful love;  
Which led the Saviour, the Son of God,  
To leave those mansions above,  
To lead a pathway of sorrow and shame,  
A homeless stranger here.  
To suffer and die on the cross He came  
Our sins and griefs to bear.  
He lives on high, no more to die,  
He comes again! As King to reign.





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

I found this poem recently and thought it described my wash day well. Sometimes I could substitute the word "wearily" for "merrily" in the first line, especially on the last half of an ordinary big washing.

## *A Song From the Suds*

(Louisa May Alcott)

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,  
While the white foam rises high  
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring  
And fasten the clothes to dry;  
Then out in the free fresh air they swing  
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls  
The stains of the week away,  
And let water and air by their magic make  
Ourselves as pure as they;  
Then on earth there would be indeed  
A glorious washing day!

Along the path of a useful life,  
Will hearts-ease ever bloom;  
The busy mind has no time to think  
Of sorrow or care or gloom;  
And anxious thoughts may be swept away  
As we bravely wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given,  
To labor day by day;  
For it brings me health and strength and hope,  
And I cheerfully learn to say —  
"Head you may think, heart you may feel,  
But hand you shall work away."

- Sent in by Mrs. Willie E. Yoder,  
Iowa.

### GOOD LUCK PUNCH

1 qt. rhubarb (about 2 doz. stalks)  
water to cover  
3 cups sugar  
2 cups water  
Juice of 6 lemons  
1 cup pineapple juice  
Rhubarb juice  
1 qt. ginger ale

Cut rhubarb in 1 inch pieces. Add water to cover. Cook until soft, about 10 minutes. Drain through cheese-cloth bag. You should have approximately 3 quarts juice. Dissolve sugar in 2 cups water. Cook 10 minutes to make a syrup. Add lemon, pineapple, and rhubarb juice. Pour over a chunk of ice in punch bowl. Just before serving add ginger ale. Makes 1 gallon punch.

- Mrs. Noah Miller, Pa.

By the time this F.L. issue will reach the homes some mothers will have started their gardens, and others are busy cleaning house.

April seems a difficult month to some. I was counted among that "sum" in the past. When I thought spring should be with us the weather often remained cool. I was anxious to get outdoors into the sun. I guess this impatience comes from the hope — the anticipation of balmy days which we know will surely come — sometime again.

Talking about the spring housecleaning — some housekeepers find it a joy to begin cleaning — and a joy to finish again. There are a lot of joys in our life. Some that we do not realize we possess because it may be from just a common factor in our everyday life.

If we can do our work with joy it is done so much easier. If we do it because we just have to, we may be in a rut and in the hum-drum of living. If we dread to do our work, then it is drudgery, and woe to those who have to endure living with such an unhappy, cheerless person!

I'm glad dandelions are our first fresh-from-the-ground vegetable in the year. If they wouldn't be, I fear they would not be appreciated. They are not only good to eat but are good for us — somewhat like a spring tonic.

We fried dandelion flowers once, on someone's advice, but they were not very good.

Some people also eat the nettleplant in the spring, considering it delicious and healthy.

A friend wrote in advising to make mashed potatoes by cooking them with the skins. When soft, push through a ricer. Stir in hot milk immediately. Add salt.

Making potatoes in this manner preserves the potassium. Too, they are very good with that extra flavor. If you have no ricer, use a Foley mill.

This writer (M.L., Pa.) also suggests adding finely-cut celery to noodles just before serving. To bread dough she adds bone meal powder.

I would be glad for any other suggestions which would add more vitamins and minerals to the diet.

"We can always live on less when we have more to live for."

- S. Stephen McKenney



## SWEET BUNS

Soak 1 cake yeast in 1/2 cup water. In the mixing bowl beat 1 egg; add 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt. Add the yeast and part of the flour, then add 1/4 cup lard and mix well. Then add more flour (The recipe takes approximately 3 cups.).

Knead well; let rise, then form into buns. Let rise to double size, then bake. I make 24 buns from this amount. We like them fairly large sized for sandwiches.

- Emma Witmer, Ohio



The following cake is the kind little girls can make, for it doesn't take much fuss.

One of our hired girls once tried to make it "extra" good and she beat the eggs and went to much more bother than mother did. The cake didn't turn out very well.

This was one of our favorite cakes at home and mother topped it with the old-fashioned boiled brown sugar icing.

## CARAMEL CAKE

Cream together:

2 cups brown sugar

1/2 cup lard

Next add 2 eggs unbeaten

1 tsp. vanilla

2 cups flour (all-purpose)

Put 1 tsp. cocoa in a cup. Add 2 tsp. hot water. Fill the cup with sour milk, then add 1 tsp. soda. Stir this mixture until cocoa is well dissolved. The cup will run over so be sure to hold it over the mixing bowl while stirring. When cocoa is dissolved pour in with the other ingredients and mix. Bake in 350° oven.



## FUDGE BARS

1 cup butter or oleo

2 cups sugar

4 eggs

2 squares unsweetened chocolate

2 tsp. vanilla

1 1/2 cup flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. salt

1 cup chopped walnuts (optional)

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs; blend in chocolate and vanilla until well mixed. Sift dry ingredients and blend into creamed mixture. Stir in nuts. Spread in greased pan. Bake in 325 oven for 30 minutes. Cool. Frost with plain powdered sugar frosting. These are very good to put in buckets. Are fairly rich. Be sure and don't bake them too long or they get hard. When they are just right they are nice and chewy.

- C. M., Sugarcreek, O.



Telling is helping to know.

Teaching is helping to know and grow.

Training is helping to know and grow and do.



"Oh give me patience when wee hands

Tug at me with their small demands.

And give me gentle and smiling eyes.

Keep my lips from hasty replies.

And let not weariness, confusion, or noise

Obscure my vision of life's fleeting joys.

So when, in years to come, my house is still -

No bitter memories its rooms may fill."

- Sent in by Mrs. C.M. (Buchanan, Iowa)



## Some Mothers Write

Our five year old had been singing the song, "I have a joy, joy, joy down in my heart." It seemed to match her nature when she began the next verse by singing, "I have a piece of thunder standing down in my heart." Of course, we knew she meant, "the peace that passeth understanding down in my heart."

- Mrs. W. S., Pa.

I've been wondering if you would consider adding a verse to Family Life for children to memorize. We have been teaching our children the verses in the German Spelling Books. Even our four year old can repeat them well.

- Mrs. A. M., Iowa

Since my husband was ordained to the ministry last spring, our five-year-old son has taken a special interest in preaching. During one of their "play church services" he was overheard by his grandmother, expounding on "Gnade" (grace) to his brothers.

"The bad boys don't know what Gnade is, and neither do I, but God does still."

It is sometimes touching to see them going through a miniature service like this. We can often see what our examples are reflecting.

W. M.

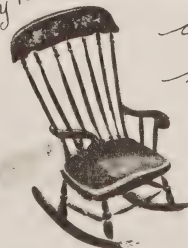
Some Fathers Write, too;

Too many so-called plain people go after things of the world. The trap does not come to the mouse, the mouse goes to the trap. So it is with the sinner. Falling isn't failure, but staying down is. Even good excuses don't help anyone.

N. M., Pa.



Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



Only when  
we criticize  
ourselves, and  
not others,  
are we  
improving  
ourselves.  
Aunt Becky

## Another Hired Girl Story

by Sara Viola Miller

It was in August of the summer when I was 17 that my parents went on a western trip. My older sister Esther and I were left to see after the duties at home. Esther had promised to help out in a confinement case later in the fall when our parents returned.

But as nature would have it, things happened ahead of schedule and one afternoon the man came driving into our place. "Could we have someone for a week at least, while my wife is in the hospital?" he wanted to know.

Our uncle and his wife lived on the farm and they offered to help with the chores. We counselled over it and didn't

have the heart to turn the man down.

It was decided that I should go, so I packed what clothes I thought I would need and left with the man in his car. Already on the way, I began to have a few misgivings. I did not have much to say and soon the man asked, "Is something wrong, or am I driving too fast?"

The trouble was not in the speed, but in the direction we were going — away from home!

On arrival at the home, I was met by confusion, dirt, odors, and an assortment of children. Early that morning the mother had given birth to her ninth child. The ages of the children ranged from 14 on down, and here I was to take over while the mother was gone. I must admit I didn't feel quite equal to the task, especially in view of the general disorder everywhere.

The first evening I did no more than cook the family supper, a big kettle of macaroni. I wasn't hungry myself but the others had a hearty appetite and weren't hard to please.

I was given a large bedroom upstairs and was glad for that privilege. I should have waited to remove my shoes till I was in bed, for only a few steps in bare feet gathered up a lot of sand which had to be brushed off. The windows were left open, there were no screens, and the mosquitoes had free access. Their constant buzzing didn't help my already frayed nerves. I covered up over my face to distract them, but even so, sleep did not come until the early morning hours.

The next morning I didn't know where to begin. One of my first discoveries was a pan full of spoiled meat broth, which accounted for the peculiar odor. The whole house was in bad shape. The children raced around inside with their wagon as if that were the most natural place in the world to play on a nice summer day.

The lawn had never been seeded and a goodly amount of it was brought indoors every day.

Everywhere I looked there was something which needed attention. Besides the regular washing and ironing, there were piles of dirty laundry stuffed underneath the children's beds — clothes which Mamma had missed. The kitchen floor was a story in itself. Each day I took off another layer and by the time the week was over, I felt rather pleased with the results.

There was no idle time, but I managed to find time to do what had to be done. They were a friendly, good-natured family and appreciated what I had done for them. Apparently, they rarely had the privilege of enjoying a clean house.

They were partly on welfare, I believe not so much from a lack of money as of management. At any rate, I was happy when the mother was released and I could go home again.

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## As I See It Now

"Schicket euch in die Zeit." Epheser 5:16

This verse has been quoted by some as though it meant that now the times have changed and we should change too. (Compromise with the world.)

The King James version says, "Redeeming the time .." (Or as some German Bibles have it, "Kaufet die zeit aus.")

Redeem means to buy back or regain possession of. This could not mean to become lax and follow the evil trends of our time, but be even more watchful and regain possession of that which was lost. No it does not mean compromise, but just the opposite.

- E. Wenger, Maryland  
Family Life



## Wann kommt des Herrn Tag

Nähe zwei tausend Jahre zurück kamen die Jünger zu Jesus mit die Frage: „Sage uns, wann wird das geschehen? Und welches wird das Zeichen sein deiner Zukunft und des Endes der Welt?“ Matt. 24, 3. Sie waren begierig mehr zu wissen, der Wann und Wie von solcher Zeit.

Dies ist eine Frage welche durch das Zeitalter herunter kommt zu uns mit dem nämlichen Ton, Herr wann? Herr wie? Was wird das Zeichen sein? Wie können wir's vernehmen wenn es nahe vor der Tür ist?

Wiewohl Jesus ihnen gesagt hatte wie die Ungerechtigkeit überhand nehmen wird, die Liebe in vielen erkalten; Sie werden hören von Kriege und Geschrei von Kriegen, u.f.w. ist es doch nicht so klar als gerade zum Tag oder die Stunde. Er selbst sprach: „Es gebührt euch nicht zu wissen Zeit oder Stunde, welche der Vater seiner Macht vorbehalten hat.“ Apg. 1, 7.

So steht diese Frage als noch, und fast Jedermann ist begierig zu wissen. Zweierlei ist die Ursach von solcher Begierde. Erstens, die weil Menschen wo am warten sind auf Jesus, ihn gern sehen wollen in seiner Kraft und Herrlichkeit. Zweitens, von solche Menschen die der Tag fürchten und begierig sind zu wissen wieviel Zeit sie noch haben sich zu verweilen in der Sünde.

Nun ist die Frage an uns, Sind wir am warten auf ihn? Wenn er kommen wird mit seinem Feldgeschrei und Stimme des Erzengels, werden wir unsere Stimmen aufheben; Hallelujah, der Herr kommt? Wird seine Erscheinung uns lieb sein? Paulus sagt die Krone wird verheißen denen, die seine Erscheinung lieb haben. Und an Titus im zweiten Kapitel sagt es daß die Gnade Gottes erschienen ist uns zu züchtigen daß wir verlernen sollen das ungöttliche Wesen und die weltliche Lust, und züchtig, gerecht und gottselig leben in dieser Welt, und warten auf die selige Hoffnung und erscheinung der Herrlichkeit des großen Gottes und unsers Heilandes, Jesu Christi.

Das rechte „warten“ ist Hoffnung, selige Hoffnung.

Wenn wir jemand einladen zu einem Mahl, tun wir nicht der Weg hin und her beschauen sie zu sehen ob sie kommen ehe wir bereit sind. Wir möchten vielleicht oft beschauen zu sehen ob sie noch nicht am kommen sind, aber nicht in Hoffnung sie zu sehen. Wie stehts im Geistlichen mit uns? Wie sind wir am schauen? O, laßt uns doch den Herrn bitten daß wir stets in einem Zustand wären unsere Angesichter hoffnungsvoll Morgenwärts wenden für einen Blick bekommen von seiner Wiederkunft.

Nun ist noch die Frage, „Wie wird der Tag kommen?“ Petrus schreibt, er wird kommen wie ein Dieb in der Nacht. Paulus am Thess. Brief faßt die nämliche Worte, und stellt noch dazu die trostreiche Worte: „Ihr aber, liebe Brüder, seid nicht in der Finsternis, daß euch der Tag wie ein Dieb ergreife.“

Der Tag des Herrn kann der Mensch der im Licht wandelt nicht ergreifen als ein Dieb in der Nacht. Das ist der Trost zu jedermann der wahrlich von innen bekümmert ist, wann, oder wie der Tag des Herrn kommen wird. Ja, im Licht des Evangeliums wandeln; im Licht wandeln wie er im Licht ist. Alsdann haben wir Gemeinschaft mit Ihm, und das Blut Jesu Christi seines Sohns, macht uns rein von aller Sünde. Dann können wir fühlen mit Paulus, gerne wollen wir abscheiden und bei dem Herrn sein wel-

ches viel besser wäre. Aber auch zufrieden sein noch im Fleisch zu wallen wenn es des Herrn Wille ist.

O welch ein Frieden erfahren wir, wenn wir im Licht wandeln; frei von aller Furcht oder Sorge. Wir bekommen den Frieden welcher höher ist denn alle Vernunft.

Wir wünschen alle Leser denselbigen Frieden. Gehabt euch wohl.

Joseph Gasko.

## Die Gottlosen haben nicht Friede

(von Peter Yoder)

„Ich will Frucht der Lippen schaffen, die da predigen: Friede, Friede, beide denen in der Ferne und denen in der Nähe, spricht der Herr, und will sie heilen. Aber die Gottlosen sind wie ein ungestüm Meer, das nicht stille sein kann, und sein Wellen, Roth und Unflat auswerfen. Die Gottlosen haben nicht Friede, spricht mein Gott.“ Jer. 57, 19—21.

Im ersten Vers von unserm Text sagt der Herr wie er viel Frucht schaffen wird durch die Gläubigen, die der rechte Friede predigen. Wir müssen aber sorgfältig sein. Wir lesen von Menschen die werden sagen: „Es ist Friede, es hat keine Gefahr, so wird sie das Verderben schnell überfallen . . .“ 1 Thess. 5, 3. Hier ist aber wohl nicht die Rede von einem göttlichen Frieden.

Gleichwie das Feld allerlei Früchte trägt, so sollen auch wir als Kinder Gottes immerfort Frucht tragen. Es gibt auch vielerlei Früchte die wir dem Herrn bringen können. Der Ebräer Schreiber sagt: „So laßt uns nun opfern durch ihn das Lobopfer Gott allezeit, das ist die Frucht der Lippen, die seinen Namen bekennen. Wohltun und mitzuteilen vergeßet nicht; denn solche Opfer gefallen Gott wohl.“ Ebr. 13, 15. 16.

Alle Glieder Christi die an dem Weinstock Jesu Christi bleiben, werden immer mehr und mehr Frucht bringen; denn sie bekommen vom Saft des Weinstocks gleichwie das Feld seine Fruchtigkeit bekommt vom Regen der vom Himmel fällt. Wenn es lange Zeit nicht regnet wird der Grund trocken so daß die Früchte nicht mehr gut wachsen können, und endlich werden die Pflanzen ganz dürr. So ist es auch mit uns Menschen. Wenn wir abweichen von Jesu können wir nicht mehr gute Früchte bringen, denn wir bekommen keine Geisteskraft. Wenn wir lange Zeit in diesem Stand fortleben werden wir tödlich wund; wir brauchen wieder geheilt zu sein. Es heißt auch in obigen Text: „Und will sie heilen.“ Ja wir sind alle tödlich verwundet gewesen, und mußten geheilt sein; da ist Christus für uns gestorben, da wir noch Sünder waren.

Es könnte noch mehr gesagt werden von die Früchte der Gerechten, aber unser Hauptziel in diesem Schreiben war, uns mehr zu wenden an dem was gesagt ist von die Gottlosen. „Aber die Gottlosen sind wie ein ungestüm Meer, das nicht stille sein kann.“ Wir, die wir schon am Ufer vom großen Weltmeer waren konnten dieses beschauen wie die Wellen stets ein großes Geräusch machen. Wenn der Wind stark ist, tun die Wellen größer werden; wenn der Wind sich legt, tut es mehr ruhig werden aber nie ganz stille. So sind die Gottlosen, nie ruhig. Und unser Text sagt weiter: „Und seine Wellen, Roth und Unflat auswerfen.“

Tote Fische und andere Sachen tun diese Wellen als Roth und Afsat aus Mfer wäſchen. Wenn ein Menſch eräuft und ſein Leib nicht erſunden wird, tut er doch gewöhnlich mit der Zeit aus Mfer kommen irgendwo.

Iſt es nicht bedenklich daß der Herr ſolche Sachen nimmt um die gottloſe Menſchen abzubilden? Und was iſt nun der Roth und Afsat wo ſie auswerfen? Wir glauben nicht daß es etwas anders iſt als wie ihre Ungerechtigkeiten, denn ihr Tun iſt alles eitel Unrecht. Dies Aſ der Sünde tun ſie ſtets ausſpeien, und hiermit werden bald immer andere Menſchen verunreinigt. Darum wollen wir uns gut in acht nehmen zu was wir veranlaßt oder beeinflusst werden.

Vielleicht ſind wir gewöhnt zu denken, es gibt nicht viele von ſolche Menſchen. Das ſind die wo gar nicht bekennen an Gott zu glauben, gehen an keine Kirche, und ſind angeſehen als ſehr ſchlechte Leute.

Der Ebräer Schreiber warnt uns auch daß nicht jemand ein Hurer oder Gottloſer ſein ſoll wie Eſau war. Ein mancher könnte aber denken, ich bin kein Hurer, kein Trunkbold oder Ehebrecher; ich tue nicht ſtehlen, fluchen oder ſchwören, ich laſſe andere Menſchen ruhig, und ſehe zu meine eigene Geſchäfte ( *I tend to my own business.* ) daher bin ich kein Gottloſer.

Wir wollen aber gut prüfen was gottlos meint; es meint los ſein von Gott, nicht mit Gott verbunden. Wir wollen uns ein wenig hinwenden zu die Worte Pauli im Römer Brief 5, 6. „Denn auch Chriſtus da wir noch ſchwach waren nach der Zeit, iſt für uns Gottloſe geſtorben.“ Hiermit ſind wir alle eingenommen. Wenn wir aus der Unſchuld aufwachen und leben fortan in unſerm irdiſchen Sinn nach der Natur hin, ſind wir los von Gott. Wir ſind nicht mit Gott verbunden. Im engliſchen heiſt es *ungodly*, das wäre ungöttlich und meint auch los von Gott. Wir nehmen es daß der Menſch muß bußfertig zu Jeſu kommen, und es Liebesband mit Ihm und Gott verknüpfen. So lange wir dieſes nicht tun, können wir gottloſe Menſchen genannt werden. Im ganzen zu ſagen der unbußfertige Sünder iſt ein Gottloſer.

Die Gottloſigkeit kann wohl in verſchiedene Grade vorkommen. Aber wir wollen nicht denken daß der Gottloſe in einer Klaſſe gehört, und die von andere Ungerechtigkeiten in andere Klaſſen. Wir nehmen zum Beiſpiel die 17 Laſter-Stücken wo genannt ſind im Gal. Brief am 5ten. Am ende heiſt es: „Die ſolches tun, werden das Reich Gottes nicht erben.“ Das Wort gottlos iſt nicht unter dieſe Zahl, aber wir müſſen glauben, ſie wären alle gottlos, wenn ſie in ſolchem Stand das Reich Gottes nicht erben können.

Wir glauben dieſes könnte klar ſein zu uns, daß der Gottloſe nicht in einer Klaſſe iſt bei ſich ſelbſt, der Einzige in eine, der Ruhredige in eine, der die Eltern ungehorſam iſt in eine andere, und ſo weiter.

Johannes warnt uns auch mit den Worten: „Wer übertritt, und bleibt nicht in der Lehre Chriſti, der hat keinen Gott; wer in der Lehre Chriſti bleibt, der hat beide, den Vater und den Sohn.“ Dies ſind auch bedenkliche Worte; wenn wir keinen Gott haben, das iſt ein bedauerlicher Zuſtand, ja nichts anders als wie gottlos. Wenn wir aber in dieſe Lehre bleiben, ſo haben wir beide, der Vater und den Sohn. Die volle Beſchirmung von der Gottheit.

Ein Ausleger in einer Bibel über dieſem Thema gibt etwas daß vielleicht noch manche Kirchenleute ſich viel Mühe und Arbeit anrichten in ihre vermeintliche Heiligkeit wo

doch vor Gott alles als lauter Roth und Afsat angeſehen wird. Daher ſtehen ſie auch unter die Zahl der Gottloſen.

Es iſt zu fürchten daß manche große Kirchenhäuser gebaut werden heutigen Tags nach allen Moden der Welt, alles ſchön und bequemlich ausgeziert. Lautſpredher werden gebraucht, ſo daß alle die Predigt hören können; wo doch in manche Fällen das eingeſchränkte Leben der gedemüthigten Kinder Gottes nicht gepredigt wird wie es ſein ſollte.

Der letzte Vers von unſerm Text ſpricht alſo: „Die Gottloſen haben nicht Frieden, ſpricht mein Gott.“ Rein, gottloſe Menſchen können nicht der rechte Frieden Gottes haben, welcher höher iſt denn alle Vernunft, wo ihre Herzen bewahren kann in Chriſto Jeſu.

Manche Menſchen können beieinander wohnen, miteinander aus und eingehen in einem friedlichen Wege und doch nicht der rechte Frieden Gottes haben. Geſchäftsleute von allerlei Art haben ihre Handelsgeſellſchaft miteinander wie es ſcheinen möchte in einem friedlichen Wege, und vielleicht haben ſie doch gar nicht Frieden mit Gott.

Die Gottloſen haben nie keinen Frieden. Sie haben immer etwas ſich zu verweilen damit, ihre Zeit ſo zubringen und ſuchen ihr Gewiſſen zu ſtillen, aber innerlich iſt das Herz nicht ruhig. Das ungeſtümte Meer, das nicht ſtille ſein kann.

## Zweifel und Glaube

Der Zweifel ſpricht: Bald wird es nachten;

Der Glaube: Sonne, ſtehe ſtill!

Der Zweifel: Sollen wir verſchmachten?

Der Glaube: Starrer Feſen, quill.

Wenn Sarah ihre Tage zählet,

Horcht Abraham auf Gottes Wort.

Wenn Saul den ſchweren Harniſch wählet,

Zieht David mit der Schlander fort.

Wenn Gott dem Volke Schlangen ſchicket,

So blickt es die erhöhte an.

Wenn Petrus Wellen nur erblicket,

So macht der Herr ihm feſte Bahn.

Der Zweifel hat noch nicht gedroſen,

Da iſt der Glaube ſchon ſein Brot;

Der Zweifel zählet ſeine Groſchen,

Der Glaube fürchtet keine Roth.

Wenn jenen alle Hilfe fliehet,

Erhebet dieſer kühn ſein Haupt.

Der Zweifel glaubet was er ſiehet,

Der Glaube ſiehet was er glaubt.

Der Zweifel ſiehet im Verſtande,

Der Glaube ruht im Herzensgrund;

Den Zweifel feſſeln Erdenbände,

Dem Glauben macht der Herr ſich kund.

Der Zweifel glaubt an eigne Stärke,

Der Glaube zweifelt an der Kraft;

Der Zweifel ſucht im eignen Werke,

Was Chriſtus nur dem Glauben ſchafft.

Aus einen alten Herold, P.M.

FAMILY LIFE



## THOSE DIRTY DISHES

Dishes, dishes, dishes, three times a day every day. They are tolerated by mother, frowned upon by sister, avoided by daddy and hated by brother. Can nothing be done to reduce this persistent chore?

Mother knows only too well that the family must be fed so the work must go on, sister may dream about a mechanical model, while daddy thinks the meals might be simplified, thus reducing the chore. Brother, however, has little to say about the matter as long as he can keep a safe distance.

From whence cometh all this chore which proves to be such a problem to so many people?

It seems there is a place deep down inside us which calls for pancakes about the time the sun peeps over the hills. A few hours slip away and the void feeling begins to show up again so what is there to do but go and see what the cook has been doing?

After dinner we go back to work hale and hearty, but after some hours, our vitality runs low again. So the cycle goes on through life.

But are there not some people in the world today who know nothing of this daily cycle of washing dishes three times a day? Indeed there are lands across the sea where children and adults can not find enough food to dirty many

dishes. Perhaps never in a lifetime do they see a table of food such as we are used to seeing.

Wouldn't they be only too glad to do the dirty dishes, if only they had them?

Even in our country there are people who do not have proper nourishment, due to poverty or neglect.

Really the stack of dirty dishes on the sink should be a messenger to us to tell us that as far as food is concerned, we are not faring badly. Yes, even our stomach and conscience may work together and react at a well-set dinner table to remind us of how we eat and how we respond to the needs of the poor.

The next time a stack of dirty dishes stares you in the face is a good time to fold your hands in reverence to the Divine Provider and say, "Thank God for dirty dishes!"

- D. E. H., Va.

## ONE DAY OF ETERNITY

Can any of us begin to realize how long eternity is? For the sake of illustration, let us suppose that far up in the North there stands a huge rock. The rock is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide.

Now let us say that once in every thousand years a little bird comes to the rock to sharpen its beak. When the rock has been completely worn away by the little bird's beak, then a single day of eternity will have gone by. - Sel

# CHILDREN'S SECTION

## SOME COALS THAT BURN

Author Unknown

Frank Benton stood lazily at the south side of the house, leaning against the smooth bark of a young tree. His eyes wandered over the green lawn and out to the large pond at the end of the garden.

"Tomorrow's Saturday," Frank said to himself. He was thinking of the beautiful new model boat his cousin Herbert had given him. On Saturday afternoon at three o'clock the boys planned to meet and launch the boat. Right now the boat was safely hidden beneath an overturned wheelbarrow close to the pond.

Some noisy starlings quarreling just outside his upstairs window awakened Frank early on Saturday. Remembering what day it was, Frank jumped out of bed at once.

"I've just time," Frank said as he saw his mother was still getting breakfast ready. "I've just time to run to the pond and see that the boat is all right. I'll be back before Dad comes in from milking."

Outside the house, Frank stopped to tie his shoes. The shiny grass in the lawn sparkled with heavy drops of dew. In the east, long ribbons of light shone where the sun would soon rise.

"I believe it's going to be a nice day," Frank said happily as he raced across the lawn and through the garden to where the boat was hidden.

Frank felt uneasy when he saw that the wheelbarrow had been moved. Then with a cry of dismay he saw the boat lying to one side. It no longer looked like the beautiful boat his cousin Herbert had given him. In several places

the paint was chipped off the boat and worst of all, its mast was broken and the sails torn.

Frank stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise. He stared at the wrecked boat, too stunned to understand what had happened.

Suddenly his face turned red with anger. "I know who did it," he shouted. "It was Will Brown. He's jealous because Herbert and I are such good friends. But I'll pay him for this prank — see if I don't!"

Frank didn't feel much like eating breakfast. He was too upset about the smashed boat. And he was too busy trying to think of a way to get even with Will Brown.

After breakfast Frank sat on the bottom porch step for a long time, his chin in his cupped hands. All at once he jumped up. For the first time since he had found the ruined boat, he was chuckling and his face was brightened up. "I have just the idea to pay him back," he said gleefully.

Frank hurried to the shed and took a small cord from a hook on the wall. Then he ran down the road to where a small footpath entered the woods. Looking all around to make sure no one was coming, Frank stretched the cord tightly across the path a few inches above the ground. Then he hid quickly among the bushes.

Very quietly Frank lay in the bushes. Soon he heard what he was listening for — footsteps. Someone was coming. Eagerly Frank peeped out. He expected to see Will Brown coming along. But it wasn't Will at all. It was Frank's cousin, Herbert.

"Whoa, Herbert," Frank called out quickly. "Stop."

Herbert jumped, startled by the voice. Then he saw Frank's face peeping out from the bushes.

"What are you hiding in there for?" Herbert asked. "You scared me." Herbert took a few more steps, still not seeing the stretched cord.

"Careful there," Frank warned. "You'll trip. Watch your feet."

"What's the big idea?" Herbert wanted to know. "Why are you trying to trip your friends?"

"I'm not trying to trip my friends," Frank replied, glancing up the path. There was nothing to do but explain to Herbert what had happened with the beautiful boat they had intended to sail together that afternoon.

"That's too bad," Herbert said sadly. "What will —"

"Don't worry," Frank said fiercely. "I mean to make Will sorry for it. I'm going to pay him back."

"What are you going to do?" asked Herbert. "You still haven't told me."

"Why, you see, Will carries a basket of eggs to the store every morning, and I'm going to trip him with this cord and smash the whole basketful."

Herbert didn't say anything at first, only stood looking at the cord stretched tightly at his feet.

"It's a pretty smart idea, isn't it?" Frank said eagerly, wondering why his friend was so silent.

"Well, I think Will does deserve some punishment,"

Herbert began quietly.

"He sure does," Frank muttered.

"But the cord is an old trick," Herbert said. "I can tell you a better one than that. How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head? Some coals that burn."

Frank clapped his hands. "Yeah," he said, "that's just the thing, Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he had time to shake them off. Tell me how to do it — quick!"

"Okay," said Herbert. But he didn't say what Frank expected him to. He quoted a Bible verse, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." That verse means to do good to somebody who does mean things to you, and it is just like putting coals of fire on his head."

Frank was disappointed. He had hoped Herbert knew of some real good trick to pay Will back. "Awww, Herbert," Frank said, "that's no punishment at all."

"Try it," said Herbert. "Treat Will Brown kindly. Do him a favor and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy that tripping him and smashing his eggs would be much easier to bear."

"You told me a lie, Herbert," Frank cried. "You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't burn at all."

"Don't be so sure of that," Herbert said. "Such coals sometimes burn up hate, anger, and ill feeling and make cold hearts warm and pleasant."

Frank sighed. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Will's head," he said, "and I'll see about it."

"You know," suggested Herbert, "that Will is too poor to buy books, although he is very fond of reading. But you have quite a library. Now suppose — but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coals. But be sure to kindle them with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went away whistling.

Before Frank had time to think what to do, he saw Will Brown coming down the road carrying a basket of eggs and a pail of milk.

For a moment the thought crossed Frank's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Will had fallen over the cord!" But he drove the thought away in an instant and was glad the cord was in his pocket.

Will looked very uneasy when he caught sight of Frank, but Frank smiled pleasantly and said, "Will, have you much time to read nowadays?"

"Huh? Huh, what — wh — what did you say?"

"Do you have much time to read nowadays?"

Will's eyes darted nervously up the path as though looking for a way to escape. "Uh — some — uh — times," Will swallowed. "Wh — wh — when I drive the cows home and have done all my work, I have a little daylight left. But the trouble is I have read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to read my new book of travels?" Frank asked, smiling.

"Oh, may I?" Will cried, gladness in his voice.

"Yes," answered Frank, "and perhaps I have some others you would like to read."

Will seemed almost stunned by the offer. He enjoyed reading so much.

"And, Will," Frank said, "I would ask you to come with me to sail my new boat this afternoon, but someone has broken the mast and torn the sails and chipped off a lot of paint. Who do you imagine did it?"

Will's face turned red with shame. He looked at the ground, his eyes full of misery. Finally he looked up.

## *A Walk in Spring*

I'm very glad the spring is come,  
The sun shines out so bright;  
The little birds upon the trees  
Are singing for delight.

The young grass looks so fresh and green,  
The lambs do sport and play;  
And I can skip and run about  
As merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy  
And the buttercups once more,  
The primrose, and the cowslip too,  
And every pretty flower.

I like to see the butterfly  
Extend her painted wing;  
And all things seem just like myself  
So pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the brook  
Are jumping up so high;  
The lark is singing sweetly  
As she mounts into the sky.

The birds are building up their nests  
Upon the great oak tree;  
And every thing's as busy  
And happy as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky,  
There's nothing dark or sad;  
I jump, and scarce know what to do,  
I feel so very glad.

God must be very good, indeed,  
Who made each pretty thing;  
I'm sure we ought to love Him much  
For bringing back the spring.

— M. A. Stodart





With a great effort he faced Frank. "I - I - I - er - I d-dd-did it," he stammered, "b-b-but - but I'm sorry. Oh, Frank, I can't tell you how sorry I am, and - and -" Will's voice choked, and blinded with tears, he turned away. He started to say something again, but then he could bear it no longer. He walked away without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Frank to himself as he watched Will disappear around a bend in the path.

When Frank and Herbert met that afternoon, they found Will down at the pond trying to fix the broken boat. With part of his egg money he had bought a beautiful flag for the mast.

At last the boat was repaired and launched. The boys had a fine time sailing it together. As they laughed and played, they almost forgot that Will had not always been their friend.

That evening after Will had left for home, Frank turned to Herbert. "I declare," Frank said with a queer look on his face. "I think I shall have to set up a coal yard."

"A coal yard?" Herbert said questioningly, puzzled for a minute.

"Yes," said Frank, "since I have found a kind that burns so well!" ■■

## I Didn't Feel Like Wearing Them

- Mrs. Lydia Leid

Many years ago when I was just a little girl, I went to a village school with two of my brothers. When the weather was cold and damp we wore overshoes with felt tops and one buckle. I was not too well satisfied with these, though my parents had gotten them for me and they were warm and serviceable. I often wished I could have rubbers like most of the other children wore.

One day at school the teacher mentioned to her pupils that a pair of rubbers had been left in the hall, and whoever owned them should take them along home.

A few weeks later the teacher reminded the children that the rubbers were still unclaimed.

At lunchtime I looked closely at the pair of rubbers. They were almost new. I tried them on and they fitted perfectly. A plan began to form in my mind, but I waited a few more days and the rubbers were still in the hall.

One evening at dismissal I lagged behind when the others left the building. I slipped the rubbers on and walked boldly out past the teacher who was still on the porch after having said goodnight to the children.

Instead of following the rest of the children up the road, I cut across a muddy field and reached home before my brothers.

"Look," I said to my mother. "Someone gave me a good pair of rubbers."

"But don't you know who it was?" questioned my mother.

"No," I said. "I was just crossing the muddy field when someone stopped and said, 'Here, it looks as if you need these,' and tossed them out."

When my brothers arrived they were questioned. "No," they said. "We didn't see anyone stopping." They seemed just as astonished to hear about the rubbers as my mother

had.

Mother did not forbid me to wear the rubbers to school, but somehow I just didn't feel like wearing them. I set them in a corner of the wash house.

My mother often talked about this unusual happening. She questioned me closely several times, but I stuck to the story that I had first told her.

When some of my young uncles came to visit, Mother asked them if they had stopped and given away the pair of rubbers.

"No, we never did anything like that," they said. "Are you sure she isn't making that story up?"

Stupid uncles, why did Mother have to question them.

Time went on, and the question seemed to be forgotten. The ground dried off and overshoes weren't needed anymore. The sight of the rubbers bothered me, so I stuffed them away in a cupboard where I would not need to see them every day. Even then I could not forget them as easily as I would have liked to, but I hoped Mother would.

Soon school closed. The rubbers weren't mentioned anymore, but the pressure built up higher and higher inside me. One day I felt so badly about it that I humbled myself and went to Mother and confessed the whole thing.

It made my kind mother very sad to hear how I had been lying all this time, but she forgave me. I was a happy, carefree child again, or so I thought.

My father and mother discussed what I had done and decided the lesson must be learned thoroughly before it could be dismissed.

That fall on the first day of school a heavy-hearted little girl started off from home carrying a paper bag with a pair of rubbers in it. My parents had told me I would have to return the rubbers to the teacher and tell her what I had done. "Oh," I thought, "if only I could get the teacher alone, so the other children wouldn't find out."

I put the bag with the rubbers behind the door of the coal cellar. I let the morning slip away without telling.

First recess came and went, but I didn't feel like playing. Lunch hour came and I sat with the other children to eat, but I wasn't very hungry.

When the others had eaten and most of them were playing outside, I thought, "Maybe this would be a good chance."

I grabbed the bag from its hiding place and went up to the teacher's desk. She was busy and didn't notice me until I had cleared my throat a few times, trying to speak.

Between sobs, I told the teacher the whole story. Tears rolled down the teacher's cheeks and many of the children gathered around to hear what was going on.

I am sure if the teacher had done what she felt like doing, she would have given me the rubbers as a present right there. But she knew my parents were trying to teach me a valuable lesson, and she did not want to spoil it for them.

The teacher put her arm around me and said, "If you had only asked for them last spring, I would have given them to you."

Today that teacher is living in a home for the aged. She is close to a hundred years old and her mind is almost completely gone. My mother has gone to her long rest, and I myself am a grandmother. I have seldom told this story to anyone, only once or twice when one of my own children erred from the truth.

So little children, always tell the truth, no matter how fast your quick little minds can think up a lie. Tell the truth, even if you almost shake in your shoes for fear of being punished for something you know you should not have done. If you tell the truth, it will be so much easier in the end and will make things lighter for your parents.

## LITTLE LOST MARY

"Come on," called Mary to her older sister. "Let's play along the stream. The grass is nice there."

"Okay," said Betsy. "The water is still running so let's make mud cakes."

Off the two went to the orchard to play along the stream that led to the woods. They often played along the stream where the grass was nice and green.

The two girls played happily by the stream for a while. Mary was two years old and her sister Betsy was four. All at once Mary saw her father plowing in the field beside the woods.

"Look Betsy," Mary pointed. "There's Dad. He's plowing. Let's go out to him."

Betsy saw him too, but the field looked too far away. "It's too far," she said, "we might get lost or something. I'm going in to the house."

But Mary thought of how much fun it would be to walk behind the plow while her father was plowing. She liked to see the ground roll over and over and make a nice path for her feet. So off she started through the pasture. It seemed pretty far after all.

Father was sitting on the plow and did not notice Mary. On and on he went to the other side of the field. He was probably busy with his thoughts and looking where he was going.

Mary couldn't keep up with the plow but that didn't scare her. At the end of the field she played around a little. Then she crawled under the fence and started across the neighbor's hay field. On and on she walked.

Suddenly she was caught in some thorny bushes and weeds. She didn't know how she had come in or how to get out. Now she was scared.

"How can I ever get out?" she wondered. "If only I were at home with Betsy and the others." Mary started crying.

Just beside the bushes stood a little white house. Soon an old man walked around the house and over to the bushes. He held out his hand toward her and was saying something in English. Mary couldn't understand what he was saying.

Finally he got her out of the thorny bush and started carrying her toward the woods. Tears were in Mary's eyes and ran down her cheeks. The old man never stooped to wipe them off.

On he walked along a creek which looked familiar. After a while they came to the bridge and started up the long lane. Mary wished he would walk faster, but he probably was tired and the lane went uphill.

Every once in a while the old man said something to her but Mary didn't understand a word.

Soon Mary saw someone walking toward them.

"Who is it?" she wondered. "It isn't big enough for Mother. It's too big for little Betsy. Maybe it's big sister Ella."

How she wished the old man would let her down now, but he kept on carrying her. Not until he met the other girl did he let her down. How glad they were to see each other. At home they had missed Mary when Father came in for supper without her.

Ella and the man talked a little, then they went on home. Supper was ready and Mary was glad to be home for she was very hungry. She had lost one shoe, but that didn't matter too much. It was more important that she was home again.

The next morning while they were eating breakfast an

old man walked over the porch.

"Come on in," said Dad.

The old man walked in, holding up one little shoe.

"Oh, that's my shoe!" exclaimed Mary. "That's the shoe I lost yesterday."

The old man laughed and gave it to her. He talked awhile with Father. When he was ready to leave, he looked at Mary. "Come visit me again sometime, little lady," he said. "But next time bring your father along. Then I won't have to carry you back."

"Don't worry, I won't wander off by myself again," Mary thought. But she was too bashful to say it to the old man.

- "Mary", Belleville, Penna.

## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



### LIFE HISTORY OF A TOAD

Every one likes to read the life history of a clever person. But we do not always remember that a toad has a life story as rich as that of a man. From baby to man the steps are full of interest. From tadpole to toad the story is just as full of interest.

Every animal comes from an egg. This is as true of a toad as of a chicken or a goose. About the middle of April, down by a pond, we can hear the hoarse cry of a toad. The old toad is telling the world that it is time to lay eggs.

A toad's nest is always in the water. The eggs are laid



in long strings or ropes. These are generally wound around water-plants or old sticks on the bottom of the pond near the shore.

This chain of eggs looks like a string of glass beads with little black dots in the center. The dots are the eggs. The glass-like beads are soft jelly. Take a bunch of these eggs, about one hundred, and place them carefully in a glass fruit-dish, or a basin filled with clear water. Keep the dish or basin in a light place, but not in the sun, for that would kill the eggs.

In two or three days the eggs are hatched. The black dots begin to move, and finally wriggle out of the jelly and begin to swim around in the water. See how they cling to the old egg-rope or gather on the edge of the dish. They do not look like toads, to be sure, but they are doing their best, and you must be patient.

These little wriggling things are tadpoles. Some persons





call them polliwogs. They live at first upon the food stored in the egg, just as a little chick feeds upon the food the old hen stored in her egg. When this egg food is all used up the tadpole must find other food or starve. It now feeds upon the small plants so abundant in all ponds. If the tadpole cannot find other food it will turn upon its weaker brothers and eat them up.

It takes about two months for the tadpole to become a toad. At first it remains under the water all the time. But as it grows older and larger, it begins to act in a queer manner. It rushes to the surface of the water and then dives rapidly to the bottom again. It does this again and again. What is the cause of this? The tadpole cannot tell; but you ought to know.

The real cause is that the tadpole is getting lungs. It is getting ready to breathe the free air, as it will when it becomes a toad and lives on the land.

Now see! the tadpole is getting legs. Its head is changing, and the color of its body is much lighter. It would be a toad now if it were not for its long tail. What will happen to that tail? Do you think it will drop off? Watch it. It is growing shorter and shorter, and at last it is gone. The tadpole must become a toad, just as a caterpillar becomes a beautiful butterfly, and when it is a toad it will not need to swim. It has no more use for its tail. That is why a tadpole loses its tail.

And now the little tadpole must say goodbye to the soft, smooth mud, the pretty plants, and the cool water. It will have to live on the hard, dry ground. The toad hops away



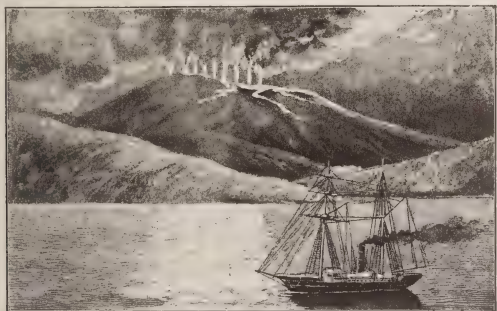
to find its supper, for it feeds best at night. And what will it eat? It will eat animal food, and that must be alive. How does it catch its food? If you watch a toad carefully you will see it eat a meal. It has a long tongue. This tongue is fastened at the front of its mouth, and not at the back, like yours. The end of the tongue is sticky, like fly paper. When an insect comes near or flies this tongue, it touches the insect, and the toad winks and swallows, and is ready for another insect.



The toad is harmless and useful. Many of the insects and worms that toads eat are not friends of fruit or grain. The toads eat these enemies of man's food, and in this way do much good. It is said that one toad will destroy ten thousand insects in a single summer.

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## Grandfather's Reading Lesson



The volcano from the sea

### The Chieftainess and the Volcano

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

Few regions in the world are more beautiful than the Hawaiian Islands, which lie far away in the Pacific. They are in great part formed by the busy little coral polyps; but in the midst of them are lofty mountains, thrown up by the wonderful power that we call volcanic.

In sailing up to the islands the first things that one sees are two lofty peaks, each two miles and a half high. One is white with perpetual snow, the other is dark — dark with lava and cinders on which the inward heat will not permit the snow to cast a white mantle. The first of these has been quiet for many years, the other is the largest and the most terrible active volcano in the world, and is named Kilauea.

The huge crater is a lake of liquid fire several miles across. Over it there is always a vapor, which hangs by day like a silvery cloud, but at dusk is red and glowing, and at night is like a forest in flames. Rising into the glowing mist are two black cones, in the midst of a sea of melted lava, tossed wildly about as in a boiling caldron.

The edge of this huge basin of burning matter is a ledge

of hard lava, above which rises a mighty wall of cinder; in one place it forms an abrupt precipice four thousand feet high, but in others it can be descended, by dangerous paths, by those who desire to have a closer view of the lake of flame within.

Tremendous is the scene at all times, but at the periods of eruption the majesty is beyond all imagination. Rivers of boiling lava, blood-red with heat, rush down the mountain side and spread destruction over the plains.

Heathen nations living among such wonderful appearances of nature naturally think they are caused by divine beings. And so in the Hawaiian Islands the terrible Kilauea was supposed to be the home of the goddess Pele. Fierce goddess she was, who permitted no woman to touch the edge of her mountain, and, if one should do so, it was believed that Pele in her wrath would destroy the whole island.

At length, however, missionaries came to the islands, and little by little the people ceased to worship their savage gods, and they began to revere the one true Maker of heaven and earth. But still they did not quite put aside their old belief about Kilauea; there the terrible sights and sounds and the desolating streams that might at any moment burst from the basin of flame were to them signs of the anger of a mighty goddess whom the nation feared to provoke.

After the young king and all his court had made up their minds to abandon their idols, still the priests of Pele on the flaming mountain kept their stronghold of heathenism, and threatened Pele's wrath upon those who gave up the ancient worship.

Then it was that a brave Christian woman, strong in faith and courage, resolved to defy the goddess and break the spell that bound the trembling people to her worship. The name of this woman was Kapiolani. No common trust and courage were needed to enable her to carry out her undertaking. Not only was she outraging the old religious belief of her people; the ascent of the mountain was very

toilsome and dangerous.

Wild crags and slippery sheets of lava and slopes of crumbling cinders were difficult for the feet of the woman to climb. And the heated soil, the vapor that oozed up from the crevices of the half-cooled lava, must have filled any mind with awe and terror, above all one that had been bred up in the faith that these were the signs of the wrath of a revengeful and powerful goddess whose law she was disobeying.

A short time before, several men had been suffocated on the mountain side by the gases of the volcano — struck dead, as it must have seemed to the islanders, by the breath of the angry goddess.

But Kapiolani, strong in the faith that the God in whom she believed would guard her from danger, climbed up the mountain, bearing in her hand the sacred berries which it was considered sacrilege for a woman to touch.

The angry priests of Pele tried to bar her way by threatening her with the rage of their goddess; but Kapiolani heeded them not. She made her way to the top of the mountain and gazed into the fiery gulf below, then she descended the side of the terrible crater, even to the margin of the boiling sea of fire, and hurled into it the sacred berries.

"If I perish by the anger of Pele," she exclaimed, "they dread her power; but, but behold, I defy her wrath. I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His was the breath that kindled these flames; His is the hand which restrains their fury! Oh, all ye people, behold how

vain are the gods of Hawaii and turn and serve the Lord!"

Then the brave woman descended the mountain and went in safety to her home. She had won her cause — the cause of faith.

— From the Merrill Reader, 1900

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## THE STOLEN BLESSING

Every day Isaac grew older. He was no longer strong and young, and his eyes were growing weak with age. As time went on, Isaac's eyesight grew dimmer and dimmer until finally he could hardly see at all. Isaac was almost blind.

He had plenty of time to think as he sat in the doorway of his tent each day, seeing only darkness, while hearing the bustle and noise of the daily life about him. He thought that now he was old and helpless and soon he would die. And he remembered one thing he wished to do yet before his death.

"Esau," he called one day to his eldest son, "come here."

Esau was still his father's favorite son, even though he did not live as he should. Esau was wilful and disobedient; he had earlier taken two of the daughters of the land to be his wives. Now Isaac said to his son, Esau, "Look, I am old, and have no way of knowing how soon I may die. I want you to take your bow and arrow and go hunt for a deer. When you get a deer, dress the meat and cook it in the special way that you know how — the way I like so well. Then bring the meat to me, and I will eat of it that my soul may bless you before I die."

Esau rejoiced when he heard the words. He was a skillful hunter and to find and dress a deer would not take long. Then he would receive his father's blessing. Perhaps there was a second reason for Esau to be glad. Did it mean that his father had forgiven him for marrying heathen wives?

Happily Esau grabbed his bow and a supply of arrows and hurried to the field to do his father's bidding. But he did not know that his mother Rebekah had been listening. She had overheard every word Isaac had said. Rebekah frowned as she listened to what Isaac planned to do. She was displeased and at once she determined to do something about it.

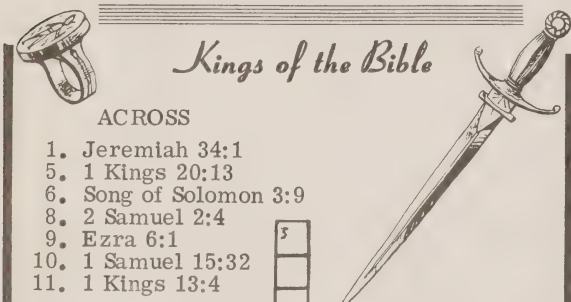
"Why should Esau have his father's blessing," she thought. "He does not deserve it. Jacob is the one who should receive the blessing."

Rebekah knew she did not have much time, for soon Esau would be back with the meat for his father to eat. If she wanted to do anything to get the blessing for Jacob she would have to do it quickly. Thinking of a plan, she acted at once.

She ran to find Jacob, and told him what she had overheard. "Now listen to me," Rebekah said, "and do as I tell you. Go out to the flock and bring me two of the very best kids. I will dress them and cook them in the special way your father likes his meat. He will never be able to taste that it isn't deer meat. Then you can pretend you are Esau, and take the meat to your blind father. He will eat it and bless you instead of Esau."

But Jacob knew what his mother wanted him to do would be wrong. He would need to lie and trick his father. Jacob

Family Life



### Kings of the Bible

**ACROSS**

1. Jeremiah 34:1
5. 1 Kings 20:13
6. Song of Solomon 3:9
8. 2 Samuel 2:4
9. Ezra 6:1
10. 1 Samuel 15:32
11. 1 Kings 13:4

**DOWN**

2. 1 Kings 20:1
3. Mark 6:14
4. 1 Kings 12:23
6. 1 Samuel 15:11
7. Zephaniah 1:1
10. Esther 1:2

— By Sam Ronks, Pa.





# YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

by David Luthy



*"Lo, we have heard of it at Ephrata."*

(Psalms 132:6)

## TURNING BACK THE CLOCK

Have you ever wished you could turn back the clock and travel backwards in history a few hundred years? Perhaps, like me, you wish for just fifteen minutes to sit on the sunny slope in Galilee and hear Jesus giving the Sermon on the Mount; or maybe you would like to spend an hour in Switzerland of the 1500's and speak with Conrad Grebel and other Anabaptists.

No matter what our age, I am sure that at times we have all wished we could travel back to a particular historical event and be a silent witness. Last October I had just such a desire. I longed to go back in time to the year 1750. The location would be Pennsylvania; the scene a small tract of land beside the Cocalico Creek near the city of Ephrata. There I would have found the Ephrata Cloister at its peak time of activity.

Now you are wondering, "What was the Ephrata Cloister?" I could tell you it was a Seventh-Day Baptist monastery, but that probably wouldn't seem very interesting to you. Before you make up your mind, however, that it isn't of interest to you, let me take you on a short trip. You like trips, don't you?

On Highway 222 we drive through the present-day city of Ephrata (population 7,688). The first thing we notice is all the traffic and the modern stores — a queer place to look for a 200-year-old cluster of buildings. But suddenly as we near the south side of the city, the architecture changes drastically. There partly hidden among tall trees are the Cloister buildings. The steep roofs and rough board sides refuse to blend themselves into the twentieth century.



The small dormer windows hang to the roofs as if about

to slide off.

After parking our buggy in the black-topped lot provided for tourists, we enter a small building where the Pennsylvania Historical Commission has a tour guide. "The next tour will not be starting for another fifteen minutes," she announces. So we take the opportunity to observe the displays in an adjoining room. Here are glass-topped cases in which are old books and antiques. One large case contains hand-carved people dressed in the manner of eighteenth century Cloister members; their long, white hooded robes make us wonder what daily life for these religious people must have been like.

In the center of the room an antique hand-operated printing press catches our attention. Beside it in a glass case is a large book. We turn to our tour booklet and find that:

Ephrata made real contributions to the life and culture of colonial America. Starting in 1743, the Cloister press produced for nearly a century a steady output of books, broadsides, and tracts. Its most ambitious work was the translation and publication in 1748 of the 1,200-page *Martyrs Mirror* for the Mennonites, the largest book printed in colonial America.

A voice calls us away from our tour booklet. "Those who are going on the tour, follow me," announces the woman. "Please walk single file. And remember we are going back in history two hundred years."

The first building we come to is the largest of the few remaining buildings. "This is the Saron, or sisters' house," says our tour guide. "In the Cloister there were three different orders of members: the unmarried sisters, unmarried brothers, and the married couples — called householders. Each group lived in a separate building."

Our guide turns the key in the lock and we stoop noticeably and enter the Saron.

"Why are the doorways so low?" asks one person in our tour group.

"That was to teach the sisters humility," answers the guide. "Notice, too, how narrow the hallways are. That was to remind them that they must walk the 'straight and narrow' way in this life."

Peeking into a sister's room, we see a small chamber in which there is no bed — only a narrow bench-like affair next to the wall.

"Where did they sleep?" asks someone.

"On the thin plank beside the wall," says our guide. "And for a pillow they used a small block of wood."

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All of us shake our heads as if it would be too much denial for us. Our guide observes our attitude and says, "Yes, it must have been a hard life in many ways; it was one of self-denial. Also notice how plain the walls and furniture are. Everything about the Cloister speaks of spiritual as opposed to material beauty."

While the tour is moving on we linger for a moment and touch some of the relics of a past way of life. In the corner is the rough sandstone sink made from a solid piece of stone — the center depression having been hewn out by hand. A wooden cabinet about two feet long hangs on one wall. Examining it we discover that it is made entirely of wood — including the nails and hinges. The wooden hinges resemble a bent finger.

How many sisters' rooms there are in the Saron we do not find out. The curving staircase to the upper stories is roped off. The age of the building makes it unsafe for people to wander about at will.

Leaving the Saron we join the tour again. It is stopped in front of a building which almost touches the building we were just in. "This is the Saal, or chapel," we hear our guide telling the others. "I'm sorry, but we can not enter here today. The inside is being restored and things are rather messy. But you may look in the windows."

"How often did they go to chapel?" asks one woman.

"Every night in the middle of the night they would rise after three hours of sleep. They would pray for two hours and then go back to bed for three more hours. In other words they had six hours of interrupted sleep each night."

We leave the Saal and wonder once more what type of people these Cloister members must have been. We wonder, too, what these people on the tour with us are doing here. Their worldly dress, make up, and cameras seem almost an insult to the pious Seventh-Day Baptists whom these buildings once housed. The thought comes to our minds: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction . . . strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Were these Cloister members a portion of the few?

We have lingered too long and have to hurry to catch up with the tour. They are inside the Almonry which is located directly behind the Saal.



It at once stands out from all the other buildings, for it is constructed not of rough shingles but of native Pennsylvania stone. In the Almonry are beds which were used for the sick of the community and for poor travelers who also were given a warm meal.

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Beneath the Almonry is the community Bake House. Its stone floor is slanted so that moisture will run off — thus keeping the flour dry. The stones in part of the floor are set lower than the others, making a channel for water to run off when the floor was washed. Most interesting of all in the room is the huge fireplace. Six of us can walk inside it, stand up straight, and stare up the tall chimney. Along the interior walls are a number of openings resembling miniature tunnels. It was into these that the loaves of bread were placed for baking.

"With this building," announces our guide, "the tour comes to an end. You may feel free to wander over the grounds alone now and look into any windows. Or if you have any questions, I will try to answer them."

We shall take this opportunity to leave the tour and do a little investigating on our own. We noticed a graveyard not far from the Almonry and are interested in seeing it. It is but a short walk and we are soon among the long rows of white headstones. We remember reading that at its high point the Cloister housed 300 members; thus we understand why there are so many graves.

Two particular graves are marked with plaques. One is that of Conrad Beissel, who is considered the founder of the Ephrata Cloister. The other is that of Peter Miller; it was to him that the Pennsylvania Mennonites brought their Dutch Martyrs' Mirror to be translated and to be printed in German on the Cloister press.

Be sure and read the two stories dealing with Peter Miller in the Pathway Readers: "Chimney Soot and Pokeberry Juice" and "Peter Miller's Revenge". Both are based on historical events.

Leaving the cemetery we quicken our pace, for we have about a quarter mile of walking now to do. We are going to visit a spot where most tourists never go — Zion's Hill. The buildings we have just finished touring are built on the level plain below a treeless hill, which the Cloister members called Zion. In the first years of the community this hill was the center of activity. But today there are none of the original buildings on it. What we see at the summit is a very tall pillar of marble and another cemetery. But this is no ordinary graveyard — this is real history.

Remember reading about the Battle of Brandywine in the American Revolutionary War? Well, this battle took place just a few miles from the Cloister. Since the Cloister members were non-resistant, they did not fight in the battle. But when the government asked them to house the wounded and to care for them, they agreed.

To the buildings on Zion's Hill nearly five hundred wounded soldiers were brought. Camp fever set in and three hundred soldiers and some Cloister members died. The epidemic was so serious that the buildings on Zion's Hill were burned to arrest the spread of the disease.

The bodies of the soldiers were buried on top of the hill. For years a small marker was the only indication of why so many white headstones were clustered together on top of the barren hill. It said very simply: "Hier liegen die Gebeine viele Soldaten" (Here lie the bones of many soldiers). Later, however, the government erected a tall marble shaft in the Mt. Zion Cemetery; on it are various inscriptions.

We descend the back side of the hill opposite from the way we came up. Hidden behind us is the Cloister. Before us is a four-lane highway. We wait for the traffic to thin so that we can cross. Our destination now is an ice cream stand on the other side. We are back in the twentieth century.



Suddenly, out of nowhere, bright shafts of light shot across the summer sky. It was a calm September evening, the end of a perfect day. Dancing back and forwards, the rays reached for the zenith. Out of the north, then the east, the west and finally they came from the south.

People watched in awe, some removed their hats as they enjoyed the spectacle of flitting lights across the heavens. Others fell to their knees and prayed, thinking that the end of the world had come.

For ten minutes the red glow remained. Then it receded, even as it had come. For hours the glow played in the north, venturing at times across the eastern skies.

Although this happened twenty years ago, few people who saw it that evening ever witnessed anything like it before or after.

Northern lights have long been a deep mystery, but a beautiful one. Anyone who is out at night, has seen them, that is if they are away from the bright lights of the city. City dwellers seldom see them.

At the latitude of Ohio or Indiana, it is estimated there are 25 nights a year when they can be seen. But further south they are less frequent. In the southern states they are seldom visible.

Farther north they are brighter and more frequent. In the latitude of Hudson Bay or Norway they can be seen practically every night, and oftentimes are as spectacular as described above. But farther north, and at the North Pole they are not seen at all.

South of the equator they are also seen, at corresponding latitudes, but at the South Pole not at all. Presumably they would be called "Southern Lights" in South America.

They can be most common during the spring and the fall months but may be seen at any time of the year.

What causes northern lights? The commonest and most-widely accepted explanation is that it is the reflecting of the sun off the ice around North Pole. But this is a mistaken idea as it is definitely not the cause.

It has been fairly well established that northern lights are caused by particles thrown off from the sun. These travel through space at a rate of 600 miles per second. As they pass through the edge of the earth's atmosphere the rays of the sun are reflected on these tiny particles. This occurs at a height of 75 to 500 miles above the earth.

There has been found to be a direct relation between sunspots and northern lights. Whenever there is unusual sunspot activity, northern lights can oftentimes be seen a day or two later.

But regardless of what causes them, they are a beautiful sight. It's even worth getting out of bed at midnight to see.

During April the Big Dipper will be overhead in the evening. The bright star in the east is the planet Jupiter. Since the planet is now directly opposite the sun, it is the brightest time of the year.

Jupiter has four moons which can be seen with a small telescope or a good field glass. They rotate around Jupiter like the moon goes around the earth. Each evening they are in a different position, several travel so rapidly that a change of position can be noticed within a few hours.

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# FAMILY LIFE

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## letters to the editors



### HURT IN THE HEART HIT HOME

The story "Hurt In The Heart" (March issue) hit home so close that I decided with God's help, I will try and change some of our things to make a happier home.

- Indiana

The story "Hurt In The Heart" was so true to life that I had to think, somebody must have been eavesdropping.

- Wisconsin.

We are often touched and impressed by the stories in Family Life. But some of them seem to be written especially for us, as was "Hurt In The Heart". It made me think of a poem I have in my collection. I would like to pass it on:

"They say the world is round, and yet  
I often think it's square.  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there.  
But there's one truth in life, I've found  
In journeying east and west,  
The only folks we really wound  
Are those we love the best.  
We flatter those we scarcely know,  
We please the passing guest,  
But deal full many a thoughtless blow  
To those we love the best."

- M.E.N., Pa.

ANSWER — Hasty words and actions cause heartaches in many homes. Realizing and recognizing the problem is half the solution.

### RELATED BATTLE

Regarding "The Battle For Barbara", I think the parents are a lot to blame. If a 12-year-old girl shows open defiance, rebels, talks back angrily and slams the door like Barbara did, then the battle was probably not waged right in the "High Chair Front".

Fortunately Barbara won the battle with herself, but why were there not others of her companions to take their stand alongside of her? Looks like there could be something wrong elsewhere.

- Monroe Hochstetler, Ontario.

### WARNING TO POEM SNIFFERS

In The February issue of Family Life, there appeared a poem, "An Important Person". It was selected by one of your readers, but the author's name was not given.

It may interest you to know that this poem was written by me at the request of a teen-age girl, to be given at a family gathering. Later it appeared in "The New Holland Clarion", and in 1967, in my book The Shadows Tell. This book is not copyright and is thus open for public use.

However, most writers do appreciate it if people show

the courtesy of asking permission, and using the author's full name. Also the name of the book from which it is taken should be given.

In the poem just mentioned two lines have been misquoted. (This could have been the editors). In copying another person's work, it should be correctly quoted as the writer intended it. This rule is sometimes disregarded in older poetry when the author has passed away.

Oftimes writings are protected by copyright and this can get you in serious trouble. Please accept this as a kindly warning.

- Irene E. Witmer, Ephrata, Pa.

ANSWER — We apologize for having used your poem without permission and without giving the author's name.

To our readers, when sending in selected material for publication, please tell us who wrote it, where you got it, and the date when it was published. Too often this is not done and then we are asking for trouble if we use it in any form. Also, that's one of the reasons why we prefer original material, even if it's not as good as some of the selected.

### IS GELBE YELLOW?

I'd like to call your attention to the word gelbe, used in the January Issue of F. L. You referred to it as yellow. My English Bible says blue where the German says gelbe. I'd like to know who's right.

- S.D.B., Hazelton, Iowa.

ANSWER — According to the dictionaries, gelbe is yellow and blau is blue. There is only one German translation that uses the word gelbe. We checked several other German translations and they all say blau. As far as we know all the different English translations say blue. It looks as if there may have been an error in translation in the one German translation.

### ANYBODY WITH EARACHE?

Following is a remedy for earache which we found in a doctor book. Put a pinch of pepper in a little cotton and dip it in sweet oil. It will stop earache immediately.

- S.C., Indiana

Skunk oil is the best remedy for earache I have ever used. Warm it in the bottle and put two drops in the ear. I've never seen it fail. It works just like a wheel that is dry and squeaking, and you oil it.

- Mrs. Joseph Keim, Mo.

Now I don't approve of plain people smoking cigars for pleasure, but this smoke can be a most soothing relief for earache. Cup the hand over the ear and blow the smoke directly into the ear.

Another remedy is to make two small bags of cotton

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material six inches square or any desired size and fill these with salt, heat these thoroughly in the oven, then place on the aching ear. One of the bags can be warming up while the other one is in use.

- Mrs. N. Brubacher, Ontario

Use olive oil heated up to make a warm compress in and over the ear. This has its benefits.

- Marvin Rhodes, Pa.

Scrape the pulp from a raw potato fine with a spoon or a blunt knife. Place it directly in or at the opening of the ear and push it gently inward so as to close the pocket. Usually this will feel cold and causes pain but it doesn't last long. It may be extracted from the ear after it dries out and turns brown. A never-fail and easy method.

- S. G., Mo.

Regarding the idea of a health hints column, it seems to me this would be a good service to your readers. However you should provide accurate and helpful information.

I am a registered nurse and I would like to share with you some information regarding earache. When earache is caused by a minor sore throat or a cold, then heat certainly can relieve the pain and is helpful. However, if an infection is present in the ear canal, then heat forces the infection further down the canal and can cause serious damage and possibly permanent deafness in that ear.

In the case Mrs. J. L. mentioned, her child probably had a mild infection in which case the pain was relieved and he felt better.

I agree that many home remedies work for you, but I have also seen needless pain and tragedy result from misinformation about health.

A health hint column would certainly seem appropriate for a publication such as yours but please, for the sake of good health, make it accurate.

- Mrs. Eli Gehman, Colorado.

ANSWER — Thanks, every one of you. I would suggest everybody should store this issue of F. L. in your medicine cabinets. Then when baby has earache, you'll know where to look to find a remedy. But we hope you will not use all of them, at least not on the same victim.

But seriously speaking, we do think that health care is apart of Family living, as anyone who has raised a family can testify. We believe there are many minor ailments where home remedies are "worth their weight in gold". At the same time there are conditions where home remedies are not only useless, but also harmful. The important thing is to be able to recognize the 95% of ailments where you don't need a doctor, and also to recognize the 5% where you do.

In accordance with various suggestions, Family Life is interested in a health column, and as a coincidence, someone has already volunteered to furnish it. So providing he comes through with something acceptable, we may begin the series very soon.

## READ FENCECROWDERS THREE TIMES SLOWLY

When I read the criticism of the Fence Crowder article, and how many people thought the article was encouraging fence crowding, it caused me to think a long time. I can easily understand why some people prefer certain articles while others don't.

Looking at the fence crowding issue from the standpoint of Satan may have been a bit nerve-wracking for some

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people who are timid and even those with strong nerves might not care to look at it from such a standpoint.

But I believe that anyone who could read that article and say it is misleading would also be apt to put into circulation a lot of gossip, because they tend to jump to conclusions at first impulse. I would strongly recommend that if they do not agree with an article, they should read it slowly three times and try to get what the author is trying to say. The same method should be used in passing on what they hear. I do hope that the actual fence crowders do read it properly and understand what is meant, for then it is frightening. I believe that anyone who says it is misleading to the mature person hasn't really read it.

- I. R. M., Elmira, Ontario

## SECOND THOUGHT

### ON SECOND COUSIN MARRIAGES

I don't want to encourage second-cousin marriages, but I would like to ask, is this really the reason for the birth defects among the Amish?

Could it be the lack of certain vitamins in foods, since we do buy many things out of the stores? Or maybe it's because the children are not prayed into the home? Children seem to be unwanted, even among some Amish people. I believe we should pray daily before our child is born that God will send us a healthy child and help us to bring it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Of course we should also pray, "Thy will be done."

We all know of many second-cousin marriages where the children are all perfectly normal. Also of parents who are not related, who have children with birth defects.

I wouldn't want to say that second-cousin marriages might not help to increase the rate of birth defects because I really don't know. Maybe God sends us such children for a certain reason.

- Mrs. L. H., Indiana

I do not agree at all with the article, "Second Cousin Marriages" in the February issue for I happen to be one of those and surely do think the Lord has brought us together. He has also blessed us with three healthy children. Let us remember there is a higher power above us who has control of our bodies. I think if the Lord will ever bless us with a retarded child, then it will be His will and not because of our marriage.

- Mrs. Stoltzfus, Pa.

A researcher once made the statement that he does not believe there are more retarded children among the plain people, but it looks like it because they are grouped together. A researcher can go from place to place and find out about still others, whereas among the non-Amish the people do not like to admit having abnormal children. Many of them feel they can not take care of their children at home and put them in an institution. This more or less keeps them from the public. We do not want to put science ahead of our trust in God.

- K., Pa.

Rebecca was the daughter of Bethuel, which was the son of Nahor, and Nahor was Abraham's brother. Therefore Isaac and Rebecca were closer than second cousins or what we would call 1 1/2 cousins.

If doctors think there are more defects among the plain people several reasons may account for it. First, they have more children, because many people today don't want children to spend their time on. Secondly if we are taught

more of God's love and have more talents, then more is required of us to walk the straight and narrow way. If we sin or walk amiss of God's Word, then such things can befall us to lessen our pride and help us to stay on the right way. Thirdly, it may be like the man who was born blind, that the words of God be manifest in him.

We may never understand why, not until God shall unroll the canvas and explain to us the reason.

- Naomi Horst, Pa.

Whether or not birth defects come from second-cousin marriages, I do not know and am willing to leave that as it is. But would we want to say that second cousins who have married have made a mistake? Have they not followed the leading of the Lord in this matter?

If there are retarded children, then the Lord must have a purpose in it.

- M.E.K., Pa.

After reading the article on second-cousin marriages, many questions have rolled through my mind. Is that the cause of abnormal children? If so, then God surely was not on hand when the angels brought me my babies. Out of five children, three were deformed! We are not second-cousins. It has caused us a lot of tears but still I am thankful for our children. They all have a special place in our hearts, every one of them.

Do we have to know why God gives us such children? It is hard at times to submit to His will, but I'm sure that is the way He wants our family to be or it wouldn't be that way. If He sees each sparrow fall, surely one little soul will not be made out of His sight.

I don't think we will ever find out the reason why, on this side of heaven. But if we are fortunate enough to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, such matters will seem very trifling. I think we would be ashamed to even ask why.

So if we as parents of such children do not know "why", I doubt if the rest of the people will be able to give us the answer.

- Rachel Fisher, Quarryville, Pa.

I am sending you a copy of an article which appeared in the newspaper and later in the Budget. I believe all the parents of the children affected by this rare blood disease around here are second-cousins except one couple and they are between second and third.

My wife and I are second-cousins too. One of our children was afflicted with this blood disease and had his spleen removed at Harrisburg. So we know the Dr. Bowman mentioned in the article.

Of course not all second-cousins have children such as this, as we can easily count dozens of such couples who have all healthy children. But second-cousin marriages are very common in this community.

As for my opinion on it, I think second-cousin marriages should be discouraged more. I wouldn't want to say it is wrong, or against God's will. According to the Dortrecht Confession, Article 12, marriage is something in which we pretty much have the free will to choose the one we love and feel happy with, as long as we marry in the Lord.

Just because not all our children were healthy doesn't say the Lord does not bless our marriage, for we can be richly blessed in many ways. But as we heed the doctor's advice on nutrition, cleanliness, and other daily habits, so we should also heed their advice and teach more against intermarriage.

- Pennsylvania.

NOTE: The article referred to above deals with a very rare blood disease which has affected about twenty child-

ren in Kishacoquillas Valley, Pa. Dr. Herbert Bowman, a specialist, has traced the disease back nine generations to Strong Jacob Yoder who immigrated to the United States in 1742. Among his descendants are "carriers" of the rare disease. When two such "carriers" marry, their children can be affected with the disease.

The only treatment known for the disease is removal of the spleen. But this operation can not be performed until the child is 18 or 20 months old. Unless the spleen is removed the affected child seldom lives past the age of three.

Dr. Bowman says there is one way of eliminating the disease, — stop the age-old practice of marrying only within one's own group. He says it is not necessary to marry out of the Amish faith but only outside an isolated group.

ANSWER — From the above letters we can see that there are many aspects to consider regarding this subject. Also it seems that no statistics are available to prove that the Amish actually have more retarded children than the average.

Another unresolved question is whether two unrelated persons, both of whom have retarded relatives, would be less likely to have retarded children than second cousins, both of whom have retarded relatives.

Several readers made mention of the children of Adam and Eve and the children of the early patriarchs marrying close relatives. We would like to point out that this was before the restrictions on close marriages were given through Moses, prohibiting marriage with close relatives.

But such restrictions do not include second-cousin marriages, and the New Testament seems to be silent on the question — only that the marriage be in the Lord.

## WOULDN'T WANT IT OTHERWISE

The story, "People and Problems at the Hospital," (March Issue) was interesting. If we mothers would take time to visit such places with sick children, maybe we wouldn't mind our dirty floors so much. And we would be thankful for healthy children even if at times the load does seem heavy.

I know what it is like to be busy, for in our family there are ten children and the oldest is nine. (There is one set of twins and one set of triplets.) But we thank the Lord that they are all healthy.

They are getting up now, so it will mean get to work, shoes to tie, quarrels to referee, faces to wash, endless things to pick up, besides a big pile of "flicking" and ironing to do. But I wouldn't want it otherwise.

- Mrs. Wilbur L. Eash, R. 1, Box 173-D, Goshen, Indiana

## TITHING IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

The Israelites, under the law, were commanded to give one-tenth of their net income to the Lord. It didn't matter so much if it was through love or whether they were forced, just as long as they did it.

But we who are under grace are dealt with differently. If we give one-tenth merely because of the old law and not out of love, then it will be of no avail. We have a new law written in our hearts which teaches giving in some form. We are not at peace until we have met the standards set by our conscience. Therefore it could be called tithing.

In Acts 10:4, we read that Cornelius, who was a rich man, received a message from God, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Had

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he only given alms, it would have done him little good. But he also prayed.

In Eph. 4:28, we read, "Let him that stole, steal no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good that he may have to give to him that needeth."

I think the New Testament teaches in an indirect way what Tobias taught his son, "If thou hast abundance, give alms accordingly. If thou hast but little, be not afraid to give according to that little."

Now I don't care whether you call it alms or tithing, but I do think if we are born-again Christians we will do something, and the tenth of the law is at least a good guide.

- I. R. M., Ontario.

Tithing dates back to Abraham, Gen. 14:20, as a moral practice and later was included in the ceremonial law of Moses which ended in Christ. Rom. 10:4. Paul advises us to establish the law, not only of tithing but also a system of giving as recorded in I Cor. 16:2. "Upon the first day of the week, (Sunday) let everyone of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

After enlightenment, Zaccheus gave a half. We need to establish a moral law of the spirit of love in giving a minimum of a tenth. We should measure our giving not by what we give but by what we keep.

The Old and the New Testament both emphasize giving according to our ability, which should be much more than a tenth.

- Elam Hochstetler, Indiana.

It is my opinion that Jesus was talking to the Jews in Matt. 23:23, but also to us, for we take all the other things He says in the chapter for us.

Long before the Law, Abraham gave Melchisedek the tenth, and Melchisedek is a type of Christ. If we dig deep we find that the lesson Christ taught was mercy. What we



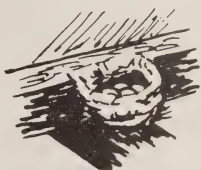
### *Have Faith*

A swallow in the spring  
Came to our granry, and 'neath the eaves  
Studied to make her nest— and then did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art. But ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again; and last night hearing calls,  
I looked, and lo, a brood of chirping birds  
Within the earth-made walls!

What trust is here, O man?  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?  
Have faith—and struggle on.



give need not always be money.

To whom was God speaking in Malachi 3:8-10 when He said that He was being robbed?

- L. J., Indiana

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### NO MORE FLYING SAUCERS

A 1,465 page report was recently released by the United States Air Force. The subject? Flying saucers (officially called UFO's — Unidentified Flying Objects). After two years of investigation and \$500,000 spent, the team of University of Colorado scientists gave their verdict — flying saucers do not exist.

This conclusion met with the approval of the esteemed National Academy of Science. But elsewhere numerous protests were raised by still loyal legions of flying-saucer believers. Many of their favorite theories were given seemingly simple answers by the team of scientists; and many of their favorite UFO sightings and incidents were explained very rationally. One such instance was the supposed photographing of space ships by an Ohio barber in 1966. The Air Force report states that the barber insists on having taken the two photographs less than two minutes apart. Yet when the scientists analyzed the pictures, they surveyed other things in the photographs besides the space ships. They determined that the photos had been taken more than an hour apart and in reverse order than what the barber claimed. How could they tell? Very simply. By the position and length of shadows in the pictures.

One after another, supposed UFO sightings (like the Ohio barber's claim) were technically and rationally explained and then declared to be hoaxes — deliberate fakes.

Fed up with such fakes, the scientists recommended that the Air Force's special division to handle UFO reports be shut down and no additional governmental money be wasted. "Our general conclusion," said the scientists, "is that nothing has come from the study of UFO's in the past 21 years that has added to scientific knowledge."

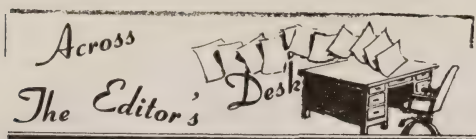
Is the era, then, of flying saucer sightings over? If the Air Force has its way, yes. But it is hard to believe that this fascinating pastime which has fed many Americans' mystery appetites will suddenly come to an end. At least not right away.

### RUNNING TO STAY IN SAME PLACE

Wages keep going up and up, but inflation has kept in step so well that the worker is no better off than he was five years ago, or ten years ago. According to an American investment firm, Goodbody and Co., the weekly earnings of factory workers in the three year period of 1965-68 rose nearly 14%, with about half the increase occurring in 1968.

At the same time however, higher social security taxes and a surtax cut into the worker's take-home pay, so that the actual rise in pay was not 14%, but only slightly over 10%. Meanwhile the consumer price index (cost of living) rose by 10%, which left the wage-earner with practically the same purchasing power that he had in 1965.

That, in case you were wondering, is what is known as inflation — or running as fast as you can to stay in the same place.



In this issue appears an article by the mother of four retarded children. It is one of the longest and one of the most outstanding articles we have ever published. Just what makes an article outstanding?

Nearly every month we receive articles about accidents, sickness, burns, or fires. Most of these we do not use. They are not of sufficient interest or value to the majority of our readers.

An account of a house burning down may be a very good news item. But if it happened ten years ago, we must have more than just the bare facts to make it worthwhile printing. If you can tell us how you felt about the fire, what you experienced, and what you learned, then the article may be of worth to the average reader. If you write about the time you had appendicitis, very few people will be interested in which hospital you went to, the number of the room where you stayed, or whether you were in the hospital for six days or seven days. But if you write what your thoughts were as you lay on the operating table, or what you heard the doctor say when he thought you were sleeping, or what four-year-old Jonathan said when you got home again — then you may have a story.

The author of "We Prayed for a Healthy Baby" gives much more than the bare facts. You can imagine how she felt as she told little Timothy on his deathbed of going to be with Jesus. You can almost weep with the parents as they stand helplessly by and hear the screams of their baby while the doctors are tapping his spine.

What if this had happened to our children? How would we bear it if something like this would happen to us?

Another reason the story is so refreshing is that there is no trace of self-pity in the entire account. If ever parents could have been excused for indulging in a bit of self-pity, these could have. If God's grace is sufficient to sustain people through trials like these, then surely it is sufficient for the many small problems which come our way.

We have received several more letters from people who misunderstood the Fence crowd's article in the February issue. We are very sorry if anyone actually thought the author was encouraging young folks to "Just tell yourself that you know more than your parents and ministers put together with their funny out-of-date ideas." What the author intended to do was to expose the line of thought and the methods used by the fence crowd's to encourage each other. It also brings out that crowding little fences ends up in the same place as pushing through big fences.

We thought the approach used by the author of this article was very much similar to the language of Solomon in Eccl. 11:9. By reading only the first part of the verse one would think that he is encouraging the young man to walk in the ways of his heart.

By reading only certain portions of the Bible we could get the idea that it is all right to "eat, drink, and be merry". (I Cor. 15:32).

The editors were sure that anyone who read the article carefully would understand what the author is saying. But

apparently there were some who did not, so all we can say is that we are sorry and that in the future we want to be more careful to have everything plain enough for anyone to understand.

But actually it is doubtful that we will ever realize that goal. Experience teaches us that even in material things it is extremely hard to always make ourselves understood. Some time ago we ran an ad offering a free book to anyone who would send us four new subscriptions. We offered to let them choose which book they wanted. We included the conditions several times in the ad — one free book for every four new subscriptions.

When the mail started coming in we discovered that not everyone had understood the offer. Some wanted to have one free book for one new subscription, and I think several wanted four free books with four new subscriptions. We ended up considering ourselves fortunate that no one had understood that we were offering four free books for one new subscription!

However, to these people we simply sent a note saying they apparently had not read the ad correctly. We did not feel that it was our mistake.

We wonder what percentage of our present readers saw the first issue of Family Life? For the benefit of those who didn't, we would like to say that the January, 1968 issue (Volume One, No. 1) was the result of months of planning and that many of the readers consider it one of the best. The press we were using at that time failed drastically to cooperate with the printer, so the print job leaves something to be desired.

During the months since then, we have made numerous changes (we hope improvements) in lay-out and design, but basically the pattern is still the same. A lot of planning went into that first issue and when it came off the press we all felt we had done a hard day's work.

Just lately we discovered we still have a number of copies of the first issue. The reason for this is that we had to reprint it, and we made too many the second time.

It is really very difficult to estimate how many copies are needed at the time the printing is started. We always like to have enough left over for the new subscribers who subscribe during the month. Unfortunately this has not always been the case, as sometimes we have only a very few left.

Elsewhere in this paper is an ad offering a copy of the original issue of Family Life, plus two other issues from the first seven months. If you are interested send in your dollar at once.

Apparently people remember what they read, at least sometimes, and occasionally we wish they hadn't! What we are referring to now is the statement made in the first issue of Family Life that we need 4,000 subscribers for a 40 page paper, and that if the subscription list goes to 5,000 we can afford a 50-page paper and at 6,000, 60 pages. That was an extremely ill-advised statement, which is something we keep explaining to people who are wondering where our 80 page paper is now.

All that we can say is that it just didn't work out that way. To begin with, many of our readers said if the paper were larger they wouldn't get it read by the time the next one came. We also found that it takes up about all our available time to make a forty page paper. After all,



there are other things that need to be done too. We felt that if the editors devoted any more time to Family Life, it might well be at the expense of their own family living.

The original statement had reference mostly to the financial aspects, but these, too, didn't hold out, (they usually don't!) As in any other business, expenses have a way of popping up where most unexpected. We spent a goodly sum by the time we had a press that would do a satisfactory job. Paper and supplies all went up, and postage rates have been increasing steadily.

With the growing subscription lists, we should be able to keep our subscription prices at the present levels for some time. We will be thankful if we can do that, consider-

ing that most magazines and newspapers are increasing their subscription rates regularly.

As far as the material is concerned, we believe that most of our readers would sooner have it the size it is now than to lower our standards. Right now our standards for acceptance are rather rigid — we can use only about half of the material which is sent in. If there were 80 pages to each issue, there would be lots of articles which would be of little interest to any of the readers. Nobody likes the kind of magazine where you have to page and page before finding an article which is worthwhile reading.

This is our policy at present. If you do not agree, drop us a line and tell us so.

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## EDITORIALS

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### THE LITTLE PLACES

Last March I took a trip to Indiana. In many ways it was like going home; the family I visited had once shared their home with me for seven months. It was good to see the four young boys again (aged 7, 6, 4, and 3). The three oldest greeted me with their usual eagerness, but the fourth stood back shyly — trying hard to figure out who I was.

My five day visit with this family made me once again aware of what family life can be. It impressed me as never before what a blessing these children were to the home. And as I gazed out at the 200 acres of farmland, the large barn and strawshed, and the abundance of livestock in the barnyard, I had to think how helpful these four boys would soon be. Already I noticed them trying in their boyish ways to imitate their father and grandfather — the men of the farm. These two men were the teachers and the farm the school; the four boys were the pupils. Each day brought with it new lessons for the boys — lessons in successful living.

My thoughts floated back two years when the oldest boy had been just five, but how we had appreciated his driving the team for us while we struggled with loading hay. Now he was milking a cow and doing a pretty good job. And when his father went to the hay mow he was apt to follow, for even a young boy could help throw down hay and bedding. Yes, as I looked at the four boys and at the large farm, I thought: "If I ever have a family, this is just what I want for my children — a way of life in which they can learn to work, to have responsibility, and to feel needed."

It was later in the week when I had these thoughts a second time. I had borrowed the family driving horse and was heading east to spend the day with another family. It was eleven miles to where I was going, and I passed all sorts of scenery. But what caught my attention most and set me to thinking were the "little places". In one particular stretch of road I saw easily half a dozen "little places". What are they? They are a house and a miniature barn built on a handful of acres. They are the homes of families where the father works away.

I wondered what life was like for such a family. On a clothesline I could see various sizes of children's clothing. It was evident that although the place was smaller than a farm, yet the family was as large as a farm family. "What do these children do all day?" I asked myself.

"Probably play in the yard, pull the toy wagon around, and ..." I looked at the heavy clothesline again and then at the small house. "... And probably get on their mother's nerves part of the day." Yes, there wasn't much for them to do. They had no father at home to be their teacher, no farm to be their school, and no chores to make them feel useful. They played and when they grew up ... yes, when they grew up, what would they have been trained for?

My mind traveled back to when I had lived and taught school in this large settlement. I remembered the afternoon the attendance officer had visited school. We chatted longer that time than we usually did.

"Your children should go to high school," he commented.

"I don't agree," I answered. "The best school for Amish children is the farm; that's where they learn their way of life."

The attendance officer looked knowingly at me and said, "That may be true in this district, but I can show you some east of here where the farmer is rare. The fathers all work away. What are those children being trained for?"

I shrugged my shoulders and didn't answer. I knew what he was saying was too true.

"Those children," he continued, "aren't going to be farmers. They're going to work in the world. And if they are going to compete with others for jobs, then they should go to high school like the others."

Soon my thoughts left the past conversation with the attendance officer. The road curved and the scenery changed. Once again I was driving through farming country. But my thoughts lingered with the "little places". My mind pondered the future of the children in those families. They were the first generation of Amish children raised without a farm background. I was pretty well convinced that the basic Amish family unit had been broken down. Now I wondered how soon the Amish community and church unit would disappear in that district.

Ever since that drive past the "little places" I have determined to encourage young couples to raise their families on the farm. For farming like no other present-day occupation provides the atmosphere in which children can grow to maturity having learned responsibility and hard work. And most important they grow up in a way of life feeling wanted, useful, and close as a family.

- D. L.

# Views and Values



## THE GREATEST TEST

Two days ago at a neighbor's home, I picked up a weekly paper and glanced idly at the front cover. The title of a small news article caught my attention at the lower left of the page. **EAGLE DOWNS JET FIGHTER**

Although the account was short, I thought the story was unusual. I read it a second time. Here is what the item said:

ISTANBUL: A Turkish fighter pilot lost control after hitting an eagle in flight last week and was killed when his plane crashed near Malatya, Southern Turkey. The eagle smashed the cockpit cover of the aircraft, according to reports reaching here.

What a strange accident. I tried to picture the scene in my mind. Undoubtedly the pilot had been trained by the Turkish airforce, and taught how to handle the plane in combat. The plane was likely equipped with guns and small bombs capable of easily crippling another plane or damaging a city.

"That," I had to think, "is the tragedy of the whole occurrence. The plane was designed for rugged service, outfitted with a powerful engine, and armed with deadly weapons in the hands of a skilled pilot. Yet it was wrecked by as small an object as a lone eagle flying into the cockpit. The pilot could have handled an enemy plane a hundred times the size of the bird, yet he was helpless to cope with the eagle."

In the same way, often the small problems that we meet every day can be more difficult to handle than the "big" disasters we prepare ourselves for. The Turkish airforce pilot learned this lesson in an unfortunately fatal way. It can be a bitterly painful lesson for us too.

All of us know people who have some great handicap in life, perhaps being blind, crippled, or bedfast. We marvel at the grace and strength these people must have to overcome their trials and face life cheerfully. It is right that we stop and think occasionally what we would do if we were faced with similar circumstances. Yet there is a danger that we arm ourselves to withstand the truly great trials of life, and meanwhile find ourselves wrecked by what we did not even consider big enough to be important — the vexing problems of everyday life.

Many men who have stood up nobly before great disasters have failed at home. They found themselves too weak to stand up under the stress and strain of domestic cares and gave way to complaining and faultfinding, bringing unhappiness into the lives of their loved ones.

There is something about the small, everyday duties, that have a way of piling up and grinding down our spirit. There is so little glamor in scrubbing floors, so little adventure in cleaning the cow stable. Day after day passes and, as we plod along in the rut of routine, our work doesn't look important or exciting. We get on each other's nerves, flare up, sass back. Then suddenly we realize that although we might have been able to stand up beautifully if some accident struck us, or there were a death in the

family, yet we have failed completely in the greatest test of all — that of being cheerful and pleasant in the common tasks of everyday living.

The shame of it is that it would take so little to make our home life an inspiration and a joy instead of a gloomy ordeal that depresses the entire household. Often the difference may be as slight as a smile, a word, or a song. Happiness and enthusiasm are catching, and just as easy to spread as frowns and discontent.

At home we take so much for granted, and most of the time without even a "thank you" or a word of appreciation.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,

And smiles for the sometime guest.

But oft for our own

The bitter tone,

Though we love our own the best.

- Margaret E. Sangster

No one else does as much for us as those we live with every day, yet how unfair we are in saving the smile for the stranger, and behaving cross and irritably at home. One well-known columnist has said, "It is an amazing but true thing that practically the only people who ever say mean, insulting, wounding thing to us are those of our own households."

A little bit of thoughtfulness and consideration goes a long way when practiced in our relationship with others.

On the other hand, curt words, rudeness, nagging, and complaining have a way of multiplying and increasing too.

Long ago Oriental countries had a practice that was very effective in punishing law breakers. They would bind the criminal tightly so he could not move, then let water drip on him for hours. Not a lot of water, but just a little — drop by drop it would splash down upon his face.

Sure, it didn't seem like much of a punishment the first few hours, but after a day or so it became pure agony. Just that the dripping was so regular, so inescapable, made it the greatest mental torture and would always in time drive the criminal insane.

The wise man Solomon realizing that few things in life are more difficult to bear than a nagging person said, "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." (Prov. 27:15)

A young man once was concerned about the kind of wife he would marry. "How can I know that the girl I am dating will make a pleasant and cheerful companion for me?" he asked a friend.

The friend had good advice. "Go to her home when she doesn't know you are around," he said. "See if she does her share of the work cheerfully and well. Listen to her tone of voice as she talks to her brothers and sisters. If she is nagging and bossy, depend on it, that is what she will be like to you some day. But if she is kind and considerate, she will likely be the same when she is married."

Some young people who growl around home like gloomy grizzles, complain in self pity that their father and mother have not provided them with a "happy home life". Such young people like to say that when they have a home of their own, it certainly is going to be a "happy Christian home". Nothing could be more absurd. What they are at home is usually the kind of husband or wife they will be when married.

It is the responsibility of every member of the family to be cheerful, helpful, and patient. Everyone must do his part in keeping harmony in the household. A good



working relationship requires a lot of give and take, of admitting our errors and confessing our faults. And most of all, we need to remember that it is not in the face of great tragedies that most men fail, but before the stress and strain of everyday living. People reveal their true character when dirty dishes are piled up, the best cow has milk fever, the washing machine won't start, the stove smokes, the children are fussy and the baby keeps crying. People who can face the thankless grind of the chores and dishes and dirty diapers day after day and not get on each other's nerves, or shout at the children, need not worry about some "big" disaster. They have proved themselves in the greatest test any person can face. ■■

Help me to walk so close to Thee  
That those who know me best can see  
I live as godly as I pray  
And Christ is real from day to day.

I see some once a day or year.  
To them I blameless might appear;  
'Tis easy to be kind and sweet  
To people whom we seldom meet.

But in my home are those who see  
Too many times the worst of me.  
My hymns of praise were best unsung  
If I do not control my tongue

When I am vexed and sorely tried  
And my impatience cannot hide.  
May no one stumble over me  
Because Thy love they failed to see.

But, give me, Lord, a life that sings,  
And victory over little things;  
Help me with those who know me best,  
For Jesus' sake to stand the test.



## HELPING SIMON DECIDE

"Shall I brush your hat?" Mom Yoder asked as Simon was buttoning up his suspenders. As she brushed the hat, she said, "Where is the singing tonight?"

"It's at Fred Hostetlers and I want to go early," Simon answered.

"Susie will be ready soon. But why do you want to go early?"

"Oh, just because."

It was a damp April evening as Simon Yoder and his twin sister, Susie, headed out the lane for Fred Hostetlers. A cold rain had fallen all day and now a mist was coming in from the west. They drew up the robe around their waists to keep warm.

"Leah Miller wants a copy of that new song they sang last Sunday evening," Susie said. "So I copied it off for her last night and I want to give it to her this evening."

"What song's that?" Simon asked.

"'Siehe der Bräutigam Kommt'. Don't you remember we sang it the other evening?"

"Oh yes, I like it. And that reminds me, we haven't had any weddings around here for a long time. When's somebody going to get married once?"

"I can't answer that question," Susie said. "You'd think someone would get the idea soon. Oh yes, Simon, I was going to ask you, is there something special tonight? I heard you say something to Mom."

"What did I say to Mom? I don't know what you are talking about."

"If you don't know what I am talking about, why are you blushing so?" Susie asked. "You know it's been two months since you sent that greeting to a special friend."

Simon whistled a tune as they drove toward the singing. He pretended he had not heard what Susie said.

When they arrived at Fred Hostetlers, Samuel Kramer was waiting for Simon. "Where have you been all evening?" he called, as Simon drove to the barn.

Sally Mast and her friend Bertha Troyer were sitting on the porch after supper. They pretended to be busy talking, and occasionally there was a short outburst of laughter. But any discerning eye could have seen that their minds were on a group of boys who were standing in the yard. Sidewise glances at regular intervals took in every move that the boys made.

Just as dusk was settling over the countryside, Sam Kramer and Simon Yoder emerged from the group and walked toward the barn. A few moments later they came back again. Simon joined the group of boys, but Sam walked around the house.

"I just wonder what Sam Kramer's up to," Sallie said. "Let's go inside and see."

So saying, they went inside the house. A group of girls had just finished the supper dishes. Sam came into the side door.

"Oh, look," exclaimed Sallie, "there's Sam and he's talking with Leah Miller. Oh, oh, I bet I know what's up now."

Soon Leah rejoined the other girls, but there was a red

Special Offer

**3 Issues  
for  
\$1.00**

Did you ever wonder what the first issue of "Family Life" (January 1968) was like? More than half our present 8,000 subscribers have never read it. We still have 200 copies and are offering it along with two other issues (from the first seven months of 1968) for \$1.00.

So, if you are interested in this special offer, send us \$1.00; and we will mail you the January 1968 issue plus two other back issues of our choice.

PATHWAY PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

glow on her cheeks. Sam joined the group of boys in the yard, and was soon whispering to Simon. Simon looked toward the ground, but there was a smile on both their faces.

The singing table was ready and a string of girls were seating themselves around the table. Soon they started singing. When the boys in the yard heard the song, "Gathering Flowers for the Master's Bouquet," they knew it was the signal for them to go in and help sing too.

By the garden gate stood Sam Kramer and Simon Yoder. "Let me feel your pulse, Simon," Sam said. "I bet you'll be too nervous to sing this evening."

"I wouldn't know why not. I'm not sick," Simon answered and then added in a lower voice, "I feel like singing sometimes, I do."

"I bet you do, this evening especially," Sam laughed.

Just then there was a giggle and the boys turned to see two girls standing behind them.

"Just what are you two girls up to now?" Sam exclaimed. "We didn't know anybody was around."

"I believe you didn't," Sally Mast answered, flashing a big smile at Simon, "the way you two had your heads together you'd never noticed it if a steam engine went by."

"Did you say a steam engine went by just now?" Simon asked.

"See, I said you'd never notice it. Bertha and I were wondering just what the big secret's about, anyway."

"Which secret are you talking about?" Simon answered.

"Tell us which one you mean, so we don't tell you about the wrong one."

Sally was at a loss for an answer but only for a moment. Then she countered, "Well, for example, do you know any secrets about who is sending birthday greetings around? Simon, do you ever write any poems?"

Simon turned a scarlet red, but Sam came to his rescue. "Poems? Of course we write poems. You want us to make one up for you?"

The two girls looked at each other and giggled. Then Bertha said, "Yes, why don't you write a poem that would go good with a birthday greeting. Maybe you could do that tonight, — after you get home for the singing."

After a moment, Simon answered slowly, "Madam, I shall take your request into consideration."

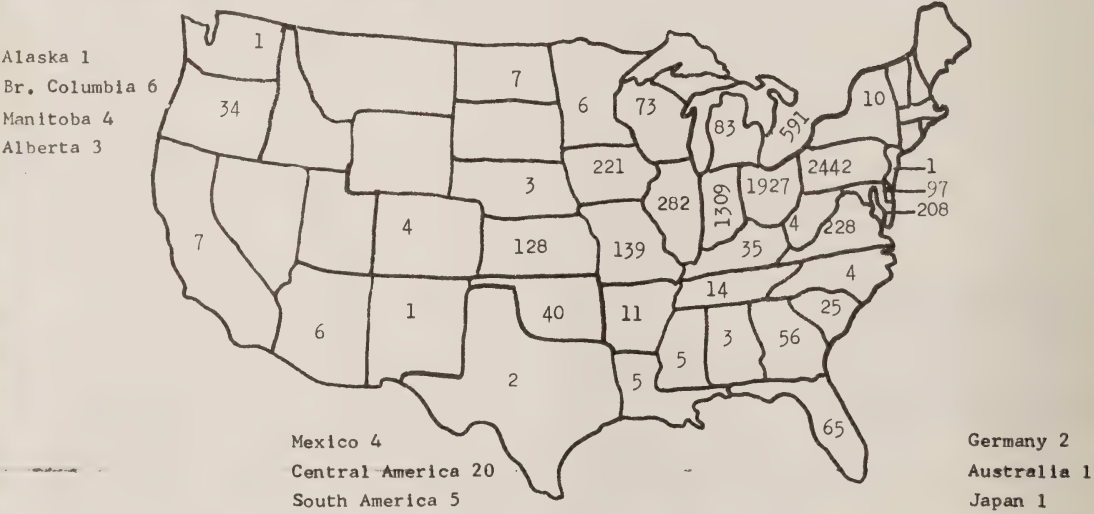
"Oh no, we know you," Sally flashed back at him. "We know you won't be thinking about writing poems for us tonight." And then she added teasingly, "For you're not going straight home tonight."

The girls went on with their talking and teasing until finally Fred Hostetler came to the door and called for them to come to the singing table.

As the boys started for the house, Sally called after them, "I bet you can't hardly wait till the singing's over, Simon. I'm going to see if you're not watching the clock all the time."

The two girls seated themselves just across the table from where Simon was sitting. When she thought no one

# Where They Go



## TOP TEN MAILING ADDRESSES

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Millersburg, Ohio (407)    | 6. Topeka, Indiana (152)     |
| 2. Ephrata, Penna. (235)      | 7. Goshen, Indiana (144)     |
| 3. Sugar Creek, Ohio (200)    | 8. New Holland, Penna. (143) |
| 4. Middlefield, Ohio (169)    | 9. Nappanee, Indiana (142)   |
| 5. Fredericksburg, Ohio (163) | 10. Kalona, Iowa (141)       |

**H**ave you ever wondered where all the subscribers to "Family Life" live? Last month the April issue was mailed to 8,149 homes; plus an additional 113 were sent to bookstores for re-sale. Above is a map showing the 38 states, 4 provinces, and 9 foreign countries where the magazine is sent each month.



was looking, Sally's laughing eyes would catch Simon's, and then she would look at the clock. Simon tried to look stern, and occasionally he would wrinkle his forehead, pretending he was displeased with her antics.

But inside, he was enjoying the attention Sally was giving him. She was such a likeable, laughable girl. She always had something to say. On the spur of the moment he found himself almost wishing that he had asked to take Sally home instead of Leah Miller. But no, that would not do. What would Mom, and Susie, and Sadie say? They were not especially fond of Sally, but they were always talking about what a nice girl Leah was. Oh, well, Leah is a nice girl, there is no denying that, but — but — Simon's thoughts were going in a circle and he was not paying any attention to the song that was being sung.

Before the singing was over, Simon nudged Sam and the two got up and went outside. As they walked toward the barn, Simon said, "Sam, I — I kind of changed my mind. I think I'll — I'll go home this evening."

"You'll do what!" Sam exclaimed. "Go home? What do you mean?"

"I don't feel very good. I think I'll go home."

"But why, Simon? I don't hope you let that Sally Mast change your plans."

"It's not just that. I wish everybody wouldn't know about it. I — I never took a girl home yet, and I don't want to start tonight."

They talked for some time and as they started for the house, Sam said, "You're the boss and I'll do as you say. But I think you're making a mistake. In my opinion Leah Miller is really a nice girl."

"Of course she is. Everybody knows that," Simon answered impatiently. "In fact, that's about all I hear at our place. But there's lots of nice girls in the world, and there's others right in this house tonight."

"But what will Leah think about it?" Sam asked.

"Oh, I don't think she will care," Simon answered. "You can tell her to get some other way to go home. I don't feel like driving that far tonight."

Simon knew that his sisters had already made arrangements to go home with someone else. So as soon as the singing was over, he got up, went out, got his horse and went home.

He was glad the girls were not at home yet. He put his horse in the barn, went to the house, and started upstairs.

"Simon, is that you? Where are Susie and Sadie?" Mom called from the bedroom.

"They're coming with Sarah Kramer," he called, as he went up the stairs. Then he went into his room, latched the door, and crawled into bed.

Twenty minutes later, when the girls came home, they knocked on his door and called, "Simon, are you at home?"

But Simon answered sleepily, "What's wrong? What do you want? Don't you know it's time to go to bed?"

But sleep did not come easily. Simon pitched and tossed and rolled from side to side. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep. When this proved unsuccessful, he remembered that he had once read that the way to go to sleep was to try to keep your eyes open. But that was no better.

Finally he did drop off in a fitful sleep, but a few minutes later he woke up with a start. He had dreamed he saw Leah Miller and she was looking at him with her soft brown eyes. She was sad and she seemed to be saying, "Why — why did you?"

Oh yes, now he remembered, that was how she had looked when Sam Kramer had told her that — that, oh why

did he always have to be thinking about that? But — but how had he ever gotten into such a mess, and how was he going to get out? Oh well, why worry about that tonight. There would still be time to think this thing over and everything would work out all right. He was still young. There was nothing to worry about.

The next morning Simon was still tired when Dad called. As soon as he was dressed he went to the barn. He hoped he would not meet Susie. At least not alone.

All forenoon he was working with Dad and he never even went to the house for a drink. But in the afternoon, Dad went to the sawmill after some lumber and Simon was to clean out the chicken house.

Susie was carrying a glass and a pitcher full of grape juice as she came into the chicken house. "Here's something to drink," she said. "I thought you might be thirsty."

"I am thirsty, and that looks good," Simon replied, trying to act cheerful. He well knew what was coming.

As he was pouring his second glass of grape juice, Susie said, "Simon, what happened last night? Why did you back out after asking Leah Miller to take her home?"

"After I asked what? What do you know about it?"

"Simon, of course I know about it. Leah is my friend and a very close friend she is."

"I didn't feel good," Simon answered lamely.

"You didn't look sick. I believe you felt all right until Sally Mast started her talking. Why didn't you walk away from those two girls and come in to help sing?"

"Sally Mast never said anything out of the way. We were just visiting and I don't think it's polite to walk away while someone is talking to you."

"But maybe you ought to sometimes. There's other things that aren't very polite either. I hope you realize that Leah was very much disappointed."

"I didn't think she would care much. Did she?"

"Yes, I think she did. I think she was hurt. But if you tell her you are sorry, maybe she will understand."

"If you mean I can't talk to any other girl without hurting Leah, I just can't help it."

Simon tried to put up a bold front all week, but each day he was feeling worse about it. Each day the thought of Leah thrilled him more — she was so gentle, so friendly, so nice. Each day, all the other girls, including Sally Mast, were fading into the background. He did not like to think about Sally. He decided he would apologize to Leah.

On Sunday evening he was late arriving at the singing. He looked everywhere but he could not see Leah. Why wasn't she there? Was she sick, had she gone somewhere else, or just what was wrong? A few latecomers arrived, but Leah did not appear.

On the way home, the Yoder young folks drove in silence. Finally Simon said, "It was an awfully poor singing this evening. About nobody was there."

Susie and Sadie looked at each other and laughed. "What do you mean, nobody was there? I thought there were lots of people there," Susie said.

"Oh, yes, I guess there were quite a few people there, but — but."

"But what, Simon?" Susie asked.

Simon gave his horse a vigorous slap. "But not everybody was there!" He was determined not to say what he had in his mind.

The girls laughed at his predicament. "What you mean is that Leah Miller wasn't there. Isn't that right?"

"Well, yes, I guess that's part of who all wasn't there."

"I would say it's a pretty big part," Susie answered. "Maybe she's quit coming to the singing or something." The two girls looked at each other and smiled knowingly.

After a few minutes of silence, Susie went on, "No, Simon, don't get worried. Old Fanny Blank died over in the northeast district and Leah is one of the girls to go and help at the funeral."

The next Sunday evening Simon was there early, and he soon spotted Leah in the middle of a group of girls. As the evening dragged on, he watched for a chance to catch her glance. So often before, in times past, when their eyes had met, there would be that shy smile playing around her lips. But this evening she looked sad and seemed to be avoiding him. Once when Simon looked up, he saw Leah looking at him, but then her eyes fell and a gentle but serious look crossed her face. If only she would understand. If only she were still his special friend. He would be willing to wait — to wait as long as she wished.

Sam agreed to carry the message. Surely she would understand.

"Leah," Sam began slowly, "Simon asked me to tell you he is sorry. He says it is all his fault and he wishes it would never have happened like that. You can forgive him, can't you?"

Leah did not answer. She looked down at her shoes, neatly tied with black shoestrings. She was blinking to hold back a tear as she fixed the cuff on her left sleeve. "But why — why did he back out after he had asked me?"

Sam was not sure as to what he should answer. "He told me he didn't feel well."

"But Sam, he did feel well. I saw you and him in the yard and heard you talking and laughing with two girls."

"Yes."

"Be honest with me, Sam. I want to know. Why do you think he did it?"

"Really, I can't answer you. I don't know."

"Don't you think it was because of Sally Mast?"

"Really, Leah, I don't know. Can't you believe me when I say I don't know?"

"Is it true that you told him he had better not back out?"

"Yes."

"— and that he told you there are lots of nice girls in the world?"

"I don't remember just exactly what he did say. But that's all beside the point. He sent me to tell you he is sorry and that he wants to do whatever it takes to make it right. Personally, if you want my opinion, I believe right now he is concerned only about what one girl thinks about him. And you are that girl."

Leah was quiet for a few minutes before she answered. "I want to believe it and I can believe that what you say is true. And I can easily forgive him."

"Do you mean, then, that he can take you home — tonight?"

"No, I didn't say that."

"Then you have not forgiven him. You are still holding it against him."

"But Sam, you — you do not understand." She looked away so that he would not see the tears in her eyes. "You don't let me explain."

"All right, I will listen if you want to explain it. Simon sent me to find out how you feel, and I would like to know what to tell him."

Leah was silent for a long time. Then she said slowly, "I don't know that I can explain it so that you can understand. But I can try. Two weeks ago when you asked me

if Simon could take me home, I agreed because I felt that he understood what he was doing. I believed that he realized the seriousness of courtship and that it should be conducted according to Christian standards."

"Yes, go on."

"But he failed in the very beginning. He showed that at that time he did not realize the importance of trusting and being trusted. For some reason which I don't know and you don't know, he was influenced by another girl to break the agreement which he made only a short time before."

"That may be true," Sam answered. "But he sees it now."

"Yes, Sam, he is sorry for what he did and he realizes he shouldn't have. I can easily forgive him for I want very much to be his friend — his special friend, but — but."

Sam sensed the deep bonds of affection which Leah felt toward Simon and he knew that Simon felt the same toward her. But he could not understand why she was hesitating. Did she want to punish him further for what he had done? Did she want to hurt him more? But he was afraid to ask lest she break down.

"But what, Leah, tell me and I will try to understand."

"Before we can go any further I want to have that same confidence in him I had two weeks ago. This is a matter which should not be taken lightly."

"What can he do to win your confidence again, Leah?"

"By showing that he has learned what you and I believe that he has learned. I hope and trust that he has grown up more in the last two weeks than he did in the last two years. Now all he needs to do is prove it."

"What you mean to say is that you want him to prove by his actions that he realizes he shouldn't have acted that way."

"That is right, Sam. I hope you can explain it to him. Courtship is a serious matter and is not just for pleasure."

"I think I understand how you feel. And now there is one thing I would like to ask you, if I may?"

"Of course you can."

"Some people feel that a boy and a girl ought not to go with each other until they are both convinced that they want to marry each other."

"I never said anything like that," Leah answered, "and I don't feel that way either. I think courtship is to learn to know each other. If after going with each other awhile we feel we don't 'belong', we should be able to quit without hurting either one too much. But Sam, I hope if this has to be done, it can be done before we go with each other six months or a year."

#### DID YOU KNOW?

The walls of King Belshazzar's palace were eighteen feet thick. It is believed the thick walls were designed to keep the public from hearing the noise of rejoicing at the king's frequent gluttonous parties. It was at such a party that the handwriting on the wall (Dan. 5:5) spelled the doom of the kingdom.



# Simon And The Bailiff

by David Luthy

## Part I. Market Day

"Chilly today," said the shopkeeper to himself, as he left his shop one afternoon in 1553. "Must be another storm blowing in from the North Sea." He pulled his cloak tightly about his shoulders. Stooping down he lifted two large, woven baskets from in front of his shop. His shoulders drooped under the weight.

A young man passed the shopkeeper then turned and paused. "Good afternoon, Simon. Quite a load you're taking to the market today."

"Quite a load, indeed," smiled the shopkeeper. "I've five geese, three ducks, and a half dozen pheasants."

"Some storm we had yesterday morning," commented the young man.

"Looks like there may be another blowing in from the sea," Simon answered. His arms began to feel the weight of the fowl. "Well, I must be on my way," he told his friend. "Good day."

"Good day, Simon."

The shopkeeper did not have far to walk. In three short blocks he was at the center of Bergen op Zoom. Usually a quiet town square, the center of the city was this afternoon a teeming marketplace. Since early morning peasants from the surrounding hamlets had been arriving in Bergen op Zoom. With them they brought all types of produce and wares. While their wives spread the goods on large pieces of cloth, the men stood in small clusters talking about local events.

Passing by one group, Simon heard a few words that made him lessen his pace. One man was saying to the others, "Any Anabaptists arrested in your village lately?"

Simon paused and set his baskets down, acting as if he were but resting a moment from his heavy load.

"Not for a month or more," answered one peasant. "Since the church is hunting them down, they are harder to find. They either have fled or hold their faith in secret. I've got my suspicions about a few in our hamlet, but I wouldn't want to accuse anyone falsely."

Simon moved forward through the marketplace. The conversation of the men filled his mind with activity. "How long can I escape being discovered," he mused. "I wonder if anyone suspects me."

"How are your baskets holding up?" a voice broke into Simon's train of thought. It startled him.

"Oh, hello," said Simon. "I must have been too busy

with my own thoughts to notice you. I'm sorry." He smiled at the man who was standing beside a mound of woven baskets. "The baskets you sold me have held up real well. Today's load is especially heavy, yet they don't give way."

Simon set his baskets down a few feet distant from where the basket maker had his stand. The two men continued to visit.

## Part II. Kneel Down!

The marketplace was unusually crowded this Wednesday afternoon. Yet Simon thought his birds were selling slowly. It seemed that many of the people were just browsing and not buying. Toward mid-afternoon Simon discovered the reason why. At three o'clock the bell of the large cathedral nearby rang four short times. Within the next few minutes nearly half the people had left the marketplace and entered the building.

Simon paid scant attention when a half hour later the cathedral doors opened and the crowd of worshipers poured out. But when a hush fell over the usually noisy marketplace, Simon began to wonder what was happening. Then he saw. A long procession of priests and people was passing through the market. Shoppers, sellers, children, everyone was kneeling down in honor of the statue being carried in the procession.

Simon felt trapped. He would never have time to gather up his fowl and flee. If he just left them and fled that would give people suspicions. "Surely I shall be discovered as an Anabaptist, if I do not kneel down," Simon worried. "But how can I give honor to a piece of wood? Worship belongs alone to God."

"Kneel down, friend," urged the seller of baskets. "The priests are looking this way."

Simon's knees wanted to bend, but his heart was unwavering. Like Moses in the wilderness, he remained aloof while those about him paid homage to a graven image.

"Stop the procession," demanded a short, squarely-built priest. "Here, you," he called to the shopkeeper, "why don't you kneel down?"

Simon felt weak inside himself. He thought of his aged mother. He thought of the Brethren who had been tortured and killed. But he thought, too, of God, his protector.

"What are you, a statue yourself?" mocked the priest.

"Have you no answer? Why don't you kneel down?"

Strength came to Simon. His voice said unfalteringly, "Our God has told us: 'I am a jealous God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them.'"

"Phew, what prattle," spoke up a second priest. "Since when do peddlers of fowl preach? Will you instruct men who have studied theology at Europe's greatest university?" His voice rose to fever pitch. "KNEEL DOWN!"

But Simon remained standing.

"Bailiff," called the first priest. "Arrest this man. His tongue declares itself to be that of an Anabaptist."

### Part III. Questions in the Dungeon

Simon was not a prisoner long when he received a visitor. The door to his cell squeaked on its iron hinges and a priest entered. He wore the gown of a university professor. Simon realized instantly that the priest had come to question his faith.

"What is your name?" inquired the priest, sitting on a low stool, his gown hiding it completely.

"Simon," answered the shopkeeper.

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

"When did you last confess your sins to a priest?"

"I confess every day that I am a sinner. But I do this to God alone."

"Are you rebaptized?" questioned the priest further.

"I know of no rebaptism," answered Simon. "I was baptized once and that according to God's teaching."

"How long ago?"

"Two and a half years."

The priest studied the shopkeeper's face. "Simon, you are seduced. Won't you allow yourself to be instructed?"

"Yes, gladly. He that rejects reproof and instruction is miserable, Proverbs 10:17. If you will, take a Bible and instruct me."

"Will you allow yourself to be instructed by a group of priests?"

Simon did not hesitate. "God is the high priest. He will instruct me, and to this I shall adhere by the grace of God."

The priest returned to the area of baptism. "Were not children baptized in the Old Testament?"

"I have read nothing about such," answered the shopkeeper. "I have read where Christ commanded to baptize believers — Matthew 28:19 and Mark 16:16. And Peter preached: 'Repent and be baptized.' How can babies repent before they are baptized?"

"Simon," exclaimed the priest, "some vagabond has been preaching to you. You are deceived. Are your brethren also thus minded?"

The prisoner meekly replied, "What do I know about my brethren? I can only speak of what God has given me; that I know for certain."

Seeing that the debate was going around in circles, the priest rose and walked to the door. He tapped on it and the bailiff appeared at the small window. The door opened.

"Perhaps in a few weeks the shopkeeper will be ready to be instructed," the priest told the bailiff. "But today his mind is too clouded with other thoughts."

After two weeks Simon still remained unmoveable in his faith. For each argument the priests presented, he had an answer from the Bible. Finally after a month of such debating the priests grew tired. So, one morning the

bailiff entered Simon's cell and said, "Shopkeeper, prepare to die."

Simon did not appear startled. Calmly he said, "The Bible teaches us to be prepared at all times, for death comes as a thief in the night. We must not be caught unprepared."

"Well, it won't be coming as a thief this time," snorted the bailiff. "The judge has set the date of your execution for today in a week."

The heavy door slammed tightly shut behind the departing bailiff. Simon was left alone — alone except for the ever comforting presence of God.

### Part IV. Lord Jesus, I Come

The next week was spent in prayer and fasting by the shopkeeper. His dungeon was dark and seemed far away from heaven, yet the grace of God pierced the thick stone walls. From time to time the bailiff would stop by, fully expecting to find his prisoner ready to be instructed by the priests or raging to be released from his impending fate. But the bailiff found neither. Simon was always calm and even appeared cheerful.

"What kind of man is this shopkeeper?" wondered the bailiff after a particular visit. "The day of execution draws closer, yet each day Simon seems stronger in his faith."

At last the day arrived. Simon was taken from the dungeon and put into a cart. His hands and feet were tightly bound. A crowd gathered around the death cart and followed it outside the city walls. There on a level plain a pillar had been erected. At the base were bundles of twigs and straw.

"They're going to burn the heretic," Simon heard someone in the crowd say. He had not been able to see the pillar because of his low seated position in the cart. Even if he had been standing, it would have been hard for him to distinguish the pillar. During his month in the dungeon darkness, his eyes had grown weak. The sudden brightness of the outside world almost blinded him.

The shopkeeper was taken from the cart and chained to the pillar. A priest approached him and held an outstretched cross. "Kiss but this cross and your life will be spared."

Boldly Simon answered, "Place your cross in the fire that is to consume me. It is of no value. Soon I shall be with Him who died on the cross for our sins. Then I shall be able to kneel down and kiss His sacred feet."

"Not even at the moment of death does his faith waver," muttered the bailiff. He watched the fire being kindled by the executioner. Soon smoke hid Simon from view. But his voice, though weak from his long fast, could still be heard. "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do. Bless them and send Thy light into their darkness." The flames grew higher — Simon's voice weaker. The last words that the bailiff heard were, "Lord Jesus, I come." And then there was silence.

### Part V. Sorrow And Remorse

For most of the people of Bergen op Zoom, the death of Simon the shopkeeper was nothing outstanding. They would get up the next morning and go about their usual business, forgetting about the man who had been burned at the pillar on the plain. But there was one person in the city who couldn't get Simon off his mind that easily.

On returning home from the execution the bailiff fell ill. At home he went to bed early and tossed in a fever-like turmoil. He moaned and kept saying, "O, Simon,

Family Life



Simon."

"What ails you?" questioned his wife. But she received no answer except the words, "O, Simon, Simon."

"The heat of the fire must have given him fever," thought the bailiff's wife. She fixed wet cloths and placed them on his forehead.

The next morning the bailiff was slightly better. He still called Simon's name, but he also talked about having sinned.

"Fetch the priest from the cathedral," his wife told her oldest child.

The priest soon arrived and sat beside the sick man's bed. "Do you want to confess your sins?" he quietly asked.

"There is no forgiveness for me," moaned the bailiff.

"O, Simon, Simon."

"Why do you call the heretic's name?" questioned the

priest.

"Helped kill him" said the bailiff, and his face tightened. "He was a good man. O, Simon, Simon."

"Don't be foolish," said the priest. "You are guilty of nothing. Yet if it will make you feel better I will absolve you from any possible guilt." The priest held his hand over the sick man and made the sign of the cross, saying at the same time a short prayer in Latin. "There, now you have nothing to worry about."

But if any forgiveness was worked by the priest's short prayer, no sign of it was visible on the bailiff's face. "O, Simon, Simon," he continued to moan.

Try as the priest would, he could not convince the bailiff otherwise. The sick man knew he had sinned. And in a few days to the surprise of the entire city he died — died in despair. ■■

ON  
MONDAY  
MORNING  
MARY KNEW  
SHE HAD BEEN  
THE ENVY OF MOST  
OF THE GIRLS AT THE  
SINGING THE EVENING BEFORE,  
BUT FOR SOME REASON HER HEART FELT HEAVY.

## Mary's First Date

— Author wishes to remain anonymous

"Hi there, Mary," called Uncle Jake, "I heard some real news this morning."

"You did?" asked Mary, "and what's it all about?"

Her uncle walked over to where she was shoveling snow. "Why I heard Andy Byler took you home last night. He's a real nice chap, that Andy is, and a good worker. If you can hook him, you're quite lucky." He gave her a playful slap on the shoulder.

Mary continued shoveling snow; she did not especially enjoy her uncle's boisterous joking. She knew that she had probably been the envy of most of the girls at the singing last night, but for some reason, her heart felt heavy.

When Samuel Yoder had asked if Andy could take her home, her heart had skipped two full beats. She had blushed the shade of an over-ripe tomato. Samuel could not help but chuckle. She had been too overwhelmed to speak so she had just nodded her head.

After the young folks had finished singing, she and Susie, her best friend, had walked out to the gate together. Susie went steady with Samuel.

"Good for you, Mary," Susie had said as Andy drove his frisky horse towards the cement walks. "Have a nice time," she called as Mary climbed into the buggy.

The ride home was enjoyable. The air was nippy enough

to give the horse some extra pep. "Are you cold?" Andy had asked, smiling down at her.

"No," answered Mary, "This robe does a good job of keeping my feet warm."

"Mom and Dad gave me the robe for my birthday," Andy said.

As they chatted pleasantly all the way home, the five-mile drive was soon over.

She had helped him unhitch and put away his horse, and as they walked toward the house Andy asked, "Is this the first time anyone has taken you home from the singing?"

"Yes," Mary answered.

They had warmed their hands by the kitchen stove and then Mary put two cups of milk on the stove to heat it for cocoa. Then she brought out two pieces of pumpkin pie.

As they were eating, Andy said, "This sure hits the spot. I won't be able to get up when it's time to go home, with such a full stomach."

Mary's heart had pounded. She knew she should speak up so she said, "Can't we just do our visiting down here?"

"I'm not used to sleeping in a chair," Andy had laughed.

Mary had not had the nerve to say more. She was too shy, but inside she felt like something was ready to burst. She fought to hold back the tears and hurriedly changed

the subject. She hoped Andy hadn't noticed.

The next morning no one mentioned anything at the breakfast table and Mary had gone about her work as usual. Andy had been a perfect gentleman but still Mary felt condemned. And then Uncle Jake had come to see Dad about cutting some wood.

Hurriedly she finished shoveling snow. The burden on her heart seemed to be getting heavier all the time. Finally she could stand it no longer. She put the shovel away and went in to help her mother get dinner.

"Mary, what is wrong?"

"Nothing, Mother, why do you ask?"

"You don't act like yourself," answered Mother, "and just now you put the shovel into the milkhouse, which of course isn't the place for it."

"Did I really?" Mary had to laugh at her own absent-mindedness. "I guess I had last night on my mind."

"Was it because Uncle Jake knew about it, and that it was Andy Byler? He was making a fuss about it, wasn't he?"

"I wish Uncle Jake would mind his own business more. But really I didn't care that he knew about it. Andy was real nice but ... but," Mary fumbled for words.

"Yes, I believe I understand," her mother said. "You knew how Dad and I feel about it and yet you did."

"I'm sorry, Mother, really I am. He was so nice, and when he wasn't interested in visiting in the living room, I just didn't have the nerve to say any more. I wish I would have said more."

"It isn't a very proper way to entertain a guest, is it?" Mother said. "When we get company we always visit with them in the living room."

"Yes, that's right," Mary answered. She was thinking deeply.

"I hope you can conduct your courtship in a pure and holy way and above reproach," Mother said. "It should be done in a way that you need not be ashamed to talk if anyone should ask you about it."

"I've made up my mind," Mary said, "it was the first time and the last."

"We have some nice soft chairs," Mother said, "and you can set them over beside the table at the far end of the living room, beside the bookcase. There you won't hear if Dad snores. Then you can visit together or read something. But don't remove your headcovering, and of course you don't have any flimsy date-clothes. We always put on good clothes when company comes as we want to be properly dressed. And of course you will always have a light burning."

Mary nodded her head. She felt so much better now after talking it out with mother. As she set the dinner table she felt like singing.

All week the matter was on her mind and she prayed about it and looked what she could find in her Bible on the subject.

Sunday evening came and Mary had intended to go home with Mom and Dad. But Susie and Edna would hear nothing of it.

"Go home already?" they said, "Surely you are staying for supper as they are having something special. And we want you to stay for the singing too."

So finally Mary had consented to stay, but in her heart she was determined to stick to her resolutions.

Sure enough, while they were drying the dishes, one of the boys beckoned her to come out to the porch.

"Would it be okay if Andy took you home again tonight?" he asked.

Mary didn't answer for awhile but then she slowly nodded

her head yes.

When she came back to the kitchen, the other girls smiled knowingly at each other. Mary pretended not to notice.

When the singing was over and Mary walked toward Andy's buggy, some of the boys whistled at her and someone said, "It's probably a go."

Once more the ride home was pleasant and Mary could tell by the way Andy smiled at her that his was more than just a friendly gaze.

"An — Andy." Mary stammered as they turned into the lane.

"Yes, what is it, Mary?" he answered.

"Would — would it be allright if we just did our visiting in the living room tonight?"

"What! You mean you're one of them kind, too?"

"What kind, Andy?" she asked softly.

"Those goody-goodys who think they're too good to do things the old-fashioned way."

"I don't want to be a goody-goody," Mary answered softly as she tried to hold back the tears, "but don't you think it would be nearer right to do it the other way? The Bible says we should abstain from all appearances of evil."

They sat in silence and Andy did not answer for a long time. Finally he spoke slowly, "Well, if that is the way you look at it, I can see your point, but my folks just don't approve of all these new beliefs that are coming in all the time."

Mary began to take courage when she saw that Andy was not angry. "But it's not a new belief. Down through the

## Question Mart

### DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

1. How many Amish or Mennonites did not take part in the rationing program during World War Two? Would all those who conscientiously objected please write, and also state the reasons why.

Answer to the question in the April issue, "What is the meaning of the word *schabab* in Ausbund, p. 414?"

"On page 183 of a little dictionary of German words which have gone out of common use since Reformation times (called Frühneuhochdeutsches Glossar, by Alfred Götze) is found this entry:

*schabab* - verächtlich, abgewiesen

The English meaning is - contemptible, despised."

-James Lowry, Ohio

Send answers to: **FAMILY LIFE**  
Question Market  
R. 4, Aylmer,  
Ontario, Canada

Readers are invited to send in puzzling questions that some of our readers may perhaps be able to answer for them.



years, something has been lost. Years ago, anyone who would have practiced courtship the way some people do now, would not have been overlooked by the church."

"But would you say our grandparents were wrong?" Andy asked.

"We don't want to judge anyone," Mary said, "but surely it would have been better if the standards could have been kept on a higher level. Our grandparents lived in another time, and there were circumstances which brought changes, and these changes were not always for the good. Maybe they did not realize it, or what it was leading to. We are to be a light for the world so our standards ought to be above reproach."

Andy didn't answer, so Mary went on, "Didn't you ever hear that people were asked about courtship and they had to tell what they called little white lies, or suddenly change the subject?"

Andy still didn't answer but Mary saw that he was thinking. The full moon shone brightly into the buggy. She saw something very shiny trickle down Andy's cheek.

"Please understand me, Andy," she went on, "It's just that it looks so wrong to me. This is too important to take lightly. Courtship and marriage are very serious. I have seen many young people go wrong, dating different girls just for fun, trying out so many and then finally trying to settle down with one. Why not ask God to lead us in finding a companion?" Her voice broke as she continued, "Oh, Andy, I wish you could understand how I mean and you would think so too."

Everything was very quiet for a few moments, then Andy said tenderly, "You must surely know that I think more of you for this. But I never dreamed we'd get into this kind of a discussion tonight. I just don't know what to say."

He looked at her again. "I'll have to think this over. I've always said that no one will ever change my way of thinking about this."

But Mary would not give up so easily. "But you want to do what is right, don't you? If we give ourselves up to God, He can change us so we will not disagree about this. And then the rest will be easy."

"I don't know. I just don't know. Almost you have me convinced, Mary," he said very tenderly, "I think that I will go home now, if you don't mind, but I hope that — that if you are right, I will see it yet, soon."

"I hope so too," she said as she got up to get out of the buggy. "And I will be praying for you."

"Good night Mary, I don't know when I will be seeing you again. Maybe soon, and maybe — maybe never."

Mary choked back the sobs as she stood and watched him go out of the lane. His blinker lights flashed on and off in rhythm with the slow trot of his usually swift horse. She waited at the gate. Maybe he would turn around and come back. "Oh, Andy, if only, if only —"

Soon the lights disappeared into the distance. Mary turned and walked toward the house. She looked up at the crystal-clear heavens, the stars and the full shining moon. A peaceful calm came over her. She knew she had done the right thing even if she had said more than she had intended.

Yes, she liked Andy a great deal — more than any other boy. She had never admitted it to anyone but now she admitted it to herself for the first time. If only he would come back. Surely he must come back sometime, but if he didn't — well she was glad she had found it out now.

After that evening, Mary was a different person. She had been nervous and fidgety, but now she was calm and re-

solved. The next morning as she went about her work the song came to her:

"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,

Each victory will help you some other to win."

Weeks passed into months. Mary usually attended the singings but she always went home with Susie and Samuel. The girls, even her closest friends, were friendly but there seemed to be a barrier between them. News had gotten around somehow. Andy must have told someone.

One Sunday afternoon Uncle Jake and Aunt Salome came to visit Mary's folks. Mary was in her room upstairs but through the open register she could hear the voices in the living room below.

"Yes," Aunt Salome was saying, "I know some of them don't, but seems to me we should stick to the old ways."

"Yessereee," Uncle Jake added in his deep husky voice, "These new-fangled ideas are just no good. It doesn't hurt for the young folks to have a little fun. Why when we were young we used to sneak into the cider barrel every once in a while, didn't we? But we never did anything really wrong. Salome, do you remember that night at Tobes? ha ha."

"Shh, shh," cautioned Salome, "That's been forty years ago and you shouldn't talk about things like that."

Mary heard her father clear his throat. It seemed he was weighing every word before he spoke. "Yes, we probably all did things we are ashamed of now. But such things always have a way of going from bad to worse. I wish we could have higher standards, especially in courtship."

"But it seems the girls that get these new ideas don't have any dates no more," Uncle Jake said. "Oh yes, that reminds me. I wanted to talk to you about Mary."

"What do you mean?" Mary's father asked.

"Well, the way we heard it, the last time Andy Byler took her home she preached a real sermon to him. And since that she don't have any dates."

"We think a lot of Mary," her mother put in, "and as far as we can see she seems to be happy and contented."

Upstairs Mary held her breath. She wanted to hear every word that was being said.

"That Andy is a swell chap," Uncle Jake went on, "and she could count herself lucky if she could get him. Well, we just gotta go, Salome, as it's getting late. It's your turn to come over now." So saying they went out the door and home.

Mary heard her father put some more wood into the stove. No one spoke but she knew they were in deep thought.

The following Sunday church was at Mary's place. All week Mary worked hard in getting ready. Then as was customary in her community she invited the young folks for supper and they were to have a singing afterwards.

Mary felt herself getting a bit nervous. What if the young folks would not come to her house for singing. Some of her friends thought she was queer.

Sunday was a very beautiful day and the house was crowded. Mary was surprised to see that nearly all the young folks stayed for supper. Everyone seemed to be so friendly.

Twice that day she had caught Andy watching her. First, just as the boys came in to be seated before church. She had glanced in his direction and their eyes had met and held for a moment. Then she quickly looked the other way. The second time she had been serving coffee at the men's table in the basement. She had glanced at his empty water glass and then at him. But he was looking straight at her and this time he was smiling. She did not recall

what she had done but she supposed that she had smiled back at him, at least if she had acted as she felt.

Everything went so smoothly that it seemed like a dream. The supper turned out to be more delicious than expected and everyone complimented her for the good meal.

As she went into the pantry to get another tray of pizza, she thought to herself, "Surely this is a day I will never forget."

She felt that she could expect anything to happen. What if she woke up and it were only a dream? "I know Andy is coming back sometime and I will wait till he comes.

I don't care if it's a year or two years, or three."

After supper dishes had been cleared away and the benches set for the singing, someone tapped her very lightly on the shoulder. Startled, she turned around and there was Samuel. He was beckoning her to follow him out to the porch.

Her heart pounded against her throat and as she walked slowly out she pinched herself to see whether she was dreaming. She wasn't.

Then she caught herself as she breathed a silent prayer. Thankfulness was written all over her face. ■■

## FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

### WHAT IS MATURITY?

The young man asked the question earnestly as he leaned forward in the rocking chair. His wide shoulders slumped in discouragement, and when he spoke there was a note of impatience in his voice. "What is maturity anyway?" he asked. Before there was time for an answer, he asked again, "What is maturity? I wish someone would tell me that."

The lad was eighteen. As the conversation continued, I gathered that he felt himself as mature or more mature than other persons much older than he was and therefore he should be allowed the same privileges and opportunities those people had. He was confident that, if given a chance, he could prove himself a man.

The young man did have a point. Maturity is not always measurable by age, for many adults are childish and immature. But I think he was also partly wrong. Maturity does not come to the child. True, at eighteen he was no longer a child, but neither was he an emotionally mature adult. The fact that he needed to prove to himself and to others that he was a man indicated that he was less mature than he thought.

The question that he asked is a good question. What is maturity anyway? We hear a lot of talk nowadays of, "He's certainly mature for his age," or "I have confidence in John. He is a mature Christian." Or, "When will Joe ever grow up? He's 26 but he's so immature."

A writer once claimed, "The trouble with our churches is that we have too many babies between five and six feet tall." That was a rather pointed way of saying there are many immature people — people who mature physically but never grow up in their emotions or in their spiritual life. This can indeed result in trouble.

In simple words, to be immature is to behave like a child. Yet this definition I'm afraid is not fair to children! Children have many traits that adults should copy. Remember? "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." We must make a difference then between being childlike and being childish. One wears well with maturity. The other is immaturity.

What is maturity? Well, what do you think? Shall we try describing it — (describing it, you know, is a good deal easier than living it!) Here are a few points that come to

mind just now:

1. Maturity is thinking of others. Maturity is the opposite of selfishness. It is living the Golden Rule. A wise man has said, "Maturity begins to grow when you can sense your concern for others outweighing your concern for yourself."

Selfish people are immature. Immature people are often selfish.

The mature person feels the joys and sorrows of his companions. If his friend suffers, he too suffers. His heart feels compassion.

2. Maturity is humility. The really mature person knows himself and realizes his shortcomings. He knows that he has nothing to boast of — he is what he is only by the grace of God. He is big enough to accept advice, even from those who supposedly know less than he does. He does not resent coming under authority.

Strangely, some people think the way to show their manhood and womanhood is to prove their independence — that they can stand on their own feet and no one need help them. This unwillingness to accept advice from others is a sure mark of immaturity.

The braggart and the boaster are not mature, for the mature person is humble. He is able to say, "I was wrong." He is also willing to say, "I am sorry."

3. Maturity is stability. The mature person can be depended upon, he is steady day after day, and doesn't leave projects half-finished. He does not act on impulse, but takes time to sleep over a serious matter, and to pray about it.

School boys will get all excited about making a leaf house. But several days later the fun has worn off, and their interests suddenly turn to flying kites. The leaf house stands neglected, only half done. That is the process of growing up and it is all right for school boys. But it is a trait that should be cast off with childhood.

Immature grownups change their minds too frequently, and they always have a reason. The immature have an excuse for everything.

4. Maturity is not blaming others. One of the common indications of immaturity is to blame others for our troubles. The church, the ministers, the parents, the teachers — they are the ones to blame. They didn't treat me fairly or they didn't bring me up right. So it's not my

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fault.

Other immature persons try to pick-pick everyone else down to their own size. If someone has rebuked them, they at once see a fault in him (and who doesn't have faults?), and this makes them feel better.

A young sister was accused in a roundabout gossipy way of being carnal. The family did not know for sure who had started the talk, but they weren't afraid to make a guess. The mother comforted her daughter by saying, "Never mind. If it was her, I certainly wouldn't pay any attention. She's so stuck-up..."

The mature person knows that blowing out someone else's light doesn't make his own shine brighter.

5. Maturity is to not be gullible. The immature believe everything they hear, whether it is a naughty rumor, a sewing machine salesman talking, or someone preaching false doctrine. They bend to and fro with every wind that comes along — easily talked into something and just as easily talked out. They are the yes, yes men who agree with everyone and obviously do not think for themselves.

Mature people want time to ponder and pray about things. They ask the advice of brethren, they read the Bible, they think — and then they are in a position to decide. They do not have closed minds, but the entrances are guarded.

6. Maturity is being frank and open. Mature people try to be honest with themselves and with others. This is not always easy, but it is the simplest in the long run.

It is immaturity that tries to evade an issue, that refuses to answer a sincere question, that becomes angry when "cornered", that tries to hide the truth

The mature person is approachable on any subject. If he prefers not to discuss something because of personal reasons, or because he fears it may harm someone else, he says so and explains why. If he does not know the answer to a question, he is not too proud to say, "Really, I don't know."

Mature people who know each other well, speak frankly to each other about their failures. Likewise, if they see a brother at fault, they speak frankly to him, too, but with kindness and love.

A young man was rather angry with his friend and threatened, "I'll get even with you. I'll tell your parents about..."

He was interrupted by his friend, "I don't know what you have in mind, but if it was something wrong I want you to tell my parents, or at least tell me so I can make it right. If it isn't wrong, what do I have to fear?"

7. Maturity is to face life as it is. Some things in life can not be changed. It is a mark of maturity to accept the things that cannot be altered and to make the best of circumstances. A girl is not born a boy, and no amount of pouting will change her into one, no matter how badly she may want to be a boy.

But there are things in life that can be changed. A young man inherited a strong temper from his grandfather. One day when he was almost beside himself, his father called him aside and said gently, "Son, this is something you can overcome with the help of God. But you will have to work for it. Do you want to be like your grandfather?" The man is now himself a grandfather, and he is glad that with the grace of God he has been able to set a better example for his grandchildren than his own grandfather set for him.

8. Maturity gives no place to self-pity. The mature Christian knows that self-pity is the venom of Satan, to be

prayed about and striven against with all might.

When I was a boy I got a good bit of satisfaction from being hurt, because of the attention that was accorded my bandages. This, of course, wasn't self-pity, but it was a blood brother to it. During the summer time there was rarely a period that I didn't walk with a limp from having stepped on a nail, or that I didn't have at least one finger or two wrapped up.

But then at fifteen I got more than I bargained for. A serious accident put me in the hospital for a week and left scars that would go with me my lifetime. The summer following the accident was a period of crisis in my life, for when people forgot my injury and I no longer got the attention I craved, I began to pity myself.

I particularly remember one summer noon when I hid in the hayloft, brooding and rebellious. Mom called for dinner but I did not answer. Surely the family would soon come looking for me, and would worry about my disappearance. Let them worry, it would do them good.

At last Dad came walking toward the barn. I watched as he strode briskly up the barn hill. He didn't seem to look too worried yet. He opened the door, and though he could not see me, he called my name. I didn't answer but somehow he knew I was there. "Come on in now," he said, not unkindly, "Dinner is ready. You'll have to overcome that self-pity. It's poison."

I was amazed. How had Dad known I was pitying myself? Right there I think I grew up a little, though it was bitter to eat my self-pity.

Since then I have seen grown men break down and cry because they thought everyone was against them, and they were being misused. I felt sorry for them, for I went through the same thing that day in the hayloft. I felt sorry for them not because they were being misused, but because they were unable to recognize self-pity for the monster it really is.

9. Maturity is being patient. Children are impatient. Next week seems like next year to them. They want their pleasures now. But as they grow older, they learn that some things can't be had in a day.

Maturity is the capacity to wait. It is saving money for a farm or a home instead of spending it for fine clothes and knick-knacks and teen-age playthings — objects that bring only passing pleasure and in the long run are a questionable use of money.

Maturity is living a day at a time as it should be lived, yet realizing that God has long-range plans for his children, some of which require preparation and a waiting period.

10. The mature person seeks to know himself. He does not live in a dream world of fancy and perfection. He realizes he is not perfect. He realizes that in him still lives the root of Adam's nature, always ready to sprout into sin. He realizes this fleshly nature can be overcome and ruled only by the spirit of God.

Indeed, the mature person does not picture himself as a glittering saint, untouchable by sin — yet at the same time he must nourish a healthy self-respect of himself as trying to do what is right. This image of himself is preserved only if he consistently lives his convictions and does what he knows is right.

The mature person does not look down on the immature, whether they are fifteen or fifty. Because he knows his own struggles, he can sympathize with them. He realizes the immature need help to understand themselves and to truly grow up in every way — in their attitudes, their be-

havior, and in all the Christian graces.

We have now discussed ten areas of life in which mature people react differently than immature persons. What is maturity? It's a hard question with no easy answer. For in real life things aren't always simple. No person is completely mature, and the immature traits he may have in one area are often offset by a strong maturity in other

ways. All of us at times do things that appear immature to others (and later, often appear that way to us!)

No, none of us has any right to boast. As long as we are growing we haven't reached full maturity. And if we start priding ourselves as being mature, might there not be cause to wonder?

## STRONGER THAN SCOLDING

LENA BENDER WOULD NOT HAVE  
MINDED WORKING AT SHETLERS IF  
IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE CONSTANT  
TEASING OF THEIR TROUBLESOME  
DAUGHTER.

Author wishes to remain anonymous

**M**other, must I forever be a slave to Alvin Shetlers?" Lena Bender slipped down on the cot and faced her mother who was sitting on a small armless rocker mending socks.

"Slave, Lena? That is quite a strong term. They are good to you, aren't they?" The elderly woman studied her daughter's troubled face.

"They are good to me, but that troublesome Nettie, if only she would act her age!"

"I know she doesn't behave as a twelve-year-old should, but try and have patience with her. Alvins helped pay your last doctor bill and you are not strong enough to work just anywhere."

"Yes, I know, but —"

Lena jumped up and grabbed her bonnet as she heard a buggy on the gravel. "Goodby, Mother!" she called as she hurried out to the door.

Lena, who was twenty-five years old, wished she could stay at home. But then she would have no income. When she promised to do the light house work for the Shetlers she didn't realize the difficulties that she was getting into.

The Shetlers were kindhearted and Nettie, too, was soft-hearted and unselfish but it seemed her main object was to tease someone. Since Lena worked there the little girl turned most of her attention to provoke the hired girl, especially when the parents went away.

If Lena told her to dry the baby, she would put the diaper on awkwardly and would laugh when it slipped down to little Katy's feet so that she could hardly walk.

"I'm going to tell your mom on you!" threatened Lena.

But it wasn't necessary for Lena to tattle when eight-year-old Wayne was at home. He was often the object of Nettie's teasing, too, so he was eager to tell on her. Lena was glad for this.

"You set the table the right way," rebuked Lena, one day before dinner when the parents were not at home.

Nettie knew she could irritate Lena by doing things an odd way, so she was putting some of the knives and forks in the glasses and the plates upside down.

Lena was ruffled and angry. "I don't know why your mother can't train you to behave! Why are you so mean?"

"Because I want to be," answered Nettie, haughtily.

The day was filled with taunts and angry words, and ended as it often did, with Nettie getting a spanking when her parents returned.

This left Lena nervous and upset. Alone in her room in the evening she rebuked herself, "Why, oh, why do I have so little patience with that girl?"

One day Nettie's mother was in the living room sewing while Lena was getting dinner.

"Nettie, put water on the table," ordered Lena, while pouring the thickening into the gravy. "Your dad is in a hurry to eat."

Nettie grabbed the tin pitcher and ran down to the spring house and filled it with cold water. She filled the glasses up to the brim. When she bumped against the table the water spilt on the table and ran onto the floor.

"Nettie, now you quit that!" Lena purposely raised her voice so that Nettie's mother would hear from the living room.

"What is that child into again?" the mother called out, as she laid her sewing aside and rose to go into the kitchen.

The consequences were not pleasant. How Lena wished she had not raised her voice, for she felt pity for Nettie who was often punished. The incident took Lena's appetite. She excused herself and went to her bedroom. "Why did I cause her to be punished again?" she moaned, as she lay across the bed.

Lena felt sorry for the Shetlers. She knew they tried hard to teach their children obedience and were grieved by Nettie's conduct. "And I'm no help to any of them," she thought.

"You don't know what to expect from children," a well-meaning friend told Lena after being told of Nettie's behavior. "You were never married, and never had any of your own."

"But I've been around plenty of them at the places where I worked," Lena defended herself, "and I never met a more contrary child than Nettie. It isn't that Nettie doesn't get enough spankings," Lena continued, "sometimes I think she gets too much, and I try not to be the cause of her getting more."

"Maybe she doesn't receive enough love and understand-

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ing," added the friend.

Was this the answer? Lena wondered.

"Maybe you are right," she said to her friend, as she stared at the floor. Her mind was racing over the past four months which she had spent at the Shetler home. Nettie had been their only child for four years. After Wayne came he naturally received most of the attention. Maybe if I give Nettie more attention —

A new light and understanding seemed to dawn in Lena's soul after she had talked to her friend. Yes, Nettie needed more love and attention.

Within the next few weeks Lena tried her best to change Nettie's attitude by giving her more attention, or bringing little gifts for her. The extra efforts seemed to fail. Soon the child would be mean again, and Lena would rebuke her. Again it would end in the same way with the child mocking and laughing and Lena being vexed. There must be a solution, Lena thought, but what?

"If Nettie doesn't mind, you tell us," the Shetlers said whenever they went away. Lena didn't want to be always tattling. Too, it hurt her so much to see the child being punished for disobedience, although she knew it was best for Nettie's spiritual welfare.

The frequent spankings gave Nettie a great fear of her parents — or was it maybe just a fear of the rod? Between her prankish moments she would gladly share anything with Lena and the others. At these times Lena felt drawn to the child.

One day Mrs. Shetler decided to take Wayne to the dentist, and to do some shopping. Lena dreaded the thought of being alone all day with the children. "Nettie, you be good and help Lena with the work," were the mother's parting words.

"You will help me, won't you?" asked Lena, after the others were gone. "There is so much to do." The child smiled in answer but a mischievous twinkle seemed to sparkle in her eyes.

"You do the dishes while I'll go and wash the milk buckets and feed the chickens," said Lena.

When Lena returned to the house the dishes were untouched. "The water wasn't hot," Nettie excused herself. But the teakettle was blowing steam from its spout. Lena felt like blowing steam, too.

"You take the things from the table and I will help you."

Lena quickly got the dishpans out and was soon splashing the dishes through. She bent over the sink and vigorously rubbed a smoked pan while trying to suppress her stormy emotions. She felt like saying to the twelve-year-old who was wiping the dishes, "You can wash your own pots and pans. I'm leaving." But where else could she get work that she could do except in town. She didn't want to work there. She knew television and the other things wouldn't tempt her, but she would maybe be a stumbling block to younger girls who could not withstand temptation. Too, Alvin Shetlers were kind to give her the job, although she felt they really didn't need her help too much.

"Nettie," she snapped at the young girl, "you barely touched that pan with your towel. Now wipe your things dry!" She picked up the pan and examined it. "Look here, this is still wet."

Nettie took the pan and dried it again, but a mocking smile crossed her face.

"You were supposed to have these dishes washed till I came in from the chicken house."

"Who said I have to?" answered Nettie in a light-hearted manner.

"Your mother said this morning before she left for town

that you are supposed to listen to me."

Just then cries came from the bedroom. "I'll get the baby." Nettie threw her towel on the sink as she turned and ran for the bedroom. A corner of the towel landed in the rinse water.

Lena wiped her hands on her apron and quickly got the rolled oats out of the cabinet. She then heated a small pan of milk and mixed the baby's food.

"The baby's food is ready," she called to Nettie, as she set it on the table. "You may feed her while I finish the dishes."

Nettie put fourteen-month-old Katy on the high chair and placed the bib around her neck.

"Go and dress the baby first," said Lena as she noticed the child's wet night clothes.

"I want to feed her. She's hungry."

Lena didn't feel like arguing further. She took the baby from the chair and started for the living room. The baby was hungry and wailed when she was taken away from her food.

"Look, you make her cry," said Nettie, sympathetically.

Lena didn't answer. She was not in the best mood. All morning Nettie had tried to provoke her in every way. She didn't want to get cross at the girl, but it seemed that is what happened whenever the parents went away and she and the children were alone. The thought of her own failure distressed her more.

Lena changed Katy's clothes, then took her out to her high chair again. Nettie followed and started to feed the baby. Lena took the tea kettle and poured hot water into the almost-cold dish water. Then she hurriedly finished the dishes. She was engrossed in her thoughts, and battling against self-pity, when a wail brought her attention to the children again. Nettie was giggling.

"What are you doing?" asked Lena, fearing another crisis was arising.

Rollad oats was smeared over the baby's mouth, cheeks, and some on her nose. "Nettie! That is no way to feed the baby!" Lena's voice rose loud and shrill. Lena yanked the spoon out of the girl's hand. Nettie ran for the living room laughing.

"You're not getting away with this," called Lena after her.

Self-pity seemed to overwhelm Lena. Tears came to her eyes. She was at a loss what to do next. Quickly she dried her eyes on her apron and continued to feed the baby. All at once she felt very tired and much older than her twenty-five years.

Lena felt a responsibility for the children in her care. Nettie must learn to behave, to respect other people. No, she must not have her own way.

"Nettie!" called Lena in a friendly voice, "if you pick up the toys and things in the living room and put them away till I'm through with the baby I will do the sweeping. Let's have a race. If I beat you, then you do the sweeping."

"Uh-huh!"

The living room was in a mess, and looked as if a whirlwind had gone through it. Lena heard a shuffling sound in the room. She was purposely slow feeding the baby and then she washed her. Before she had the water poured from the basin Nettie came running out into the kitchen. "I'm finished!" she said jubilantly.

"That's a good girl," Lena said, pleased that she had finished her job so soon.

She put the baby on the floor, took the broom, and commenced to sweep. Everything looked well in order, but

when she swept under the cot, out came pencils, books, shoes, paper and toys. Under a cushion she found a dirty handkerchief, one of the baby's stockings, and a piece of coal.

Lena heard a snicker. She looked up in time to see one of the bedroom curtains move a little. Despair filled her heart.

Instead of scolding as Nettie had expected, Lena slumped down on the chair beside the small living room table and buried her face in her arms. "O, Lord," she silently prayed, "if this is my lot in life then give me grace to be patient." She broke into tears.

This was too much for Nettie. She could take scoldings, spankings, naggings, but the tears of Lena touched a soft spot in her heart.

Softly she tiptoed into the room and started digging out toys from under cushions, and from the other odd places she had put them. Quietly she placed them where they belonged.

When she was finished she came and stood near the table. "Lena," she said with an unusual tenderness, "what can I do now to help you?" ■■

Note—

The above incident proved to be a turning point in Nettie's life. She learned that her pranks caused a broken heart instead of anger. Today she is grown, and a fine young lady.

## *As I See It Now*

"And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness.." Luke 21:34

Surfeiting and drunkenness are mentioned together here. What does surfeiting mean? The dictionary says it is an "overloading of the stomach with food and drink; to damage the stomach by excess in eating; to fill to satiety and disgust."

I once read in a big city newspaper all about how the Mennonites and Amish have such big dinners and so much food on the table. The writer marveled at how much we people eat and about our fancy food. He pointed out that although we deprive ourselves of a lot of things, we are allowed one luxury — eating.

We feel really bad if we know our children drink, but how much better are we if we overeat and get fat? We would feel much better physically if we would eat less. I know from experience. I am not blameless myself, but a lot of our diseases such as gall bladder, stomach troubles, and some kinds of heart trouble come from over-eating. If we would eat as plain as we dress, we would look much better to God and the world.

- S. S., Maryland

### An "Old Timer" TALKS ABOUT HEALTH

I see where you folks at Family Life are wishing that people would send in helpful hints on healing. Now that is something. It's not so often these days that young fellows ask us old uns for advice. But I don't blame them. We might have some ideas which would save these young folks some doctor bills.

I am not much for sitting in a doctor's office all afternoon for an appointment, then meeting a disappointment behind those doors. Most generally it's a needle in the arm, a pack of nerve pills and then ten dollars please!

The doctors do right well in their place, but if we can find a cure from nature itself, it is much the best. The doctors use sulfa and penicillin these days for about everything from a sore toe to lung fever. Now I don't mean to put the doctors down in any way. But us plain people ought to live more the simple way and maybe then we wouldn't need a doctor so much.

You older readers can remember how folks used to make a plaster out of tobacco and raisins and lay it on the sick one's chest for lung fever. Then they would tie sliced onions on his feet. That there sickness was a serious thing in those days.

Today we know more about the food we eat. We know of vitamins and minerals. But it seems the people in some places like their puddings, pastries, and sweets too much.

I remember back in the depression, when the bottom dropped out of everything and it was hard to make ends

meet. We had a big payment to make on the farm that fall or we would lose it. It was a heavy load for us to carry, and soon there were several in our family who were not well. Then one day a friend came and said we should not eat so much starches and sweets. He gave us a list then of what is best to eat.

"If you just read the list and don't practice it, it won't do you any good," he said. How very much like the Bible!

We decided to give it a try. For breakfast we ate raw fruits, nuts, dried fruits but no bread.

For dinner we began the meal with a raw vegetable. Now I don't mean a few bits of raw vegetable in shivering jello like what they call a salad now-a-days. We used a mixture of vegetables and sometimes just plain lettuce with maybe some sliced apples mixed in. With a mixture of onion, celery, tomatoes or what have you, we added a handful of raisins and a half banana diced very small.

The dressing for this salad was made with the fresh olive oil like you get in the grocery store. You can buy it at the drug store, too, but usually that is strong. We used one or two tablespoons, some honey, lemon juice and salt to taste. At times we used sweet or sour cream, with sugar and salt to taste. Lemon can be added.

With this salad we had two vegetables for dinner. Sometimes it was potatoes, cooked in the skins. We also had meat and fruit but no bread.

For supper we had a cold vegetable salad, two cooked

Family Life



vegetables, one egg, or eggomelet or custard, one or two slices of whole wheat or rye bread.

In two weeks time the whole family was feeling better and the worries about the future had simmered away.

However it seems now-a-days some people get radical with their eating ideas. Different people have different thinking, but it's interesting to me to see how God made the herbs, vegetables, grain, meat and all the things we eat, to heal and to strengthen the body.

Now one fall our Clara had much trouble with backaches and other ailments. Because of circumstances, we could not handily go to a doctor regularly for treatments. One day she read a book on how to get rid of body poisons by fasting. She decided to try it.

She fasted for several days but drank plenty of water. Then she slowly began eating again. Maybe just half an orange, and in a few hours the other half. Then she began eating a few bites of cooked vegetables till she could eat a full meal again. She ate lots of cold vegetable salad, cooked vegetables, and fruit without sugar. Like this she ate for two weeks. For protein she would eat beans so as to be able to continue with her work.

After these two weeks were past, her back was much better, and she felt better all over. Of course, the fasting made her sick at first, and she felt like throwing up. But she kept on and soon she felt better.

Now if she had gone to a health clinic a thousand miles away and spent hundreds of dollars, and got this good results, we'd said it was worth the money. Here we spent only a few dollars for fruits and vegetables and she could do her doctoring right at home.

Of course it's important if we want good health to get enough rest and exercise and sunshine. Now if you want to take a half hour's rest after dinner, do it. It's good for anybody, and don't worry if you hear the neighbors' ears of corn hitting the sides of the wagon box. Just re-

## Eight Rules For Good Health

1. A Balanced and Wholesome Diet
2. Sunshine and Fresh Air
3. A PROPER Mental Attitude
4. Daily Exercise
5. Avoidance of Bodily Harm
6. Sufficient Sleep and Rest
7. Cleanliness and Proper Dress
8. A Clear Conscience

lax, there will be plenty of time yet to husk your corn. There's a big difference between laziness and a short noon nap.

The Bible says a merry heart doeth good like medicine. To have a happy heart, it must not be weighted down with a guilty conscience. And we must get rid of hate, jealousy, bitterness, self-pity, discontentment, doubts, fears, and many other little things that want to spoil our days.

If we really believe that all things are for the best if we love God, then we won't be so upset if someone throws a little dirt at us or if things don't want to go our way. Holding onto this Bible verse will help us iron out much of the tenseness of our bodies. This will give us better rest and makes the circulation run faster, leaving the body in better condition.

It is good to follow the simple rules of health.  
- THE OLD TIMER

## OUR ENGLISH CHERRY TREE — Urla M. Bayley

The trunk is wrinkled and gnarled,  
The branches are broken and bent.  
The fruit is scarce worth the picking--  
Its life is almost spent.

For eleven months of the year  
We talk of chopping it down,  
The leaves hang so listless and wan  
It seems to wear a frown.

But, oh, in May it really lives!  
And the glory of its blooms  
Beckons bees, and soft sweet scent  
The air around perfumes.

It's such a lovely sight to see  
The blossoms, white as snow  
Against the black-barked branches--  
So drab a month ago.

Each time this beauty comes about,  
Past ugliness we pardon,  
And vow the dear old tree will stay  
Ever in our garden.

## EVERYBODY

## TALKS ABOUT THE

## WEATHER

by Eli S. Bontrager

As I look back over years gone by, I can remember rather unusual weather. Not that I want to complain, for it was as God wanted it to be. When I was four years old we lived in Colorado. During the winter of 1910 we had a snowblizzard which lasted nearly two days. We happened to be low in fuel, and had to burn old chairs or whatever we could get to keep warm until the storm was over. Dad had planned on going after a load of coal on the day the storm started, but it was impossible to make it. I think we had snowdrifts as high as the barn but of course the barn was not as high as the barns are today.

I learned a lesson from that storm, "Don't let your fuel pile get too low, for a storm may be coming."

In the same year we also had a tornado, which tore Levi J. Miller's house away and killed their baby. I remember how they came to our house after the storm with the dead baby. The funeral was also held at our house.

The coldest weather I ever experienced was in 1922 when we were living at Glen Flora, Wisconsin. One morning it

was 38 below zero and the next morning it was 48 below. Was it cold? Yes, it was cold.

The most sudden change of weather I ever saw was in Oklahoma, February 4th, 1933 was a warm day and quiet and the temperature was at 60 degrees. But at 4 PM a sand and dust storm moved in from the northwest with a cold wind. The next morning it was 15 below zero and a strong wind continued all day.

In the same year we planted our garden in March. Everything was up and growing nicely, then on April 7th and 8th we had a blizzard which left snowdrifts as high as the fence. But then it turned warm and five days later the snow was all gone and the garden was in good shape for working.

The warmest day I ever saw or wish to see was on August 16, 1936. On that day we were helping Joe J. Miller fill silo, and it was 116 in the shade. And it was warm.

Various tornadoes hit the state of Oklahoma during these years, but the one which hit our community the hardest was in May, 1949. The next morning I crawled on the windmill tower to look around and saw that the barns were flat on the Benedict Yoder, Lee Yoder and Clarence Yoder farms. Also the big new silo on the Clarence Yoder farm.

The tornado here in Oelwein last spring was severe. But the one that took in the most area and was the most severe was on April 11th, 1965 (Palm Sunday) in Northern Indiana. ■■

## Drei Garten

Es ist ein Garten draus im Hof,  
Wo viel G'müse ist zu finden;  
Gehl-rübe und Kraut, zu G'sundheit 'baut,  
Auch Tee von dem Baume Linden;  
So viele Blümlein blühen schon  
Dort draus im unsern Garten;  
Das Unkraut wohl, wird im Garten voll,  
Muszt's vernichten mit viel Sorgen.

Es ist auch ein Garten in deinem Herz;  
Sel fleitszig und halt es rein,  
Das Unkraut der Sünd, ist wie der Wind,  
Kommt in dem Herz hinein  
Wenn du's nicht tuest behüten,  
Mit beten zu Gott im g'heim.  
Glaub nur fest an Jesu Christ  
Dein Herz-garten nun wird rein.

Es ist noch ein andern, schöner Garten  
Wo so lieblich ist und rein;  
Keine Sünden d'rin ist zu finden  
In dem himmlischen Garten fein.  
Das ist den himmlischen Jerusalem  
Welchen Gott hat für uns bereitet.  
Wo Seelen rein, spazieren fein  
Mit Jesu in Ewigkeit.

O, fleitszig, fleitszig halt dich rein  
Von Sünden gross und klein,  
Das du kannst sehen, und auch bald gehen  
In den Garten Eden ein.  
Keine Augen haben je gesehen  
Noch begriffen die grosse Freud'  
Die in den Garten - den himmlisch' Orten,  
Mit Engeln durch die Ewigkeit.

- B. Schmidt

## Aus Einer guten Tat wachsen viele.

Wir nehmen folgende Geschichte aus dem Büchlein:  
„Fünfzig Erzählungen für die Jugend.“

Einen Tag schickte eine Mutter ihr kleines Mädchen, mit Namen Delia, auf den Hof etwas zu holen. Es war gerade ein Holzhacker dort an der Arbeit, und ein Haufen Holz lag dicht vor der Tür. Delia kletterte sorgfältig hinüber. Da sie aber zurück kam, nahm der Holzhacker sie lächelnd auf die Arme und setzte sie sacht auf die Schwelle der Haustür.

Nun sagte er: „So, mein liebes Kind! Ich dachte, du könntest fallen, und das wollte ich nicht gerne sehen.“

Delia dankte ihm freundlich, lief dann die Treppe hinaus zu ihrer Mutter und erzählte ihr, wie gut der Holzhacker gegen sie gewesen sei. Sie fragte: „Darf ich ihm nicht etwas schenken?“

„Was möchtest du ihm denn wol schenken?“ fragte die Mutter.

„Ei, den großen roten Apfel, den du mir heut' Morgen gabest. Wäre das nicht schön?“

„O ja,“ sagte die Mutter.

Delia lief also wieder zum Holzhacker und brachte ihm den Apfel. „Danke, danke,“ sagte er; „Du bist ja ein gutes Kind. Was soll ich denn mit dem Apfel machen? Darf ich ihn meinem armen kleinen Johnny bringen?“

„Wer ist der Johnny?“ fragte Delia.

„Das ist mein kleiner Junge, der sich am Feuer verbrannt hat und ein Krüppel geworden ist. Als er noch ganz klein war, schlug der Stuhl um, worauf er saß, und er fiel gegen den heißen Ofen. Seine Kleider fingen Feuer, und er verbrannte sich ganz jämmerlich. Aber er ist ein gut Kind, und ist so lieb; darf ich ihm wohl den Apfel geben?“

„Ja gewiß,“ sagte Delia, und lief geschwind in's Haus, um ihre Mutter zu fragen, ob sie des Holzhackers Johnny ein hölzernes Pferdchen schenken dürfe. Ihre Mutter war's zufrieden; so brachte sie es also dem Holzhacker und sagte: „Hier, gib das auch deinem Johnny; es tut mir leid, daß er sich so verbrannt hat.“

Als der Holzhacker Abends heimkam, saß der kleine Johnny schon am Fenster und harrete auf seinen Vater. Als er das Pferd und den Apfel erhielt, küßte er vor Freude erst seinen Vater, dem er herzlich dankte, dann das kleine Pferdchen, das ihm sehr gefiel, und zuletzt auch den Apfel. Als er hörte, von wem der Apfel komme, sagte er: „Das ist ja eine gute Delia; ich wünsche nur, ich könnte zu ihr gehen.“

Sein Vater fragte ihn dann, was er mit den Geschenken machen wolle, die sie ihm verehrt habe. Johnny bedachte sich einen Augenblick, dann sagte er: „Ich weiß, was ich mit dem Apfel mache. Da ist der große Junge, der manchmal zu meinem Fenster hereinkuckt, und Gesichter schneidet. Weißt du noch, Vater! er huzelt die eine Seite seines Gesichtes zusammen und zog seinen Kopf zur Schulter nieder, um mich damit zu verspotten, weil ich so verbrannt bin und den Kopf muß niederhangen lassen.“

„Ach, du meinst der Jim Norton,“ sagte der Vater, „der böse Bub, den ich erst vorige Woche vom Fenster wegjagte? Du magst ihn wohl nicht sonderlich gut leiden, nicht wahr?“

„Nein, nicht sonderlich; aber ich möchte gern, daß er mich gut leiden könnte. Ich will ihm zeigen, daß ich ihm nicht



böse bin, ob schon er mir allerlei zu Leide tun sucht und veripottet wegen Sachen, die ich doch nicht ändern kann. Ich bin manchmal traurig genug darum; aber der liebe Gott hat's ja so kommen lassen, und Er weiß, was das Beste für mich ist."

Am folgenden Tag sah Johnny am Fenster, und gab genau acht, ob Jim vorbeigehen würde. Als er ihn erblickte, winkte er ihm, herbeizukommen. Dann sagte er: „Jim, nimm der schöne Apfel, ich bin nicht böse gegen dir, willst du mir nicht auch gut sein?"

Jim sein Angesicht wurde rot vor Scham; denn Johnny hatte durch diese Worte feurige Kohlen auf sein Haupt gesammelt, wie es in der Bibel heißt. Jim wollte der Apfel nicht annehmen: so schämte er sich. Allein Johnny redete ihm so freundlich zu, daß er ihn endlich nahm.

Als der Jim Morton fortging, dachte er bei sich selbst: „Welch ein guter Junge ist doch der Johnny, während ich mich so schlecht gegen ihn betragen habe! Mir ist's leid, daß ich den Apfel genommen habe; Johnny kriegt doch nicht halb so viel Äpfel wie ich. Ich wollte, er hätte ihn wieder."

Wirklich, es war diesem Manne unmöglich der Apfel zu verzehren selbst. Als er nach Hause kam, verteilte er ihn unter seine Geschwister, die so etwas sonst nicht von ihm gewohnt waren. Er schnitt hinfort keine Gesichter mehr gegen Johnny, sondern lächelte ihn freundlich an wenn er an seinem Fenster vorbeiging, worüber Johnny sich herzlich freute. Hiermit war Jim indeß noch nicht zufrieden. Er dachte: „Hätte ich doch nur etwas, was ich dem Johnny schenken könnte!"

Nachdem er sich öfters besonnen hatte, wie er etwas bekommen könnte, fiel ihm ein, daß er ein paar Cents Geld verdienen könne durch Späncensammeln. Er machte sich also daran, verkaufte zwei Körbe mit Spänen, und von dem Gelde, daß er davon erhielt, kaufte er Wallnüsse und Pflaumen für Johnny. Als er sie dem Johnny brachte, war er so froh, wie er in seinem Leben noch nicht gewesen war, und wurde von dieser Zeit an gegen jedermann freundlich und gut. Er legte besonders große Dankbarkeit gegen Johnny. Als der Frühling kam brachte Jim grüne Zweige und Blumen, die er mit den Wurzeln ausgegraben und in ein Topf gepflanzt hatte, so daß sich Johnny recht lange daran erfreuen konnte.

Aus einem alten Herold,

## Kinderspiel und Regen

— Von Joseph Miller, Jr.

Es regnete, und der Vater war am helfi Arpsi ausmahli. Der Vater sagte, „Heute muß ich geh mahli."

Dann guckte er zum Fenster raus und sprach, „Jetzt stoppt es regni. Ezra und Ray, könntet ihr die Geil holi? Ich will sie habi für geh mahli."

„Ja, wir holi sie," antworteten die Knaben.

„Kann ich mit geh?" fragte die fünf-jährige Jane.

„Wann die Bubi so jagi."

Der Ezra und der Ray sagten sie geben nichts d'rum wenn die Jane mit gehet. Sie bereiteten sich zu gehen. Als sie aus der Hof gingen rufte der Vater ihnen nach.

„Dummelt euch und spielet nicht im Felde. Es gukt wie es noch mehr regni könnt."

Da springen die Kinder am dreckich Lane herunter die Geil zu holen. Wo sie in das Feld kamen, da war die Boffie mit ein kleines Homly. Die Kinder stoppten und gukten

das Homly.

„Das ist my Homly," sagte Ezra. „Ich hab es erst gesehen."

„Nah, es ist mein," sagte beides der Ray und die Jane. Dann spieleten sie noch ein weile.

Auf einmal donnerte es laut und die Kinder sagten, „Ei, wir müssen die Geil holen geschwind, eh es regnet."

Sie fangen an zu springen, aber die Geil waren am hintersten End vom Felde. Bald fing es an zu regnen, und die Kinder laßten die Geil gehen und stunden unter ein Baum. Aber es hat ein halb-zahl geregnet und sie sind nah geworden durch und durch.

Da es etwas aufhörte, gingen sie heim und ließen die Geil in das Feld. Dann fing es wieder an zu regnen und die Kinder stopfen in den Säu-stall zu spielen.

Bald rufte die Mutter, „Kinder, wo sind ihr?"

„Wir sind jeh in der Säu-stall bis es aufhöret regnen," antworteten sie.

„Kommet gerade im haus," rufte die Mutter, „und tut trockene Kleider an. Ihr könntet net nasser werden als ihr jekt sind."

Die Kinder haben selli Regen-tag nicht vergessen bis auf den heutigen Tag.

—Kalona, Iowa

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## AN FÜNFZIG JAHR

An fünfzig Jahr ist noch Gefahr  
Von Gottes Weg abtreten gar,  
So nimm dann an die Hand die Zeit,  
Dich zu dem Himmel mach bereit.

Viel Menschen schon die Zeit versäunt,  
Der Weg der Wahrheit auch verleumd't.  
Sie sehen nicht der grosz Gefahr  
Und gehen ein zu Höllen Tor.

Mein Leben ist auch nicht das Best',  
Darum hoff ich auf Gnade fest;  
Es wird mich bringen an die Ruh;  
Viel and're Menschen auch dazu.

Der grosze Kampf das bei mir ist,  
Mein eigen Fleisch und Lebens Lust' -  
Wenn ich kann das zu tode tun  
Und in des Herren Himmel ruhen,

Dann tuts mich freuen ewiglich  
Dasz ich von Dein Wort nicht entwich.  
Vielmehr dasz Gottes Lob und Dank  
Aussprechen, ob ich schon bin krank.

So hoffen wir nach sein'm Befehl,  
Wir haben g'sammelt Licht und Oel,  
Zu brennen wenn der groszen Tag  
Des Herren sich aufmachen mag.

Ich hoff nach Ruh und ewig Freud  
Und kein mehr Kampf nach dieser Zeit,  
Der geistlich Streit und grosz Gefahr  
Steht nach bei mir am fünfzig Jahr.

—S.M., Baltic, Ohio



Signs of spring have come into my room. On my desk are large hearty sprays of pussy willows. By my window is a blooming potted geranium that another friend brought me the other day.

My room is still further brightened by Joseph's Coats with their brilliant hues, and a philodendron adventurously climbing out of its territory.

I'm anxious to have my window box, which a neighbor made for me last summer, fixed again this spring.

Today we can buy artificial flowers that look very much like the real thing. There's not much work in taking care of them either. But this seems to be the one, and only, advantage in having such flowers.

An artificial flower does not touch the heart. A wilted flower and a dead twig glorify God more than these do. Or dare we say that even the shadow of leaves against a curtain can bring more feeling to a shut-in than artificial flowers?

Is it maybe because they are, like the idols of the heathen, lifeless — formed by the hand of men?

Today is the first day our children have gone barefoot for this summer.

Many days before this they'd come in and ask, "Mother, when can we go barefooted?"

"I even saw a bumble bee," says the one.

"Also butterflies," adds the next one.

Today I told them to keep watching the clock. When it's 11 o'clock they make take their shoes off, for surely the grass will be dry by then.

What a great joy was on their faces as they took their first steps in their bare feet! As they kept jumping and playing in our big wide yard, a sadness touched my heart. I began to think of some of the dear little children who are crippled, retarded, bedfast or invalids. Can we not help them to be happy, too, in some way? Could we send them a little package of toys that would be suitable for them? Surely we have a little neighbor's child, a little cousin, or perhaps a child in our home church that would be so happy to receive a new toy. Maybe we think it would take too much time and money to buy a top and wrap it up for money to buy a toy and wrap it up for mailing. But think

of the sick children's parents who have to spend so much time and money and many sleepless nights.

Let us always be sharing.

- W., Pa.

## *A Prayer for Older Folks*

A reader who appreciated the article, "When the Young Grow Old" (August issue) came across the following prayer in a daily newspaper at about the same time. She would like to share it with F. L. readers.

"Lord, thou knowest that I am growing older. Keep me from becoming too talkative, and particularly keep me from falling into the tiresome habit of expressing an opinion on every subject.

"Release me from the craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Keep my mind free from telling every little detail. Give me wings to get to the point.

"Give me grace, dear Lord, to listen to others describe their aches and pains. Help me to endure boredom with patience and to keep my lips sealed. For my own aches and pains are increasing in number and intensity and the pleasure of discussing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

"Teach me the glorious lesson that, occasionally, I might be mistaken.

"Keep me reasonably sweet. Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful but not pushy; independent, yet able to accept with graciousness favors that others wish to bestow on me.

"Free me from the notion that simply because I have lived a long time I am wiser than those who have not lived so long. If I do not approve of some of the changes that have taken place in recent years, give me the wisdom to keep my mouth shut. You know, Lord, that in the sunset years of my life I would like to have a friend or two left."

Plans are being made to have the seventh annual Adult Handicap Gathering in the Berlin School auditorium, Saturday June 14th.

This is a gathering where most people do not come just before dinner and leave soon afterwards. Many of the handicaps prefer to go early in the morning and stay till after supper, to try and meet all the others.

My hopes are to be in Holmes Co. for this occasion. If any of you handicapped readers are planning to be there please drop a card in advance. We like to have an estimate of the amount of people coming because of the food that needs to be prepared.

Write to: Sarah M. Weaver  
c/o David D. Miller  
Box 90, R. 4  
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

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Ye children of Zion be exceedingly glad for unto you belongs the Kingdom of Heaven

Here ends the cross of suffering and changes to glory and joy

1. Dishonest  
2. Unrepentant  
3. Unkind to poor people  
4. False oath  
5. Sin of Sodom  
6. Murder  
7. Striving against the truth  
8. Lying and cheating

Offence  
Missing Sabbath  
Uncaste  
Immoderate  
Backbiters  
Anger  
Boasters  
Blasphemers  
Truce breakers  
Lovers of money  
Pride  
Disobedient  
Wild  
Lovers of pleasures  
more than lovers of God  
2 Tim. 3

Repent and ye shall live and not die

Hypocrite  
Lukewarm  
Slothful  
Self honor  
Lordship  
Selfish  
Selfpleasers  
Unstable  
Unnecessary words  
Self love

1. Blessed are they that die in the Lord and enter the city of life.  
2. Blessed are they whose names are in the book of life.  
3. Faithful to the end.

Woe unto the faithless.  
Follow after peace  
Hate evil and repent  
Cling to the good  
Seek after heavenly things  
Carry the others load  
Way to repentance  
1. Love of those who misuse us  
2. Pray for enemies. Matt. 5  
3. Visit the sick. Matt. 25.  
4. Hospitality  
5. Clothe the naked.  
6. Feed the hungry.  
7. Give water to the thirsty.

Blessed are those that are faithful to the end.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD  
Seeking to walk uprightly before God but in imperfection.  
Holding fast to trust in God  
Esteeming trust above all things  
Thankfulness for the grace of God

Receiving the Lord's supper often  
Earnest partakers of Christ's sufferings  
Clear conscience.  
Joy to God's work

Ob edient  
Faith  
Patience  
hope  
Trust to God  
Given up to God's will.  
Clinging to God.  
Self denial.  
Take the cross upon you and follow Christ

Ye cannot serve two masters. Matt. 6,24

the kingdom of the devil is earthly carnal and devilish in the evil spirit.

the kingdom of God is righteousness peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Enter in at the narrow gate Matt. 7,14

Wide is the gate and broad is the way which leads to destruction & many go in thereat.

Pro 21, 18  
Pro 4, 19

Enjoy yourself, youth, do what your heart desires, but know that God will judge you.  
Eccl. 11,9

Why can't we indulge in pleasures in youth if we repent when old.

Games & sports are allowed.

We hope to be saved too

We will stay with the big crowd.

I have a clear conscience.

I have too much work.

I have bought an acre.

I have bought a wife.

Mother where are we going

We want to go to Zion my child.

We go to Church regular





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

this took place in the Ronks, Pa. vicinity — the garden spot of America.

Some thoughts of a mother of five small boys:

While kneading bread dough and feeling the response of the dough to my hands, I think, I hope our boys will respond to our hands like the bread dough does. But help us, Lord. Knead the lives of my husband and mine in your hands, that we may know in which way, and how, to knead their young souls.

While walking toward our smiling six-month-old, "Thank you, Lord, for our baby's precious smile which he hardly ever fails to return if a smile is sent his way."

I have often thought, especially when our boys are at the toddler stage when they don't want anyone except their Mother and Dad, that if they would see heaven, they would even rather stay there than come to us. What a wonderful place heaven must be!

If the Lord called me to do it, would I be as willing and obedient to sacrifice them as Abraham was?

Will there be a time when these days will be cherished memories? Dirty hands and faces to wash, muddy shoes and muddy pants coming in after just being put on clean, chairs on the floor making calf pens, stretched suspenders from playing horse, tramping on toys if you don't watch your step, washlines of shirts, pants, and diapers.

Help us, dear Father, to train them that they will become faithful, just, men.

by the mother of David, Raymond, Stevie, Mark, and Ben

## Send Them Onward With A Smile

Do not worry little mother,  
About tracks upon your floor.  
Years go by you'll soon be wishing  
You could see those tracks once more.  
There won't be much satisfaction,  
Looking back along the way,  
If we kept our house all shining,  
And we scolded every day.

Yes, I know that little garments,  
Sadly torn and out of place,  
Make it hard for tired mothers,  
Hard to wear a smiling face.  
But they'll leave the home nest shortly,  
Some may fly to far-off lands,  
Then your house will be in order,  
But you'll sit with folded hands.

So let's all enjoy each minute  
Of those lovely childhood days.  
Just forget the dust that gathers,  
Just enjoy their childish play.  
Yesterday they were but babies,  
Now they're with us for a while  
But tomorrow they'll be going;  
Send them onward with a smile.

- Selected by E. S. H., Ohio

Lately when I opened an old Budget (1899) I read the following item:

"Jacob Zooks greatly enjoyed a feast of sparrows, sometime ago. A number of the birds roosted on a tree in front of their house; during a storm one evening they were driven on the porch by the wind and rain, where forty-two of them were caught by the family. The next morning they killed and cleaned them all and cooked them for dinner."

This was stated as if it was nothing unusual at that time to eat sparrows. It was more unusual to be able to catch so many at one time.

Are we talking about the "good old days"? Anyway, I believe they were as thankful (or even more so) for their simple fare as we are for a steak dinner. By the way,

## SPRING CLEANING

When you ponder spring cleaning  
And your fingers itch to start,  
Don't forget that you should also  
Clean the cupboards of your heart.  
For the world is full of promise,  
Silver linings hopes renew,  
Happier thoughts dispel the doubting —  
Make your fondest dreams come true.  
Humbly lift your eyes to heaven,  
Discard husks — retain the good,  
Fraying ends may be rewoven —  
Make life's web be how it should.  
Then your face will glow with beauty  
For from inside it must start.  
There'll be joy and sweet contentment  
With clean cupboards in your heart.

Sent in by,

Mrs. Chris L. Miller  
White Pigeon, Mich.

If you have any special material or articles for the June or July Windowsill be sure to send them early.



This is the season for asparagus. The soft stalks of asparagus are very delicious cut up, cooked and then creamed. Pour this over broken up pieces of toasted bread. Then serve.



If you have bother with losing those good old hickory paring knives, paint the handles red or white. The knives can then be more easily detected in a dish of peelings.



#### A BIBLE PICNIC

What can you take for lunch, using only food of the Bible? Sandwiches of course. For these you will need ..... (Ecc1.11:1) and ..... (Psa.55:21) and ..... (Gen.18:8). Fill them with ..... (Matt.23:37) ..... (I Sam.17:18) ..... Psa. 105:23 or ..... (Lev.23:12) or perhaps you would like some small ..... (Job.12:8) and baked ..... and ..... (II Sam. 17:28)

A hard cooked ..... (Job.6:6) always tastes good with ..... (Matt.5:13) and what is a picnic without stuffed ..... (Micah 6:15)? You can make pickles. You have ..... (Num.11:5) ..... (Prov.10:26) ..... (Mark 16:1) ..... (Job 6:6).

There is plenty of fruit ..... (Prov.25:11) ..... (Gen. 40:10) ..... (Nahum 3:12) ..... (Num.13:23) ..... (II Sam.13:6). When you get thirsty there is ..... (Heb.5:13) and cold ..... (Matt.10:42) with plenty of ..... (Psa. 147:17).

If you like sweets, put in some ..... (Psa.19:10). Let's take some ..... and ..... (Gen.43:11). And ..... (Ezek.31:8), too. What a large ..... (Gen.40:17)! You will need to pack all of this. Don't forget to take ..... and ..... (Ex.37:16) and the ..... (Joshua 5:2) and ..... (I Sam.13:21). Put in plenty of paper ..... (Luke 19:20).

Fare ..... (Acts15:29). Have a good time. Enjoy yourself ..... (Ecc1.13:4) ..... (Heb.12:1) and ..... (Zech.8:5). Do not stay too long.

Remember to look for the different ..... (Psa.1:3) ..... (Song of Sol. 2:11) and ..... (Matt.21:42), also the ..... (Matt.17:5).

Do not forget to eat your ..... (I Tim.6:8). May there be lots of ..... (Eph.4:26) and no ..... (Gen.2:5).

"The Lord ..... " (Numbers 6:24)



#### A SEED TO PLANT

Let your children have a garden,  
Though you ill can spare the space.  
For it's you who'll reap the harvest  
When you see each eager face,

Let your children have a garden,  
Let them plant and work the sod.  
It will show them much of nature,  
And perhaps, a glimpse of God.

—Vivan Harper Pemberton



#### HOW TO WASH STRAWBERRIES

Strawberries are one of the most delicate fruits. They are easily bruised and softened by rough handling. This is how they can be washed free of sand and dirt without injury. Floating and lifting is the answer. Fill a very large bowl with very cold water or ice water. (The cold helps to keep the berries firm.) Sort the berries and pour the sound fruit into the water without removing the  
May 1969

hulls. As the berries float, pat them gently so that they turn over and over while the sand and dirt washes off and sinks to the bottom of the basin. Then lift out the berries carefully into a colander or sieve.



#### BUTTERSCOTCH PIES

2 cups brown sugar  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. vanilla  
pinch of salt  
1/2 cup hot water  
Butter, size of an egg

Boil this until brown. Add 3 cups water (save a little to mix in flour.)

4 tblsp. flour  
1 cup sugar  
yolks of 2 eggs (save whites)

Makes 2 pies.



#### STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE

1 cup sugar  
3 tblsp. flour  
1 cup sweet cream  
1 egg (beaten)

Mix well — pour over 1 to 2 cups fresh strawberries (whole or sliced) that have been put into the bottom of an unbaked crust. Bake like custard.

This recipe is one in which any fresh fruit of the season may be used. Even rhubarb. Canned fruit may also be used if drained off. Not as much sugar is needed then.

— Mrs. W.K., Ohio.



Several comments have come in concerning the chocolate pudding criticism. I was not offended by the writing and I do not think the one who gave the recipe was.

I'm always glad when the readers give their opinion of what is being printed — good or bad. I'm sure everyone else is interested, too, in what others think.



#### Some Mothers Write

It made me feel bad to think anyone would criticize the one that sent in that chocolate pudding recipe and write they wouldn't feed it to their cows and horses. I just felt a Christian wouldn't intentionally make some one feel bad. No doubt the one that sent it in meant well. And we don't have to try the recipes if they don't suit us. We all know it is very hard to please everybody. I think we've had some very good recipes and hope to have more.

— M.H., Ohio

After a mother has sent in a cherished recipe to Family Life, why should anyone be so rude as to say she would not feed it to her animals? Surely this is disgusting. The Chocolate Fudge Pudding is d-e-l-i-c-i-o-u-s. And I never before heard that chocolate is hard on kidneys. If I see a recipe and feel I am not interested, I just ignore it instead of being so insulting. Furthermore, sunflower seeds are for the birds.

— Mrs. H., Ind.

I partly disagree with "A Sweet Gooley Mess." It was just a little far-stretched as I'm sure any woman is looking for something new to make instead of just her same

old recipes. I wouldn't want to do without the recipe column. But I do agree with her that a "Health Hints" column would be very much appreciated. We, of the younger generation, don't have those old Family Doctor books, and when sickness comes among the children or us, we are at a loss what to do immediately.

I'm sure, as you said, the home remedies are plentiful among our people but there are still plenty who would be eager to learn about them.

Mrs. H., Jamesport, Missouri

When my little girl and boy (age 5 and 4) and I planted some gladiolus bulbs I said, "You must watch them grow now." After we had them planted the girl and I started for the house. I looked back to see if the boy was coming. He was sitting beside the row of gladiolus, waiting to watch them grow. I was amused but I told him they should watch every day. One morning with joy he told me that the flowers were growing. Now the next joy for him will be when the blossoms appear.

Mrs. E.M., S. Car.

I have found newspapers valuable in more than one way. They can be used for drawer and shelf paper; to dry windows when washing windows or mirrors; and to cover the ice in the ice box. (Put thick layers of newspapers over the ice and it will keep the warm air from getting to it, and the ice will keep longer.) You can usually get a large bundle of newspapers at the newspaper office for 10¢.

E.W., Ind.

Some Children Write:

I think I have the most wonderful mother in the world. What made me think of this was one evening a woman was showing us the things her daughter had crocheted and knitted. The things were very beautiful and I looked somewhat enviously at them. Then my mother said, "I wouldn't be smart enough to teach my girls anything like that."

This started me to thinking. Of course I didn't say it right then but later I told her how I felt. "But Mom, I do appreciate the things you have taught me, the examples you have set for me. I know I would not want to trade you for anyone else's mother."

I believe what I said meant more than if I would have made something beautiful for her.

- A 15-year-old, Ephrata, Pa.

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



Life is full of  
changing seasons,  
changing people -  
with changing reasons;  
(It's well at times  
to change my mind  
Or, ach, how  
stubborn ye'd  
me find.  
- Aunt Becky

## Civilized Idol Worship

by Samuel Hertzler

There is a saying that truth is stranger than fiction. It takes only a tornado to prove this point. Fiction writers can exaggerate and stretch the imagination, but not to the extent that actually has happened during a tornado.

There is another saying that there are exceptions to every rule. (It has been said that there is no exception to death, but that is the exception to the rule.)

But there is one exception where fiction is stranger than truth. That is in the theory of evolution.

In a tornado, there is power to do what ordinarily would be unbelievable. According to the teaching of evolution, there is no higher power that directs or controls the universe. All of creation is a product of chance.

Nearly anyone would agree that the creation, and things created, are designed. Birds are designed to fly, fish to swim. The organs of the body are designed for certain purposes.

Man-made instruments and machinery are also designed to serve a certain purpose. But behind everything designed, there must be a designer. It matters not whether it is a space craft or a pin. The same is true of the earth on which we live, or of a mouse. The one has a designer as surely as the other.

The theory of evolution is sometimes called the devil's bible. It is his account of the creation, and bypasses the Creator.

The Bible is restricted or banned in the public schools

## Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,  
When care is pressing you down a bit -  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,  
As every one of us sometimes learns.  
Many a fellow turns about  
When he might have won had he stuck it out.  
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow -  
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
It seems to a faint and faltering man;  
Often the struggler has given up  
When he might have captured the victor's cup;  
And he learned too late when the night came down,  
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out,  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt;  
And you never can tell how close you are,  
It may be nearer when it seems afar.  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit -  
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

- Selected by Mrs. A.S.Y., Topeka, Ind.



of many of the countries of the so-called civilized world. But in these same schools, the devil's bible is taught as a fact, and is part of the regular school curriculum.

Students are taught that there is no such thing as being responsible to a higher power. There is no judgement day, and all we need to do is obey the law of the land. Anything we can get away with is all right. What are the results of such a program? Lawlessness and crime are increasing over the world. Demonstrations and riots are normal

headlines.

I do not believe it was more sinful for the children of Israel to worship the heathen idol called Baal than for the people of our day to worship the heathen idol of evolution.

- Ontario

Editor's note: If we are alarmed, (and we should be) about the teachings of evolution, we can send our children to parochial schools. This is easier than changing the world.

## CHILDREN'S SECTION

"Now, where did I put it last summer?" Joe Stutzman asked himself. He was standing on top of the bags of grain in the shed. One arm was stretched high above him and his hand was sliding over the beam. It swept back and forth, and with each motion a small cloud of dust particles flew over the edge.

"Ah, there it is," he exclaimed, his fingers closing on a slender piece of metal. He pulled it toward him and ducked his head to avoid the dust that came with it.

Jumping down from the makeshift ladder of bags, Joe hurried outside into the daylight. In his hands was a rather dirty fishing rod. "Must need some oil," he said, as he slowly turned the reel. "Dad's got some in his shop."

But after searching for a few minutes, Joe couldn't find any in the shop. "Now where to look?" he wondered. "I know. In by Mom's sewing machine." Breaking into a trot, he ran toward the house, the fishing rod flipping awkwardly at his side.

"So, you found your fishing rod?" smiled his mother, who was sitting at the kitchen table cleaning eggs.

"Yeh, it was up on the beam in the grain shed where I left it last summer." Joe walked into the living room and opened drawer after drawer of the sewing machine cabinet. "Hey, where's your can of Singer oil?"

"It should be in the top right drawer," answered his mother.

Joe looked again. This time he pulled the drawer completely out and removed some pieces of cloth. "Yeh, here it is, hidden under some patches."

He walked back through the kitchen, taking the small can with him. "I want to oil the reel."

"That's okay," said his mother. "Just don't mislay it somewhere. And Joe —" She turned to look at him. "Be careful in the boat this afternoon."

"I will, Mom." He hurried down the back steps and out the door.

Five minutes later Joe was walking down the farm lane, his fishing rod resting on his shoulder. And fifteen minutes later he turned onto a narrow road that led to Bow Lake. "I can see why the Indians named it Bow Lake," said Joe to himself as the lake came into view. "It sure looks like a hunting bow." Then up ahead he spied Dan Bontrager and Amos Eicher, his classmates in eighth grade at Shady Grove. "Hey, wait for me," he yelled.

The two boys stopped and turned around. "Hurry up. We only have this afternoon," answered Amos good naturedly.

"Where's Levi?" asked Dan. "Isn't he coming?"

"Didn't see him," answered Joe.

The three boys walked side-by-side and chatted about

## COUNT ME IN

By David Luthy



the fish they planned to catch.

"A dozen bluegills will suit me fine," said Joe.

"A couple of bass — big ones — is what I'm aiming for," said Amos.

"Probably all we'll get are some carp," laughed Dan. "My dad said they aren't worth the bother cleaning. All you get when they're cooked is a mouthful of bones anyway."

"Hey, there's Levi down by the lake," said Joe. "I thought he was way behind us, and here he is the first one at the lake."

"Heyyyy, Levi," shouted Dan. "Catch any big ones?"

The three boys began to run toward the lake.

"Sure," answered Levi. "I've got my limit of bass and am on my way home."

"Limit of grass," said Dan, acting as if he had misunderstood. "Don't you have enough grass at home?"

All the boys laughed including Levi.

Near the shore of the lake were a half dozen old, wooden row boats. The boys began to study each one intently, trying to pick out the one that would leak the least.

"This one looks okay," said Joe. He thumped the bottom. "Help me carry it to the water. Then we'll see if it leaks."

The four boys carried the boat to the lake, turned it right side up, and set it partways into the water. While the others were making sure it didn't leak, Amos picked out a pair of oars from a pile behind a tree.

"It's tight enough," said Joe. "Let's hop in and get to fishing."

Joe and Dan climbed into the boat and sat on the rear seat. Levi sat on the middle seat. Amos pushed on the bow of the boat until it slid off the shore. Then he jumped in.

"Row us over to the south end first," Amos advised

Levi, who was putting the oars in place. "I've heard there's a spot there that's deeper than the rest of the lake. Probably a good place for bass."

Levi pulled on the oars. The oarlocks, tight from a winter's rest, creaked with each back-and-forth motion.

An hour passed with hardly a nibble. But toward mid-afternoon things changed. Joe caught two medium-sized bluegills, and Levi hooked a small bass.

"Our patience is beginning to pay off," smiled Joe

"Wish the fish would nibble on my hook once in awhile," said Amos rather down-heartedly.

"What've you got on your hook, Joe?" asked Dan. "Must be something the bluegills really like. Is it an organic worm from your mom's organic garden?"

The boys chuckled.

"Whoever heard of a non-organic worm?" laughed Levi.

Just then Dan stopped laughing and sat up straight. "Something is doing more than nibbling on my hook," he said excitedly. "Why, it's tugging!"

The three other fishermen forgot their lines and watched intently as Dan's fishing rod bobbed up and down.

"Probably a heavy old hoot or a clump of weeds you snagged," said Amos.

But Dan paid no attention to such a dire prediction. He was too busy reeling in his line. Soon the smooth surface of the water was broken by a surging motion. Countless ripples spread out from where the thin fishing line sank into the dark water.

"You've got a big one for sure," exclaimed Joe. "And he's really a fighter."

"Don't let your line break," warned Levi. "Let him fight on a loose line until he's good and tired. Then reel him in."

Dan took the advice and released the line. The reel spun swiftly around, allowing the taut line to slacken.

"Not too much," advised Levi.

Dan's thumb clicked the gear shut on the reel. He began to wind in some of the line.

After ten minutes of letting the fish struggle, Dan decided he could wait no longer to see his catch. So he reeled in the line and hoped for the best. It wasn't long before the fishing pole was bending in the shape of the lake — like an Indian's bow. Then through the surface of the water sprang a large fish. It flipped itself in rapid motions trying to shake itself loose from the hook. Quickly Dan swung the dancing pole toward himself and brought the fish down inside the boat.

"Step on it," shouted Dan. "Don't let it flip back out."

Levi's two eager feet pounced on the fish like a shoe stepping on a lighted match inside a straw barn. In a second everything was under control. Dan set his pole aside and brought his foot down heavily on the fish's head, knocking it unconscious.

"Hurray," exclaimed Joe. "You've got him. What a catch!"

The boys admired the fish and decided it was a large-mouth bass.

"How much do you guess he weighs?" asked Levi.

Dan lifted the bass and balanced it in his hands. "Maybe eight pounds."

"Eight pounds," whistled Joe. "That's a real prize winner from this lake."

"Well, that's only a guess," said Dan. "Maybe it doesn't weigh that much."

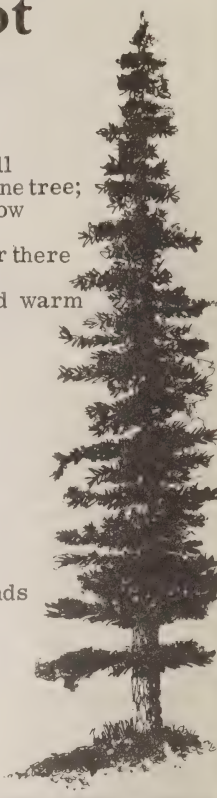
After the excitement had passed, the boys returned to watching their lines. Amos dreamed of catching a bass

# If I Were Not

— LORIE C. GOODING

If I were not a little boy  
I think I'd like to be  
(If I could have a choice) a tall  
And strong, straight-limbed pine tree;  
And in the winter when the snow  
Lies deep upon the ground  
The birds would seek a shelter there  
And come from miles around;  
And I would keep them safe and warm  
So they would sing for joy.  
Oh yes, I'd like to be a tree  
If I were not a boy.

Of course, I am a little boy,  
And I can never be  
Upon some rocky mountainside  
A tall and sturdy tree.  
But I can labor every day  
To do the best I can;  
By loving God and doing good  
To grow to be a man.  
And I can help my loving friends  
And bring my parents joy.  
I could not if I were a tree.  
I'm glad I am a boy.



as large as or larger than Dan's. "I was the one who picked out this fishing spot," he said to himself. "It's not fair that I don't catch a bass."

Pretty soon Amos felt a slight tug on his line. Excitedly he reeled in his line. For a moment he wondered if he had failed to hook the fish, for the line came in so easily. But when the end of the line appeared at the lake's surface, there was his answer — a very small fish.

"No wonder the line was easy to bring in," Amos muttered. "That fish is about small enough for Dan's bass to have eaten."

Joe watched as Amos unhooked the small fish. Seemingly without a thought of hesitation Amos slapped the fish hard against the edge of the boat and tossed it over the side. The lifeless little fish floated on the smooth water.

"That's not right," Joe thought to himself. "Why, that little bass would have grown up sometime and maybe have been as big as the one Dan caught." But he said nothing to Amos.

It wasn't five minutes later when Amos once again reeled in his line. And as before, there was a small bass on the hook. Once again Amos slapped it against the side of the boat and threw the lifeless body over the side.

Dan was watching this time and asked Amos, "Hey, why didn't you just throw him back alive? He'd have grown up someday."

"Mind your own business," Amos felt like saying. But out loud he said, "He wasn't a 'keeper'; he was too small."

"Yeh, but why did you kill him?" asked Dan. "Someday he'd have gotten bigger." He glanced down at his large bass dangling from the stringer at the side of the boat.

Amos followed his glance toward the fish, but he looked

Family Life



quickly away.

The action puzzled Joe, who had been following the conversation. Then a thought came, "Maybe Amos is jealous of Dan catching such a big bass. Maybe he killed the little fish because he was mad they weren't bigger. Maybe —"

But Joe's thoughts were interrupted by a pulling on his line. He expectantly reeled in and discovered a bluegill clinging to the hook.

"That's a nice one," said Dan.

"Nice enough," agreed Levi.

But Amos didn't say anything. He acted as if he hadn't even heard the others talking.

"What do you think of it, Amos?" asked Levi, turning around in his seat.

Amos looked up. "What ... what?"

"Hey, were you sleeping?" asked Levi.

"No, just thinking."

"What about?" asked Dan.

Amos shifted his weight in his seat. "I was just thinking —" He hesitated then began again. "I was just thinking about what you said awhile ago." He swallowed. "I guess I wasn't fair blaming those little fish for not being as big as the one you caught."

Dan was surprised. He hadn't suspected that any of his friends were jealous of his catch. "I know," he suggested. "Why don't we four keep a record of all we catch this summer — not how many each of us catches but how many all of us catch. It can be sort of a club or league."

"The Let Live League," suggested Joe. "The rule will be that whatever isn't big enough to take home to eat, we throw back and let live."

"Good idea," said Levi.

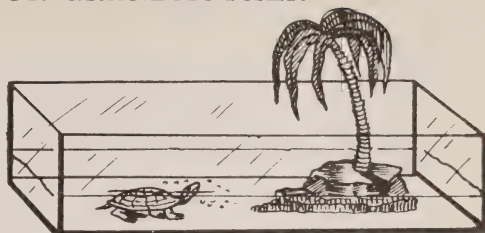
"What about you, Amos?" asked Dan.

The young boy cast a look at the small fish still floating near the boat. Then his eyes met Dan's. "Count me in."

■ ■

## A TURTLE

### FOR GRANDMOTHER



- By Mollie Zook

With his good hand, Sylvan dropped a few pieces of food into Blinky's bowl. Grandmother watched the small turtle move slowly around the bowl, then his tiny head suddenly stretched out to snap at the food. In a few snatches, it disappeared into his wide little mouth. Then he blinked his beady black eyes at Grandmother as if to say, "I'll have some more please."

"How cute," Grandmother laughed, trying to touch his ribbon-like feet as he stood up against the edge of the bowl. "Where did you get him, Sylvan?"

"Someone gave him to me when I was in the hospital the last time. I liked taking care of him while I had to stay inside."

"Is the bone graft mending all right this time?" Grandmother asked.

"The doctor thinks the graft is doing fine, but I will need some more operations later."

"Grandmother likes my turtle," Sylvan thought to himself, "maybe I should give her Blinky. But I would miss him too."

Sylvan knew Grandmother was often lonely, living all by herself since Grandfather had died. He remembered being lonely indoors while his playmates ran and played outside. He knew what it was to endure pain and have long sleepless nights. He had jumped from the farm wagon four years ago and broken his left arm. Infection had set in. In an effort to save his arm, the doctors operated. Yet his arm would never be like his other arm; his hand remained small and stiff.

"I will give Blinky to you, Grandmother," Sylvan offered. "You may have the bowl and box of food too."

Grandmother was happy to have Blinky. She was also glad that Sylvan was not selfish with his gifts.

Now Blinky liked flies. Best of all he liked freshly-swatted ones. Grandmother was soon busy hunting and swatting flies to keep Blinky fed. She thought he was real smart to eat the flies from a spoon she used to feed him. Even if she held the spoon high, he would stand on his hind legs and snatch the fly from the spoon. What a nice pet he proved to be.

When Grandmother was short on flies, she went to the neighbors to swat some. Next some children heard about Blinky's appetite and sent him some more. Then the grandchildren in Missouri found out about Blinky and sent him some flies. But when they came they were old and smelly, and Blinky refused to eat them. Grandmother had spoiled the little turtle.

#### Blinky Hides

One morning Blinky was missing. Grandmother kept a small flat stone and a shell in the shallow water of his bowl. Also a large green leaf. He liked to slip the shell on his back, then crawl under the leaf. There he would

## If I Were Not

— LORIE C. GOODING

If I were not a little girl  
I'd like to be a rose  
With beauty and with sweet perfume,  
The loveliest flower that grows.  
And all the bees and butterflies  
Would come to have a share  
Of nectar, and a hummingbird  
Would often hover there.  
And I could cheer a heavy heart  
Or bless a lonely hour.  
If I were not a little girl  
I'd like to be a flower.



But I can never be a flower  
However much I try;  
I can't be other than I am,  
I must be only I.  
But I can help to bring good cheer,  
And hope and comfort too,  
And help the sick and lift the weak  
By things a girl can do.  
And I can grow as sweet and fair  
As flowers that uncurl  
Their petals in the sun and rain.  
I'm glad I am a girl.

rest and sleep until he was hungry, or until Grandmother called him. He seemed to know her voice, for he did not respond to a stranger's voice. Now Blinky had pushed the shell on top of the stone in the night, and had gone overboard.

The search was on. Under carpets, under furniture, in every nook and corner. Anywhere a small turtle could choose as a hiding place. But night came and Blinky was still not found. Those that helped in the search gave him up as dead. A cat must have come in and got him, they guessed.

The next morning Grandmother was not satisfied until she searched again for the missing turtle. He must be somewhere, she reasoned, and very hungry. She searched from the bedroom, out to the small closed-in back porch. She had stored some paper bags under the shelf, and she decided she would look through those again. Shaking them out one by one — only two more — would her search be fruitless again? Picking up another bag, she shook Blinky right into her lap. His eyes were so dry, he could not blink them until he was safely back in his bowl again.

Blinky had formed a bad habit. And like some boys and

girls, he wanted to eat just what he liked best, and not what was best for him. Sad to say, he simply refused to eat turtle food. His unbalanced diet of flies made him sick. So sick that finally he died.

- Staunton, Virginia

## Grandfather's Reading Lesson

### LADD AND HIS NEIGHBOR

"I had," said William Ladd, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out."

"I complained to neighbor Pulcifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again — the sheep were still there. I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

"I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once, a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, 'Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?' I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see my neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood at his door.

"'Good morning, neighbor!' No answer. 'Good morning!' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt without looking up. 'I came,' I continued, 'to see about the sheep.'

"At this, he threw down his axe and exclaimed, in an angry manner, 'Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

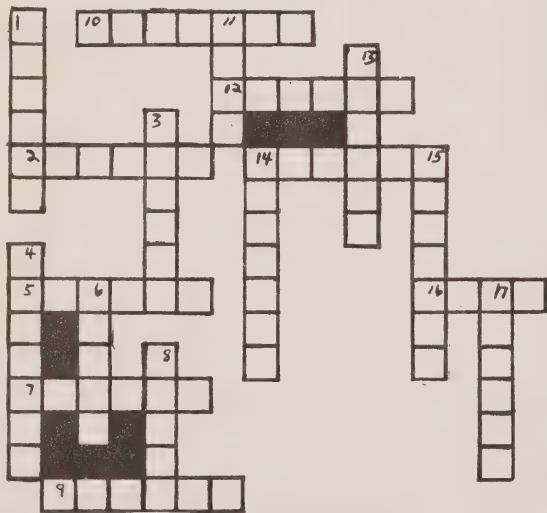
"'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I, 'but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

"Pulcifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out: 'Now, sir, are you in earnest?'

"'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.'

"After a moment's silence, 'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulcifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll tell you know that, when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot, too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind, too.'

"The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to



#### ACROSS

2. Numbers 27:12
5. Numbers 23:14
7. Genesis 8:4
9. II Samuel 2:11
10. Judges 9:7
12. Acts 1:12
14. I Kings 18:19
16. Deut. 32:49

#### DOWN

1. II Chronicles 3:1
3. I Samuel 31:1
4. Jeremiah 41:6
6. Galatians 4:24
8. Judges 4:6
11. Revelation 14:1
13. Joshua 13:11
14. Luke 23:33
15. Judges 3:3
17. Psalms 68:15



fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

- Author Unknown  
National Fourth Reader, 1866

## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



### SEEDS AND PLANTS



If you have ever watched a seed sprout, you may have wondered what made it sprout. Do you know that only a small part of a seed is really alive? Most of the rest of it is stored-up food. If a seed is kept moist and in a warm place where it can get air, it will sprout and a little plant will begin to grow from it. It does not need the help of soil. The little plant will use the stored-up food in the seed.

Would you like to watch some seeds sprout? If you would, here is what you should do.

Get some dry beans at the grocery store. Then get a drinking glass and some blotting paper. Put the blotting paper inside the glass. Place it close to the sides of the glass. Next fill the glass with damp sawdust or damp cotton. Put some of the dry beans between the blotting paper and the sides of the glass.

Put the glass in a warm place and keep the cotton or sawdust damp. The blotting paper will soon become damp from the water in the sawdust or cotton. If you look at the beans every day, you will see some interesting things.

As the beans become damp from the water in the blotting paper, they get larger. In a few days a sprout will



grow out of each damp bean. The tip end of the sprout will grow downward. This is the root. It will soon branch into other roots. The rest of the sprout grows upward in the shape of an arch and becomes the stem of the young plant. The stem pulls the bean up with it.

As the bean is pulled up, it splits into two parts. Between the parts you can see two small yellow leaves on the end of the stem. As the stem grows and straightens up, the leaves grow larger and turn green.

By this time most of the stored-up food that was in the bean will be used up. What is left of the bean will drop off

the stem. If the plant is to keep on living and growing, it must get water and other materials through its roots, and its leaves must have sunlight.

If you plant dry beans in soil in a flower pot, many of the things you saw happen in the glass will happen in the soil. But of course you will not be able to see them in the soil. After five or six days, you will see the arched stems break through the soil. Then you will see the stems and leaves grow.

If you have a garden, plant some beans in it. There are many things you can do to help the plants grow. You can water them and you can keep the soil around each plant loose and soft. You can protect the plant from insects and other things that harm the bean plants. If your bean plants are the kind that climb, you should put up poles for them.

When a bean plant is full-grown, flowers appear. In a short time some of the flowers grow into bean pods. The pods may grow to be six or seven inches long. If you do not gather the bean pods for food, they will become dry and hard. If you break one open, you will find bean seeds that look like the ones you planted. Gather some of these bean seeds and keep them in a dry place. Then you will have seeds to plant the next year. ■■

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## A LADDER THAT REACHED TO HEAVEN

Sadly Rebekah said good-by to Jacob, her favorite son. Tears dimmed her eyes as she watched him set out on the long journey to Haran.

Esau soon discovered that Jacob had been sent away. He felt angry that Jacob had escaped out of his hands and now he could not kill him as he had planned to do. There was a second reason, too, for Esau's anger. He knew that his father had sent Jacob away, commanding him not to marry any of the daughters of Canaan, as his brother had done. That meant Isaac was still displeased with Esau for having married two heathen wives.

As Esau thought about this, he did not feel sorry that he had displeased his parents with his wrongdoing. Far from it. Esau stubbornly went out and married another heathen, because he knew his parents didn't want him to.

After leaving his mother's tent, Jacob traveled all day, walking from Beersheba toward Haran. Evening came and the red sun sank out of sight behind a line of blue hills. Darkness moved in slowly over the land and Jacob realized it was time to think about stopping for the night.

Wearily Jacob looked about for a place to sleep. He was tired from walking miles in the hot sun. And now he would have to sleep out in the open, with only the friendly sky for a cover and the rough ground for a bed.

Spotting a smooth, flat stone to one side of him, Jacob decided to use it for a pillow so that his head would not need to rest on the damp earth. As he stretched himself on the ground as comfortably as he could, Jacob felt very much forsaken and alone. Behind him lay the only home he had ever known and the mother he loved; before him only a vast desert, strangers, and an unknown future.

From Distant Doorways, copyright 1947 Silver Burdett Company. Used by permission.

Above him hundreds of stars shone brightly in the quiet darkness. Within him, troubled thoughts carried his mind back to the home he had left. Perhaps Jacob remembered how he had tricked his father in order to gain the blessing. Oh, if only he hadn't done that, he might not now need to be a homeless wanderer tramping across the desert in search of a place of safety.

Finally his tired thoughts slowed and Jacob slept. As he slept he dreamed.

He saw a ladder resting on the earth. As his eyes followed the ladder upward, he noticed that it seemed to go on and on, the top reaching right to heaven. And on the ladder itself were shining angels climbing up and down.

At the top, above the ladder, God was standing, and he said to Jacob, "I am the Lord God of Abraham and of Isaac. The land you are lying on right now I will someday give to you and to your children. I will be with you and keep you safe wherever you go, and will bring you back again into

this land."

With a start Jacob awoke from his sleep and exclaimed, "Surely the Lord was at this place and I didn't know it."

Jacob marveled in awe as he thought of the wonderful vision he had seen. He no longer felt forsaken and alone as he had the evening before. "This is nothing else but the house of God," he murmured to himself. "This is the gate of heaven."

Early in the morning Jacob rose up, rested and greatly comforted. He took the stone that he had used for his pillow and sat it up as a marker. He poured oil on the top of the stone and called the place Bethel, which means "House of God".

Jacob rejoiced as he remembered how God had promised him in the dream to be with him, protect him, and bring him safely back again. In return, Jacob vowed a vow, solemnly promising that he would remain true to God and serve Him faithfully all his life. ■■

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

### THEY LOST A FATHERLAND

Joseph Stoll

What happened to the Mennonites in Russia when the Communists took over? The story is a startling one, and as you read it you will catch yourself wondering, "Could it happen here?"

The lady peering out the train window might have been in her sixties. As she turned her face I saw that there were lines around her eyes and wrinkles on her forehead. She was dressed rather plainly in a dark green suit.

"Sie kann deutsch schwetzi," my seatmate said, nudging me and pointing toward the lady. He was an Amishman from Pennsylvania who had been on the train before I got on, and had become acquainted earlier with the woman across the aisle.

"She can?" I asked with surprise. "Is she German then?"

"She is a Russian Mennonite, but she lives in Toronto now," my friend explained.

I was at once interested, and watched for an opportunity to speak to the lady, for I had recently read a book about the Russian Mennonite emigration of the 1920's.

I got up and started down the aisle of the swaying car. "Pardon me, ma'am," I began, "you are a Russian Mennonite?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling.

I sat down in the empty seat across from her, and we began to converse in High German. I soon learned that she had come over from Russia in 1923, being with one of the first groups to flee from the country following the Revolution and the civil war of 1917-1920.

I told her about the book I had read, *Lost Fatherland*, by John B. Toews. She knew nothing of the book, but she knew a great deal about the events related in it. The book is an account of the mass migration from Russia, and of the many problems the Mennonites encountered before they were allowed to leave. The story had moved me as very few stories have, and I was very eager to talk to someone who had actually experienced what the book related.

From Toews' book I had learned that the terrible hardships and sufferings the Mennonite colonists endured had

not come upon them entirely without reason. The Mennonites had lived in Russia about a hundred years, during which time they had become quite prosperous; hard work and frugal living had changed the barren prairies into a garden spot and granary of Russia.

But public relations between the Mennonite colonists and the Russian peasants were not always good. The Mennonites sometimes exploited and misused the peasants, and considered them a source of cheap labor. The peasants, in turn, envied the Mennonites' prosperous farms and villages.

As the Revolution blanketed the country like a black cloud of terror, robber bands began to plunder the Mennonite colonies. Some of the hotblooded young Mennonite men banded together in groups called *Selbstschutz* (self-protection) units, and began to defend themselves against the robbers.

This move angered the Russian peasants, whose sympathy immediately lay with the robbers. For had not the Mennonites always claimed to be a peace-loving people? Had they not asked the government to exempt them from military service? Now, when the going got rough, they were fighting!

The *Selbstschutz* effort ended in a tragic failure. I had been particularly impressed, when I read the account, at how utterly the self-defense movement had failed, for it had brought only horror, war, and bloodshed upon the colonists.

So one of the first questions I asked the lady on the train was about the *Selbstschutz*.

"Yes," she began, "they did fight. Maybe it was not the right thing to do, but I can't blame them. The Russians came in and killed all the horses, they stole the food, burned the barns, and shot the cows. Could we just stand



there and watch? Something had to be done to stop them or there would have been nothing left." She spoke in rapid German, and I could see that the memory of those difficult times was still painful after fifty years.

I tried to speak as gently as I could, "But don't you think that the Selbstschutz brought on exactly what it was trying to avoid? Defending themselves just made bitter enemies for the Mennonites. The trouble that followed was ten times worse."

"That is probably right," she agreed. "Yes, I know it was wrong for our men to fight. It was really the young people. The older ones said they shouldn't, but they couldn't stop them. But I don't know ... if you had seen what I saw, — I was just a little girl, you know — you wouldn't blame them for fighting. The robbers came into the villages and shot down people like animals. They shamed the women and girls. They ..." Her lips quivered and she did not finish the sentence.

When I arrived home from my trip on the train, I sat down the first evening I had free and reread the book Lost Fatherland. The second reading was almost as moving as the first had been.

The whole story is a sad one and somehow it is startling. The years just before World War One were indeed golden years for the Mennonites of Russia. There were perhaps 100,000 Mennonites in the land and most of them were prosperous, peaceful, contented. They little suspected that within a few years their settlements and way of life would come to a disastrous end.

The trouble started rather slowly. During the early part of the War, the Mennonite colonists were not molested much, though they came under suspicion because they were German-speaking — a Hate-the-Germans sentiment had spread through the land. (Exactly the same thing happened in Canada and in the U.S.A., countries which were also enemies of Germany.)

In the midst of the war years, the Russian government was overthrown. Late in 1917 the Communists firmly seized power and widespread changes came about in the government of the large country in the world.

The ripples of violent change spread out from the capital city of Moscow and at last reached the quiet villages of the Mennonites. Before the Communist take-over, the Mennonite colonies had been largely self-governed — a Schulze for each village and an Oberschulze over each settlement. Now regional governing bodies called soviets were set up. The members were local workers and peasants, often those who owned no property and were very poor. They soon took advantage of the richer Mennonites by taxing them heavily.

During the change-over there was much lawlessness. The Red (Communist) soldiers that came in to restore order, boldly helped themselves to food, clothing, horses, and money. The mills and factories were seized by the state, and many of the farmers were now forced to deliver their grain to the mills.

However, the Revolution was not yet over. The Communists had taken Moscow, but their troubles in the outlying regions were only beginning. A civil war raged in parts of the country as the Red forces battled against the armies of the old government, the White armies. Meanwhile, the war with Germany continued.

In the spring of 1918 Russia signed a treaty with Germany, granting part of the Ukraine region where the Mennonites lived to the Germans. German troops moved into the area and order was restored.

The Mennonites openly welcomed the German soldiers.

The young men who had banded together in Selbstschutz units to fight robbers, now found their heroes among the German officers. A military spirit swept through the colonies, firing young blood with new ideals.

There were strong voices in the church opposed to the new militarism. The subject of nonresistance became a much-debated issue. Had the old fathers been right? Should fighting be always forbidden? Might there not be some exceptions — self-defense, for instance?

A special conference was called to seek unity in the church. The outcome was disappointing, for the conference did little more than recognize the differences of opinion. It affirmed that nonresistance was the highest Christian ideal, but granted the right to individual members to act according to their own convictions!

Small wonder then that when the pressure again became heavy, there were many Mennonites ready to fight. The opportunity soon came. During the fall of 1918 the German soldiers withdrew from the area. Robber bands again raided the two largest Mennonite settlements, Chortitza and Molotschna. These robbers were led by Nestor Makhno, an avowed enemy of the Mennonites who was greatly feared. The son of poor peasants, Makhno had worked as a shepherd for German landowners while he was still a young boy, and had developed a bitter hatred against anything German and anyone rich. He had the sympathy and the support of the peasants for many miles around.

#### Whites, Reds, and Robbers

For a time the Selbstschutz appeared to be a success. When Makhno and his robbers attacked Mennonite villages, they met stiff resistance and were driven back. Before long, too, the Selbstschutz units were reinforced by the military strength of the White Army, the anti-Red forces that were making a comeback in southern Russia and were marching northward toward the Mennonite settlements.

The Mennonites welcomed the White Armies just as they had welcomed the Germans, because of the protection they gave against Makhno's bandits. The Selbstschutz accepted ammunition and weapons from the White Army, and there was quite a bit of working together. (This friendship with German troops and with the White Army was to bring serious trouble later, when the Reds recaptured the area.)

Early in 1919 the White Army began to move out of the Molotschna region. As they did so, robbery and lawlessness increased. The robber chief, Makhno, joined hands with the Red Army, and the combined forces made a determined effort to capture the area. The Selbstschutz was no match for these large armies and had to surrender.

Panic seized the entire area. A message from the retreating White general spread through the villages, "Citizens! Everything is lost; let each one save himself as best he can!" A mass flight southward began during the night of March 9, 1919, but escape was impossible. The Red Army was guarding all the routes.

Now that the Selbstschutz had failed them, the colonists turned to spiritual weapons. Special prayer meetings were organized in a number of villages.

Two villagers approached the Red general to beg for mercy for the Mennonites. They received a harsh reply, "You cursed renegades! For 400 years you refused to take up arms, and now ..."

The Mennonites really had no good excuse. They had actively fought against the Red Army. The general gave his soldiers the right to plunder the villages for three days, and he ordered the execution of all those who had

fought in the Selbstschutz.

For a short time things settled down, but the war was not yet over! By July, 1919, the Molotschna region was again in the hands of the White Army.

This time the peace lasted about three months. Then once more the White Army was pushed back by the guerilla forces of Nestor Makhno, who openly vowed that if he captured the Mennonite colonies again, he would wipe them out! Carrying a black flag, the victors rode into village after village, plundering, raping, and killing. To add to the terror, a typhus epidemic broke out, resulting in many deaths.

#### The Blumenort Massacre

The Mennonite colonists were desperate. The Selbstschutz movement was dead, and yet it was not dead. Secret plans were made to gather the scattered members who remained and make an attack upon the Makhno forces. The group reached the village of Blumenort at twilight Sunday evening, Nov. 10, 1919. They crept in almost unnoticed, coming in across the fields and by the back roads.

The young men flocked into the large barns of an unwilling Mennonite farmer. He protested, "What do you want here? This will only bring great catastrophe. Depart at once and leave us alone."

Fatefully, at just that moment some of Makhno's soldiers had come into the village, planning to abduct one of the villagers. As the farmer was still pleading with the young man to leave his barn, a cry of help arose from the center

of the village, "They are taking our brother! Come and aid us!"

The Selbstschutz men had not expected this. Impulsively, they seized their rifles and fired at the now fleeing soldiers. Only two of the bandits escaped.

Frightened by what they had done, the Selbstschutz group fled the village, and the people of Blumenort (a place of flowers!) shivered as they waited for the revenge that was sure to come.

An armed troop arrived in the village early the next morning. The soldiers ignored the residents of Blumenort when they tried to plead their innocence. A number of leading men and women were locked in the basement of the village store. At noon a larger army arrived, bearing black banners of death.

One brave young fellow tried to explain the real situation to the commander. For a moment the commander listened, but then a Russian woman shouted, "If they (the Mennonites) are on the receiving end, they feverishly object, but our people don't matter; they can be shot to death!"

The woman's words were like a signal for action. The young man who had tried to explain the truth, was shot down. Widespread killing began. The captives in the basement were cruelly killed, farm buildings were set afire, and terror reigned.

#### Hunger and Disease

By March 1920 all the Ukrainian Mennonite settlements were in a state of despair. The typhus epidemic of the previous winter had claimed thousands of lives. The repeated occupations of different armies had left the area without livestock, machinery, or grain.

In the late spring of 1920 the White Army made a last attempt to recapture the lands lost in the civil war. The Molotschna Mennonite settlement lay directly in the path of the marching soldiers. For weeks the line of battle saw-sawed back and forth over the region, with some villages changing hands as many as twenty times. This completed the ruination of the settlement.

In their weakened and despairing condition, the colonists were no match for the disease and famine that were to follow. In the spring of 1921 most of the Ukraine experienced a drought which lasted until the fall of 1922. Except for the arrival of American relief at this time, most of the colonists would certainly have perished.

Sick at heart and with no hope for the future, many of the Mennonites began to think of leaving Russia. But would it be possible? That was the question. The answer would become apparent in the following years, as Mennonite spokesmen, led by B. B. Janz, begged, bartered, and wrangled with the government to gain permission for the people to leave.

One Mennonite wrote in 1922, "We no longer have a fatherland in Russia. We already had ample opportunity to realize this prior to the war, but now, through war, civil war, and violence, we have reached the conclusion that we are only tolerated guests in Russia."

The war and famine had taken their toll. The surviving Mennonites were both physically and spiritually exhausted. Observers in 1922 complained of the widespread dishonesty, covetousness, and extreme selfishness among the Mennonites. Truly, a hungry stomach and continued nervous strain can sometimes change the gentlest of men into short-tempered and selfish brutes.

For several years B. B. Janz worked tirelessly to clear the red tape that kept the Mennonites from leaving Russia.

Family Life



### Consolation

There is never a day so dreary  
But God can make it bright,  
And unto the soul that trusts Him,  
He giveth songs in the night.  
There is never a path so hidden,  
But God can lead the way,  
If we seek for the Spirit's guidance  
And patiently wait and pray.

There is never a cross so heavy  
But the nail-scarred hands are there  
Outstretched in tender compassion  
The burden to help us bear.  
There is never a heart so broken,  
But the loving Lord can heal  
The heart that was pierced on Calvary  
Doth still for his loved ones feel.

There is never a life so darkened,  
So hopeless and unblessed,  
But may be filled with the light of God  
And enter His promised rest.  
There is never a sin or sorrow,  
There is never a care or loss.  
But that we may bring to Jesus  
And leave at the foot of the cross.

— Sent in by John Stoltzfus



With his wife and six children at home, he traveled almost constantly throughout the country to complete what must have looked like an impossible assignment. He was often discouraged. Had the plight of his brethren been less urgent, he might have given up many times. All his efforts seemed doomed to failure.

The government simply could not forget that the Mennonites had fought against the Red Army after having claimed for many years to be nonresistant. The officials also pointed out that the Mennonites were inconsistent, for they claimed an inheritance in the world to come, yet had enjoyed more than their share of earthly joys and happiness before the Revolution.

It was time for the Mennonites to leave Russia, of this B. B. Janz and other leaders were convinced. There was no future for them there. Somehow, they had to be evacuated, but perhaps it was already too late.

Where could they go? Paraguay offered to accept them as immigrants, but the Mennonite leaders were fearful of going to an unknown land. They preferred Canada. Canada's immigration laws, however, were strict, and the famine-ridden Mennonites would find it difficult to pass the health requirements.

There was delay and continued delay. As soon as one obstacle had been cleared, another became evident. In discouragement, B. B. Janz wrote, "It is dark. Nothing to see, nothing to feel, nothing to calculate, no support, no foundation, no future .... For a long time I have worked, hoped, striven ..... Most of the more serious people in our congregations have given support and unitedly struggled until the present day. The small chest with our whole hope and faith floats as a last wreck upon the billows of the Russian flood and appears destined and compelled to sink in it."

Janz was pulling on many strings — negotiating with the local Ukrainian government, the Moscow officials, the Canadian immigration department, the C.P.R. steamship lines, and others — but he also needed to keep in touch with the colonists who were now preparing by the thousands to leave Russia at the earliest opportunity. A wave of emigration fever swept the colonies. Many families sold all their belongings on the hopes of leaving soon, then were delayed and had to spend another winter in a land already starving. The hardships were increased by indecision and uncertainty, by alternately rising and dwindling hopes.

In the spring of 1922, B. B. Janz wrote, "Spring is being carried into the land by this April weather. Even in this country the mild spring winds blow, the warm rays of the sun shine. We step outside, take a deep breath, and look all around to get our bearings. We must ask ourselves, 'Are we still ourselves, or have we become somebody else?'"

"Our outlook has completely changed, and round about us everything, everything has changed; everything joyful, everything dependable, everything native or homelike, every basis for contentment, for employment, for diligence, is taken from us. I am no longer myself; my community, my village, the meadow, the garden, the house — everything is strangely different. In my house I can die a horrible death. Starvation is but one form; there are other ways to perish. There is one which until this day I had not taken into consideration: nowhere is there April weather, nowhere the coming of spring, no renewal of life. We are indeed alienated; we have no home anymore ...."

In one sense, the futility of staying on in Russia would

make it easier to leave the beloved homeland of many years. The rich farm lands lay idle, the buildings burned or destroyed, the homes no longer beautiful and well-kept. The parting would be easier because of the bleakness of the land.

After months of waiting and frustration, the last strands of red tape were cleared away and the first group of 726 emigrants left their homes on June 22, 1923. Those who had worked so hard to make this moment possible knelt in thankful prayer to God, yet they were constantly fearful that the movement would be halted at any time.

The parting from loved ones was a painful experience, for there was scant possibility of ever seeing each other again in this life. One emigrant described the parting with these words, "The evening shadows lengthened, the sun was about to set. We loved the soil of our homeland. Now it was time to bid adieu and to leave one's hearth, village, customs, relatives, and friends. People took leave of one another. Even the strong wept, some sobbed. Perhaps not all were aware of the significance of this day, but a deep seriousness was written on all faces.

"Parting is painful. Some of the people were going, the others staying behind. The bell sounded once, then again. Everyone knew that only a few minutes remained. The mass of people became more restless. Only those migrating had to board the train. Here a firm handshake, there the last embrace, tears flow. Yes, parting is painful. The third bell, the train begins to move. 'Good-bye. Come after us.' 'Reunion in eternity!', shouted one emigrant ... Gradually those remaining behind faded into the distance ...."

The emigration from Russia lasted only a few years and then it was stopped. During that time, however, 25,000 people managed to get out of "the lost fatherland" to resettle in Canada. In the midst of so much tragedy, this was a miracle in itself.

After rereading the book, Lost Fatherland, I can understand more fully than before what these thousands of Russian Mennonites endured five decades ago. I can also better understand why the lady I met on the train was a bit reluctant to talk about the experience, and that when she did talk about it, her voice was filled with emotion.

We who have never experienced the loss of our homes, who have never faced war in our homeland, who have never been dressed in rags, who rarely know what it is to miss a meal, can only imagine what it would be like.

A German refugee has written a heart-touching poem especially for us favored ones. I wish I could translate it for those who do not know German, but I know it would be useless to try to convey the emotional feeling of the original. The author has experienced what I have not.

„die ihr in den wandernden Winden  
noch nicht verloren steht,  
ihr solltet doch manchmal beten,  
wenn die Nacht durch die Scheiben späht;  
'Laszt, Vater, uns nimmer lernen,  
wie's ist, da drauszen, allein,  
und keine Heimat haben  
und heimwehkrank zu sein.'"

Lost Fatherland by John  
B. Toews, 262 pages, is  
available from Pathway  
Bookstore at \$6.95



**H**ave you ever wondered what it would be like at the North Pole? Of course it is cold, but actually, it is not as cold as in some regions farther south where people live. The storm movements which circle the earth usually go around the pole, therefore the winds are not so strong. Let us suppose that the temperature were suitable — could we imagine what it would be like to live at the North Pole?

First we would have to get used to the environment as everything would be different. For example, there would be only one day in the year! Twilight would last about a month, gradually getting darker and darker. At regular intervals, the moon would shine for about 300 hours before sinking back below the horizon for the same length of time.

After four months of darkness there would be twilight again for a month about like it is an hour before sunrise. Can you imagine yourself watching as it gets lighter and lighter? Then finally on March 21 the tip of the sun would peep up and keep circling around the horizon, in a com-

plete circle. It would keep rising a little all the time and perhaps after the first round, you could see all of the sun. Now the day would have begun, and each circle of the sun would find it a little higher in the sky.

The sun would travel from left to right as you face it. There is no east, no west and no north at the North Pole. Every direction is south.

Round and round the sun would go, always rising a little higher. By June 21, it would be about 1/3 of the way to the zenith. Then it would begin to sink, a little each circle until by the 21st of September it would be back at the horizon, ready again for the long night.

Of course man was not created to live in such a place. We depend on night and day to regulate our sleep and work. The human body can not keep going for six months and then hibernate for the same length of time.

About 1700 miles south of the North Pole is an imaginary line known as the Arctic Circle. At this latitude the sun does not set for at least one day of the year. Such places are sometimes referred to as the "land of the midnight sun".

In the northern regions where plant growth is possible, the crops make unbelievable growth as a result of such long days.

Although you will never be able to visit the North Pole, many people do live inside the Arctic Circle. Northern Canada, parts of Alaska and most of Greenland are included in this area. But since they have a cold or "continental" climate, only Eskimos live there. But in northern Norway, Sweden and Finland, a warm ocean current which flows from the equator, helps to keep the land warm and general farming is carried on. The little island of Spitzbergen, only 700 miles from the North Pole, produces vegetables for people and hay and grain for livestock.

Where is the North Pole and how would you find it? In the nighttime of winter it could be located by finding a point almost directly underneath the North Star. During the summer, it is the place where the sun stays the same distance above the horizon as it circles around you.

The North Pole was first reached by Robert E. Peary on April 6th, 1909. It was his third attempt. There is no land at the North Pole, and underneath the ice there is two miles of water. At present, high altitude airplanes fly over the polar regions regularly on their flights between North America and Europe. Between many points, this is the shortest route.

Existence of the polar regions was known for many centuries before they were actually discovered. Early Greek philosophers pictured the earth as a ball with snow caps on each end. But they also believed there were flaming regions of intense heat at the equator.

They predicted that someday man would reach the North Pole but not the South Pole. They believed that man could never cross the flaming regions which they imagined at the equator. ■■

## Sorry

We promised to have the article, "We Prayed For A Healthy Baby" by Mrs. Menno N. Miller in this issue. The editor even mentioned it in his "Across the Desk" column. But we ran out of space, and our readers will regret to have to wait until the June issue for this inspiring story.

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# FAMILY LIFE



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# letters to the editors



## LITTLE PLACES NOT SO GREEN

Last night I read "The Little Places", (May issue). Now if that didn't hit the nail on the head! He wondered what life was like but I doubt if he'd want to live on one of these little places to find out. I am a mother on one of them and have a heavy load to carry. But it's not right to complain so we try to make the best of it.

Some farmers may think these men who work by the day have it nice but if they'd wear their shoes for a month they'd find out different. Working by the day is not as nice as it looks. The grass over the fence always seems greener.

What we would need at our house right now is a hired girl, but we can't get any — they're all working in town or in the factories.

- Mrs. M.S., Ohio

## ANSWER TO "MISERABLE SHUT-IN"

(April issue)

I am a shut-in but who said I am miserable? Some people think I am mistreated and suffering, but I am not. I live in a large, warm house along with many others of my family. Although my room is not large, and I share it with two of my sisters, still we can all be at the table at the same time and enjoy the well-balanced food and fresh water.

When I think of some of my brothers and sisters who have to live out in cold houses where the wind and snow can blow in, and the floor is often wet, I consider myself lucky.

I am not insulted when people take my belongings, for it makes me happy to help provide for others as best I can.

We have good housekeepers who see that we get plenty of fresh air. Our foster parents are very alert, and if we get sick, treatment is soon underway. Then when we are nursed back to health, our neighbors stop their work and pause. Just listen to that happy bunch of caged chickens!

- M.C. Ohio

## I DON'T MEAN TO BE NOSEY, BUT...

In regards to "I Don't Mean To Be Nosey, But..." (April), we are duty bound to give an answer of the hope within us, but to have a tract or piece of paper with the same does not follow our line of thinking. What if our ministers which cannot so readily express themselves had their sermons on a piece of paper? Let us keep on being led by the spirit and our words, whether few or many, will be right. I think we all know deep within that we are not prepared to give Bible-based answers as we should, therefore let us read our Bibles more often, more prayerfully, and the truth will make us free.

- Oscar Weber, Waterloo, Ontario

In answer to your Amzie Coblentz story, I have a deep feeling and burden for people like this that don't really understand what they believe, nor why. I have wondered

already if it's not a case of joining a church at a respectable age, and not really having received Christ as their personal Saviour.

Our way of life can easily be explained if we tell people we are Christians, we love God and believe the Bible teaches us to live plain and simple and nonconformed to the world. Then we might ask our questioners a few questions as to where they stand and what their hope is for the future. From this point your questioners will be the ones that are fleeing.

About the ready leaflet to hand to people, I would rather hand them one explaining the plan of salvation, and tell them our way of life is a result of salvation.

- Howard Stoll, Odon, Indiana

About two years ago we stopped near a roadside park with the horse and buggy. Before we got away a man with long hair and no shave came to us and asked if we were Amish. I said, "Yes." By then the second man was with us. They said, "It sure is fun to watch the Amish people drive horse and buggies." So I asked them if they had seen Amish people before and they said, "No, but we have read about them." I told them the Amish story books are not all true stories. When I asked where they were from, they said, "Los Angeles, California." By this time the third man was coming. I asked the men if they belonged to a church. They said, "No." The two men turned around quickly to leave before they would get another question on religion. The third man never got to us.

A good question may make a good answer. I think it is a good idea to ask questioners questions as Jesus did many times. (See Matt. 21:24)

As the same words for different people would not always be the best answer, I don't think a leaflet would do much good.

- Yoder, Ohio

May I relate an experience I had lately in a big train depot. A man came up and asked, "Are you Amish?" I said, "Yes." He asked, "Do you have T.V. and telephone and things like that?" I said, "No." Then he said, "I don't think it's fair to our children to not have things like this." I let him talk a while. I suspected he was a Jew, so I confessed that Christ is my saviour and reminded him that the Jews have a wonderful promise in the Old Testament, if they too would accept Christ as their Saviour.

"Well," he said, "I raised two girls and I gave them a good education." He reminded me of the Pharisees when he talked of the good works he had done, and he didn't see the need for a Saviour. He was soon ready to leave.

- R.N. Mast, Hutchinson, Kansas

If we could only always be kind and considerate to those who ask us questions, and answer to the point, without

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any pride, then He who helps the humble will help us.

The motives of those who ask us may differ greatly. Some may be only curious, others might tempt or make fun of us, and yet others may have earnest respect for our faith.

If a stranger is in earnest, it may be proper to give or send him such a booklet, and if he were persistent, perhaps other books such as Menno Simons and Dietrich Philips. These would give him a better understanding of our faith.

We should not grow angry with those who offend or make fun of us, but answer them quietly, with humility, not talking more than is necessary, committing ourselves to Him who judges rightly. - John Esh, Pennsylvania

ANSWER: We are thankful for the concern and interest that has been shown for a leaflet to hand to those who would like more information about our faith. Of course, such a leaflet would in no way lessen our responsibility to be courteous and try to answer any inquiries. It would merely be a supplement to our answer, and would be especially good in the respect that it would be in a permanent form that could be studied later at home.

### JACOB AND ESAU

I wonder if others feel the same as I do about the Jacob and Esau stories (March and April issues)? The utter lack of Biblical background is saddening. Jacob is presented as a villain and the Lord as a condoner of lying and cheating. Completely ignored is Gen. 25:23 where the Lord foretold Rebecca of the twins' arrival: "And the older shall serve the younger." Also ignored is the fact that Esau sold his birthright to Jacob, unknown to Isaac, for a bowl of pottage. Gen. 25:34. Thus Esau despised his birthright.

Knowing these things, Rebecca was led by the Lord to help Jacob receive the blessings which were rightfully his. - Annie Stauffer, Md.

I was surprised to read the story of Jacob and Esau in F. L. as I feel the writer had something else in mind except what we find in the Bible. I believe Esau got more credit than the Bible gives him. Our old preachers, parents and forefathers before us always pointed out that Esau shows the nature of the person who is not born again, living in sin, etc. Jacob describes the opposite. If we can not make as much effort to get hold of the spiritual things which we must possess as Jacob strove to get hold of the material possessions, then I think we are surely lost souls. - Moses J. B. Miller, Ohio

Please take notice that Jacob was concerned about a birthright while Esau esteemed it lightly and went his way. Therefore, did Esau have any right to the blessing after he sold the birthright? Jacob was only claiming what he had purchased. Why didn't Esau tell his father, "The blessing is not mine, I have sold the birthright." Was he not also a deceiver? Did Esau make any vow as Jacob did to serve the Lord? Gen. 28:20. ? Even in the New Testament we find referred to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. So let us accept Jacob as a righteous man.

- Marvin Rhodes, Pa.

When I read the story of Jacob and Esau, "Twins Who Were Different," I got the impression that Jacob was a very unrighteous and scheming man. We older people know  
June 1969

the Bible well enough that we wouldn't think of it in this way, but what about our children? Could they get a wrong impression?

Your story was good in showing up the wrong, but I cannot feel that our children should get the impression that Jacob was so unrighteous.

Since Jacob was very blessed by God, and one of our forefathers, shouldn't we teach our children to honor him? - M. K. S., Indiana

The story about the Stolen Blessing that is supposed to be a Bible story, I can't agree with it. I never read in the Bible where and when somebody stole something that they got a blessing out of it.

God had promised the blessing to the younger one before Jacob and Esau were born. By Jacob buying the birthright he had the right to say, "I am Esau, thy first born." because he owned the birthright.

We can read in the New Testament where Jacob was supposed to have the blessing instead of Esau. Rom 9:9-14

And we can read different places where God has builded on Jacob's faith and not on Esau's. The new Bible Story books which are written by college students say where Jacob was a cheater, which I would consider as a false teaching.

- Ura Hochstetler, Indiana

ANSWER - We fully agree that Jacob should be honored and respected as a forefather of the faith, outstanding enough to have his name included in the 11th chapter of Hebrews. Esau, on the other hand, was an example of the opposite, and by the same writer of Hebrews was called a "profane" person.

Esau is a type of the first-born or carnal nature, while Jacob represents the second-born or born-again person who inherits the spiritual blessings instead of the first-born. But like any other type or figure, it can only be taken so far, so in this case we feel that here the similarity ends. When the natural man comes to God in repentance and says, "I am sinful, vile and carnal," he is not pretending. He actually is similar to the nature of Esau. But God can take such a man and change him and give him the nature of Jacob, the second-born, and give him the blessing. In the Bible account, God did not change Esau into Jacob.

Jacob is a type of the born-again person, and the born-again person is not perfect. As long as he lives, he will be subject to mistakes and shortcomings, which is another name for a form of sinning.

Perhaps some of our readers will be surprised to learn that even Abraham, who is called the father of all the faithful, also had his shortcomings. Apparently because of his lack of faith he twice refused to acknowledge Sarah as his wife, and was twice reprimanded by the king. Gen. 12:18 & 20:9.

The Bible gives the facts as they are, whether they are good or bad. According to the Bible, the method used by Jacob to get the blessing was considered deceitful by Jacob and Rebecca, Gen. 27:12-13 and by Isaac, Gen. 27:35.

But Jacob was so zealous and concerned to get the blessing which he esteemed so highly that he engaged in questionable methods to get it. If he could have had a little more faith, and would have told his father about buying the birthright, and Rebecca would have told Isaac what God had said to her, then surely another way could have been devised to get the blessing.

God recognized Jacob's zeal and gave him the blessing

in spite of the method he used to get it. So today, God can still bless us in spite of all the blunders we make and shortcomings we have — if we have the right attitude in wanting to serve God with all our heart.

A short time later the sons of Jacob did a very great sin in selling their brother into Egypt, but God used this very deed to bring a great blessing to Israel. Yet no one

would say it was right to sell Joseph as a slave.

God can and does use wrongdeeds to fulfill his purposes, but this does not make wrong deeds right.

We would also like to point out that the scripture about hating Esau is taken from Mal. 1:3, and was not said before Esau and Jacob were born. ■■

## PATHWAY PEN POINTS

### NOTHING FOR SOMETHING

Sometime ago a salesman came to our place selling nursery stock. "You can't lose by buying our stock," the man said, "for it's guaranteed to grow. If it dies the first year, we replace it without any charge."

"But I don't want nursery stock that is guaranteed to live," I told him. "I never buy that kind."

The salesman was astonished. The "guaranteed to live" gimmick was one of his main sales gadgets.

"That's queer," he said, "why don't you want guaranteed stock? Nobody wants plants that die."

"That's true enough," I said. "We all want healthy stock. But the main reason that healthy stock dies the first year is because of carelessness or neglect. When I plant a tree I try to take care of it and give it special attention so that it grows. If I buy guaranteed stock, then I have to pay extra for it to make up for the people who don't take care of their plants."

The salesman nodded his head as he got into his car to go. "Maybe you're right," he said, "but I sure don't find many people like you."

After he left, my thoughts went on to other things. It seems like people are always wanting to get something for nothing. They want to win a free prize, or collect insurance claims when something goes wrong. They think they can get something for nothing, but on the average it turns out just like the nursery deal, they get nothing for something.

(- J.G.), Ontario.

### WHY SECOND BEST?

Recently a salesman came to our door selling products to aid our health. After explaining the merits of his products, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "I believe this is the second best message that can be given to mankind — the way to better health. The best message, of course, is the Gospel."

In reflecting on this incident, I thought, "Why not use more time and effort to give the best message to the people — the message that not only has the promise of this life, but also of the life to come?"

- H., Ontario

### THE DAY MY BOLDNESS VANISHED

One day when I was about ten or eleven years old, my mother said to me, "Today you may go to the store for me."

That was a job I liked. There were so many nice things in the store. But for a child, there were also some temptations.

Before it was time to go, a plan had already formed in my head. What my heart craved was a piece of chewing

gum. But Dad was so against spending money for "nothing" as he put it, and all the chewing that goes with it. So I decided I would take a penny out of the pocketbook before Mother gives me the money to go to the store. The pocketbook was inside the cupboard with the dishes, so I soon had my penny.

I thought about how Dad always made us promise not to buy gum if he gave us a few pennies at a farm sale. Well this time no one would know anything about it. I would chew it all the way home. When I came to our farm I would spit it out.

When the time came, Mother gave me the money for what I was to buy and sent me off. No, she had not missed the penny.

When I reached the store I walked in boldly. In those days forty years ago, candy was sold out of wooden pails. The pails were on a wooden bench in front of the counter. It was very easy for a hungry child to get at it.

I gave my paper to the clerk and as he went to get my things, I watched my chance. When his back was turned, I quickly took a piece of candy and put it into my pocket. Then I paid for my things and turned to go. Then I turned again and asked for a piece of gum. It was given to me without question. I felt a little guilty as I laid my stolen cent on the counter. But I walked out of the store a well-pleased and self-satisfied little girl.

Now that I also had a piece of candy I decided to nibble on that first. It was just a small piece, but I thought of how nice it would be to save half of my gum for another day. But I was afraid to do that for fear my mother or one of my brothers would find it. So I popped the whole piece into my mouth and walked on home, doing some grand chewing as I went.

After I was at home a short while, Mother suddenly said, "And just what are you chewing?"

If she had hit me unexpectedly in the face I could not have been shocked more. I had forgotten to spit out my gum! What would I do now? Different thoughts flashed through my mind but nothing to help me out of this mess.

There was nothing else to do so I told her, "I have gum."

Of course the next question was, "Where did you get it?"

My bold spirit vanished for I was caught in the act. There was nothing left for me to do but to tell her the truth. The piece of stolen candy also came to my mind and I would have confessed that too, but she didn't question me any further.

Mother didn't say much. She just looked at me for awhile. She was apparently thinking of what kind of punishment I needed.

Soon she got me by the arm and said, "Come with me into the yard."

I knew what was coming. But I thought to myself, "Oh

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no, surely not. I am almost as big as you are."

Then it dawned on me how this will look, a mother whipping her biggest and only daughter. There were neighbors living just across a small field and they could see it all if they should happen to be looking this way.

I felt myself being led to a small tree. A thin whip was cut off, and after a half dozen lashes and a few circles around mother, I broke down and cried. Not tears of pain, but tears of shame.

I don't know if she realized how I felt or not; she only mentioned it once in my presence and that was to my father. Of course I couldn't bring myself to tell her how I felt.

But now I am thankful that I was caught so soon, as I never felt like stealing since that. Yes, you could say it was just a small thing, but I knew I was doing wrong, so it was sin. Be sure your sins will find you out and the sooner the better.

- E.W., Pa.

### IS OUR RELIGION SEVERE?

One day when I was away from home, I met a stranger who asked me, "Are you a Mennonite?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I understand there are four branches of Mennonites. Of which branch are you?"

I quickly replied, "I am of the original."

Now to be sure, his information was out-of-date as the branches far outnumber four.

Then he inquired further, "But you are not of the severe group, are you?"

I did not know just how to answer, for I did not know what he meant by severe. But I assumed he meant those who sacrifice the most in their way of life, so I answered, "No."

At the time, the word severe seemed misplaced, but it has different meanings and can mean plan, rigidly accurate, etc.

Actually, our religion is severe only when it is not appreciated.

- L. Risser, Md.

### WHAT KIND OF FAMILY LIFE?

I recall how we spent a night with a nice family years ago. But one thing I will not forget, how they awoke their three boys the next morning. I still remember their names as it took about 45 minutes of calling till they finally hit the floor. I have no idea how often they were called.

I just had to think how hard the poor father was making it for himself, and at the same time spoiling the boys. It could all have been avoided, or treated in a matter of several mornings.

I think it's up to each individual family to decide what kind of family life they have. Is it a peaceful Christian life or one with children frowning and talking back when they are admonished. If it's like this, then parents are making life miserable for themselves and spoiling the child at the same time.

This is not to say that a child will always do as he is taught, even though he is brought up in a Christian way. But then the parents have at least done their duty.

When we as parents look back as to what kind of family life we have had, we can see that we have oftentimes failed. May God bless each Christian family.

- E. B., Kalona, Iowa

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

Sixty-three years ago in the early morning hours of April 18, 1906, the city of San Francisco was left in ruins by the most disastrous earthquake California had ever experienced. In the past few months, however, there have been hints of something greater to come.

For several years earthquake experts have been warning that huge pressures are building up along the Pacific Coast, and that a major earthquake is likely to occur in the not too distant future. There is even a possibility that a large part of California will be torn loose from the continent to be plunged into the sea — carrying the great cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco and fifteen million people to a watery grave.

For months astrologers and prophets have been predicting that Doomsday is not far off, and some religious leaders have led their followers to safety in firmer states. A book called The Last Days of the Late, Great State of California has been written to describe what the disaster would be like. It has become a best seller.

The Bible says that in the last days there will be "great earthquakes in divers places." If California is indeed hurled into the Pacific, it will be a disaster such as the world has not yet known.

### A CHURCH HOUSE FOR SALE

Church membership among the Mennonites of Holland is on the decline. Because of this loss of membership, the United Mennonite Church of Amsterdam is being forced to sell one of its five church buildings. The one being offered is a fairly new and modern building that was erected in 1956.

The Amsterdam United Mennonite Church had a membership of 3906 in 1968. This may still seem like a large number, but the 1950 membership was considerably higher — 5522. The total Mennonite membership in the Netherlands last year was 34,700, a decrease of 3700 from the previous year of 1967.

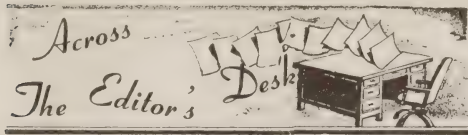
By comparison, the total world membership of all groups of Mennonites rose by 15,500 over 1967, to 470,000 — or a gain of about 3 1/2%. The fastest gains were in Latin America, where the membership increased by almost 20% in a year's time.

### NINE YEARS OF TV

The average American spends more than three hours a day watching television, reports the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. Because many of the programs contain violence, the Commission is concerned lest this steady viewing of TV will be a harmful influence upon American family life.

The report goes on to compute that the average American between the ages of 2 and 65 spends 3000 days, or almost nine years of his life watching television.

Nine years, twenty-four hours a day, is a long time.



We're glad we don't often find ourselves in such a predicament as we did after the May issue of Family Life came out. We're still trying to wriggle out of that one. Here's a sample of how some readers felt:

"We are greatly disappointed in you. Here you promised to have Mrs. Menno Miller's article in Family Life, then last week when it came, I wanted to read that first of all. I looked over the index and couldn't find it. Then I read "Across the Editor's Desk", and he mentioned the article. I didn't know if my eyes were deceiving me or what. Then a couple days later I saw the notice on the back cover. Surely you could have omitted something else that you had not promised to print. - C.M., Ohio

They say a poor excuse is better than none, but sometimes it really isn't as simple as it seems to avoid such mistakes. To get out Family Life, everything is run on a pretty tight schedule. We have a deadline for the material to be in, a deadline for setting the type, for pasting up, for making negs, for printing, and for getting it assembled and mailed. If something goes wrong in any of these processes, it can easily cause confusion in the whole works.

This is what happened in the May issue. The particular article which we had promised was delayed enroute and arrived later at the paste-up room. It was supposed to go into the center section, but when it finally arrived, to our dismay we found there were only four pages of space for a six page article. We had to decide on whether we should print only half the article or hold all of it till the

next issue. We decided on the latter.

Attention was then called to the fact that mention had been made of the article in Across the Desk column. But we found that, at that time, this section was already going to press. Oh well, if it's a good article it should still be good the next time.

We would also like to mention that to save space and time most of the "Letters To The Editors" have been shortened. We try to avoid repeating the same thing over and over again. We also try to drop out items which are of insufficient interest or do not have enough bearing on the subject under discussion.

We would also like to encourage people to send in Pen Points. The May issue was the first issue of Family Life to come out without any Pathway Pen Points. We depend almost altogether on our readers for these pen points. Please do not let them die.

Starting in this issue is a new feature entitled Home Health Hints. Quite a few readers have asked for such a column, and we hope that it will be of sufficient interest to let us hear from you. A collection of home remedies is being compiled in connection with this work, so if you have any proven home remedies, please send them in.

Also if you have any question about health you would like to see discussed, send it in. We will at least try to get you some information on it, and if we feel it is of sufficient interest, then it will be taken up in F.L.

A doctor, in whom we have considerable confidence, has agreed to check each write-up before it appears in Family Life and to offer advice and consultation. We definitely don't want to publish anything that is misleading or harmful, but we do want to provide something which is of value to our readers. ■■

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## EDITORIAL

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### A GLIMPSE IN THE MIRROR

I'll never forget something I read a few years ago. It was a letter in a popular advice column. The young woman who had written it was very upset. The problem seemed to be that she couldn't find a husband who could meet certain qualifications — qualifications devised not by her but by her parents. For years they had trained her to be very critical of young men. If she had a date with a certain boy, her parents would say he was rather pleasant but really a little too heavy. The next young man would be too tall and thin, the next had a receding hairline at twenty-six, the next worked at the wrong type of occupation. And thus the daughter's life went; each time she would introduce a young man to her parents, they never failed to later point out his faults. At thirty this young woman was very confused and wondered if there was anyone in the whole world worth marrying.

Why would parents be so unreasonably critical and also train their daughter to be? Well, I'm not a psychiatrist, but it isn't hard to see that these parents were disturbed, and some of their disturbed attitude was rubbing off on

their daughter. Either they were very proud people or very selfish, and probably it was a case of an equal mixture of both. Somehow they thought they had raised the perfect daughter and therefore she must have the perfect husband.

You and I can sit back and smile at this situation for we know that the parents are only fooling themselves, for there is no such thing as the perfect husband. And furthermore we realize that there is no such thing as the perfect daughter. No one is perfect. Anyone who thinks he is should take a glimpse in the mirror — his conscience — and see how imperfect he (or she) is.

Now you may think this editorial is going to be about dating practices among us plain people. But it's not. I only used the above illustration to help explain a feeling I have had for some time — a feeling concerning certain people and their attitudes toward the church.

Occasionally I meet a person who once belonged to a plain church, but now he is living alone. Sometimes another family sort of joins with him at least for a time, but no solid church ever develops. I have asked people like this why they aren't members somewhere, and I always receive the same answer, "There isn't any church

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scripturally sound enough." I've since come to the opinion that there isn't any group of people (church) perfect enough.

When talking with this type of person, the topic of conversation always swings around to the faults of certain church groups. Ignored are the ninety-five good points which the church possesses; instead the person dwells on the group's five failings. And if the person has a family, his children are brought up in such an atmosphere; they are trained to have an overly critical eye. Thus when they think of being baptized, they can't find the perfect church either. And there they stand off by themselves, feeling they have accepted Christ yet not being able to find a church to serve Him in. Such people are like the parents and daughter in the illustration. They need to take a glimpse in the mirror.

Have you ever thought a rose is a beautiful flower? I certainly have and still do. I was raised by parents who considered the rose the most beautiful flower. Whenever I passed the flower beds in our yard and saw the coral, yellow, red, and pink tints I felt I was really admiring something beautiful. But you know once I stopped and examined each flower. As I bent toward each one I realized each had small imperfections — here and there a petal was torn, a few leaves had some blight, some blooms were a little too widely opened exposing a flat unattractive inside. Each flower had some imperfections; yet I still felt the flowers as a group were beautiful. But don't get me wrong. I'm not saying all flower beds are beautiful, for some might just as well be plowed under. What I am saying is that no matter how beautiful a flower bed is, when examined closely there are many imperfections.

Isn't it the same with our churches? We can find imperfections if that's what we are looking for. And sometimes we find a church which has passed the stage of imperfection and is corrupt. From such a church a sincere Christian might better depart. But shouldn't a person be very careful and cautious in passing such a judgement? And isn't it a very serious judgment for a person then to say there is no church on the face of the earth with which he can fellowship?

It is one thing to point out faults and another thing to help overcome them. When a person merely spends his life tearing down churches with his fault finding, he has led a self-righteous life; and he generally lives in bitter frustration. But a Christian should see further than the faults in his church; he should see his responsibility in building the church up, not tearing it down. What makes the difference between him and the person who can't find fellowship anywhere? Simply this, he is mature enough to distinguish self-righteousness from true righteousness, fault finding from concern, and negative criticism from upbuilding advice.

If it is a rather serious position to take when parents feel there is no one perfect enough for their daughter, how much more serious it is to take the stand that there is no church worthy of joining. People like this are forgetting that they are far from perfect — their self-righteous attitude and unwilling spirit being direct proof of it. They and all of us need a daily glimpse into that mirror called the conscience and thereby hopefully become honest with ourselves and with others.

- D. L.

#### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS ?

If you are moving, please send us your old and new addresses.

## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

### SHUT UP, YOU STUPID PILGRIM

A few months ago a friend and I were walking quietly down the sidewalks of a nearby city. It was nearly noon, and we were scanning the building fronts for a clean restaurant with reasonable prices. Ahead of us some boys were playing. They watched us curiously as we approached.

"What are you?" one of them said.

We smiled pleasantly at them and merely answered, "Hello" as we passed.

As we walked on, one of the boys shouted after us, "Shut up, you stupid pilgrims!"

What the lad meant by the words, or what caused him to shout them after us, I cannot tell. Both of us were puzzled. And for days after that, at odd moments I would remember the boy's words and wonder what they meant. "Shut up, you stupid pilgrims." It was a strange cry, but as I pondered over it, I realized that it was not a new one.

More than nineteen centuries ago, a lonely man clad in rough, shaggy garments sat locked in prison. Days dragged by for him in monotonous sameness. John the Baptist had plenty of time to think as he waited for the day when Herod would send for his head. And he knew why he was in prison. Except for that one sentence he had spoken, he might have been free that very day. When King Herod took his brother's wife to be his own, John the Baptist had spoken out boldly against the wrong of it. "It is not right that you have her," John had preached. One sentence, but it was enough — the wilderness preacher was doomed. Herodias would not stop nagging Herod until she got what she had wanted — revenge on the preacher who had dared to condemn her. She had John imprisoned and finally beheaded. It was her way of saying, "Shut up, you stupid pilgrim."

Several years later the cry was repeated. It was a tense scene as Stephen stood before the angry council. The ring of hateful, bearded faces looking down on him, warned Stephen that one wrong word might easily cost him his life. It was a situation where diplomatic and tactful moves might have done wonders to ease the tension, but Stephen launched bluntly into a long sermon. And then, as if it were not humbling enough that he dug into their history producing example after example of how wilful and wayward their forefathers had been, Stephen ended up by saying pointedly, "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears. Ye do always resist the Holy Spirit; as your fathers did, so do ye."

The men of the council, whose feelings had been trampled on quite enough, didn't stand for that kind of name calling! Jumping to their feet, they gritted their teeth in rage.

Even at this point it might have been possible for Stephen to have backed down and tip-toed out, but he seemed bent on stirring up their wrath further. "Behold I see heaven open, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

With a roar the council stormed down upon him, stopping their ears and shouting with loud voices. Dragging

him outside the city, they hurled stones upon his bent back as he knelt to pray.

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they..."

A shower of rocks crashed down upon him with crushing force. The men of the council were saying in a forceful way, "Shut up, you stupid pilgrim."

Four hundred years later the cry was still being flung about. A man by the name of Benjamin was a deacon in the Christian church at Persia. He might have lived in peace had it not been for one habit he had. Benjamin wouldn't be quiet about his religion. Wherever he met people, the deacon told them about the Saviour who came to rescue sinful men. As they listened to Benjamin, some people did not like the sound of what they heard. They tattled to Geroranes, the king of the land.

"Throw the fellow into prison, and there he'll keep quiet," the king commanded.

So Benjamin, the deacon, was shoved into prison. The key turned and the doors locked.

Inside the prison Benjamin sat patiently. Days passed, and nothing happened. Weeks and months went by. For two long years Benjamin seemed to be completely forgotten.

At last one day, a man on business came to speak to the king. The man had heard about Benjamin sitting in dreary confinement and pitied him. He made up his mind to ask the king for the deacon's release.

"Why don't you let Benjamin out now?" the man said to the king when his business was done.

"I will," the king said, "if he will promise not to talk to the people about his religion."

"He will be quiet," the man said. "I can promise for Benjamin that he won't say a word."

The king accepted the promise. The man hurried to tell Benjamin that he could be released at last. But when Benjamin heard what promise the man had made, he was displeased. "I do not want to do what you have promised for me," he said. "There is a great light inside me and God will punish me if I try to hide it. No, I cannot be quiet."

The man left, not telling the king what answer Benjamin had given. Soon the king commanded that Benjamin be released. And once again Benjamin talked of the great love God had shed in his heart.

Almost a year passed before someone complained to the king what Benjamin was doing. The king was furious. He commanded that Benjamin be brought before him at

once. When Benjamin was hurried in, the king ordered him to renounce his God.

Benjamin refused.

This angered the king even more. He flew into a terrible rage. Turning to the guards, he ordered them to sharpen twenty sticks and pry them under Benjamin's fingernails.

Benjamin bore this brutal treatment quietly. Red blood ran from his torn fingers.

"Will you promise not to speak again about your religion?" the king demanded.

"No."

"Then you shall die," the king shouted. He commanded that Benjamin be killed with a knotty stick. It was King Geroranes' way of saying in the fifth century, "Shut up, you stupid pilgrim."

"Shut up, you stupid pilgrim," has always been the cry of people who do not like to be told they are living in sin. It is the cry of those who resent being reminded that there is a day of judgement and a life hereafter. People with guilty consciences do not like to hear of a holy God who is calling them to repentance.

Jesus said that the world hated him because he told them their deeds were evil. (John 7:7)

There is plenty of corruption and evil around us in the world today. And ours is the challenge to live the kind of lives that will speak out against it with force and clearness, even when we must suffer for the stand we take.

And sadly enough, not all the wrong today is outside the church. Compromise, drift, and neglect have done their work in the course of long years. Questionable practices have crept in among us. And we need to say, as John the Baptist said, "It is not right."

It would have been easier for John to have looked the other way and said nothing. It would have been easier for Stephen and Benjamin to be quiet, and not stand up against wrong or tell of a better way. But they chose instead to suffer and bear the hardships so that they could be true to God. Their lives remain to this day shining examples of courage for all those who follow in their footsteps, and who must in turn hear the cry they knew so well, "Shut up, you stupid pilgrims." ■■

"Russia has abolished God, but so far God has been more tolerant."  
- John Cameron Swayze

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## *As I See It Now*

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Acts 9:7

"And the men which journeyed with him (Paul) stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man."

"And they that were with me (Paul) saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me." (Acts 22:9)

In this second verse, does Paul contradict the first verse? Not if we understand it the way it was meant.

In the first verse hearing has reference to the literal word, hearing with the ear only, while in the second it has reference to hear, meaning to obey.

In many places in the Scripture the word hear means to obey. (Rev. 3:20, John 5:25, Acts 7:37) Is this not the hear Paul has reference to in the second verse, for further

in Acts 26:19, he says to Agrippa, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

The men that traveled with Paul were without doubt strict Pharisees and were not converted. Therefore Paul said they did not 'hear' the voice, in the sense of obeying it, thought they 'heard' it in the literal sense.

- A.B. Martin, Pennsylvania

Editors' Note: Another explanation may well be that the bystanders heard a noise like thunder, but did not understand the words spoken to Paul. Thus they heard the voice and yet did not hear. Several newer translations would seem to support this latter view, rendering the passage in Acts 22:9, "They did not understand the words..."



**BEAUTIFUL BLACK BALKER**

by Jake Diener

Fourteen-year-old Harry looked impatient as he walked up to his father. "Dad," he said, "old Duke balked for me again when I had him up at the mill this afternoon. I was just ready to start home with that load of feed in the spring wagon, and I just couldn't get him to go."

"What did you do then?" Dad asked.

"Several of the men at the mill helped me — one of them pushed while the other led Duke. We finally got him going. I got so sick and tired of him balking all the time. Why don't you take him to the horse sale and get rid of him?"

"Well," reasoned Dad, "he's a beautiful black driving horse, and a very good traveler, but if we sold him as a balker, he wouldn't bring over \$75.00 and I'd hate to sell him for that. All he needs is a little more driving. I'm going over to Uncle Dave's this evening after supper, so I'll drive Duke over there."

Right after supper Dad left the house to go see Uncle Dave. About fifteen minutes later Harry heard a commotion outside. When he went to look, out there was old Duke — balking in their own driveway. Harry rushed out to give his Dad a hand.

Already Dad was quite upset with the way his horse was acting. Duke was backing around and rearing up. All at once he made a lunge, and came crashing down on his side, cracking the shaft and tearing the harness.

Now Dad Borkholder had had enough. "Well, I guess that's just about it," he said. "Tomorrow we'll take old Duke to the horse sale, and if he does only bring \$75 it will be a good riddance."

The next morning Dad and Harry hurried with their chores so they could get an early start for the horse sale. They decided to lead old Duke behind the buggy.

As they were going down the road leading Duke, Dad was thinking, "Now, how will I recommend old Duke? After all, he is a beautiful horse, and a good traveler. If I don't mention he's a balker, he might bring \$200 — and we could sure use the money. Then, too, with a different owner, Duke might not balk at all."

"Clippity-clip, clippity-clip," the sound of the horses' feet beat a steady rhythm on the smooth blacktop as the father and son drove on toward the sale.

Dad's thoughts went on. "I wouldn't actually be lying if I didn't tell them he's a balker. I just wouldn't be saying everything. Oh, well, I'll see when the time comes to sell him," he decided, as they were entering the drive at the sale barn.

Harry untied old Duke from the back of the buggy and led him into the barn, with Dad following close behind.

"Hey, a nice driving horse you have there," said the man at the check-in station. "He should sell well," he added as he put sticker No. 7 on old Duke.

It was still early and a few hours before their horse would be sold, so Harry and Dad walked around aimlessly, looking at the many horses and ponies that had been consigned.

As time passed, more people gathered and at last the auction was under way. Dad and Harry joined the rest of the crowd, trying to find a seat to their liking. First they sold harnesses, a few collars, and some dusty halters. Then the first horse was led into the ring.

Dad felt uneasy as he watched the horses being led in,

sold one after the other, and led away again.

"Wonder how soon they'll bring in old Duke," said Harry. But Dad hardly heard him. His mind was far away. "Should I tell them he balks, or should I just not say —"

A sleek black horse appeared at the doorway and was led into the ring. Old Duke!

"Horse No. 7 is in the ring," announced the auctioneer. "The owner is a Mr. Borkholder. Are you in the crowd, please? What do you have to say about your horse?"

Slowly Dad got to his feet. "He's — he's eight years old, sound, and a very good traveler."

"And a beautiful horse he is," added the auctioneer. "What will you bid to start him?"

Somebody started the horse at \$150, but it didn't stay there long. The auctioneer was very enthusiastic, and the bidding lively.

\$170, \$180, \$190, and \$200.

Dad looked at Duke again. Yes, he was a good-looking horse.

The bidding moved on. \$220, \$225, \$230.

"I've got a bid of \$235, who'll make it \$240?"

The bidding was slowed now, and the auctioneer had to work longer for a bid. At last he was bid \$240, but he couldn't get it raised.

"Well, I guess if you're all through, I've got to be, too. Sold, to the man on the right, there. Your name please, sir?"

"Howard Ramsby," answered the man with the last bid.

"Thank you," said the auctioneer. "You bought a good horse."

Dad heaved a big sigh of relief. "Well, at least no Amishman bought him," he thought. "I'm sure glad an outsider got him. I'll probably never see Mr. Ramsby again as he must be a stranger in these parts."

Dad and Harry watched each horse being led through the ring to be sold. The auctioneer chattered on and on, with an occasional outburst of extra enthusiasm when a real good horse was brought in. It was starting to get late when Harry said, "Dad, we'd better start home. It's almost chore time now."

"Oh, yes," said Dad. Again his mind had been far away.

Little was said as they drove home. Dad was thinking, "I wonder what Mr. Ramsby will think of the Amish when he has trouble with old Duke. Oh, well, I just hope he doesn't have any trouble. At least I got quite a price for him."

The next few days Dad Borkholder thought quite a lot about the way he sold old Duke, but finally he decided to dismiss it from his mind.

Two weeks later on the morning of the next horse sale, a flashy car with a horse trailer along behind came driving into the Borkholder homestead. In the trailer was old Duke. An elderly man stepped from the car and met Dad Borkholder near the barn.

"Mr. Borkholder, I'm Howard Ramsby. I'm the man that bought your horse two weeks ago at the horse sale."

"Oh, yes," said Dad. "Did — ah — did you have trouble with him?"

"Yes, Mr. Borkholder. You know all about this horse. You knew he was a balker all the time. I bought him because I took you for an honest man."

"Well," said Dad, "I've learned my lesson. I want to make it right with you."

"No, no," said Mr. Ramsby, "I've learned my lesson too. I just stopped by to borrow a set of your Amish clothes. I've got to get my money out of that horse somehow."

A MOTHER TELLS HOW FERVENTLY SHE HOPED  
AND PRAYED FOR A HEALTHY BABY. A DIFFICULT  
STORY FOR PARENTS TO READ WITHOUT TEARS.

WE

PRAYED

FOR A HEALTHY BABY



— MRS. MENNO N. MILLER

How well I remember Feb. 16, 1959! On that day my husband Menno and I were a happy daddy and mother as we walked out of the wide doors of Union Hospital, carrying our precious little bundle all wrapped up in a warm blanket. Our baby was softly sleeping, unaware of the big world we were taking him into.

Oh, how happy we had been when our doctor announced, "A little boy. He weighs 7 lbs. and 7 oz." For some time we had been looking forward to this event, and now we were thankful everything was over and all was well with our first child. We named him Michael Allen.

How pleased we were when friends came to see our new baby. Yes, life seemed great, as it does to all young parents with their first child. And oh, so inexperienced! I tried to picture in my mind the day to come — little Michael sitting by himself, and then he would learn to walk. I could see him toddling through the house, and eating by himself, making a big mess. How beautiful it would be to hear him say daddy and mommy for the first time. I thought of his school days and all this and that, and then the sober thought came to me — will I be the kind of mother I should be to bring him up as a Christian? Are we the kind of parents God calls for? Yes, this tugged pretty hard at my heart, but I just shoved the thought back up on the shelf.

Right then another thought came to my mind. I remembered parents who had experienced heartaches and trials with sick children. Yes, and retarded children, too. How such fathers and mothers must feel! What if it should

happen to us — to Menno and to me and little Michael? I did not want to think about it, but I just couldn't shake the thought from my mind. It was as if someone were telling me I was to have such children.

"Oh, no!" I said to myself. "Not me." I would go over to my baby and pick him up. I would unwrap his blanket and look him all over. He looked all right and he was growing so nicely.

Sometimes I would walk to his baby bed when he was sound asleep and look at him and whisper to myself, "Oh, what would I do if he was retarded? But, no, the doctor said everything is all right."

Little did we know the heartaches, the cares and trials and sleepless nights we were soon to experience.

Months went by and we began to realize that not all was well with our little Michael. Surely he should be able to hold his head at five months. He didn't respond to toys or do the things other babies his age were doing.

But our doctor only said, "Don't worry. Some babies are slower."

### "Your Baby Is—"

Michael began to be a very fussy baby, and we made frequent trips to the doctor. I began to think there must be something more serious wrong. But our doctor still thought he was just slow.

When Michael was a little over five months of age, we took him to a local chiropractor. He spoke to us in words like this, words that startled us, "Your baby is retarded.

Family Life



I may be able to help you but it will take time."

I thought, "Retarded? Did he say retarded?" It just didn't register in my mind. It seemed like someone far off telling me, "Retarded ..." On the way home I asked Menno, "What did he say? Did he say retarded?"

The worried reply was, "Yes."

Retarded! Mentally retarded, oh no, not that! No, not my baby. I tried to make myself believe something could help him. He was growing so nicely. I could hardly believe there was anything wrong.

But at seven months, Michael took sick — fever, sore throat, cough. The doctor gave him a shot for infection every day for a week. But it didn't help any.

Finally the doctor said, "We'll have to put him into a hospital and tap his spine to see what is wrong." It turned out to be spinal meningitis. We left Michael at the hospital in the evening and the next day when we went to see him, — such a sight! They had his hands, his feet, and his head taped down, with sand bags on each side of his body to keep him from moving. His pretty blond hair had been shaved off on each side of his head and two needles, one on each side of his head, fed him through the veins.

Michael just lay there so quiet as if there was nothing wrong. This almost broke my heart — the poor baby — why did he have to go through such suffering?

But our baby recovered fairly well, though in some ways he was not like he had been before. As he grew older, he became sick quite easily and was very nervous. Yes, we had to accept the fact that Michael was plainly retarded. This in itself was a hard pull — it seemed like walking in mud up to the knees, trying to take a step forward.

Michael got spells in which he pulled hair from his head, tried to bump his head and struck his hand against the crib till it bled. At times I tied his hands down. He had caluses on his one hand from biting himself. Michael would go through convulsions, one after the other. If I didn't happen to be there in time, he would bite his tongue and his lips. Sometimes he got spells where he would cry and cry. But even at that, he had many days in which he was happy. That was the sunshine part of it. He liked very much to go outside.

### "We'll Do Anything If It Helps"

Then, on April 21, 1960, we were blessed with another little boy to love and to care for. Timothy Ray weighed 6 lbs. 3 oz. and was dark-eyed with a lot of dark hair. He looked as normal as a baby could, and was such a good baby the first two weeks.

At three weeks Timothy was a little more fussy and started spitting up after each feeding. Our doctor advised us to change to skim milk, but it didn't help. We tried six different kinds of milk, but none of them worked.

When Timothy was thirteen weeks old, our doctor suggested, "Let's put him into the hospital for X rays."

They X rayed and ran different kinds of tests. Finally our doctor announced, "You can take him home tomorrow. We will do some more X rays and then I will give you a report."

The next day we hurried to the hospital. Oh, how happy I was to bring that baby home. And we were both anxious to talk to our doctor to find out what was wrong.

When we arrived at the hospital, the doctor was not in sight. We asked one of the nurses where he was and said we wanted to talk to him. She had his name called through the loudspeaker. Our doctor wasn't there.

He had told us what time to come for the baby, and had promised to give us a report. Where was he? Why had

he left when he knew we were coming? It was not time yet for his office hours.

"Maybe we can get him on the phone," the nurse suggested.

So Menno tried that. I watched as he held the telephone to his ear. "Is this Dr. Stevenson? Yes? This is Menno Miller. We are ready to take our baby home and we would like to know what is wrong with our baby."

Menno's face looked worried and sad as he put the telephone down. He turned toward the door and I followed. I asked him what the doctor had said, but he didn't say a word — just kept on walking as though he hadn't heard me and was in deep thought. I didn't ask again then, for I could see it was something that was hard to tell.

We got the baby dressed. As we went down the hospital steps and came out into the fresh air, I asked again, "What — what did the doctor say? Menno, tell me —"

Menno looked down at the steps as though he was counting them. Finally he said, "The doctor said — said he would be retarded like Michael is."

"Retarded like Michael is? Is that what he told you, Menno?"

"Yes, and he said put him on Sobee milk. He said they did all they could for —"

"But we had him on that milk and it didn't help."

We went home that evening, both of us tired in body, mind, and spirit. Oh, what could we do? This was such a shock. How I wished no one would ask us what was wrong with Timothy. This would be so hard to answer.

We tried to encourage ourselves by thinking some other doctor could help our baby. We were given lots of advice by friends, but everything failed. We went from doctor to doctor, but nothing helped.

Timothy was small for his age and seemed to be very nervous. One doctor prescribed phenobarbital for his nervous condition. He was getting convulsions every morning when he woke up. He was almost seven months old, but he still could not hold up his head. He could not stand on his legs as well as Michael had at that age, and he responded less to toys.

We read folders from Spears Chiropractic Hospital of Denver, Colorado, telling of children they had cured of retardedness. Oh, that sounded good. Should we try them?

Menno said, "We'll do anything if it helps." But there were some problems, yes — financial problems. We didn't have the money to pay such a large hospital bill. We had already spent hundreds of dollars for doctor and hospital bills. The church offered to help, and so did many kind friends.

On Nov. 23, 1960 Menno and I and our two children got on board the train and left Ohio, headed for Spears Chiropractic Hospital in Denver, hoping and praying as we traveled that somehow our children could be helped.

Now don't think that this was an easy task — traveling with two sick children as helpless as could be, along with the food, clothing, diapers, and what not that goes with babies, and such a long trip. And then, with two heavily-burdened hearts, wondering what the future held.

Yes, we arrived at Denver, but we were all so-o-o tired. The first thing to do was to admit the children. Menno and I slept in the dorm close to the hospital. The next day tests were started and X rays were taken. We were asked lots and lots of questions.

The doctors assured us they could help the boys but it would take time. We should leave them there for three

months. We thought, "Three months! How can we do it?" But we had expected as much.

Menno and I stayed a week, then started home. Oh, that was hard, going home and leaving them so many miles away, and for three months! At that time there were some Amish patients at the Hospital and they encouraged us before we left, saying that they would go see them regularly. This helped a lot. And every week the doctors wrote to us how the boys were doing.

As the days passed slowly, we thought our patience would run out. Endless days and endless nights of waiting, but finally the three months were expired and we started for Denver on the train again. We could hardly wait till we reached Denver. We took a taxi over to the hospital at once, hurried up those steps, and took the elevator. Oh, the elevator had never gone so slow before.

The boys were no longer in the room where we had left them. The nurse showed us their rooms. There was a crib standing not far from the door. Inside there lay a baby who looked to be seven or eight months old, with long brown silky hair, brown eyes, long curved-up eye lashes. The baby lay there so content, sucking on a bottle of milk propped up on a blanket. I wondered, "Whose little girl is this?"

As I stepped closer I saw the name on the crib. Oh, no! What did it say in bold letters — Timothy Ray Miller. Was this our Timmie? I could hardly believe it. I called him by name, "Timmie, Timmie —" He looked up at me and smiled the most beautiful smile. The tears welled up in my eyes. I picked him up. Oh, how happy we were to see him at last. But now, where was Michael?

We went to the room where Michael was, walked past a few cribs, and there lay Mickie. But was this Mickie? He had lost weight and looked white as a sheet, except that he was blue around the nose and mouth. He had long hair like a little girl. What had happened that he looked so sick?

I called him by name, "Mickie, Mickie." He recognized us right away and started to cry. I took him in my arms. This just broke my heart and all our hopes crumbled. What had happened to the poor child? Was he that homesick? Many thoughts flooded our minds.

After we had regained better control of ourselves, we made plans to start for home. The doctors told us, "You should leave them for another month. Perhaps —" But we were only too happy we could take them home.

We got off the train at Wooster, Ohio. A kind neighbor had come after us. Oh, how happy we were to be back home.

### "Don't Give Us Hope If..."

The doctors in Denver had advised us to continue with a chiropractor in Ohio. We didn't know what to do, but we did take the boys to him for a while. But when we saw no progress, we quit altogether.

I was still praying for hope, yet at the same time I prayed, "Oh God, don't give us hope if there is no hope." We noticed as the months passed that Michael and Timothy were growing weaker. We gave ourselves up, thinking, "This must be the will of God. If He would want those bodies healed, He would heal them." We could feel God's hand drawing us closer and closer to Him.

On August 2, 1961 God blessed us with another little boy, weighing 7 lbs. 5 oz. He had lots of dark wavy hair — a beautiful baby as perfect as a rose. We named him Rudy Jay. I could not help wondering about the future of this little bundle. Our doctor assured us everything was

all right, and that he couldn't see a thing wrong.

We left the hospital and took Rudy Jay home. Yes, this baby grew nicely too. But I was fearful. I prayed, "God, let this baby be healthy like other babies, if it is Thy will. Help us go through these trials and testings."

At three weeks Rudy got to be very fussy. At four and five weeks I thought, "I have a baby with colic." Then one morning when the baby was about six weeks old, I noticed swelling all over his body. Oh my, what did this mean? Dr. Bahler was on vacation and we had to have a doctor. We took him to Dr. Hostetler. He examined the baby.

"I don't know what's wrong," he admitted. "I don't know what to give him. You'd better take him to a child specialist, Dr. Geduldig."

The specialist ran a few tests and then said, "This baby has something serious. We must take him to Columbus Children's Hospital."

With heavy hearts we headed for Columbus. Dr. Green examined him and took several tests. Then came the hardest blow. He called us to his office. There he talked gently and slowly to us, "Your baby has a very serious disease. You have a very sick baby." Then he stopped talking and took a deep breath. "I'm afraid we cannot help your baby. The disease may be fatal, but we'll do all we can."

My head felt like it was going round and round, my heart beat faster and faster. The doctor was talking again, "I'll let you go home, as you've told me you already have two sick children at home to care for."

I got to my feet. I thought I couldn't start walking; my knees were shaking. Must we go home and leave our baby there? Yes, there was no way out.

When we made trips to Columbus to see how little Rudy was getting along, we found him no better. He was in a room with big glass windows, and we were not allowed to go in. We could see him through the window. Oh, if only I could hold him.

He lay there on his tummy, putting his head from one side to the other. They were giving him oxygen and were feeding him through the veins. They had already given him blood. Why did he have to suffer so, the poor child?

Yes, it was our prayer that God would send an angel to

### *God Will Be With You*

God has not said life's pattern  
Is one we'll understand;  
But He's promised He will keep us  
In the hollow of His hand!  
He has not promised days serene  
And free from all alarms,  
But He's said that underneath us  
Are "the everlasting arms!"  
God has not promised mountain heights,  
As on through life we go,  
But He's said that He'll be with us  
In the valleys dark and low!





come and get little Rudy, rather than let him suffer. With pleading we prayed, "If it is Thy will, send a beloved angel to come and take him from his suffering."

Little Rudy was in the hospital two long weeks. Then early one fall morning before daylight, Sept. 26, 1961, God did send an angel to gather little Rudy into the fold, where he would be free from pain and suffering, and could rest in peace forevermore.

Loneliness crept over us and we prayed for added grace and strength. Life never seemed quite the same as before, but God gave us courage to bear it. As the days and months passed, Michael and Timothy were sick a lot. They got pneumonia so often. We noticed that certain kinds of food did not agree with them, so we watched their diets carefully.

### "That the Works of God Should Be Made Manifest..."

As Michael neared the age of three, he began swelling on top of his feet and around his eyes. He gradually got worse until June, 1963, when he was badly swollen all over his body. He had to have water pills, and by fall and continuing during the winter, he needed the water shots plus pain medicine.

I was so thankful I could care for him myself and he didn't have to be put in some hospital. But how the poor child had to suffer! There was no help for him, for he had the same sickness little Rudy had. Again we prayed, "Please, God, if it is Thy will, come and take Mickie from his suffering; yes, it is going to be hard to see him go, but God — he is suffering so." This was an oft-repeated prayer.

Mickie always enjoyed it when I read to him. On Monday, March 9, in the late afternoon, I once more took him from his little bed, held him in my arms, thinking that this might be the last time. I sat on the rocking chair. Beside the chair lay a New Testament. With a heavy hand I picked it up, wondering what I could read. As I leafed through, my eyes caught the verses in St. John 9.

As I started reading, Mickie put his hand under my chin as he always did when I read to him. No, this time it was not his warm little hand, for it was a cold little hand. It was like the hand of one to whom death is stealing near. My lips trembled, tears welled up in my eyes, and I couldn't read on.

I started all over again, "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

In these words I found comfort for my troubled soul. As I was reading this over and over, Mickie fell asleep and his cold little hand slid from under my chin. I was tired in body and mind, but was glad for the comfort that reading these verses had given me.

I closed my eyes, half asleep. Then I saw Mickie's little coffin standing close by my rocking chair, and next it was being lowered into his grave. It seemed like a voice was telling me "It won't be very long."

I opened my eyes, and jerked awake. Bewildered, I looked all around me. I was still holding Mickie and he was soundly sleeping. But by five o'clock that evening he had lapsed into a coma. As the night wore on, we watched and waited and prayed. We could feel the magnet of heaven's door pulling little Michael toward its light. His life was slowly ebbing away, and by morning God sent another angel and gathered this five-year-old boy into the

fold, to rest in Jesus' arms.

### "We Don't Have A Name For It Yet."

Now life seemed even more different. There was Michael's little bed against the wall, but it was empty. There were his clothes and his teddy bear, his prized toy. Loneliness swept over us.

The dreams I had when Michael was born — of seeing him sitting, then eating alone, walking, talking, and going to school — those dreams had never come true. I had been building my hopes too high, and planning my own life too much. But God showed me He had other plans. We needed more grace and strength from above to keep on and on — our faith was on trial.

We still had Timmie left to love and to care for, but we saw that his body was getting weaker as the months rolled on. By October of 1964, Timothy and I were at John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. Menno stayed in a rooming house not far off.

We stayed one week. We had not come because we thought the doctors there could cure Timmie's helpless little body, but we thought the research center might be able to learn the cause of the illness. This center has done many wonderful things. We were in the hands of many doctors, and they came into our room by two's and three's and larger groups — sometimes thirteen or fourteen at a time.

This was a strain on Timothy and left him nervous and upset. He grew so much afraid of the doctors that he began crying whenever they entered the room. They took all kinds of tests and X rays.

The continual testing and X raying wore Timothy out, and we got to the point that we hardly knew what to do. I was so weak myself before the week was up, that I wished to be at home. They did many more tests than are ever done in ordinary hospitals. I could have taken it for myself, but poor Timmie. The part I couldn't stand was the way he cried and screamed from the needles.

One morning two nurses and a doctor came in. One of the nurses was carrying a number of things — a plastic tube, bottles, and a long needle. I would think the needle was six or seven inches long. The doctor said, "We would like to tap his spine, and also take some more blood. I think it would be best if you left the room." He looked sympathetic as he added, "It would be so much harder if you had to see it."

We stopped outside the door. By that time Timmie had started crying and screaming with all the strength he had. It was almost more than I could take. I told Menno, "Surely they'll be finished soon now." But, no, the crying and screaming continued, like I never heard before. This just broke my heart and I felt that I was going to faint.

Menno said, "Let's walk over here." We passed through two heavy glass doors and walked down a hall. There we stood looking out the large window at the scene below, but far off we could still hear Timmie screaming. Menno was sweating. I was sweating. And we prayed as we had never prayed before.

Finally we saw through the glass doors that the doctor had left the room. He was finished. We entered the room, and there lay Timmie, all worn out. He couldn't even lift his hands. I tried to comfort him the best I could. That was the last of the needles for him.

We were only too glad to start for home. After we arrived there, a doctor came and brought us the report. The specialists were very much puzzled. For one thing, the trouble was somehow in the food they ate. Yes, we had

noticed different foods the children couldn't take. He also said that it looked like two different diseases, one of which he named. The other was also something to do with the food they had been eating. Certain elements of the food built up in the bloodstream and caused mental retardation. He thought if they had been on a very special diet, the children might never have become retarded. But the sickness was so new they did not have a diet for it yet. "We are going to work on it," the doctor said, "and in years to come, we may be able to help such children. We do not even have a name for this rare disease yet."

The doctor explained that they had been looking for the disease P.K.U., short for phenylketonuria, which they already have a diet for. But no, it wasn't that. They had been sending tests to California and to England.

He encouraged us and said we were doing all right in watching Timmy's diet and taking care of him.

As the days and weeks passed, we knew no better than to keep looking up for added grace and strength. Even though Timmie had such a helpless body, he did have many very happy days — days of sunshine.

### "Not The Fourth Child"

When Timmie was five years old, God blessed us with another little boy. We named him Matthew. We could not help being very happy to have another child, but — The nights I struggled alone in my hospital room I can hardly explain. It just seemed like far off a voice was telling me we were to have another sickly child. I would think time and again, "Oh no, this just can't be! No, not the fourth child."

But the voice said, "Yes, this can be. Prepare yourselves." I pushed the thought from my mind, thinking, "This time I will have a healthy baby." It seemed as if the Comforter was on one side and the tempter on the other. One voice was saying, "If your baby is another sickly child, you just can't take it. It's not fair. You will lose your mind, and no one will blame you." How I was tempted to listen to that voice, yes, sorely tempted. But another soft still voice spoke, "If your baby is to be sickly, I'll lend you a helping hand, just as I did with your other sick children."

Then I thought, "No, God will not give me more than I can bear," and with tear-stained eyes I feel asleep. By morning my troubled heart had found rest again.

Our doctor assured us there was not a thing wrong with our baby. But as we left the hospital, the load seemed pretty heavy, as we wondered what the future held for this new baby.

When Matthew was three weeks old I saw well enough that the milk was not agreeing with him. I was pretty sure what we were headed for. At four weeks he developed a severe diarrhea. I told Menno, "This means another retarded child." With this diarrhea, our baby didn't gain weight as he should have. Our doctor put him on eight different kinds of milk, but none worked. Finally we were told, "Don't give him any milk at all. Put him on jello water." It seemed that made it worse yet, but the doctor said to keep on.

We saw we had to do something else. Without the permission of the doctor, I took him off the jello water. I followed the directions in one of my baby books, took one quart sterilized water, added one level tablespoon white sugar and three-fourth teaspoon of salt. I gave him all he wanted and this stopped the severe diarrhea. Then I started in with diluted skim milk. I learned that skim milk and

Sobee milk were the only milks he could take.

When I started with solid foods, there were many foods he could not take. But he started gaining weight again. He seemed just as normal as any child. We had done the P.K.U. test on him, but that showed okay. His body developed so nicely and he started watching toys. He held a rattle and put it into his mouth. His muscles were developing well. Matthew was three months old.

It looked like we were going to have a healthy baby after all. Oh, how we prayed to God that it might be so — that we could have one healthy baby, if it was His will.

But when Matthew was a little over three months old, I began to see signs that sent chills down my back. Yes, signs that meant retarded. Our doctor assured us there was not a thing to worry about.

Nearing five months, Matthew began losing his muscle development. Menno and I were both heart-broken. We realized our faith was on trial as never before. Then in January I entered the hospital for an appendicitis operation. No, I thought, I just can't go and leave those two sickly children, but there was no way out. I was sick.

Menno took off from work and stayed with the children. One of our neighbors, Mrs. Monroe A. Yoder, had helped us many times; if it had not been for her, I would have despaired again and again.

I was so glad to get home again. Matthew had not been getting better, but he had grown.

In February I entered the hospital for another operation — to remove tumors from my back. I was pretty down-hearted, but tried to keep looking up for strength to endure whatever befell. The nurses and doctors were so kind to me I felt I wasn't worth it. At times it brought tears to my eyes.

I had a very good room-mate. She was to leave the day I had my operation. She encouraged me a lot, saying, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." She told me she thought the Lord lets things like this happen to his children to see how strong they are in the faith. She bade me good-by as I left for surgery.

When I came to, I was in my room again and Menno was beside me. But the room-mate had left. She had put the most beautiful bouquet of about a dozen large red roses beside my bed. I had to fight to keep back the tears.

I was happy to be home again, and to have the strength to do my own work. Again there was great cause to thank the Lord for such a good recovery.

As the weeks passed, Matthew was to become more helpless, some days crying continually, and with very sleepless nights. He started getting convulsions, but our doctor still told us he was not retarded. Later we changed doctors, and this doctor knew as well as we did that Matthew was retarded.

This experience was harder on us than the earlier ones had been. Only those who have gone through it can realize the struggle we had within ourselves in the days that followed. We as parents had come face to face with the fact that our fourth child would also be an invalid all his life.

At times we were almost at the breaking point. How we longed for the strong and serene faith of one of the great saints! Our faith was on trial more than ever before, and we realized this was our testing ground.

### "Timmie Neme Ouchy Do."

As the first shock wore off, we struggled on, asking for more grace and understanding. During the summer of 1967, Timothy, too, was having his troubles. He was



## Wonders of Nature

### LUNA MOTH

This beautifully delicate apple-green moth with its long, graceful wingtails and furry white body usually is seen at night. It is sometimes attracted to the light of a window.



such a happy and most cheerful child, with a very big appetite, but I noticed his body was not in good condition.

By late August he was sick and by the first of September our doctor told us, "He is not going to live long. You can expect death at any time."

A shock, though we had often thought of it. Oh, how glad we were that he was not put into a hospital, and that we could take care of him ourselves. Timmie kept getting worse and had much pain. We gave him pain pills until finally he could no longer swallow. We were with him day and night. The last month he lived, Menno stayed home from work to help me take care of him. The poor child suffered and suffered. At times he had such great pains he had to have pain shots.

Again and again we asked God to take him from his suffering. Timmie did not eat for two weeks, and his body wasted away until there was not much left but skin pulled over bones. By the evening of the last day of October, around six o'clock, he seemed so wide awake. I was standing at the head of his bed and he looked at me with wide-open pleading eyes, as though he wished he could tell me something.

I talked to him, telling him as I often did, "Timmie zählt Jesus gay. No hut der Timmie neme ouchie do." He lay there so innocent, I had to fight the tears back. Later in the evening he had more pain, and by nine o'clock he had another pain shot. He seemed to be resting good. Later, though, he went into a coma.

We were supported by a kind neighbor that night, praying, waiting and watching. Our seven-year-old was slowly slipping away, and at nine o'clock in the morning, Nov. 1, 1967, God sent another angel and gathered him into the fold, where he needed no more pain shots. This seven-year-old boy, whom we had so dearly loved, had gone to be with Jesus.

Again there was loneliness. We would often think, "Will the one and only child we have left, little Matthew, some day be slipping away too? Will we ever have another child to love?" God only knows what the future holds. As the days passed, all we could do was keep looking up, the only encouragement left to us. The house was so empty with Timothy gone, and the loneliness I felt for those three children got the best of me. If I could only touch them

once more! If I closed my eyes, I could imagine feeling them.

Then one night I had a beautiful dream. In this dream I was holding my two children, Rudy and Timothy, and Michael was standing right beside me, putting his hands and arms on my lap. They were all dressed in white, and were smiling, their faces aglow. Michael was looking up at me and was talking; yes, I was talking to him, too. Tears were flowing down my cheeks for joy, for at last I could hold and touch my children again.

I woke with a start. As I wiped the tears from my eyes, I looked all about. There was Menno, sound asleep. Had this been a dream? I sat up in bed. Yes, only a dream. But I lay there a long time thinking of the wonder of it. After that dream, my loneliness broke and sunshine came through the clouds again.

But to this day I can feel Mickie's hand on my lap.

Time is passing, and Matthew is not getting better. He has swelling all over his body. We are giving him four water pills a day, and when that doesn't help we change to shots.

Last summer (1968) he was filling up so badly, our doctor had to tap him and take fluid from his stomach. This was hard on us. Why, oh why, did the child have to go through that? The doctor injected a small area first, then put a hollow needle into his stomach, with a tube leading to a quart bottle. There Matthew lay, a poor and innocent child. I stood at the head of his bed.

Matthew was saying these words, "Mom, ouchy do. Mom, ouchy do." How I wished I could help him. I could feel my head going round and round, getting black in front of my eyes. I staggered for the living room, hanging my head down. When I got some fresh air, I soon felt better, and then felt ashamed of myself. Matthew had to go through this and take the pain, so I should brace up. Close to a quart of fluid was drawn from his stomach, giving him some relief.

We are watching his diet very closely. There are many foods he cannot have. There are many heartaches and fears in caring for "a special child", but it keeps us humble before the Lord.

As I care for this one child we have left, I can see better every day what these children have taught us. Mat-

their little body is wasting away, waiting for God's calling, waiting to be an angel of the little flock.

This trial has come to us for a definite reason. Even when we were deep in the valley of despair, we knew this without a doubt. We needed to find the will of God in this matter and to learn the lesson He has been trying to teach us.

I do not know why God sent these four retarded children to me, but He tells me so much about why the sickroom comes to others of His children, that I can surely comfort myself in the realization that our experience is not some special and utterly individual visitation, but that I am simply being treated in His providence as many others have been.

We stand in a long queue with a multitude of those who have wept their hearts out over their flesh-thorns, and have through the haze of blinding tears seen something of

the steady light that shines from the sacred pages. We shall stand patiently with them, and wait our turn to receive our answer to, "Why ----- me?"

- Sugarcreek, Ohio

**EDITOR'S NOTE—** Since this story was written, Mr. and Mrs. Menno N. Miller have adopted a healthy eight-month-old child. And on Easter Sunday of this year, the little boy, Matthew, died. In her letter telling us of the death of her fourth son, the author wrote, "This leaves another empty spot in our hearts. It is hard to adjust to the truth, that no sickly, helpless child demands my care."



## Swallowing Petroleum Products

Why would anyone want to drink something like gasoline or kerosene? This question is hard to answer, but the fact remains that every year about 200 deaths are caused in the U. S. by such instances. Nearly all the victims are children.

Yet when I consulted three different home doctor books, none of them listed this kind of poisoning. The plain people, with their abundance of gasoline motors, gasoline and kerosene lamps and other appliances, have more than their share of such accidents. Nearly every community has numerous accounts of such cases, but thankfully, most of them are not fatal.

As little as 1/2 ounce of such fluid can be fatal. This is approximately two swallows. Kerosene and white gasoline look like water and a jar full of the liquid can easily be mistaken by a child.

Methyl hydrate, commonly called lighter fluid, is used in many Amish homes for lighting lamps, and is especially dangerous since it is almost tasteless.

### WHAT HAPPENS

When gasoline or some other related fluid is swallowed, it soon passes from the stomach to the small intestines. Here it is picked up by the red corpuscles in the blood. The red corpuscles normally carry oxygen but when they are loaded down with gasoline vapors they can not carry oxygen. Actually the victim smothers to death because of lack of oxygen.

At times, methemoglobin is formed which causes rapid heart beat and nausea. As the gasoline loaded blood is

pumped through the body, it passes through the lungs. Here part of the vapor is unloaded and is exhaled with the breath. One of the surest ways to determine whether a child has swallowed gasoline is to smell of the breath. Chances are it will smell strongly. This causes many people to conclude that the fluid was taken into the lungs, which is usually not the case.

In severe cases, the victim will turn blue in the face and breathing will be very light. In some cases the fluid is drawn into the lungs where it invariably causes pneumonia, usually within 24 hours.

### WHAT TO DO

Although prevention is much better than the cure, yet there are a few things that can be done. If the patient can be induced to drink a large quantity of warm water with epsom salts, (a tablespoon to a quart of water) the fluid can be washed out of the small intestines. If epsom salt is not available, common salt will do.

The victim should have plenty of fresh air. If breathing is light, it can be stimulated by having the patient breathe into a paper bag for 4 or 5 breaths. The increase of carbon dioxide in the blood will stimulate the nerve center in the brain to strengthen breathing.

Trying to make the patient vomit at home is not recommended because of the danger of drawing some of the gasoline into the lungs. If quick access can be had to a hospital then doctors may pump out the stomach. But since the critical time is between 15 minutes and an hour after the fluid is taken, then there would be little use in rushing to the hospital after this period has elapsed. In such case it is better to keep the patient quiet and see that he has plenty of fresh air.

### PREVENTION

All forms of gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil and methyl hydrate should be recognized for the dangers they are. Since the children today are used to drinking any color of kool-aid, all of these lethal fluids should be kept out of the reach of playful hands. The danger seems to be greatest if the liquid is left in glasses or glass jars, as the appearance may be inviting to the children.

Adults, too should be careful to avoid inhaling gasoline fumes. Under some conditions, inhaling such vapors can bring on pneumonia within an hour's time.

As in many other cases the combination of common sense and special care can go a long way. Compared to the carelessness and panic which too often surrounds an accident, a sensible approach can mean the difference between life or death.



# FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

## HOW DOES SWEARING DIFFER FROM AFFIRMING?

On a quiet Sunday afternoon some years ago, a young Amishman whom we'll call John Byler witnessed a robbery. A car had stopped at the end of the neighbor's lane, just across the road from John's home. The hood was up and a man was tinkering with the motor.

As John watched, the man suddenly straightened, wiped the grease from his hands, and with a shrug of defeat turned from the car and walked up the farm laneway toward the house. "He's going in to telephone a garage," thought John. "But Tom Williams is not at home."

John watched idly from the window, but jerked to attention when he saw not one, but three men, come hurrying, almost running, from the neighbor's house. They got into the stalled car and with a roar backed out of the lane, and drove rapidly away.

Young John was naturally suspicious. A short time later the neighbors returned and discovered that their home had been broken into, and some cash was missing. They came over to Bylers at once to ask if they had seen anyone around. John told them what he had observed, and described the color and make of the car.

The police came out a little later and questioned John. With his description of the car, the police were able to catch the robbers that same evening in a nearby town.

John Byler was called upon to testify in the court trial of the three thieves. Before the trial began he told the officers he would not swear, but would affirm only. This message was forwarded to the presiding judge.

When John Byler's name was called, he walked rather uncertainly toward the front of the courtroom. The court officer held the Bible in his hand — the one used for swearing in the witnesses. As John approached, the officer handed the Bible toward him.

"No," the judge stopped him. "He won't need the Bible. That's what he has a conscience against doing. Mr. Byler will merely affirm, not swear."

The judge then asked John if he would speak the truth, and John answered yes.

I first learned of John Byler's experience in court from his cousin, who mentioned it in a letter to me. I was particularly interested because only a few months earlier, I too had appeared in court. My experience had not been as satisfactory as John's had been.

The trouble lay in the definition of affirming. How did affirming differ from swearing? I told the clerk of the court that I could not swear, and he at once nodded his head knowingly. "Yes," he said. "We'll fix that for you."

So the word swear was stroked out and the word affirm penciled in. "Now," the clerk explained, "when the time comes you are to repeat this part here. Instead of using the word swear you will say affirm. You will place your right hand on the Bible, like this, and raise your left hand, like this, see."

"But," I faltered, "does that belong to an affirmation?"

"Certainly! You believe in the Bible, don't you? There's no harm in laying your hand on the Bible."

"Well —"

"We've had your people in here before, and they always did it that way. It's a mere formality."

"Yes, I understand," I began again, feebly. "But those last words, 'So help me God', I don't know —"

The gray-haired clerk noted my indecision. "I can ask the judge, if you wish. I'm sure he'll want you to say that."

The judge agreed with the clerk of the court. I figured they should know. I was still young and was naturally a bit timid, so when the time came I did as I had been told.

The thing bothered me. Then, after it was past, I talked about it with my parents and the ministers. I studied the subject of the oath in Anabaptist writings and in certain Mennonite doctrinal books. At about the same time I received the letter telling of John Byler's experience in court.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind. All the evidence pointed the same way. The use of a Bible, the raised hand, the words 'So help me God' do not belong to an affirmation.

But why hadn't I been told? I had been a member of the church for ten years, and knew that the fifteenth article of the Dortrecht Confession of Faith states rather plainly that "all oaths, high and low, are forbidden". I knew that the basis for this article was Jesus' own words in Matthew 5:33-37, "But I say unto you, Swear not at all... But let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay..." But I had never heard a discussion of the actual differences between an oath and an affirmation.

### The Young Should Be Taught

All this happened quite a few years ago, and I was reminded of it last week when we received a letter here at Pathway from Amos B. Martin of Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Amos wrote,

"A few words should be said to the younger generation about signing papers that have an oath on them. When registering, or making land transfers, or getting a marriage licence, they should be taught to look over the papers before signing.

"Most of the older office workers knew how to prepare the papers for the Amish and Mennonites, but some of the younger do not know or want to know. But the law does not require us to swear. Affirming is just as binding in legal work ...

"For many years I was tax collector and director for the Lincoln Independent School district. Many papers had to be filled out in this work. I remember one time as I was looking over the papers before signing, I crossed out the word swear and wrote in affirm. The lady at the desk said, 'No, no, you can't change anything on there!' But an old man in the office came to my aid and said, 'Yes, he can affirm. That is all right.'"

I believe Amos had a very good point. It is not enough to teach about swearing in doctrinal terms. Somehow the teaching must be brought down to the practical level where the young person who is signing his first legal papers or must appear in court will know clearly what is right and what is wrong, what is meant by swearing and what is meant by affirming.

For example, young people should be taught the mean-

ing of the word affidavit. The dictionary says it is a statement written down and sworn to be true. The word comes from Latin and literally means, "he has stated an oath". If the young person knows this, he will realize he is signing an oath if he signs an affidavit without making the appropriate changes.

Also, our young people should be aware that many of office workers, lawyers, (and even judges) may not know what the law is with regard to affirmations. Their experience may have been entirely with oaths. In such instances there is a need to humbly and conscientiously ask for our legal rights, but certainly in a true Christian spirit and not in an overbearing way.

Menno Simons states it clearly with these words: "Give way to no flesh in this matter, it makes no difference who, what, or where they be, but admonish them in a becoming manner and in love when they ask of you more than the Scriptures command."

#### What Is The Difference?

Someone may wonder, "If affirming takes the place of swearing, isn't it pretty well the same thing? Why make such a fuss about a technical point?"

It is not merely a technical point. An oath is a solemn appeal to God with the idea of invoking a curse if the oath is not kept. The affirmation is a simple yea, and nothing more. In the New Testament God has forbidden the oath, and has said that a simple affirmation — yea what is yea, and nay what is nay — is sufficient.

The oath contains three things not included in the affirmation:

1. The declaration to swear
2. The uplifted hand
3. An appeal to God

Our Anabaptist forefathers considered the difference between an oath and simple affirming important enough to risk their lives. The very first Anabaptist statement of faith, "The Schleitheim Confession", says, "Christ, the perfect Teacher, forbade His disciples all oaths, whether true or false." Every major confession of faith that followed contained the non-swearing of oaths.

As late as 1693 the authorities of certain Swiss cantons were trying every way they could think of to rid their regions of Anabaptists. A law was passed requiring all men and boys over 13 to appear at a given place and there swear an oath of allegiance. Those who refused to swear were, of course, Anabaptists.

The major Anabaptist writers devoted pages and pages to the oath. Menno Simons, especially, explains the subject in detail. I would like to quote a few paragraphs.

"It should be observed that Christ Jesus does not in the New Testament point His disciples to the Law in regard to the matter of swearing, ... but 'Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is His footstool, neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Here you have Christ's own doctrine and ordinance concerning swearing.

"Behold, beloved reader, before these words of Christ all human laws and policies concerning swearing must stand back and cease ... however they may be called, no matter how they be performed; be it by word or by raising of the hand, or holding

the hand upon the breast or upon a cross, or upon the New Testament, ... but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, and not 'So help me God,' or 'By God and all the saints' ... lest you fall into condemnation."

Had I read Menno Simon's writings before the day I appeared in court, I would have had a clearer idea of the difference between an oath and an affirmation. I see now that the difference is great, and that each represents a world of its own.

In a corrupt society the oath may be helpful. Some people will speak the truth under oath where they would not do so otherwise. Submitting to an oath infers as much — that without the oath the person might speak a falsehood.

Among sincere Christians the situation is different. The truth is to be spoken always, and there are no exceptions. The truth is no more truthful when spoken under oath; it is not something that comes out under pressure. The simple "yes" and "no" are just as weighty as if sworn by a whole stack of Bibles. ■■

## The UNFORGIVABLE Sin

by Elmo Stoll

Mary flung herself across the bed, sobbing.

Outside the window of her room, purple martins twittered cheerfully around their green-roofed box. But the sound did not give Mary any joy. Instead the chirping of the carefree birds only seemed to deepen her anguish.

Shuddering, Mary pushed her head deep into the quilt to deaden the sounds of her crying. She tried to pray, but her words seemed to mock her. What was the use? God would not hear her now. His promises of forgiveness were not for her — no, never would they be again. Despair swept over her as she broke into fresh sobbing.

Footsteps sounded in the hall outside her room. Mary held her breath, choking back the sobs, hoping the steps would pass. They didn't.

Knock, knock. Someone was rapping on the door.

Mary rubbed her face with her handkerchief, trying to dry her tears.

"Mary."

Mary did not answer.

"Mary, are you there?"

Still no answer.

"Mary, it's just me. Edna."

At the sound of the sympathy in her friend's voice, Mary started sobbing again. "Come in," she said. At least she was glad it was Edna, her closest friend. She would understand if anyone would.

As soon as she opened the door, Edna spotted the red face and tell-tale eyes. She opened her mouth to say something, but then closed it again. She shut the door behind her and came over and sat on the bed beside Mary.

"Come, Mary," Edna said kindly, but firmly. "You've

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been crying. I knew there was something wrong in church this forenoon. Tell me about it."

Sympathetically Edna looked into her friend's troubled face. "Mary, you know you can trust me," Edna whispered softly.

Fresh tears sprang into Mary's eyes at the kindness and understanding in Edna's voice. But it was so hard to confide to anyone — even to Edna.

"Don't you want to tell me about it? I know you'd feel better if you could share it with somebody."

"Oh, but Edna, you don't know what I've done —" Mary's voice choked.

Edna waited for her friend to gain control and go on. At last Mary grew calmer and the story came out — a sad story of having listened to the voice of temptation and fallen into sin.

"Oh, Edna," Mary sobbed, as she finished telling what had happened. "I don't know why I did it. I wish and wish I hadn't, but it's too late now. Too late."

For a moment Edna sat in silence, wondering what to say to comfort her friend. "Mary," she began finally. "Don't take it too hard. If you are sorry, and — and — pray, God will forgive you."

Mary shook her head and her lips quivered. "But, Edna, that's what's so awful. I — I don't think there is any forgiveness for me. I'm afraid I've — I've committed the unforgivable sin."

"Oh, Mary, don't say that."

"But what if it's true? The Bible says if we sin willfully after we're Christians, we can't be forgiven anymore. Oh, I would give anything if only I could be sure I could be forgiven again."

Edna sat perplexed. What could she say? How should she comfort her friend? How could she convince Mary that she could still be forgiven? Then suddenly Edna was struck by a frightening thought. What if Mary were right? What if she had committed the unforgivable sin? The Bible did say that was possible, didn't it? The thoughts raced rapidly through Edna's mind until she became so confused that she didn't know what to say to her friend.

Mary is not the only person who some time or other in life has been stricken with terror and despair at the thought of having committed the unforgivable sin. This is a very real fear that has troubled many sincere and conscientious persons — especially young people.

And to make matters worse, many more of us have been like Edna, wanting to help and comfort, but unsure of what to say. After all, the Bible does warn that it is possible to sin so much that we can never be forgiven. Or does it? So many of us have only a hazy and vague idea of what the Scriptures actually do teach. What is this "sin against the Holy Spirit" Jesus warned about so solemnly? How can we tell when a person has committed this sin? Is there no way to know for sure? Must we live all our lives with the secret fear nagging us that perhaps we'll come to the judgement day and be told that fifty years earlier we committed the "unforgivable sin", and therefore must be lost forever?

These are troubling questions, but thankfully they can be answered. Let us see what the Scriptures actually do teach.

First of all, let us consider that Jesus never turned anyone away because their sins were "too great to be forgiven". John the Baptist refused to accept the Pharisees, but that was not because of their having committed too many sins, but because they were unrepentant. If the person is truly sorry and repentant, no sin he has com-

mitted is too great to be forgiven. If some sins are too great to be forgiven, then Christ's redemption on the cross was not complete; and Jesus made a mistake when he cried out before he died, "It is finished." For if some sins were not atoned for, then the redemption of mankind was not finished at all.

Not only by his example did Jesus prove that he would accept anyone that came to him in true repentance, but he said as much in plain words. As the seeking people gathered about him on the shores of Galilee, Jesus said to them, "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37) And later the apostle settled the matter forever when he penned the unmistakable words, "If we confess our sins, he (God) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9)

What then, we may well ask, does the Bible mean when it says, "And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." (Matthew 12:32)

To understand this verse, we need to consider briefly what the work of the Holy Spirit is and why it is more serious to speak against the Spirit than against the Son. We all know that it is the Holy Spirit that speaks to men, reminding them of their sinful state and moving them to repentance. No one would ever have any desire to repent or turn to God if it were not for the Spirit working in his heart and moving him to it. It is the same Spirit that speaks to Christians, pointing out any wrong in their lives and leading them to repentance.

Whether we are Christians, or still unconverted, the Spirit may speak to us by many different means — perhaps by circumstances, our fellowmen, through our conscience, or by his Word. What if we refuse to pay any heed whatsoever to the gentle voice of the Spirit? What if we willfully brush the Spirit aside time after time, year after year? Will the Spirit keep reminding us to repent if we don't want to be led? No. Already in the days of Noah, God said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." (Gen. 6:3)

God is patient, very patient, and his forgiving grace is great. But it is possible to finally come to the place where we say outright, either by our words or our actions, "Go away, Holy Spirit, once and for all and stay away." These are terrible words, and to say them would surely take a hardened heart — calloused and deadened by years of willful and stubborn sinning. If a person comes to the place where he blasphemes the Holy Spirit, the Spirit will stop coming back to move him to repentance. And so it follows, that without the Spirit to give him any desire to repent, he will continue in sin all his life and will never be forgiven, "either in this world, or in the world to come."

Such a person is in a tragic condition. Without the Holy Spirit, it is impossible for him to even feel the tiniest bit of sorrow or repentance for any sins he has done. He no longer cares what happens to him. He has not the slightest wish or desire to come back to fellowship with God.

If the thought ever comes to us that we have sinned so greatly that there is no forgiveness for us — we should put it out of our mind at once. We should never listen to such a suggestion because it cannot be the Holy Spirit that is speaking to us. There can be only one possible source for such a fear — the voice of the devil. The devil has been a liar from the beginning and this is one of his worst

lies. We should recognize it for what it is — the devil's plot to sink us into despair by telling us there is no longer any hope.

Then we wonder, "How can I be sure it is the devil speaking to me and not the Holy Spirit?" In some things it is difficult to tell if a thought has been suggested to us by God or the devil, but in this case it is not. The Holy Spirit will never come and tell us there is no forgiveness for us. Such a thing is impossible. If the Holy Spirit is still speaking to us, then he has not totally left us and there is still hope for repentance. Can we imagine a father so heartless that he would keep calling his child to him, but each time the child wanted to come, he would refuse to accept him? If we cannot believe an earthly father would be so cruel, how can we think our Heavenly Father would do this to us? No, our Father in heaven will never draw us to him by his Spirit except to forgive, cleanse and comfort us.

It is the voice of the devil that whispers despair. "It's too late. You might as well give up. You have sinned too greatly. There is no forgiveness."

The voice of the Holy Spirit does just the opposite. It longs to stir up the dying glimmer of hope within us, and tells us, "It is true that you have sinned greatly — but was it not for great sinners that the Saviour died? There is yet hope." The Gospel has always been a message of deliverance — the word of divine forgiveness. The work of the Spirit is not to frustrate and torture, but to "heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." (Luke 4:18)

One verse that often troubles those who fear they may have sinned against the Holy Spirit is Hebrews 10:26, 27, "For if we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

It is important that we remember the context from which this verse is taken. It was written to the Jewish Christians, and as the rest of the chapter indicates, warns them of the seriousness and folly of turning back to the old covenant of many sacrifices after having learned of the one perfect sacrifice — Jesus. This verse is saying that if they leave the new covenant to turn back to the old, "there remaineth no more sacrifice" — no animal they can offer up will atone for their sins. Once they have "received the knowledge of the truth" they can no longer be acceptable to God by the sacrifices of the old covenant.

This verse should hardly be interpreted as saying that one willful sin will always cut us off forever from God so that no return is possible. Such a thought would disagree with other portions of Scriptures. Do we suppose that the man at Corinth who had his father's wife was living in fornication unwillfully day after day? Most of us would have to admit that he was probably sinning willfully, and yet Paul still felt God had forgiveness for such a person, as indicated by verse 5 in I Corinthians 4, "... that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

(Although God is patient and longsuffering, no one should ever comfort himself with the thought, "I will keep on sinning, and later there will still be forgiveness for me." This is a dangerous course to even consider. The salvation of the soul is nothing to gamble with. Many such people who thought they would repent later have been killed suddenly — snatched unprepared into eternity without one moment to repent. And many more have put off their salvation one day at a time until finally sin had such a grip

on them that they did not want to repent.)

There is another Scripture that is commonly misunderstood and that has often distressed the hearts of conscience-smitten Christians. Once again it is a passage from Hebrews, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." (Hebrews 6:4-6)

Two phrases in this verse seem to stand out from the rest, "For it is impossible," and "If they shall fall away." These seem to be the only part that some people remember. But what is "impossible"? The verse does not say it is impossible for such people to be forgiven, but that it is impossible to get them to repent — "to renew them again unto repentance."

Therefore all of us may know assuredly that as long as we feel within us the slightest spark of repentance, the smallest desire to return to God, then we have not sinned against the Holy Spirit, and there is still forgiveness for us.

This is the teaching of the Scriptures, and this is what our forefathers believed and taught. In 1552 Menno Simons wrote concerning those who fall back into sin after having confessed their faith in Christ, "I would beg and advise all the God-fearing ones, as far as I am able ... wisely to consider the matter and not make a mistake in such a case by premature and unseasonable judgement. For the Lord to whom nothing is concealed, knows what sin he has committed, whether he has sinned against the Holy Ghost, or not. But let them admonish such a one according to the Word of the Lord. If he repents heartily, if he shows true fruits of repentance according to the Scriptures, if he receives a broken, contrite, and penitent heart once more, and a peaceable, joyful, and cheerful mind, then it is manifest that he did not sin against the Holy Ghost." ■■

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# I CAME A STRANGER

-Author wishes to remain anonymous

The old house had stood for centuries, and was filled with many priceless treasures. The stranger was disappointed to learn that some people meant to tear it down.



I shivered as I drew my thin coat around me more tightly. The cold blast of the storm nearly overwhelmed me. Several times I slipped and almost fell. The night seemed, oh, so dark. At times I could dimly see the form of figures — figures wandering in this and that direction. Apparently they did not know where they were going.

I feared that some of them would fall into the river and drown unless they could find a guide to help them. Once I'd seen some of my friends fall in, and the thought of it made me shudder. Also, I was afraid that I would meet the same fate.

But I knew where I was going. I had seen a faint light which I was earnestly trying to follow, but at times it would seem to disappear. Then I would grope in the darkness and proceed with utmost caution lest I find myself in the wrong path.

The way was rough but I felt that if only I could find that little light, then everything would be better. Several times I stopped and gasped for breath. In the distance I could hear a wail. People were in distress but how could I help them? I, myself, was so greatly in need of help.

I hadn't told my friends where I was going. I knew they wouldn't understand. Once I had mentioned about the light to several but one of them laughed and said, "If anyone comes to the house where the light is, they will find the door locked. It is only for their own little group."

Another one said, "I can't see why anyone would choose to live that way. The ways of the world are much nicer."

"Nicer?" I thought to myself. "They don't know the fear that is in my heart at night. They don't know about those dreams that almost make me scream, and when I waken, I know I must do something."

At these moments I thought about the Book that I had been reading and I felt the Book directed me to the little light. At these times I felt like forsaking everything in my search for peace.

When morning would come these thoughts were lost in the day's activities. In the evening there was television to watch, bowling, and at times dancing and drinking. This would soothe my nerves for the time being. But at night those horrible dreams would come again and then I would think of that little light so far away and I was determined to find it.

One evening the pleasures of this world became loathsome in my sight. I can't go on this way, I thought. I

must find the light. I decided to start at once.

Making the decision and carrying it out proved to be two different things. Many tears fell as doubts and discouragements seemed to overcome me. But then I forsook all that had been enjoyable to me and quietly slipped away. It seemed a long way to go and at times I was tempted to turn back, but I kept prodding forward. Finally I reached my destination.

I found that the light was shining from a window of a large old house which had withstood the storms of four centuries. But the foundation of the house was even older. It had been standing for about two thousand years. Later I learned that the original house had fallen into a state of disrepair, and had to be rebuilt by a zealous group of workers about 400 years ago.

For a long time I stood outside the door, afraid to knock. What if my friends were right and the door would not be opened to strangers? What would I do then? How could I ever go back again? But surely it must open.

I choked back the tears and knocked softly. Patiently I waited. Because of the wail of the storm, I could hear no activity on the inside.

For what seemed like a long time, I stood outside and waited. Then the door opened slightly and a voice asked, "Who is there?"

"I am a wanderer in the storm," I said. "I saw your light from afar and have come to seek entrance here."

The door swung open to let me in. By the doorway was a large Book. It was the same kind of Book that had directed my way to this house. The pages were worn, but the reading was plain. I knew then that I could not find entrance into this house without this Book. I gladly accepted it, for I wanted peace in my soul.

As I entered, I was welcomed by men with flowing beards. I saw women and girls with large, humble veilings on their heads. There were many children, too, and they seemed to be glad for my presence.

It was all so new to me, and so different. I was anxious to go through the spacious rooms which had been kept with the utmost care by earnest and concerned people for hundreds of years.

I saw an elder scrubbing one of the rooms diligently. "Why are you working so hard?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear pilgrim," he answered, "when this house was built in the days of the Reformation, these rooms

were kept immaculately clean. But since that time, as more and more people have entered the house, it is much harder to keep clean."

"But why are you scrubbing so vigorously? I see no dirt."

"You cannot see it. One of our brethren died in this room of a dreadful disease. It has a tendency to spread like a canker so we are disinfecting the room lest others contact the disease."

"And what is the disease called?" I inquired.

"It is called 'vain-babbling', and is a form of the disease which many years ago affected Hymenaeus and Philetus." (II Timothy 2:16,17)

"That is to be regretted," I said, "but tell me, do you often need to use strong measures to cleanse the rooms?"

"Oh, I must say that sometimes people come into this house who have a show of cleanliness but later we find that they did not wash their hands of certain evil works. By this time they have come in contact with some of the brothers and sisters, and they, too, become defiled. Such things cause much work and grief." Tears came to the elder's eyes.

I continued my search of the house. From one of the rooms came a sweet smell which gladdened the hearts of all who breathed it.

I took a deep breath of the fragrance. "From whence comes the sweet odor?" I asked.

A woman who was standing nearby answered, "If you will open your Book you will find this fragrance described in Phillipians 4:18." Then she wiped a tear from her eyes and continued, "I wish we could always have such a sweet smelling savour."

"But isn't it always like this?" I asked.

"No," she answered sadly, "at times some of our young people behave unbecomingly. They follow after the works of darkness in drinking, rioting, and immoral practises and this spoils much of the sweet smell."

"But why would they want to follow after such things?" I asked, perplexed. I had just come from the world where this was common. But I had not expected to find it here in this house.

"There seems to be different reasons for this," She was crying now. "At times the parents are not enough concerned, then there is the evil worldly influence of our

time. Evil influence, unconcerned parents, or whatever the cause is, at the Judgment Day someone must bear the blame."

Just then I heard a wailing at the doorway. I turned to see what was wrong. A man and his wife were kneeling at the open doorway weeping and praying. Soon they were joined by others who wept with them in their sorrow. Frequently one of the men would go to the doorway and call out into the vast darkness. The man would cup his hands over his mouth and call, "Come, Come, Come home."

When the woman who was at my side saw the puzzled look on my face, she explained with tears in her eyes, "Their son, the son of that man and woman, has strayed out into the darkness."

"Oh, no," I gasped, "He may be drowned in the river."

"That is what we fear."

"But does this happen very often?" I asked.

"Sad to say, it happens much too often," she said slowly.

"But why would they want to do that?" I asked. "Don't they know that the whole world lies in wickedness, and that the pleasures of sin are only for a short season? I know, for I just came from there."

"But the glitter of the world is so attractive. When they are young they disobey their parents and then when they are older they do not appreciate the treasures here in this house." She shook her head and wept.

This came to me as a shock. I could not understand why anyone would want to leave this house and wander into the darkness. Oh, if only I could tell them what was out there.

I went on into another room and saw a table with some treasures on it. "What are these?" I inquired.

"This big book," he explained, "tells about many of the martyrs who have given their lives for their faith. They have sealed their faith with their blood and have left a glowing testimony for the truth."

"And this old book here is called the Ausbund. It is a collection of hymns written by martyrs who were imprisoned for their faith. And this is a 'Confession of Faith.'"

Just then a young man was passing by and he scoffed at what the old man was saying. "We don't need those old books any more. Those hymns are too slow. We have much faster and better songs to sing today."

"Son, Son," the old man said gravely, "do not speak so. We have many examples how the faster songs lead to entertainment instead of worship."

Later, one day as I was wandering through the house I found a room where several people were lying on the floor sleeping. I was astonished to find people sleeping when everyone else was so busy. From the appearance of the room it looked like they had been eating and drinking before they had gone to sleep. I saw that their hands were filthy and that vermin was crawling about the room.

As I stood there dumbfounded, several of the elders happened to come by. "Oh, no," they exclaimed, "have they fallen again?"

The elders shook the men and tried to rouse them from their sleep. One of them called in a loud voice, "Know you not that it is high time to wake out of your sleep? Stop your rioting and drunkenness, your chambering and wantonness, your strife and envying. Come now and put ye on the Lord Jesus." (Romans 13:13)

One of the men was partly awake but he seemed to be angry. "What do you want?" he mumbled. "Let me alone. You mind your own business and let me sleep."

## *I Came A Wanderer*

I came a wanderer, and alone,  
My way was dark as night;  
I looked to thee, Oh, blessed One,  
And then I found the light ....

I came with all my doubts and fears;  
No hope but in Thy Word:  
And while I gazed upon the blood,  
Thy pardoning voice I heard ....

Oh, may the Spirit's power be felt,  
In this poor heart of mine,  
And make Thy Word my lamp and light,  
My shield and strength divine ....

Oh, teach me, Lord, Thy voice to know,  
Amid the searching throng;  
Be Thou my hope, my life, my joy,  
My everlasting song ....



But the elders kept on more vigorously. They worked harder trying to arouse their friends. Someone went to tell the others in the house and soon more people came to help.

"The night is far spent," called one of the elders. "Put off the works of darkness."

Finally one of the men was wakened and when he realized his condition, he was very much alarmed and tried to help waken the other two. But in spite of all the efforts, the men could not be awakened.

At last one of the elders said, "Let us all pray for the sleeping brethren. And then we will exhort them again. If they can not be wakened then we must do as our dear brother Paul has told us, and deliver them to the outside of this house. This is a leaven which must be purged lest the whole house be defiled with it."

Later I heard much weeping and grief as the two sleeping men were carried outside the house into the darkness.

As I went on, my spirit was comforted by the quiet simple people who silently went through the house helping whom they could. I saw them lifting burdens for poor people, comforting the sorrowful, visiting the widows and orphans. In their patience and true humility, they were bearing much fruit.

I, too, was anxious to have such wealth. There were grapes of long-suffering, apples of love and joy cherries.

"How can I acquire such beautiful fruit?" I asked one day of a sweet-faced little woman who was carrying a big basketful of delicious-looking fruit on her back.

"What fruit are you talking about?" she asked with a puzzled look on her face.

"The kind you have in your basket," I said with great admiration.

"Oh," she said, smiling shyly, "but my fruits are not as lovely as I would like them to be. I do not love as I should and I am not humble like I ought to be. My imperfections are many." But as she turned to go she said softly, "Ask and it shall be given you."

As I watched her walk away I was so much engrossed in the beauty of her fruits that I did not notice that someone was coming from the other direction. A mother, followed by her children and her husband bumped right into me.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, "who are you?"

"I just came here the other day," I answered. "I'm sorry I was in your way."

"Oh, you're the newcomer. Well, welcome to this house. And maybe you can help us clean up this house and make some changes. It's terrible what goes on in here sometimes. I think our ancestors and parents could have done a better job than they did. They were always talking about little things."

She kept on talking and jumped from one subject to another. As I listened, I saw that she and her daughters wore dresses that were brightly colored, form-fitting and of thin material. Their hair was puffed up and their prayer veils were small and pinned on the back of their heads.

As my gaze turned to her husband he blushed with shame and his head bowed down. He had watched me scrutinize his wife and children. I noticed that he was dressed very humbly. His eyes were red-rimmed as if he cried much.

When the mother and children walked away he lingered behind. As we stood there watching them leave I noticed that they bumped against the walls. Suddenly I realized what was wrong. They were blind! I could barely believe it. For a moment I stood there, hardly daring to speak to the father for I knew his heart was broken.

I wanted to learn more and more. I also wondered how such things came to be, lest I walk in the same path and become blind.

"Friend," I asked, "has this troubled her for a long time already?"

He seemed so ready and willing to talk as if to unload his sorrow.

"No, no," he answered. "Only in the last few years."

"But could it not have been avoided?"

"Yes, oh, yes, had we taken the right measures. But we didn't see at first what was happening."

"I would be glad if you would tell me about it for I am a stranger in this house. I may make the same error."

"Yes, I would be glad to warn others, but some people don't care for warnings."

"But if they would see the condition of your family maybe they would care."

"But some see the condition of my family and they don't realize anything is wrong, for they too are blind, or are being blinded."

"Do tell me what happened!"

"When we were first married we lived on the farm. It was a hard struggle. We worked hard and at times money was scarce. But as I look back now, I see those were our happiest days. We trusted the Lord more fully, it seems to me."

"Did you have enough to eat then?"

"Yes, we had enough to eat and clothes to wear, but it wasn't of the best. It is better for a Christian to be satisfied even if it isn't the best. Anyway my wife wanted me to quit farming and to work in the shop. We thought of the regular pay checks — the big wages."

"But why would that bring you trouble?"

"Every day I was away from my family. How could I perform my full fatherly duties that way?" The tears ran down his cheeks. He hesitated a little and then he continued. "The money became plentiful. More and more luxuries and style came into our home. Now gladly will I take my wife by the hand and lead her in the right way, but she will not be led. My oldest son has gone out into the darkness and I feel I am at fault. He wanted to follow my steps. The daily evil influence was —" The heavily-burdened father could say no more.

I left him and went to see where his wife and children had wandered to.

I found them walking about in a room. Just then a man came running past me with a jar and said to the mother, "Anoint your eyes with the Balm of Gilead so that you can see." (Rev. 3:18)

She pushed him away angrily and said, "I am not blind."

Then she and her children proceeded on down a hallway.

After she and her children had left, I asked the man who had brought the ointment, "Are there many like that?"

"There are too many. They dress their children like those who walk in darkness. Usually they, too, will go outside."

"But I can't see why anyone would want to go there. Out there it is not pleasant and peaceful like it is here in this house."

"Many leave because they despise their heritage."

"I have seen some of your rich heritage, but I am sure I have not seen it all."

"Our heritage is also your heritage if you want it. But come, would you like to see the treasures of non-conformity?"

We entered a room with lovely flowers. As I was enjoy-

ing their fragrance, I noticed a woman who was busily going about the room. Her arms were loaded with artificial flowers, embroidered cloth, bright and fashionable clothes, and dainty immodest lingerie.

"Oh, why is she bringing such things into the house?" I asked of the man who was showing me around.

"Shh, shh," he whispered and pointed toward the woman.

As we watched she went to the stove, opened the door and began to throw her articles into the stove.

"This woman was blind at one time," he said. "But now her eyes have been opened. She is disposing of her possessions which she no longer desires."

I noticed that the expression on her face was anything but sad. I was thrilled by her cheerful and serene countenance, and as she went about her work she began to sing softly:

"Man musz wie Pilger wandeln,  
Frei, blosz un wahrlich leer;  
Viel sammeln, halten, handeln.  
Macht unser Gang nur schwer.  
Wer will, der trag sich tod;  
Wir reizen abgeschieden  
Mit wenigem zufriednen,  
Wir brauchen's nur zur Noth."

But soon thereafter I was again saddened. As we entered into a lovely room, we saw some men putting fancy ornaments around the windows, and carpeting on the floor. Several women sat in a corner sewing.

The elder who was with me was very much surprised. "But — but why are you doing this?" he asked.

"Doing?" answered one of the men rather curtly, "Why, we are doing some remodeling and discarding these old rags."

"Yes," answered another, "It's time we got these rags of non-conformity out of here. We can't expect to win others like this."

Then we noticed that the women were remodeling some dresses according to fashion and making them shorter.

"No, no, don't do that," said the old man earnestly. "Such things are only to satisfy the cravings of a proud heart."

Just then some young men came into the room with a wheelbarrow full of modern conveniences. When they saw the grieved look on the old man's face they said unashamedly, "But you do not understand. By using these modern conveniences, we will have more time to study the Scriptures."

"It is well to study the Scriptures," he answered, "but if you will study it closely, I believe you will find that it points us away from the wide road that leads back toward the world. It tells us that the road that leads to the Eternal City is very narrow."

"The road is not so narrow as you think," answered the young man, "for we have just found a road that is much smoother and more pleasant than the road you are on."

"That may be so," replied the old man sadly, "but where does it lead to?"

As the man set down his load of modern conveniences, he picked up a Bible from a shelf in front of his wheelbarrow. Leafing through the Bible he said, "Here it says, 'Schicket euch in die Zeit.'" (Eph. 5:16)

"Yes, it does," answered the old man, "but that means we should be busy serving the Lord, for the times are evil. We ought to be building up the old landmarks instead of tearing them down."

"Landmarks," scoffed the young man. "We are not tearing down any landmarks. We are just remodeling this

house and bringing it up-to-date."

"But only if we seek the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, can we find rest for our souls," answered the old man.

But the young men stomped their feet and shook their heads and said, "We will not walk therein." (Jeremiah 6:16)

Several of the old men drew aside to counsel. "How long can we endure such a stiff-necked people?" one of them asked.

"Ah," said another, "the path they are walking leads to the darkness. Already they have fellowship with someone who have gone out into darkness."

"I have heard," said another woefully, "that they are planning to join hands with some who have gone outside, and then they want to build a house of their own."

At this there was much weeping and one of the elders opened his Bible and read, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it." (Psalm 127:1)

Another said, "It is written, 'The Lord will destroy the house of the proud.'" (Proverbs 15:25)

Just then the elders were joined by a group of young men and women who appeared to be anxious to help them. "Here am I," each one of them said, "How can we help?"

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, this do with all your might," (Eccl. 9:16) said one of the elders. Soon the ornaments were all removed from the walls, the room was cleaned and the wheelbarrow load of modern conveniences disposed of.

The men who had been rebellious ran and hid when they saw what was happening. But when they saw that the modern conveniences were put away, one of them called out, "But these things cost a lot of money. It is not right to destroy them in this way."

"This is not wise counsel," answered one of the elders, "for it is better to suffer loss of material things than to endure injury to the soul."

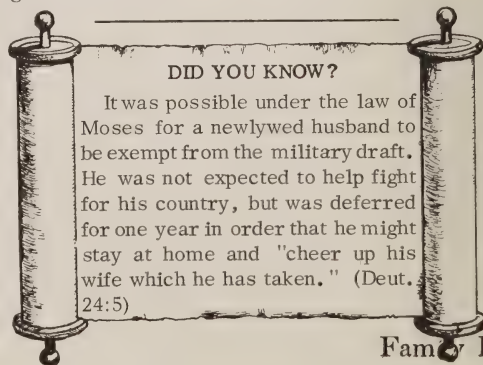
As the workers went about cleaning up the rooms, they sang sweet songs, and engaged in wholesome conversation. As I watched and listened, I thought of that little light, shining out into the darkness. That little light had meant so much to me, but now I realized that there was a constant struggle to keep it shining. I saw that in this house were living some who were unconcerned, whose lives were dimming this light.

Then the thought occurred to me, what if they had succeeded in dimming the light so much that I could not have seen it? Then I would surely have drowned in the river of perdition. I shudder to think of it. Oh the darkness, the awful darkness — what if there had been no light!

Then I was roused from the depths of my thoughts by sounds in the distance. What is that I hear now? It is children's voices and they are praising God in song. Yes, I am glad I came. ■■

#### DID YOU KNOW?

It was possible under the law of Moses for a newlywed husband to be exempt from the military draft. He was not expected to help fight for his country, but was deferred for one year in order that he might stay at home and "cheer up his wife which he has taken." (Deut. 24:5)





## THE DARK TUNNEL

by a minister

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not." Matt. 2:18. The German translation says, "Den es war aus mit ihnen".

Could not this verse be applied to our own community? There is so much sin and many shameful happenings which should not once be named among us. There are worldly gatherings and there have been violent deaths. Fathers and mothers have been left to weep and lament without being comforted.

We too, are the parents of a large family, and we can think back to the time when each one was so tiny. How we cherished those moments when we could first inspect the tiny bundle and were assured that all is well. We were concerned about our children and were thankful to God who had given us healthy normal babies.

How much more should we be concerned about their souls? How can we ever consent to let these children, whom we have loved and cherished and nurtured since childhood, take a chance in following the crowds through their tender teen-age years? It could be called a dark tunnel through which they pass, and there are many dangers. If they follow the crowd they will be tempted to take that first cigarette and then the first drink. This may all look very grown-up to a teen ager, but they never stop to think of the terrible habits it could get them into.

They will also be tempted by lusts of the flesh, and lusts of the eyes and the pride of life, which are not of the Father but of the world. But the world passes away and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. 1 John 2, 16-17.

Parents, let us wake up and ask God to help us teach our children while they are still young about the tender love of God and His plan for their salvation. Let us tell them of Jesus the Saviour of the world before they have a desire to enter this dark tunnel which may ruin their souls. This is a critical period in the life of our children and it is well to heed the counsel of Solomon, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

The standard of the church can never be higher than the standard of the home.

Moses said concerning the ordinances of God, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up, and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates." Deut. 6:7-9. - Ohio

When evil forces seem arrayed  
Against my heart to-day,  
I need not be the least afraid,  
Nor doubt in any way.  
No evil force can master me.  
God's wisdom will provide  
The strength to gain my victory  
For He is at my side.

Selected

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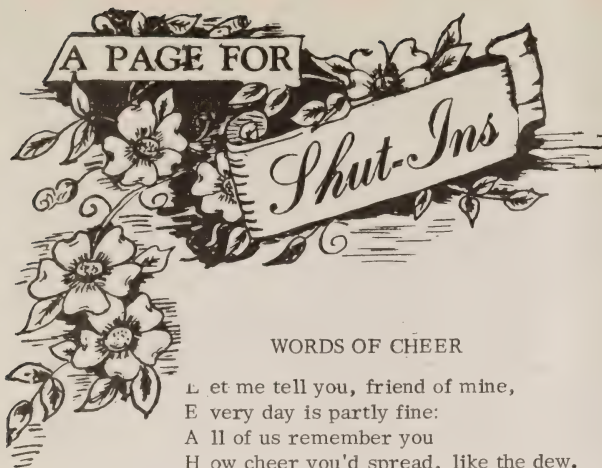
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### WORDS OF CHEER

L et me tell you, friend of mine,  
E very day is partly fine:  
A ll of us remember you  
H ow cheer you'd spread, like the dew.

O r how your waving hand would greet

H uman friends along the street,  
O r how your twinkling eyes would shine,  
R eally, truly, all the time.  
N ow if you're weak and spirits sag,  
I t's our turn to make you glad.  
N ow one more line with words of cheer;  
G od bless us every one right here.

- Harvey H. Nolt

A number of years ago when I could still walk, I went to Wooster, Ohio to spend several days with my invalid friend, Lucille Varns (now deceased). We had been well acquainted with the Varns family for years.

Lucille had polio when a child, and after that she could never walk again. During her sickness she lost all the hair on her head and on her eyebrows. A wig took the place of the original hair. Although we were close friends we never discussed this loss.

She was pleasant company and I enjoyed being with her. Another interesting aspect of my visit was the Handicraft shop she operated for the handicaps. This brought many people to her door.

Velma Fisher, of Kansas, dedicated her life to caring for Lucille and her needs. Velma was formerly a mission worker among the Spanish-speaking Americans. This work ceased when she had a nervous breakdown. When this happened she promised God if He would heal her she would dedicate her life to Him. She regained her health, then thought the best way for her to keep the promise she had made would be to care for an invalid. The next question was, "Where will I find an invalid to care for?"

During this time a friend sent Lucille's name and address to the Southern Farmer Magazine. They printed it in a row with others who were in need of a cheery letter or card. When the magazine came into Velma's hands she prayerfully glanced down the list wondering which one to write to. She chose Lucille.

At this time Lucille was living with her aged parents out in the country. The two girls became close friends. When Velma came in to Ohio Lucille could at last venture away from her home and make some of her plans materialize. At that time the handicraft shop came into being. Lucille cared for her shop while Velma worked away from

home.

Handicap Week, which comes in the fall, doesn't mean too much to the Amish handicapped person, but it was something Lucille could look forward to. This meant a four day's free stay at the YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association) in Akron to sell her merchandise.

"Do you want to go along?" she asked me one day.

I didn't know how much I could help her but I decided to go along.

Plans were made, so one day Lucille and I were "packed" into the back seat of her sister-in-law's car along with bags, boxes, suitcases and everything else we thought we would be needing. Lucille smiled over at me as she sat calmly amidst the paraphernalia. "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content," she said.

The YWCA I found was a huge building with an indoor swimmingpool and all the other equipment that speaks of luxury. I was surprised, but more surprises were waiting for me. This was supposed to be a Christian organization. It was one of the most modern.

Lucille and I had an adjoining room and bath on the seventh floor. Many girls stayed in the building. One that I spoke with was from Africa. Our rooms were free but I had to pay for my meals in the cafeteria. Many businessmen and women ate there, too, and at noontime they were lined up through the lobby waiting for an empty table.

The YWCA is a social center. At times women came in in long evening gowns. Probably a dance or formal gathering was held on one of the floors. The huge banquet hall was closed off from the lobby by large double doors.

Another invalid also occupied a part of the lobby. He had small wooden objects that he made and sold. Although badly deformed he could still enjoy his cigarettes. "I can't be a good Christian" he excused himself, "my dad is in his eighties and he is a drunkard."

His blunt statement was shocking to me. Later I learned that he lived with a girl who had cerebral palsy. They were unmarried. Several months after his stay at the Y he died.

While in Akron I was invited to the local handicap club. "I wouldn't go," Lucille said. "They play cards there and those who can dance, do so."

I was surprised. So this was city life! I didn't accept the invitation. Later I learned that her accusation was exaggerated, but even at that, it was more or less a carnal affair.

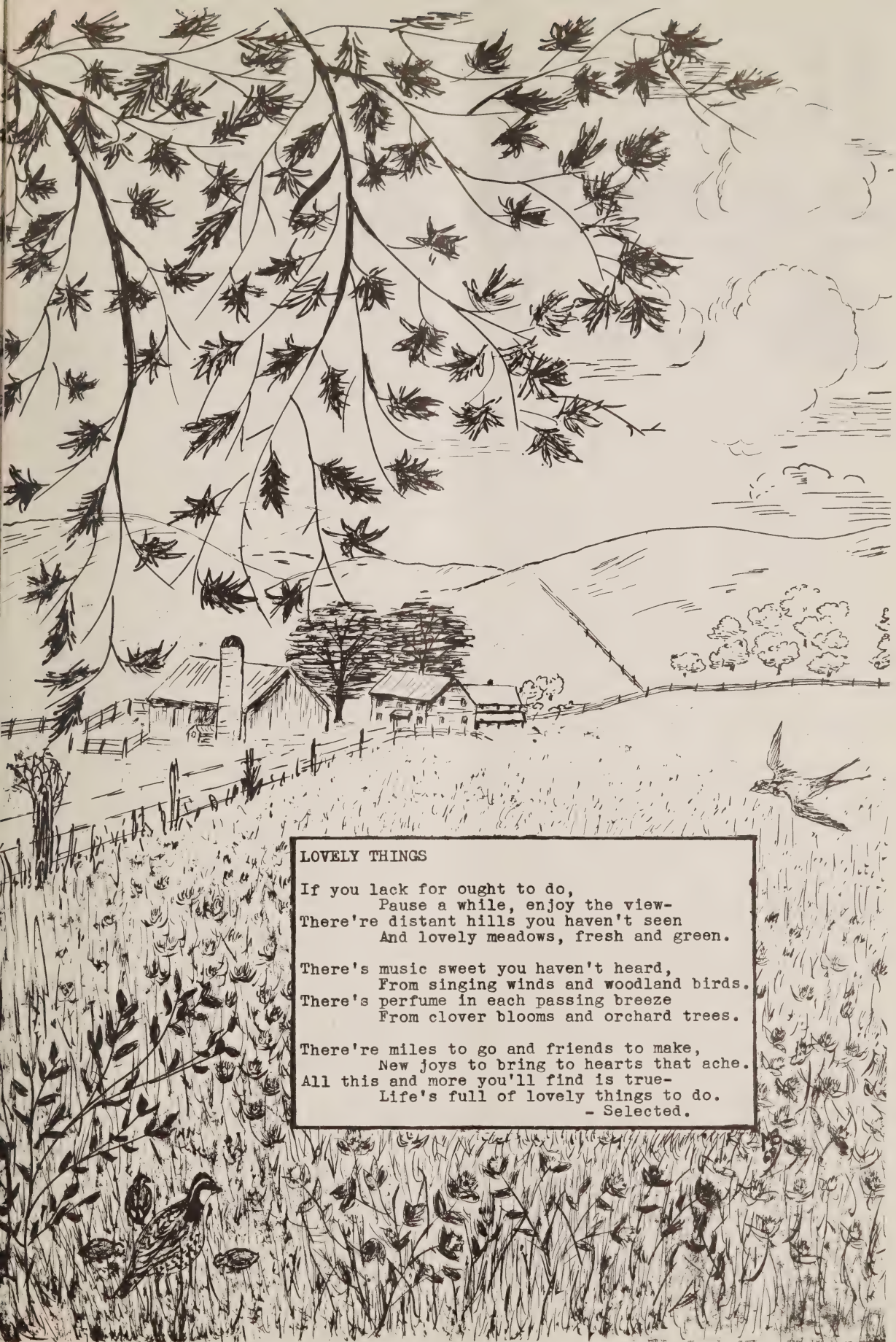
### When I Grow Old

When I grow old I want to be  
Like some rare souls that I have met,  
So sweet, so calm; and this my plea,  
That faith be strong to keep the fret  
Of life grown dim from spoiling me;  
That I may shed such sweetness, yet  
That all my loved ones shall rejoice  
That I still live. I would not see  
Myself grow mean, but I would voice  
The sweetness of a well-filled life;  
So gently live, so gently fill  
The place I occupy, that strife  
May not abide. And I would still  
Remember this; I cannot stay  
So sweetly calm unless I pray.

- Myrtle Thomas

Send all contributions for this page to "Sarah", c/o Pathway, R. 4, Avlmer, Ontario, Canada





#### LOVELY THINGS

If you lack for ought to do,  
Pause a while, enjoy the view-  
There're distant hills you haven't seen  
And lovely meadows, fresh and green.

There's music sweet you haven't heard,  
From singing winds and woodland birds.  
There's perfume in each passing breeze  
From clover blooms and orchard trees.

There're miles to go and friends to make,  
New joys to bring to hearts that ache.  
All this and more you'll find is true-  
Life's full of lovely things to do.  
- Selected.





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario

The author of the following poem was probably inspired to write after reading a clipping in the papers how parents in a foreign country were arrested for selling their children.

### *Not For A Million*

A tender babe within your arms,  
With softest skin and sweetest charms;  
Two dimpled hands that reach for you,  
In need she cries, in contentment coos;  
That loving smile steals in your heart;  
Could money cause you two to part?  
"Not for a million," that is sure  
Is she worth your time — so she feels secure?  
Is she worth the trust God in you placed?  
And the sleepless nights you may have to face?  
Is she worth the effort to train her right  
When firmness with patience and love must abide?

That winsome lad, he crawls on your knee,  
Begging for attention, or a playful spree,  
Ready with questions, and childish pratter;  
Your longing for rest is to him a small matter.  
What is he worth, to you, yes, Dad?  
"Not for a million" is the lad to be had;  
Is he worth your attention, will he slip away sad?  
With his empty heart crying, wanting his dad?  
Is he worth your time, to show him the way?  
Gently guiding his steps, his self-will stay?  
Worth humbling, to gain his confidence?  
Worth patience and pain, to explain his offence?

These precious little souls, worth more than gold,  
Be careful, and watchful how their lives mold;  
That fast growing lad, and fair blooming girl  
On the threshold of youth so soon will be hurled.  
Will their hearts then be willing to choose the straight way  
Or choose the broad road, and alas, go astray!  
The seeds that you sowed will fruit beget,  
Or choose the broad road, and alas, go astray!  
The seeds parents sow surely fruit will beget  
Which they'll reap with joy, or remorse and regret;  
We shrink at the horror of a child sacrificed  
On the hot arms of Moloch; (had the parents not cried?)  
But parents who teach not their children the way  
To Jesus and heaven, are more cruel than they.

Mollie Zook

God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grayheaded. Oh God, forsake me not; until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation." ..... Psalm 71:17-18

Now that I'm along far enough in life to scan a part of life as a whole, some things are plain to me that no one could have told me in so many words before.

I find myself constantly watching for those qualities which endear the elderly to the young. Hoping to "grow in grace" and reach the goal of being a good example along the narrow way, my desire is also in being lovable, as one who is continually radiating love. How we need the help of those who have gone before and stood the test. How it strengthens our faith to see that "His grace was sufficient" for them as they weathered the storms of life.

The grandparent is apt to look back and think fondly of all the pleasant parts he had in life, before he arrived at his present age. Memory as we all know enhances things and happenings.

From where I am now, having the cares of small children and all that goes with that stage of life, I find myself thinking of Aunt Becky's rocking chair almost enviously. Just longing for the day when a full night's sleep won't just happen occasionally. But I remind myself, every age and stage in life has its rewards and "unpleasantries".

I don't want to be narrow-minded and critical which is often the way of the elderly. So I must remember to bring a smile along to the rocking chair. And a goodly share of tolerance, remembering my faltering, stumbling steps as I walked the path of life.

May God help me to wear a smile for my children, too, as they grow, so I'm not guilty of appreciating the grandchildren more than the children.

An Enthusiastic Reader

The friend who wrote about the gooey, sticky pudding recipe was sorry she expressed herself as she did. She wrote, "My sincere apologies to all who may have been offended by my words. I realized after reading it in print that I should not have written so contemptuously. To hurt anybody's feelings on purpose would be the last and least of my desires."

In the letter this friend did not mean to say the pudding was not delicious, but she considered it not as healthy as some other foods. She goes on to say, "After this if I ever write again I'll lay it aside for a week or longer. Maybe by then I'll see the matter in a different light."

None of us is so perfect that we do not at one time or another fail in our words, written or oral. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." (James 3:2)

Prune tomato plants by cutting off the long wild shooting vines and you will have larger and nicer tomatoes.

Some people prefer peppermintade during the hot summer months. It is a healthy and refreshing drink. It is

Family Life



also very simple to make. Sweeten a pitcher of cold water. Dip a toothpick into the peppermint oil bottle. Then swish it off in the water. Do this a few times and you have peppermintade.

A friend from Ronks, Pa., sent in the recipe for the Lazy Woman Cake. I'm sure she didn't get the first issues of Family Life for the recipe was printed in one of those. I don't know why, but it seems up here in Canada I don't have any luck in baking that cake. I first blamed it on the flour. Could it maybe be the low altitude?

How many of the readers can recall the "soda water" drink — the kind our grandparents made before "Pop" and "Pepsi" came into being?

Two tablespoons of the mixture was put in an eight ounce glass. Flavoring was added and the glass filled with water. About one-eighth teaspoon of soda was stirred in. The drink sizzled. To us it was quite a treat.

On second thought I don't think I'll print the recipe for fear too many of this present generation won't like it.

**CHOCOLATE CHIP ICE CREAM**

I discovered by accident how to make chocolate chip ice cream and now others around here are also making it.

Take 1 1/2 to 2 squares of Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Put in a saucepan. Add about 2 tablespoons of butter and melt over a slow fire. Add a little granulated sugar to sweeten as it has no sugar. (Someone tried sweet milk chocolate and got only chocolate ice cream.) After everything is melted, pour into any mixture of vanilla ice cream, turning the paddles meanwhile. It will go back in lumps as it cools in the cold mixture. (Evidently it is poured into the freezer after the ice cream is nearly frozen. — Aunt Becky) This recipe is for a four quart freezer.

Mrs. Paul Stauffer

**SALAD DRESSING**

1/2 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon dry mustard  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon paprika  
1 cup vinegar, dulated  
1 cup olive oil  
1 can Campbell's tomato soup  
3 cloves garlic, cut up fine

Mix all together. Don't use till second day. It is very good on lettuce or a tossed salad. Other oil can be used, but olive oil is best —

Mrs. Nate Wickey, Indiana

Several ideas for using brown paper bags (grocery bags) —

Store your bananas in them and they will ripen more slowly, lasting from a week to ten days.

When you want to heat buns (which may be dried out somewhat) sprinkle with a little water and place in a brown bag and into a low-heated oven. We also heat store wrapped hamburger sandwich buns and hot dog buns by placing wrap and all in the brown bags.

We put a bar of hand soap in all our suitcases when storing them. This does away with that musty odor. Also put a bar of hand soap in our clothes drawers for the same purpose.

When cooking ice cream pudding or other puddings, add your sugar to the milk and bring to boiling point. The milk will not scorch until a thickening is added.

We have a motto in our kitchen, which is a remembrance from my grandma, Elizabeth Stutzman (of The Lord is my Shepherd). It says, "Little is much when God is in it."

- Mrs. R. Hershberger, Georgia

**Some Mothers Write**

As I was watering the flowers on the windowsill my little two-year-old came and asked what I was doing. I told her, "Giving them water." After thinking a bit she said, "Well, Mom, they can't drink water, can they?"

- R. B., Ohio

We were walking through the orchard on a Sunday afternoon with our boys. Several had been lagging behind. A question from our 5-year-old made us turn to see what he had found. "Is this glue?" he asked, as he held both ends of a milkweed stalk which he had broken through. Several weeks later he came into the house with more milkweed. "I'm going to paste," he informed me. It worked surprisingly well.

- Mrs. R. M., Indiana

**Some Fathers Write, too —**

In the fall the milk cows were kept in good pasture and the dry cows in an adjoining field. One day a dry cow got across the fence to the milk cows and when little Clara took notice she called to her mother excitedly, "One of the dry cows is over there with the wet ones."

- D., Virginia

**Some Children Write —**

I can hardly stand to hear someone call their father "old man". I think it is very disrespectful.

Young friends, respect your father while you can for all too soon he may be taken away. It was not until after mine was gone that I realized the countless things he had done for me. You may think, "Oh, I won't feel that way about my father" or if you do respect him you may think, "I can see now how much he is doing for me." I thought so, too, but I saw more and important things he had done for me, and I am sorry for the times I had been angry with him when he really was helping me.


So friends, remember and respect your father on Father's Day and every day through the years.

A teen-age Reader, Penna.

*Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair*

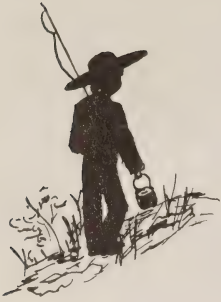
Every summer  
has its own  
special beauty  
and seems  
more lovely  
than all the  
past summers.

Aunt Becky



Hier ist noch ein

## Sammy story



### Die Spötter

### und der Dummkopf

Der Sammy schob sein Zipfel-kap hinten auf sein Kopf und schlenkerte sein Ei-Kübel mit ernst. Es dünkt ihn der Welt war ein ziemlich schöner Platz. In seiner Hand trug er ein Report Card.

„Der Schulmeister hat gesagt, du hast der best Report Card in der Klass, Sammy“, sagte sein Bruder Andy.

„Er hat's nicht sagen müssen daß die Kinder es all hören“, antwortete der Sammy in ein demütiger Weg, aber er war innerlich froh. Doch, der Sammy war unruhig wegen sein Freund, Mike, der neu Duford Nachbar.

„Der Mike hat nicht ein guter Report Card grüßt“, sagte der Sammy. „Und der Larry und sein Schwester Gertie haben ihn verspottet.“

„Was haben sie gesagt, Sammy?“

„Wo er sein Card aus der Envelope genommen hat, sieht der Larry über sein Schulter und sagte: „Oh, ho, solch ein Report Card! Dann kommt die Gertie und sie wispern und lachen miteinander.“

„Sie sind nicht so gut selber!“ sagt der Andy mit ernst.

„Der Mike kann es nicht helfen, daß er hart-lernig ist.“

„Nur weil der Larry und Gertie immer die schönste Kleider haben und ihre Vater viel Geld hat, denken sie sie sind besser als andere Leut.“

„Ja, und sie kriegen noch andere für spotten mit sie.“

Die zwei Buben stoßen ihre Füß gegen die kleine gravel Steine, und schickten sie zu rollen in der Weg. Sie redeten mehr und mehr wegen die Sache bis sie heim kamen.

Daheim sagten sie es der Mutter, und auch den Vater wenn sie in die Scheune gekommen sind. An der Abendessen haben sie wieder angefangen.

„Ich hoff dies tut der Mike nicht bedroffen“, sagte der Vater. Er brach ein Stück heimgebackenes Brod durch, und schmirt es mit Butter und Honig. „Er ist ein verständiger Knabe.“

„Ja, er wäre lieber in unser Schul als in der Public Schul“, sprach Sammy.

„Aber du und der Larry sind auch gute Freund, net so?“ fragte der Vater.

„Ja, aber . .“

„Ja, aber auch zu zeiten unfreundlich“, lachte der Amos.

„Wir sind Freund!“ schnaubte der Sammy zurück gegen sein Bruder. „Der Larry ist ein Spötter, aber ich bin doch

sein Freund.“

„Buben, es ist genug!“ spricht der John Miller zu seine Söhnen. „Wenn der Larry nicht tut wie er sollte, so solltet ihr doch nicht schwächen über ihn. Wir sollen tun zu andere wie wir wollten daß sie tun zu uns.“

Später wo die Kinder im Bette waren, sagte der Vater zu seine Frau, die Maud Miller, „Was will es noch geben mit der Larry und die Gertie — der Jeff Troher seine Kinder?“

Die Mutter antwortet, „Es ist bedauerlich, ist es net, wenn Familien nur versorgt sind im natürlichen, und die geistlichen Sachen sind versäumt. Es wäre besser, die Kinder werden nicht so fein gekleidet, und werden recht aufgezogen.“

„Ja, der Jeff versorgt sie wohl mit natürliche Sachen. Aber ich wünsche er könnt sehen wie Hochmut kann in Kinder gepflanzt sein.“

Weil die Eltern von diese Sachen redeten, waren der Sammy und der Andy droben in ihren Bette, miteinander an Plans machen für den nächsten Tag.

Am Morgen machten die Kinder sich bereit für an die Schul gehen. Der Sammy hat sich geschwind gewaschen, und sagte zu der Amos, „Der Andy und ich wollen durch die Busch an die Schul gehen.“

„Fürwas so?“ fragte der Amos. „Es ist weiter durch den Busch.“

„Ach, es ist Spaß als mal ein andern Weg gehen“, sagte der Sammy, und winkte gegen der Andy. „Wir sind früh.“

„Ihr sollt nicht euch versäumen und spät werden“, spricht die Mutter. Dann sagte sie zu der Amos, „Ging du mit die Anna, so daß sie nicht allein gehen muß.“

„Ja, ich denk ich kann. Bist du bereit, Anna?“

„Bald“, antwortete die kleine Mädchen, als sie sich vor ihr Mutter stellte, „Hier, Maem, mache mein Froch zu.“

Es war noch ein wenig Schnee auf der Boden wo Sammy und Andy durch den Busch gingen. Der Grund war hart gefroren. Es war früh, und der Sammy meinte sie hätten zeit zum Post Gingerich seine Heimat gehen um der Post die Sachen zu erzählen von der Mike.

Der Post war froh daß die zwei Miller Buben gekommen waren. Er ziegte geschwind seine überschulde an. Als sie auf der Weg waren wieder, erzählte Sammy die Geschichte zu der Post.

„Ja“, sagte der Post. „Larry und Gertie spotteten meine rote Haar auch.“

„Und wenn ich denk daran“, sagte der Sammy noch weiter, „sie tun oft lachen über mein Zipfel-kap.“

„Der Vater hat aber gesagt“, sang an der Andy, „er hat gesagt wir sollen nicht schwächen über sie. Wir sollen tun wie wir wollen daß sie tun.“

„Vielleicht —“ Der Sammy seine Augen waren groß geworden, und sein Gesicht war fröhlich als er an etwas denkt. „Vielleicht wollen sie haben daß wir tun zu sie wie sie tun zu andere.“

„Des ist was!“ lachte der Andy, als er begriffen hat was der Sammy meint.

„Ja, wenn sie andere verspotten, wollen sie vielleicht auch verspottet sein. Ho!“ Der Post schlag seine Hände zusammen.

„Sag! Wollen wir Spaß haben!“ Der Sammy hüpfte 'rum in der Weg. Er hat seine Eßten Kübele schier gar ausgeleert.

Die Buben könnten bald nicht warten bis sie an der



Schul kamen. Sie fangen an fleißig zu laufen. Wo sie in der Schulstube kamen, schaueten sie zuerst umher wo der Mike und der Larry waren. Der Larry spielte Carrom mit andere Buben, aber der Mike war noch nicht gekommen.

Der Larry spielte am anderen End von Schulhaus. Andere Schüler standen herum um die Spieler zu sehen. Die Kinder lachten und waren froh. Der Sammy sah daß sein Bruder Amos auch spielte.

Die drei Knaben tun ihre Kübeln am Platz. Nun gingen sie und standen auch bei die Spieler. Keiner wußte was gibt oder was sie tun werden.

Über eine Weile ging die Tür auf und der Mike läuft herein. Der Larry sieht zurück und fang an zu lachen, „Dort kommt der Dummkopf!“

Viele von die Kinder lachten mit ihm. Der Sammy und der Andy sahen einander an, und der Post gigte der Sammy in die Seite.

„Er ist vielleicht nicht so gut in die Schul“, sagte der verständiger Amos, „aber sie sind arm und er muß hart schaffen alle Abend für Kost zu verdienen.“

„Ja“, sagte einen andern, „sein Vater ist nicht gesund, und sie haben nicht viel zu essen.“

„Er hat nicht zeit zu studieren“, spricht eins von die Mädlein.

Der Larry schämte sich sehr und denkt er wollte nicht mehr der Mike verspotten. Die Kinder schweigen wo sie der Mike sahen nahe kommen. Der Larry schob sein Stuhle zurück und stand auf, „Hier, Mike, du kannst mein Platz haben. Du kannst besser spielen als ich kann.“

„Nein“, antwortete der Mike, „Ich will nicht dein Platz weg nehmen von dir.“

Wo der John Miller seine Kinder auf der Weg heim waren, sagte der Sammy zu der Andy, „Ich bin aber froh daß wir nicht der Larry verspottet haben.“

„Verspottet?“ fragte der Amos mit großer Wunder.

Der Sammy und der Andy antworteten nicht gerade. Sie hatten vergessen daß der Amos nichts wußte von ihren Plan.

„Was meinet ihr — verspottet?“ fragte der Amos wieder.

Der Sammy und der Andy ihre Augen waren auf der Weg, und sie sandten wieder die kleine Steinen über den Weg zu fliegen mit ihre Füß. „Wir wollten der Larry zurück bezahlen“, antwortete Sammy umlänglich.

„Was zurück bezahlen?“

Der Sammy wünschte der Amos war still.

„Ich habe sie gehört schwächen in der Schulhof“, sagte die kleine Anna. „Ich habe nicht alles gehört, aber es war etwas wegen der Larry verspotten.“

„Wir haben gedenkt er tut vielleicht zu andere wie er getan haben will zu sich selber. Du weißt, so wie der Vater gesagt hat —“ Es dünkt der Sammy sein eigener Antwort lautet sehr matt.

„Ihr habt besser gewußt!“ schämte der Amos sie. „Dies hätte ein Aufstand gemacht in der Schule, und der Vater und Mutter werden betrübt.“

„Willst du sie es sagen?“ fragte der Sammy sanftmütiglich.

„Sie sollen es wohl wissen, aber ich weiß daß sie dankbar sein werden daß ihr eure böse Gedanken nicht vollbracht haben.“

Der Sammy und der Andy waren auch dankbar. ■■

REMEMBER NOW  
THY CREATOR  
IN THE DAYS OF  
THY YOUTH  
— Ecclesiastes 12.1

## CHILDREN'S SECTION —

### THE BOY WHO HAD TEN THUMBS

by Agnes Ranney

"Get it, Dan!"

The shrill scream went up as one voice from the excited throats of the others on his side in the school ball game. The grounder Lloyd had just struck bounded over the uneven grass between second base and third, slipping through Dan's outstretched hands. After the bell he went, grabbing for it as it slowed down. The yelling from his side grew more frantic. Dan grabbed again, missed, then was almost upon it.

He had it! No. His racing foot struck the ball and sent it bouncing another ten feet in front of him. Desperately he followed, got it, dropped it. At last he got a firm grip on it and turned to throw it home. But as he did so, a groan from his own side and a yell of triumph from the other side told him Lloyd had reached home plate.

The game was over. They had lost — and Dan had let their opponents score the winning point.

"Butterfingers! Butterfingers!" sounded the derisive cry from his disappointed classmates. Dan kicked unhappily at a clump of grass. Why was he always the one to fumble the ball? Once — just once — he'd like to do something right.

The game over, the students drifted back toward their classroom. The winning side were noisy and excited, but Dan's team was glum with disappointment. Dan wandered in slowly from left field, wishing he didn't have to face his gloomy classmates.

He tried to keep his mind on his studies that afternoon, but it kept going back to the lost game. To have enough to make two teams, every boy in school was needed, Dan wished it weren't so — that he didn't have to help play. Then he could have stayed on the sidelines and not make a clown of himself trying to be something he was never meant to be.

What was he good at? Nothing, he told himself unhap-

# LITTLE B LITTLE

One step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not frown or murmur  
At the work you have to do,  
Or say that such a mighty task  
You never can get through.  
But try in earnest, day by day  
Another point to gain;  
And soon the mountain which you feared  
Will prove to be a plain.

pily, thinking of his two brothers. Lloyd, an eighth grader and a year older than Dan, was the athlete of the family. Tall and muscular, he was a natural leader and well-liked by his classmates. His merry blue eyes and ready smile helped him win friends easily.

Arthur, a year younger than Dan although they were both in the seventh grade, was the outstanding student of the family. Quiet, but friendly and well-liked, he was always at the head of the class, and was a good singer as well.

And Dan? Dan's studies were a trial. His merely passing grades seemed poor compared with Arthur's shining record. He was taller than Lloyd, but he was gangling and seemed all arms and legs. Sometimes Dan felt he was just a big joke to his family and friends. But his good-natured grin hid his feelings so well that those who laughed at him did not suspect how much their remarks hurt.

Fifteen minutes before the close of school Mr. Byler tapped the bell on his desk. Dan looked up to see an amused smile on the teacher's face.

"This really looks like a sad occasion for some of you," said Mr. Byler. "There will be other games, you know. Somebody has to lose. I hate to see you go home looking so unhappy. Doesn't somebody have a riddle to cheer us up?"

The students grinned in spite of themselves. It wasn't long before they were laughing.

"What has eighteen legs and catches flies?" someone asked. What could it be? They made all sorts of ridiculous guesses, but it was Arthur who enlightened them. A baseball team, of course.

While the rest were trying to think of another riddle, the teacher asked Lloyd to go to the basement on an errand for him. After Lloyd left the room, there was a short silence, broken only by soft whispering between David, the red-headed wit of the school and his chums at the back of the room.

"This is another riddle," he announced. "What has ten thumbs and two left feet?" The boys and girls looked at each other with puzzled frowns. Then the quiet was broken by a voice from the back.

"Dan Stoltzfus."

The room was in an uproar. Dan felt the back of his neck growing red. He tried to laugh with the rest, but in his heart was a throbbing sense of hurt that he could not quite hide. It didn't help to see that Arthur was laughing too. Mercifully, it was time for school to let out and the

teacher dismissed the pupils and they swarmed noisily out.

Dan snatched his cap from the hook in the hall and was on his way home across the green spring fields. He could have walked with the others along the road, but he felt more like being alone. Anyway, it wasn't more than a mile across their own fields, for the Stoltzfus farm backed against the school ground. But Dan had not gone more than a few yards when he heard a voice behind him.

"Hey, Dan." It was his brothers, Lloyd and Arthur. They had decided to walk home across the fields too.

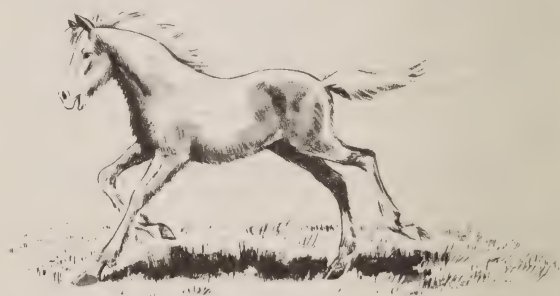
"That was quite a riddle David made up, wasn't it?" said Arthur, grinning as if Dan was supposed to have enjoyed the joke.

"Yeah, very funny." Dan didn't even bother to grin, but Arthur didn't seem to notice.

"What was the riddle?" Lloyd asked, since he had been in the basement and missed the fun. Then Dan had to listen to a repetition of David's wit. It hurt more deeply than ever to know that his own brothers found his awkwardness amusing. The talk turned to other things at last, and Dan was glad.

He looked down toward the creek which ran through the farm, where the two big bay work horses were grazing in the new spring grass. They had two other horses too — steady little Bess, the brown mare, and her two-year-old colt, Comet.

Comet! Dan's heart lightened as he thought of the black colt. Only yesterday he had curried her, brushing out of her coat the long hair which she had grown during the cold winter. She shone like black satin, and her glossy mane and tail were like flowing silk. When he had opened the barn door she had fairly flown out and across the pasture, head up, mane and tail flying, neat little black hoofs pounding across the short-cropped clover of the meadow. She ran across the pasture and back in a sweeping circle.



Then she ran around and around the patient old work horses, kicking up her heels in her excitement. Dan and his brothers had stood beside their father, watching her.

"Say, can she run though!" Lloyd had exclaimed.

"She can run all right," Dad had agreed. "She must be a throwback to one of her Arabian ancestors. Pretty light-boned for a farm horse, though."

"You're not going to sell her, are you, Dad?" Dan had asked quickly.

"Oh, I guess we can spare her a little hay again next winter," his father had replied, a twinkle in his eye. The brothers looked at each other knowingly. "I think your mother likes her pretty well," Dad went on. "She picked a good name for her — Comet."

Yes, the whole family was pleased with Comet. She was a gentle little thing, for all her high spirits, and had been with her mother so much Dan was sure it would be no trick to break her. They'd start this summer, probably. He thrilled as he thought how it would feel to be on Comet's



back as she raced across the field — why, it would be like flying.

The boys were not far from the house when they were startled by a sharp, excited nicker. Turning quickly, they saw Bess across the fence in the little pasture where she and Comet were often kept. She was pacing back and forth, ears erect, tail switching. Comet was nowhere to be seen.

Then a disturbance in the long grass on the other side of the pasture caught Dan's eye. He lit out on a run, Lloyd and Arthur at his heels.

A few moments later the boys gasped at what they saw. Comet was caught in the barbed-wire fence. She was on her side in the trampled grass, her hind legs caught between two strands of the wire. Cuts and scratches covered her slender legs, and one ugly gash spurted bright blood over the green grass. The colt's head was thrown back, her lips flecked with foam. Terrified, she was struggling to free herself from the punishing wire.

"Dad! Dad!" Arthur shouted. At the sudden noise the colt started flailing her legs more desperately against the cruel barbs.

"Pipe down," Dan commanded in a low voice. "The folks are over in New Holland — don't you remember?" He dropped to his knees beside the colt's head. His voice was calm as he spoke to her, his big hands were gentle as he patted the sweat-stained neck.

"Poor little old girl — easy now, Comet, easy. You'll be all right." Gradually, as Dan's big firm hands moved over her straining body, the colt quieted. She stopped thrashing her legs and lay still. But the blood was still spurting steadily from the deep gash on her leg. Dan looked up to see Arthur biting his lower lip and Lloyd looking on helplessly.

"Shall I get help?" Lloyd asked.

"There isn't time — she'll bleed to death if we don't do something soon," said Dan, his voice still low. "Get the

wire cutters," he went on, "and some old clean cloths — you know where Mother keeps 'em, Arthur — and the disinfectant and a bucket of hot water. I'll stay with Comet."

Lloyd and Arthur seemed relieved to have something to do, and wasted no time. Lloyd was soon back with the wire cutters, and the two boys clipped the wire loose from the fence and worked it gently from around the colt's legs. Dan kept up a steady stream of soft, gentle talk to Comet. She seemed to know that he was trying to help her, and lay quite still. By the time she was freed from the wire, Arthur arrived, spilling the water over his feet in his haste.

Quickly, Dan made a tourniquet for the bleeding leg. For ten minutes he held it in place. But when he loosened it the blood spurted as freely as ever. Comet lay stretched out, her once-glossy coat stained with blood and sweat, her eyes rolling. Bess circled the group, nervous and worried.

"Maybe she's lost too much blood," said Arthur, almost in a whisper. Dan said nothing, but tightened the tourniquet again and held it in place. It just had to work. He couldn't let Comet die. But was he doing the right thing? He tried to think what his father would do.

Comet simply lay there, still as death, not even flinching when the strong-smelling solution touched her flesh. Only the rise and fall of her side told Dan she still breathed. Was she going to die?

Then, just as he was washing the last cut, a soft nicker made him look up. Weakly Comet raised her head and looked at him.


"Say, I think you're going to be all right," he cried, relieved. Arthur's face brightened, and Lloyd reached a gentle hand to pat Comet's soft nose.

"How did you know what to do, Dan?" Arthur asked, now that they could talk. "I was scared stiff."

"Oh, I've helped Dad doctor the stock sometimes. It — it just sort of seems to come natural." Dan himself

# OCCUPATIONS IN THE BIBLE

BY TITUS



**ACROSS**

- Nehemiah 12:29
- Acts 10:7
- Matthew 13:55
- II Kings 25:12
- Jeremiah 14:4
- Colossians 4:14
- Ezekiel 17:4
- Acts 13:8
- Mark 9:3
- II Kings 11:2

**DOWN**

- Jeremiah 37:21
- Acts 19:24
- Exodus 35:35
- Acts 10:6
- Acts 27:30
- Luke 2:8
- Luke 5:2
- Matthew 22:35

couldn't be sure how he had known what to do for Comet. He looked down at his big hands.

I guess a person can do the things he's cut out for," he said slowly, with a funny little grin at his brothers, "even if he does have ten thumbs!" ■■

## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

**TO**

**TAME**

### **A WILD RABBIT**



by Elmo Stoll

#### Part One: We've Caught Him

Abner Yoder was panting as he walked rapidly into the neighbor's lane. He glanced at the house, but not seeing anyone, hurried on out to the barn.

Tap, tap, tap.

He heard the sound of someone hammering. The noise seemed to be coming from behind the barn. "I hope it's Dan," Abner thought to himself as he jumped the barnyard gate and walked rapidly in the direction of the sounds.

Dan Graber was so busy nailing a loose board on the fence that he didn't notice Abner approaching him.

"Hi, Dan," Abner called out. "I hope you're not too busy —"

Dan jumped at the sound of a voice. He whirled around to face Abner. "Wow," he said. "You wouldn't have to scare me like that."

"Sorry," Abner laughed. He was still breathing heavily from the distance he had run."

"The way you're puffing," Dan said, looking at his friend's red face, "something must have scared you."

"No, nothing scared me. I was just in a hurry to get here. Hope you have time to come with me."

"Depends on where you want to go."

"Just down the road to Bowen's woods."

"What for?"

"To catch a rabbit."

"Huh? How are you going to do that?"

"Easy," Abner said. "Don't worry. Just bring a gunny bag and come help me. It won't take long."

Dan still looked puzzled. "Will we need a shovel?"

"No," Abner laughed, "we won't have to do any digging. I chased a rabbit into a hollow log."

"Okay," Dan hung his hammer on the fence. "I'm finished here anyway."

The two boys found a bag in the feed shed and then headed for the woods a quarter of a mile away."

The afternoon sun shone down with summer directness, as the two boys hurried down the road. In a few minutes they reached the edge of the thick woods. It seemed cooler in the shade of the green trees.

"My guess is the rabbit hopped away as soon as you left," Dan said.

"I don't think so. The log was only open on the one end, and I blocked that hole."

Abner led the way past a rotten stump, around a pool of stagnant water, and through a clump of scratchy blackberry bushes. "There," he said, pointing to a long log lying just ahead. "That's where the rabbit is."

The boys tiptoed up as quietly as they could. The block of wood Abner had propped in front of the entrance was

still in place.

Dropping to his knees, Abner rolled the block away and peered into the dark round hole.

"Can you see the rabbit?" Dan asked eagerly.

"I'm not sure. It's too dark."

"Let me look." Dan threw the bag on the ground and knelt on it.

"Careful now. Don't let him out."

Dan stared into the blackness of the hole for several seconds. "I wish we'd brought a flashlight," he said, "I can't see any rabbit."

"Well, he has to be in there," Abner insisted stubbornly. "All we need to do is to get him out."

"And that's the problem," Dan said. "Looks like a real job to me. There's not even a small hole at the other end of the log, is there?"

"No," Abner stood studying the situation for a moment. "I know what we'll do," he said. "You hold the bag over the hole and I'll thump real hard on this end of the log. Maybe the rabbit will be frightened out."

"We can try it," Dan said, doubtful that it would work.

Carefully he held the mouth of the large bag over the opening in the log. He nodded his head as a signal to Abner that he was ready.

Abner found a short stick several feet in length. Starting at the far end of the log, he pounded with hard, rapid blows. Surely he worked his way toward Dan, all the while striking the hollow log.

Dan held perfectly still so as not to frighten the rabbit away if he should be about to hop from the log.

Abner kept up the thumping motion until he was almost at the end where the opening was. He gave one last hard bang. The frightened rabbit leaped from the log, straight into the bag. Quickly Dan clamped the top shut.

The rabbit jumped around wildly inside the bag, bouncing against the sides.

"Hang on," Abner yelled excitedly. "We've got him."

#### Part Two: It's Your Rabbit

The rabbit struggled frantically for a few minutes, but Dan clung firmly to the top of the bag. Finally the rabbit held still.

"I'd like to take a peep at him," Abner said. "I can hardly believe we caught a rabbit so easily."

Carefully Abner opened the top of the bag. Both boys peeped inside.

The rabbit sat huddled in the bottom corner, bits of string and dust on his smooth fur. He was panting rapidly, his sides heaving.

"The poor thing is frightened," Dan said in pity. "What are we going to do with him?"

"I'm going to keep him for a pet," Abner said. "I've always wanted a rabbit."

"Are you really?"

"Sure. Why not?"

Dan fingered the top of the bag thoughtfully.

When his friend didn't answer right away, Abner suddenly thought that maybe Dan wanted the rabbit too.

"What's wrong, Dan? Did you want the rabbit, maybe?"

"Oh, no," Dan said quickly. "I wouldn't want — I mean you can have the rabbit. I don't care. It's your rabbit."

Abner looked at his friend sharply. What was wrong with Dan? Did he secretly want the rabbit?

Dan looked up, and cleared his throat. "Where are you going to keep the rabbit?" he asked.

"We have an empty cage behind the chicken house,"

**Family Life**



Abner said. "It's all wire netting, and just about the right size."

"I'll walk home with you and help you put him in the cage," Dan offered. "I'd like to get a better look at him anyhow."

Fifteen minutes later the two boys were checking the wire cage carefully to make sure there were no holes anywhere. "I don't want to take a chance of my rabbit escaping the first day," Abner said. "So let's make sure there isn't a hole for him to squeeze through."

At last the boys were satisfied the cage was escape-proof.

They placed the bag inside the cage, then shook the rabbit out. Quickly they jerked the bag from the cage and slammed the door.

The startled rabbit dashed about the wire cage. Several times he banged nose-first into the sides. At last he crouched in one corner, head down and shaking all over.

"He'll soon quiet down," Abner said.

"Poor thing," Dan said. "He doesn't understand what happened to him."

"Oh, he'll get used to it in a few days."

"I don't think he'll ever get tame," Dan said bluntly. "My father would never let me pen up a wild animal like that. It's too cruel."

Abner looked at the quivering rabbit, then glanced quickly away. "It's not cruel," he said. "When he gets used to it, he'll like it better than outside. I'll give him lots of food to eat and everything."

"I don't believe a rabbit that grew up wild like that will ever become tame," Dan said. "But that's up to you. It's your rabbit."

Abner half wished he had caught the rabbit by himself and never asked Dan to help. Why did Dan have to make him feel so badly about it?

"I should be going," Dan said. He picked up the empty bag, and without another word, left for home.

### Part Three: Not Hungry

In the lawn Abner pulled several handfuls of grass — a fresh, tasty meal that no bunny could resist.

Moving slowly, Abner approached the pen, holding the grass forward so the rabbit could see what he was bringing. He poked the grass through the wire sides of the cage, but the rabbit didn't move. Abner waited. It would be cute to see the rabbit nibble.

Minutes passed but the rabbit didn't move. Maybe he didn't see the grass. Abner poked several blades of grass through the wire just above the rabbit's head. They dropped

right beside him, but he only twitched slightly, then held still.

Abner poked some more grass through, and some of it landed right on the rabbit's head. But he only sat there, head down, ears back.

"Guess he isn't hungry," Abner tried to hide his disappointment. He dropped the rest of the grass inside the cage, and left. Maybe by evening the rabbit would have his appetite back.

But three hours later when the Yoders were finished choring and it was time to go in for supper, the rabbit still sat on the same spot, the grass untouched.

At the supper table Abner ate in unusual silence. He had planned to tell the rest of the family all about how they had captured the rabbit, but for some reason he didn't feel like it anymore.

After supper Abner took some lettuce and a tin of water out for the rabbit. He placed the lettuce inside the cage and set the can of water in carefully.

"Okay, Bunny," he said softly. "Come and get your supper. No one will hurt you."

When the rabbit didn't show any interest in eating, Abner got a short stick and nudged him slightly through the wire. He didn't move, so Abner poked a bit harder.

Suddenly the rabbit leaped away, striking against the opposite side. Then thoroughly frightened, he raced about recklessly, banging into the sides of the cage with cruel force. He struck the can of water, overturning it and spilling the contents. The can rolled with a jingling noise across the cage, frightening the rabbit still more.

Abner watched, sick at heart.

The next day Abner tried again several times to get the rabbit to eat or allow itself to be petted. But the rabbit acted the same as the day before — sitting in a corner with his head down until he was touched, then he would dash wildly about the pen.

As the second day passed with the same results, Abner found that his hurt feelings were turning his pity into a mixture of anger and determination. "I can be just as stubborn as you are," he declared. "You'll be glad to eat one of these days — you'll have to."

Early on the morning of the fourth day after the rabbit was caught, Abner happened to think of feeding him carrots. He had just gotten out of bed, dressed, and was going down the stairs when the idea came to him. Of course, carrots were the answer. He had often heard that rabbits liked carrots.

Without bothering to put on shoes, Abner ran from the house. The morning dew on the wet grass in the lawn felt



The mountain wasn't very high,  
But up we climbed, a friend and I,  
Until we reached the top and stood,  
Looking around at field and wood.

The mountaintop was very still,  
But far below we heard a rill  
Of sparkling water tumbling on  
Between the rocks till it was gone.

The sun was setting, bright with flame,  
When down the mountainside we came,  
After our walk out in the air,  
Seeing God's beauty everywhere.

— By Louise Darcy

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cold on his bare feet. He ran to the south side of the garden, and stopped at the row of carrots. The carrots weren't quite full grown yet, but they would have to do. He selected two of the largest ones and pulled them from the ground.

"This morning the rabbit is sure to be hungry," Abner told himself hopefully as he neared the cage. He brushed off the tiny specks of damp earth that clung to the carrots.

The long green carrot tops swinging from his hands, Abner ran eagerly to the cage. Suddenly he stopped short and stared. The carrots slid from his hand and dropped unnoticed to the ground. Abner blinked, and looked again. The thin, gray rabbit had changed into a shiny, white one with pink eyes.

"Well — well, where did you come from?" Abner blurted out, his mind bewildered by the surprise. Just then he noticed a scrap of paper poked under the wire at the top of the pen. Abner picked it up and turned it over. On the other side was scribbled a note.

"Surprise, Abner? Since the rabbit we caught didn't want to eat, I decided to turn it loose and give you one of mine. I hope Sparky makes a nice pet for you and I know you will take good care of him. Your friend, — Dan"

Abner read the note the second time. "Well, of all the nerve!" he said, shaking his head. But inside he was secretly glad. Especially when he picked up the carrots and held them to the side of the cage. The friendly white rabbit hopped over and began eagerly eating from his hand.

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Grandfather's Reading Lesson

## A SPLENDID EXAMPLE

A great man was once asked which is the rarest kind of courage. "Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," he replied. The answer was well given. Any one who can be aroused from deep sleep to face danger calmly, to think not only of his own safety, but of that of others also, shows courage of the highest, the noblest order. This fine spirit has been shown very frequently, but a more splendid example than was offered a few years ago by a simple servant girl it would be hard to give.

Alice Ayres, who was the servant in the house of a London merchant, was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by loud cries of "Fire! Fire!" The smoke in the room showed her that the fire was in the house, and she sprang up at once. In the same room slept three little children, and her first care was to awaken them. Then she ran to her employer's room and found both him and his wife sleeping soundly. She aroused them to a sense of their danger and flew back to her own room. The lower part of the premises was a store, and it was this which was burning; to escape by the stairs was impossible.

Alice flung open her window and saw in the street the crowd whose cries had aroused her. The fire-engines and fire-escapes had been sent for, but the store was burning so furiously that their help might come too late. A few ready-witted fellows stripped off their coats, and borrowed shawls, and tied them together. They held them out below and called upon Alice to jump. If she had done so her life would have been saved for a certainty.

But the little children in the room, was she to leave

them? No! She was made of finer metal than that, and she turned and disappeared into the thick smoke which now filled the upper part of the house. In a few moments she came in sight again, dragging a feather bed which she thrust through the window. This was better still, and the coats were flung aside, and a score of strong hands swung up the bed, and held it under the window. But Alice had gone again. Now she came back with a little girl in her arms. She tried to drop the child, but the poor little thing was terrified at the prospect of falling from that height, and clung to her and begged her protector not to let her fall.

Thus precious time was lost, and when Alice at last soothed the child and let her fall safely upon the soft bed, the smoke was pouring in billows through the window where she stood. "Now jump," roared the crowd; jump and save yourself. "But Alice had gone, only to return in a moment with another child. This was younger, and it did not give her so much trouble. A loud shout below told her that the bed was in position, and she dropped the second one into safety. Again the crowd called to her and begged her to leap and save herself.

With every fresh effort the noble girl made, the great throng loved and admired her more and more, and they wrought themselves into a perfect frenzy as they saw the roaring furnace below threatening to swallow the upper part of the house. They could not bear the thought that she should be lost after all her glorious struggles to save others. Yet once again she plunged into the thick smoke, bright with the red light of the dancing flames, and once again she reached the window with her third precious burden.

Now it was seen that the thick, choking smoke from the burning store was having its effect upon her, and as she safely dropped the child she almost fell herself. But, with an effort she drew herself up and turned her head, as if planning a fresh attempt to save those still remaining in the house. Upon this, the crowd became frantic. It sent up a great roar of entreaty that she would leap down to the bed. The men who held the latter shouted to her. "Jump, jump!" they cried, "we cannot stay here much longer, it is like a furnace." Then the decision was taken out of her hands. A great burst of flame leapt through the doorway of her room, and to go back into the house was impossible.

A profound silence now fell upon the crowd. They saw that she was about to leap, and no one made any sound which would take her attention from her own attempt to reach safety. The brave girl, choked and blinded with smoke and tired with her efforts, now climbed to the window-ledge, and the men below tightened their grip on the bed, and held it up to meet her. She jumped, and a low groan rose from the packed mass. For it was seen that she had struck herself against some iron-work which stood out from the wall. She was so giddy and worn out that she had indeed fallen rather than leapt. She dropped on the bed, and lay there unconscious.

As she was carried away to the hospital, up dashed the fire-engine, and the firemen soon began to throw great streams of water on the burning house. But it was impossible to save any one else. The flames had now such a hold that no one dared even approach the place, and the firemen had to wait until the fire was mastered before they could go in.

Within, they found the bodies of Alice's employer and his wife and a fourth child which had been sleeping with its



parents. The owner, upon Alice awaking him, had rushed into the store to save his money. This had cost him his life, for he was found upon the stairs with his cash-box lying near at hand. His wife had attempted to reach the room from which Alice had dropped the children, but, overcome by the smoke, had failed, and fallen with her child in her arms.

At the hospital everything was done for Alice that could be done. But her spine had received a fatal blow, and, after lying a few days, happily without pain, she died. At her funeral it was seen how deeply her noble deed of self-sacrifice had touched the hearts of all. Great numbers of people came together to follow her to her last resting place, many of them bringing flowers and wreaths to lay upon her coffin and adorn her grave.

A monument has been set up to mark the spot where she lies buried, but the best memorial of her is to cherish in our hearts the memory of her splendid example, and to do our utmost, should we be called upon to stand in the midst of danger, to follow in the footsteps of Alice Ayres.

- Selected.

- 1915 Golden Rule Book

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## THE MAN WHO WORKED FOURTEEN YEARS FOR HIS WIFE

Greatly comforted by the wonderful dream he had seen, Jacob continued on his journey toward Haran. After many days, he looked up and ahead of him he saw a well in the field. Around the well lay flocks of sheep, waiting to be watered.

Walking up to the shepherders, Jacob asked them where they were from.

"We are from Haran," they answered.

Haran! Jacob's heart leaped at the sound. At last he was reaching the end of his long journey. "Do you know Laban, the son of Nahor?" Jacob asked anxiously.

"Yes, we know him."

"Is he well?"

"He is well," they answered. "And look, that is Rachel, his daughter, coming with a flock of sheep right now."

Jacob looked eagerly and saw a beautiful young girl coming with a flock of sheep.

Jacob was puzzled as he looked at the sun high in the sky. "It's just the middle of the day," he said. "Why are you waiting here at the well? Why don't you water your sheep, and then go feed them?"

"We can't water them," the answered, "until someone rolls the stone away that is on the top of the well."

When Jacob heard that, he rolled the stone from the mouth of the well and watered Rachel's sheep first. Then he told Rachel who he was.

Hearing that he was Rebekah's son, Rachel ran to tell her father. Laban came at once to the well to meet Jacob when he learned that his sister's son was there. Laban greeted Jacob affectionately and took him home to stay at his house.

For a month Jacob stayed with Laban, helping with whatever work needed to be done. Then Laban said to Jacob, "Just because you are my sister's son doesn't mean that you have to work for me for nothing. I am willing to pay

you. Tell me, what shall your wages be?"

Laban had two daughters and Jacob thought of them at once. The oldest was named Leah and the younger Rachel.

"For my wages," Jacob answered, "I would like to have Rachel for my wife. I will work seven years for her."

"All right," Laban said. "I would rather she would marry you than some other man. You may stay and work for me."

How happy Jacob was. The seven years did not seem long to him at all. He loved Rachel so much that the years seemed like only a few days. Almost before he knew it the seven years had passed.

"The time we agreed upon is up," Jacob told Laban. "I have worked seven years for you. Now give me your younger daughter Rachel to be my wife."

Laban made a feast and sent invitations to the men of the place to come to the marriage. All that day there was rejoicing.

But Jacob did not know what a cruel trick Laban was planning to play on him.

Late that evening Laban took his oldest daughter Leah and brought her in to Jacob. Leah had a veil over her face, and Jacob did not suspect the trick. He thought it was Rachel, the girl he loved and had worked seven years for. He never guessed that it was Leah instead.

The next morning Jacob discovered that he had not married Rachel, but Leah. He did not love Leah at all, and he was bitterly disappointed. He went at once to Laban. "Why have you done this to me?" he cried. "Didn't I serve you all these years for Rachel? Why have you deceived and cheated me like this?" Perhaps as Jacob said this, he thought back to how he had tricked his father by pretending to be Esau. Maybe he was suffering now for the wrong he had done then.

"Well," said Laban, "it is against our custom to let the younger girl marry before the older ones. But if you wait a week, you can take Rachel also to be your wife."

At that time many men had more than one wife, and did not think it was wrong. So Jacob did as Laban told him to. A week later he took Rachel to be his wife. And now, since he had his second wife, he had to work another seven years for Laban.

-E.S.

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? HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER? ?

? (Questions from last month's story) ?

? 1. After Jacob left home, what did Esau do that further ?

? displeased his parents? ?

? 2. What did Jacob use for his pillow when he slept on ?

? the ground? ?

? 3. Did Jacob feel happy to be leaving home? ?

? 4. In his dream, what did Jacob see climbing up and ?

? down the ladder? ?

? 5. Who was standing at the top of the ladder? ?

? 6. What was the first thing Jacob said when he awoke ?

? from his dream? ?

? 7. In the morning, what did Jacob use to mark the ?

? place he had slept? ?

? 8. What name did he give the place? ?

? 9. What did the name mean? ?

? 10. What vow did Jacob make? ?

? 10. To serve God the rest of his life ?

? that had been his pillow 8. Bethel 9. "House of God" ?

? was at this place and I didn't know it." 7. The stone ?

? stone 3. No 4. Angels 5. God 6. "Sweetly the Lord ?

? ANSWERS: 1. Married a third Canaanite wife 2. A ?

??

# YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

## The Amish and Mennonite Settlement at Nappanee Indiana

James E. Landing

Nappanee, Indiana, is located in the southwestern section of Elkhart County. The city was plotted in 1873 to serve as a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and because of this relatively late date, the name does not occur in the early settlement records of the area. The village of Locke, located two-and-one-half miles north of Nappanee, was founded nearly a decade earlier and was a common mailing address, along with Bremen in Marshall County, for the early Amish and Mennonite settlers.

Mennonite settlement in Elkhart County preceded that of the Amish by nearly a decade and was originally concentrated in the Yellow Creek area of Olive and Harrison townships. Daniel B. Stutzman arrived at Goshen in 1832, moving in October, 1833, to Harrison township where he aided in the construction of the Yellow Creek Mennonite Church, the first in the county. In 1840, an Amish exploration team from northern Somerset County, Pennsylvania (also including southern Cambria County in the vicinity of Johnstown) decided to settle on the Elkhart Prairie southeast of Goshen and the first families arrived a year later. Settlement on the prairie lasted less than a single year, and in the fall of 1841, the Amish moved east settling in wooded lands on both sides of the Elkhart and Lagrange counties border. During this same period, a less well known, but independent movement of Amish families was taking place into the southwest section of Elkhart County and the extreme northwest corner of Marshall County. From this latter settlement has derived the 12 Old Order Amish church districts found in the Nappanee area today.

The Amish movement into this more southern and western area involved two groups of families with unrelated origins. The first group, from southern Wayne County, Ohio, was composed primarily of families who had come only recently to the United States, and their movement began in 1839. The second group, from the southeastern Holmes and western Tuscarawas counties, Ohio, had ancestral roots in the northern Somerset County and Berks County Amish congregations in Pennsylvania. Their movement began in 1840, one year before the Amish families settled on the Elkhart Prairie. Not only did the two different Amish groups arrive in the area from separated sections of Ohio, but they tended to settle in different localities in their new home in Indiana. The Wayne County Amish settled near the present site of the city of Nappanee and the Holmes-Tuscarawas counties Amish settled three miles to the west along the Elkhart-Marshall counties boundary. This separateness, not only geographically but genealogically, had much to do with the history and development of the Amish settlement near the present city of Nappanee.

### THE PALATINATE AMISH SETTLERS

Among the first Amish settlers at Nappanee were four sons of Barbara Stahley (Stehli), an Amish widow who had brought her family to Stark County, Ohio, in 1835 from the Bavarian Palatinate of Germany. The Stahley family, of Swiss origin, moved to Wayne County the following year

and, in 1829, two of the sons, John and Jacob, moved into the southern section of Locke Township in Elkhart County. They were joined in 1842 by the other two brothers, Christian and Henry. Christian Stahley had appeared at the federal land office in Winimac, Indiana, on October 23, 1831, and had obtained a presidential land grant. He was accompanied by Peter Housouer who obtained land the same day. In the meantime, Christian returned to Wayne County, married Fannie Housouer, and returned and settled on his land in July, 1842.

Other Palatinate families involved in this early movement from the Wayne County area to Nappanee were: Cyrus Berlincourt (C.B. Court) who married Annie Housouer; John Emmert who later married Catherine, daughter of Caleb Yoder; John Ringenberg who married Barbara, daughter of Christian Stahley; and Peter Housouer, one of the earliest settlers in eastern Ohio, believed to be the father of Moses, Annie, and Fannie. Barbara Stahley, the widow, died in Elkhart County in 1856 and is buried in the Weldy Cemetery west of Nappanee where a prominent gravestone still marks the burial site.

The Palatinate families all occupied lands along the border of Locke and Union townships, an area which is, today, either in or on the outskirts of the city of Nappanee.

### THE AMISH FROM SOMERSET COUNTY

The second group of Amish settlers arriving in the Nappanee areas were those with ancestral roots in northern Somerset County (including southern Cambria County) and Berks County, Pennsylvania. None of these families, unlike the group that settled east of Goshen, came directly from Somerset County, all having lived for some time in Ohio in the area near the communities of Farmerstown and Shanesville.

The early Amish settlers from Pennsylvania, via Ohio, had originated in the Conemaugh and Glad congregations in the vicinity of Johnstown. The specific reasons for movement to Ohio are not known, but the two Amish congregations supplied a steady stream of settlers, especially to Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, and have now disappeared.

The first of these settlers to arrive in the Nappanee area were all relatives of Daniel Yoder of Holmes County, five sons and three daughters. Valentine, the first son to appear, married Mary Schrock in 1836 and settled in northeastern Marshall County, just west of the Elkhart County line, where their second child, a son, Samuel, was born in 1840. The same year, Joshua Yoder, first cousin of Valentine, had settled farther north in Elkhart County where he married Maria Stump and joined the Brethren Church.

The second son to appear, Israel, settled in Locke Township in 1841, married Veronica Yoder of Wayne County, in 1845 and returned to Indiana but settled after his marriage in the area near Middlebury before returning to Ohio.

The other children of Daniel Yoder who settled in the Marshall County area were Jonas (1848), Susanna (Mrs. David H. Hochstetler, 1849), Fronica (Mrs. Manasses Hochstetler, 1840), Magdalena (Mrs. Jacob Schmucker), Simon, and Elias. Some of the families occupied land on the Elkhart County side of the Marshall County boundary.

Other families involved in this early movement to the Nappanee area were: Samuel Hochstetler, brother of Manasses and David H. (1850), David S. Miller (1847), David Schrock (by 1834), Jonas Schrock (1852), John C. Slabaugh (Schlabach, 1842), and John Borkholder II (1852). Caleb Yoder arrived in 1853 and Tobias Hochstetler short-



ly thereafter.

The two unrelated Amish groups of families, the Palatinate settlers near Nappanee and the Holmes-Tuscarawas families living slightly farther west, apparently never had strong relationships but were united into a short-lived fellowship about the year 1853.

#### THE AMISH CONTROVERSY AT NAPPANEE

According to Amish scholar S. D. Gue ngerich, the Marshall church district was officially organized in 1853 with ordinations conducted by ministers from the Clinton area to attend services. The first ministers were Tobias Hochstetler and John C. Slabaugh of the Pennsylvania families.

This common fellowship ended about 1854 with a controversy about which little is known. A small number of families, involving mainly the Palatinate settlers, withdrew under the leadership of John Ringenberg and began holding separate services. The larger group, primarily the Pennsylvania families, went their separate way under the leadership of Tobias Hochstetler and John C. Slabaugh. Both groups were represented at several of the Amish conferences, the *Dienerversammlungen*, held in various localities between 1862 and 1878, but the unity was never restored.

#### THE OLD ORDER AMISH

Tobias Hochstetler returned to Ohio following the death of his wife in 1857, and leadership passed to David H. Hochstetler, the first known Amish bishop of the Marshall congregation. John C. Slabaugh served as minister and Valentine Yoder as deacon. All three men attended several sessions of the *Dienerversammlungen* in 1864 and 1865.

About 1874, Bishop Hochstetler and a number of Amish families moved to Newton County, Indiana. It was at this time that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was constructing its line to Chicago and the rails passed directly across Bishop Hochstetler's property necessitating the removal of his home several hundred feet to the north. The Roman family now occupies this farmstead.

Despite the loss of families to Newton County, the Nappanee settlement continued to grow. The Amish were without a bishop until 1878 when Moses Borkholder was ordained. In 1906, the first church division took place and subsequent divisions, as of winter 1969, have resulted in the formation of 12 church districts with a total population of over 2,000 adults and children.

About 1890, a controversy centered on the utilization of windmills, manure spreaders, and hay loaders, created a good deal of consternation among the Nappanee Amish and resulted in the loss of a number of families to more western states and to other churches. In the late 1920's, drought and economic depression resulted in the movement to Nappanee of numerous families from North Dakota, Oklahoma, Texas, and other western states. For the most part, these families occupied land in the southern section of the settlement between Nappanee and Etna Green. It was in this area, about 1930, that Samuel J. Christner, a minister in the South Church district, rebelled against the more progressive practices of the western families and led 16 families into a separate church district after being silenced by a council of Amish bishops. Failure to secure a bishop to aid in ordinations, coupled with great ill-will among the Amish residents caused the Christner church to dissolve and practically all the families left the settlement.

In 1940, Bishop David O. Borkholder, who had served

the Nappanee Amish as bishop since 1917, was silenced for his advocacy of mission work, and he withdrew from the Old Order taking ten families with him. They built Maple Lawn Church northwest of Nappanee in 1943 and merged with the Beachy Amish churches. The present bishop is Steve Yoder. Since that time, two independent congregations have formed as the result of withdrawals of families from Maple Lawn; Fairview Beachy Amish Mennonite Church (1962) presently served as bishop by William Yoder; and Berea Christian Fellowship (1963) with Alan Slabaugh as bishop.

When the Amish mission movement began in 1949 under the outside leadership of Russell Maniaci of Detroit and the inside leadership of David Miller of Oklahoma, a number of Nappanee families were involved. Harvey Graber served as the editor of "Witnessing," a newspaper published by the Amish Mission Interests Committee (MIC) and forwarded to nearly 7,000 families throughout North America. When the Old Order rejected the mission movement, many of the deeply involved members withdrew and joined the Conservative Mennonite Church. After worshipping near Millersburg for a time, the Nappanee families built Bethel Church, northeast of Nappanee, dedicated the building in 1955, and selected Homer D. Miller as bishop who still serves.

#### THE AMISH MENNONITE CHURCH

Following the split among the Nappanee Amish in 1854, the group of families under the leadership of John Ringenberg began holding services in various school buildings including the Culp School northeast of present downtown Nappanee. In 1878, they constructed their first church building on W. Market Street in Nappanee.

Also serving with Ringenberg as ministers in the early years were Samuel Yoder, John Yoder, and Samuel Hochstetler. Ringenberg died in 1871 and the church organization languished until 1875 when it was revived by the arrival of Jonathan P. Schmucker, son of the first Amish bishop in Indiana.

Samuel Yoder, John Ringenberg, and Jonathan Schmucker all attended various sessions of the *Dienerversammlungen* but, by 1878, it was obvious that reconciliation with the Old Order was remote and the W. Market Street congregation began to diverge considerably in practice and organization. The 1875 members were Jonathan P. Schmucker and wife, Henry and Christian Stahley and wives, Ulrich Miller and wife, John Johnson and Levi Hershberger and wives, and Magdalena Bleile. Some of the members were not ex-Amish families since several Lutheran families joined because the German language was used in the services. Jonathan Schmucker served the congregation until 1895.

The W. Market Street congregation merged with the Amish Mennonite Conference in 1888. The merger of the Amish Mennonite Conference with the Indiana-Michigan Mennonite Conference in 1916 created some considerable amount of dissatisfaction among the Nappanee members of both the W. Market street congregation and the Nappanee (N. Main Street) Mennonite Church. In 1923 and 1924 a great number of families exchanged congregations, some joining North Main to remain in the Indiana-Michigan Conference, and others joining W. Market Street which joined the General Conference Mennonite Church in 1926. Ezra S. Mullet, pastor of North Main, withdrew and joined the W. Market Street congregation where he served for twenty years. The present pastor of W. Market Street (also known as First Mennonite Church) is Leonard Metzler.

■ ■



**Which affects the farmer the most, a real wet year or a dry one?** This is a question that's hard to answer. It all depends. Perhaps the most unfavorable combination would be to have a wet spring and a dry summer. Fortunately this does not happen often.

About any old timer can tell you about the wet spring we had back in '35 when nobody got any corn planted till the first of July. They will still remember the summer it didn't rain enough to wet your back from the first of June to the last of August.

When old timers from different sections of the country get together their stories may sound very much alike and they all agree until they come to the year when it happened. Then they discover that at the same time that the crops were burning up in Virginia, northern Indiana was having wet weather. Or maybe they learn that the summer it was so hot and dry in Daviess County, there was excellent

growing weather in Holmes County.

Anyone who has spent a number of years at farming has seen the summer when it seemed every rain either "went around north" or "followed the river to the south". Oftimes this is just imaginary, but there are many years when dry weather areas do occur. Since storm movements are always from west to east, such areas of dry or wet weather are nearly always much longer east and west than they are north and south. In traveling over a state north and south, you quite often find big differences in weather conditions every 50 miles or less.

Several years ago our area was hit by a drought but ten miles further north they had plenty of rain all summer. The next summer we had ideal moisture conditions; every time we needed a shower, it rained. Imagine our surprise when we learned that ten miles farther north the pasture fields were turning brown.

Rainfall throughout the eastern half of the U. S. varies from 35 to 45 inches per year. During the growing season, the monthly rainfall in an average year is nearly 3 inches. This sounds like an ideal amount of rain, but the fact is there are not many average years. Rainfall of 20% more than average for a number of months can make a wet summer, while if the total is 20% less than average, it can mean drought.

Ordinarily a dry year is followed by a wet one, and a wet year is followed by a dry one. But sometimes there are 2 or 3 years of dry weather in a row. Several years ago certain areas of Pennsylvania, Virginia and some neighboring states were hit by drought for 3 years in a row. When we traveled through some of these drought-stricken counties, fields of corn could be seen fired all the way up, while 60 miles away in Lancaster County they were recovering from a cloudburst and crops looked excellent.

During the depression years of the thirties, a succession of 8 or 10 years of drought hit the states of the "dust bowl" and put many farmers right out of business.

Why do certain areas suffer all summer long from dry weather? One would think that summer thunderstorms would strike at random, once in one area and the next in another. Thunderstorms pick up much of their moisture from the land over which they pass. If the land is dry, there will be little evaporation and only a small amount of moisture in the air. If the land is moist, then evaporation will be greater and the air will be laden with moisture. Under such conditions, even a small thunder storm can drop a lot of rain on an area.

How far away is that thunderstorm you watch pulling around the north, which you wish would come your way? It may be a few miles or under some conditions up to 35 miles away and can still be seen. If you can see the base line beneath the thunderhead, which is the point of precipitation, then the storm is probably not more than 10 miles away.

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1965

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# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## SUNFLOWER SEEDS ALL RIGHT

In regard to the letter that says sunflower seeds are for the birds, and thinks chocolate is all right, someone has a lot to learn. Who has ever seen a bird wearing glasses and complaining about aches and pains?

Keep up the good work. Possibly it would be better if the term "Okay" would be left out if this is supposed to be a plain paper. Wouldn't "all-right" sound better? I have been taught that way and wouldn't feel right saying okay. I don't like to hear our plain people saying okay.

- Rachel Lehman, Va.

## LIVING OUT OF THE GARDEN

The chocolate pudding drew quite a few responses. I can believe it's delicious although I haven't tried it. I am very fond of chocolate, but I also believe that the less I eat of this or of pastries, the better off I am.

More and more people and M.D.'s are becoming convinced that a great contributing factor to the ill health of the nation is improper nutrition. So why not start living more out of the garden and less out of the store? Growing things is what the Lord provided for our sustenance. It takes more work but there are ample dividends. One is the joy of working close to nature.

Incidentally, sunflower seeds are for the birds but they are also very nutritious for humans.

- Mrs. F. Y., Indiana

## STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN

Recently we began using the Bible Stories with questions for the children in the evening. They keep asking for more, and the questions really make them listen. Have you ever considered putting these up in book or in workbook form? We hope you continue into the New Testament. We wish we could somehow receive them faster than once a month.

- Mrs. M. E., Indiana

## BIG MONEY NOT SO BIG

Occasionally we hear remarks or see articles in F.L. about those who "go for big money". Most of the criticism comes from those who work only on farms. I agree that farmers and farm workers are grossly overworked and underpaid, but why take it out on the rest of us?

First let us take a brief look at jobs available to plain people. Aside from the farmers, there are the hired men and hired girls. These earn roughly one-fourth of the amount of their factory friends.

Then there are the schoolteachers. They earn about twice that of hired help on farms. They have very great responsibilities, and headaches, even heartaches, connected with their job.

Then there is a long string of jobs, which according to our estimation are well paid such as baby sitters, clean-

ing girls, green-house workers, store clerks, waitresses, nurses aides, carpenters, blacksmiths, saw mill workers and trailer factory workers.

But nationwide, you will find that these are actually in the low-income bracket. We work hard for the money we earn. We don't just twiddle our thumbs as some people seem to think.

Some people infer that those who are dissatisfied with farm work or who for other reasons seek better paying jobs, have some kind of spiritual weakness. I think this is ridiculous, because I don't think we were all intended to be farmers or farm workers. There wouldn't be enough farms or jobs to go around.

People working on farms are not necessarily Christian, and those with other jobs are not necessarily weak members. Carpenters and factory workers with large families have to skimp to make ends meet. Those who earn more than they presently need can invest it to help others.

Personally I prefer farm work, but as things have worked out, I don't work on a farm at present.

- B., Pa.

## NO ONE TO HELP

The article, "The Little Places" (May issue) touched my heart deeply. There are many young families who have to live on small lots and the father must go out to make a living. Many would love to bring their families up on a farm but have no one to help them. We know that among our own people there are people who could help for they have money lying in banks and places perhaps where they can draw high interest. Is this helping to build the church? No, I fear it is helping to destroy the church. What will these people have to answer for?

Doesn't the Bible teach we are to work with our hands so that we have to give to the poor and needy? It is true that some of us young people may not have the best of management or know how to handle money the best, but we would be glad to learn and take advice from anyone who would be kind enough to help us. It is a shame how some of us must turn to the world for help instead of to our own people.

Let those who could help and don't, read the fifth chapter of James. We should not say we are not rich when we have our farms paid for and have plenty to eat and can take pleasure trips.

- M., Ontario

## WATCHING FOR MISTAKES

I am a new reader of Family Life. By reading about each other's experiences, we can learn much. We can also see there is much criticism toward each other. I think when we write letters to Family Life, we should examine ourselves. Are we trying to help each other or merely watching for mistakes of others?

- Melvin Horst, Pa.

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# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## THE FIRST RIPE TOMATOES

I set out several pots of early tomato plants and gave them extra good care. But they were in a conspicuous place and the first tomatoes presented a special temptation to the children as they walked past them each day.

When the tomatoes began to turn red, I warned the children, "Don't pick the tomatoes. In a few days they will be ripe."

I was so confident that the children would not disobey my instructions that you can imagine my surprise when one morning I found the tomatoes missing, with only the stems left on the stalk.

At the earliest time possible I assembled the family to try to find out what had happened. "Who picked the tomatoes?" I asked.

They all claimed they hadn't.

But our youngest son looked rather guilty so I quizzed him further and finally got the truth. He hadn't picked them off. He had gotten down on his hands and knees and had eaten the tomatoes without picking them.

He had kept the letter of the law but not the spirit of the law. I had to think that perhaps sometimes we are guilty of doing the same thing in our daily living and don't realize it.

(- Mrs. J. M.), Ohio

## DRIVING WITH DAD

When is a boy grown up? I have often wondered about that. One day a friend explained it to me in an interesting way. "When a boy is six years old," my friend said, "he feels real 'grown up' and manlike when he sits beside his dad and the two of them drive together to town. But at sixteen the boy has changed and doesn't want to drive to town with his dad; he wants to drive his own buggy. He feels this shows that he is grown up. A boy, however, is truly grown up when in his twenties he once again sits with his dad in the buggy and thinks it no shame to let his dad do the driving."

- D. L., Aylmer, Ont.

## DENIMS FIT FOR THE SKIT

About four miles from where we live is a church-operated university. On several occasions students from there have visited our home to become better acquainted with our faith and our way of living.

One day my husband was busy working in the shop when two girls drove up. "We are students from over at the university," they said. "We were wondering if we could borrow a pair of your denim work pants."

"But can't you buy a pair at the store?" my husband asked.

But apparently the store-bought ones were not the kind they were looking for.

"Yes, we could," said one of the girls, and the other one added, "We haven't told you why we want them yet either."

"No, I was wondering," my husband replied.

"Several of us are putting on a skit. It's all just for fun, and we would keep our expenses down."

My husband was not sure just what he ought to answer.

So after a few moments he said, "When I go to town, I sometimes drive past the university where you girls attend. I understand that these institutions were founded to train young folks to better their lives and be used as Christian workers. But I have observed that many students turn out to be the opposite."

The girl who had been doing most of the talking was giving him a steady nod of approval. They did not seem to be offended so my husband went on, "I'm not sure just what this skit is that you are putting on. If it is something upbuilding or for a good purpose I'm willing to loan you the clothes you want. But on the other hand if it is merely foolishness, I would rather have no part in it. So I will let you be the judge."

"Well, if that is the way you feel about it," the girl answered, "I guess we had just better let it go."

With a wave of the hand and a friendly smile they drove off.

- Miriam Peachey, Pa.

## ONLY A DROP IN THE BUCKET

Coming back from looking over some land in Missouri, I felt discouraged by what I had seen — poor buildings, gullied land, etc. I decided if we move there we will have to start saving our pennies. So instead of hiring a taxi to go the seven miles from the train station to my home, I started out walking with suitcase in hand.

After I had walked about two miles a car passed me, going in the opposite direction. But then he turned around, came back and stopped. "Would you like to have a ride?" the man asked.

I did not know if he was to be trusted or not; perhaps it was money he was after. But a woman was along, apparently his wife. I had very little money on me at the time, so I decided to accept the ride.

Doubts still were in my mind as we drove along. He was not too talkative, only answering questions. I still could not figure out what his motive would be in picking me up. When I tried to explain where we lived I found out these people were total strangers in the community. Apparently they were driving out of their way to take me home, and this made me uneasy.

Finally we came to the place where I lived, and as I opened the door to step down, I thanked him and offered to pay him. But before I finished, he started talking:

"You are probably wondering why I did this? Well, when I was driving down the road and saw you walking with a suitcase in hand my thoughts went back to many years ago."

"I live about 50 miles from here and the first time I remember seeing any of you folks was one evening when I came home from work. A tornado had gone through our community several days earlier and part of my family was hurt, and our buildings were destroyed. I thought, oh now what can we do?"

"I was almost on the verge of being hysterical, as I walked about the remains of our home. One of your people came up to me and asked if we would rebuild if they would do the work. So I said, I can not pay you for we do not have much money. He said they are donating their time and will take no pay. He told me they would be back the

next morning to clean things up, and that I should get lumber and plans ready.

"I simply could not believe it as I had never heard of anything like this before. As I tried to sleep that night I thought, did this happen to me so I could realize what God's people are like?

"The next morning I was still doubting that they would come back. But as I was taking hold of a board to start cleaning up, a stock truck full of your people drove in, and soon another. They cleaned up everything that day.

Before they left they said, 'We'll be back in the morning.' After they had gone I thought these people are traveling 50 miles, and I should offer to pay a hotel room for them.

"The next day they came back, and I did offer to pay for a hotel room for them but the offer was turned down.

'Now do you understand why I felt indebted to bring you home? I don't know if it means anything to you, but it seems to me like a very small package, and only a drop in the bucket to what you have done for me."

In thinking this over, I received satisfaction in knowing of this deed of my brethren.

In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." If through what good we do, God may be honored and others of His children may benefit, then it stands to reason that if we do evil, God will be dishonored, and others of His children may have to suffer for our misconduct.

- O. A. Graber, Ont.

### **BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED**

We had a good day in the woods yesterday. Five of us worked together at a logging operation. We finished cutting the logs in the one woods in time to move our equipment to the next woods. Everything was ready for an early start this morning.

As we rode home last night we chatted about the happenings of the day, and of our plans for the next day. One of the fellows, whom I had known for only three short months and had learned to appreciate, was riding with us for the first time yesterday. He told us of his family, of his few chores, and of the small business he had as a side line — repairing gasoline motors. Surely he was becoming a close friend of ours.

When he got off at his home we told him, "We'll stop for you in the morning again — if nothing happens." As we left we noticed his three-year-old daughter happily waiting for him at the door.

Before breakfast this morning the shocking news came. Our new friend, for whom we were going to stop this morning "if nothing happened", had passed away of a heart attack in his sleep in the early morning hours. Something indeed had happened.

We were almost too stunned to eat breakfast, or to realize what we were doing as we prepared to leave for our job. We did not stop for our friend for something had happened.

As we worked at moving logs today, (logs that our friend had helped cut on a previous day) the truth of what had happened came to our minds over and over again. If more logs had to be cut, someone else will have to cut them. If there are motors to be repaired in the community, someone else will have to repair them. And if there continue to be chores at the home, someone else will have to see after them.

No longer will the three-year-old daughter meet her

father at the door of an earthly home when he comes home from work. Instead we believe the father is waiting in a better home for his family to join him in everlasting joy.

- Moses Gingerich, Shipshewana, Ind.

### **A RUINATION TO CHILDREN**

"Sit still," I said to our three-year-old girl one Sunday in church. As for all little ones, this was hard for her to do.

She said, "I want baby's little book to play with."

I told her she can't have it because the baby wants it. So it went from one thing to the other. Finally I said, "If you don't behave, you're going in to Daddy."

"No," she said. "I don't want to go to Daddy."

With this it was settled for a little while, then she started in again. Next the baby got unruly. "What a day," I thought. "What's wrong with the children today? Why can't they behave themselves?"

She got to teasing the baby and grabbing his playthings away. So once more I tried to straighten her up. Suddenly the lady from behind me gave her a piece of candy. I disliked the idea, but said nothing to the lady.

She behaved until the candy was gone. Then she asked for more. I said, "No, you can't have more candy."

I took the baby to another room for something, and when I came back, sure enough, she had another piece of candy. I up and took her in to Daddy.

Then the crying started and soon also ended pretty quick. Daddy took her in another room and spanked her. Then she said, "I want to be pretty," so into the living room they went again and she was a good little girl. That was all she needed to make her understand she can't act so, and also that she can't have her own way.

Now, this candy giving business just so they behave is a ruination to children. Soon they begin to think they won't behave until they get candy or some other treat. That is no punishment. The old saying is, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and I think many people are just doing that very thing. We have experienced that spanking helps a child and also I think training should start when they're young yet — as soon as they know what it means.

- A Mother, Iowa

### **It Pays To Tell The Truth**

A long time ago in my school days, my parents bought some candy for us but told us to leave it alone. One day when they went away, we got a notion to eat some of it, even though we knew they had told us not to.

When they came home they soon saw that we had been in the candy bag and asked us how much we had eaten and why. I had eaten 3 pieces but I said I ate only one. Then I went outside and hid myself and thought I would get by without any punishment.

The others said what they ate, too, and then to my surprise my brother came out looking for me and brought me into the house. I don't remember how, but some way they found out that I had three pieces. So I got the hardest punishment because I had not told the truth.

I learned that it does not pay to tell a lie and that it is much better to tell the truth. I do not regret the whipping I got as it did me a lot of good, even though I did not think so at the time.

- Mrs. J. H. Coblentz, Iowa

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"The greatest remedy for anger is delay." - Seneca

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**Family Life**



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## PEOPLE, PEOPLE, PEOPLE

The world is rapidly filling up with people, according to the World Population Data Sheet, compiled from United Nations sources. A recent report says world population is increasing by about 2.2 persons per second, which is over 1, 200, 000 per week, or 72, 000, 000 per year. Forty years ago the increase was only 20, 000, 000 per year.

World population reached one billion in 1800. One hundred years passed before this figure was doubled, and the two billion mark was passed — in 1930. By 1975 the population will have doubled again, according to predictions; this will mean going from two billion to four billion in only 45 years. The present world population is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  billion.

The fastest growing country in the world is Costa Rica, which has a birth rate of 45 and a death rate of 7, per 1000 population per year. At this rate Costa Rica will double its population of 1.7 million in 18 years, and will have 75 million people in one hundred years.

## A THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH

The high cost of modern church houses is well demonstrated by the building program of the Yellow Creek Mennonite Church, located west of Goshen, Indiana. On June 1 the ground-breaking ceremonies were to be held for a \$290, 000 addition to the church.

One-third of the cost of the new building has already been raised and the project is expected to be completed within a year. The membership of the Yellow Creek congregation is 300, so the cost of the new building will be about \$1000 per member.

We may indeed wonder if spending such a huge sum for a church house is good stewardship — when half of the world suffers from malnutrition, and \$1000 is five times the total yearly income of an average Latin American.

The Yellow Creek church is one of the oldest Mennonite churches in Indiana, and has a rich history. The first meeting house, a log building 26 feet square, was built in 1849. It would be interesting to know what it cost.

## DIVINE DENTISTRY

Every so often great healers arrive on the scene who claim unusual power through prayer. Most of these are of the Pentecostal faith.

"The Miracle Magazine" reports that at present Asa Alonso Allen, 58, is drawing great crowds of people. The audience is brought into a highly emotional state by music, chanting, and swaying. Spectacular cures have been reported. A teenager from Arizona testifies, "I even received fillings in my teeth."

The A.A. Allen Revivals, Inc. is reported to be doing a million dollars a year business. The audience is asked for \$100 pledges. They are prompted on with the words, "The Scriptures say you got to vow and pay, vow and pay, vow and pay. By promising God to pay you must pay if you

want to be free from pain and made whole."

This is in marked contrast to the words of Christ in Matt. 10:8, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

## DOESN'T WANT SON TO SMOKE

Paul Pare, president of one of Canada's largest tobacco companies, testified before a committee hearing that he would not want his 10-year-old son to smoke. But he added that when his son is grown to manhood, the company would try to get his business.

Mr. Pare argued that so far, there is no absolute proof that cigarette smoking is a cause of lung cancer or heart disease. He said that those who are against smoking have only statistical evidence to show that it might be harmful.

When asked why he would not want his son to smoke, he replied, "I guess it's just part of our upbringing."

## BIAFRA, A GRAVEYARD

Starvation continues to take a deathly toll each day in the breakaway state of Biafra in West Africa. Two years ago when Biafra's struggle for independence began, there were fourteen million people in Biafra, and it was rated by many as the "most promising new nation in Black Africa." Today Biafra has aptly been described as "one vast graveyard." Last summer 20,000 people a day were dying. The rate is lower now, but still appallingly high — 700 to 1000 a day. Already in January 40% of the children between two and four years of age were believed to have died of starvation.

Total lives lost in the Nigeria-Biafra struggle is now over four million. This places the war in the top five of costliest death rate wars in the world's history. Some food is being airlifted into the starving country by church groups, but the 400 tons of food daily they are able to supply falls far short of the 3,000 tons needed for the survival of the Biafran people.

## POOR, RICH KING SAUD

Not too long ago ex-King Saud ibn Abdul Aziz el Faisal al Saud, of Saudi Arabia died, at the age of 67. King Saud was one of the richest men in the world. Living in exile, he and his many wives, chauffeurs, and servants occupied 60 rooms in a plush hotel in Greece. These rooms cost him \$67,000 a month.

Like King Solomon, King Saud's weakness was women. He had about 100 concubines and many different wives. Because he was a Moslem he had only four wives at a time. Divorces were easy to get and occurred often. Nobody seems to know how many children he had but it is estimated that he had nearly one hundred. It was also said that three wives gave birth to sons the same day.

His burial was simple. According to the custom of his sect no gravestone marks the spot where his body lies. Only a few men know where he is buried.

Though he lived in luxury he was not happy, being beset by fears and ill health. How different his story would read if he had followed a simple life and had considered the poor. Like so many others he missed the abundant life which Jesus spoke of (John 10) — and so never found the most priceless riches. ■■

"Faults are thick where love is thin." - Danish proverb.



**F**amily Life is now giving an added service to its readers in the U.S.A. We are mailing your copies from Detroit. Perhaps you are not aware of any improvement, so we would like to explain.

Last November the post office departments of the U.S. and Canada agreed on a price increase for magazines being sent across the border either way. Most magazines have most of their subscribers in the country where they are mailed, with only a few in other countries. But Family Life has about 92% of its subscribers in the U.S. So the price increase made a big difference to us.

We applied for and obtained a second-class mailing permit to mail our magazines in Detroit. Since they do not cross the border in the mails, they can go for a fraction of the postage required to send them from Canada.

This savings has averted an increase in the subscription price. But there is also another advantage for our subscribers. Our magazines are now sorted and placed in individual mailbags, and about 90% of the mailbags go direct to their destination without being opened. Where it formerly took from 1 to 2 weeks, it now should go in 2 to 3 days.

Although this method is a bit more complicated and takes more work, the girls in the wrapping department are learning to put the packages in the proper mailbags as they are wrapped. Being a mail clerk has always seemed like a very interesting job and I suppose this is as close to it as we will ever get.

By the way, we are interested in knowing when you get this issue of Family Life. If you happen to be writing us, tell us which day this copy of Family Life arrived, and what time of day your carrier leaves the post office. Thank you.

**W**e would also like to mention that to save space and time most of the "Letters To The Editors" have been shortened. We try to avoid repeating the same thing over and over again. We also try to drop out items which are of insufficient interest or do not have enough bearing on the subject under discussion.

**T**he "Letters To The Editors" columns seem to be one of the most widely read parts of the magazine. We would like to encourage the readers to send in any worthwhile comments they might have on any article appearing in F.L. These may agree or disagree with the author, or they may furnish additional information or thoughts on the subject.

Some topics can not be decided either yes or no, so we try to present the different sides to the question so that the readers will at least be informed.

There have been perhaps about half a dozen articles in Family Life which were pretty well threshed out in "Letters To The Editors" column, and on which we are still receiving comments. We think that after we have taken up perhaps a page in F.L. debating for and against any article, then that should be enough. Unless you have in-

formation that is strikingly new or different from any that has been presented, then do not go to the bother of sending it in.

We would much sooner have your opinion on articles now appearing in F.L., rather than making comments on comments.

**F**requently our readers wonder why we do not carry ads. We have at times considered it as we could use the extra revenue. But there are several reasons why we have decided against it.

For one thing, it would take a lot of extra time and work to include a substantial amount of ads. Someone would have to solicit them, set them up, and take care of the accounts. This would add up to a lot of extra correspondence and the editors simply do not have time to do this. Actually we have not been able to keep up our correspondence with our writers, anywhere near what we would like to.

The second reason is that it would complicate our purchases of paper and supplies, and also payment of postage for mailing. We get preferential rates because our magazine does not contain advertising, and the whole setup would need to be revised.

But the main reason for not including advertising is because we do not feel that there is any great need for it. Most of our readers already have newspapers or magazines coming into their homes which do carry advertising, (like farm papers or The Budget) and these do give a very good service at a reasonable cost.

Therefore we feel that our job at present is to furnish worthwhile reading material to our readers. Perhaps our magazine costs a shade more than it would if it were half advertising, but under the circumstances, we feel it is worth more, too.

The reason we are able to publish a magazine of this size without advertising, for this price, is because of two reasons. First, we have enough subscriptions to make it worthwhile, and secondly, those who produce Family Life, the writers, and the people who print, assemble and mail out the magazine are doing their work at a very reasonable cost. Part of the work is donated.

Even in the face of rising costs, we do not foresee any necessity for increasing the subscription price in the foreseeable future. That is, provided the subscription list can be kept large enough.

**T**hat is one way in which all our readers can help us. Even in our thickly settled communities, many people do not know about Family Life. Recently we made a survey of the homes in one church district in the middle of one of our largest settlements. Although more copies of Family Life go into that county than any other, we found that nearly half of the people in the district did not get it. Some of them were not aware that Family Life exists.

By mentioning something to such folks or lending them your copy, you can be helping them (by furnishing them reading material), help yourself (by keeping the costs of publishing our magazine lower) and of course, you would also be helping us.

**B**y the time this comes into print, one of our workers will be starting out on his own. Omar Eicher has been helping as a general handyman wherever needed ever since

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we started printing. He has helped with the printing; operated the folder, served as general mechanic and has done any repair job needed about the print shop. Now that he has come of age he is interested in starting his own business of custom printing. Since we ordinarily do not have time for custom jobs here at Pathway, we have agreed to help him get started. So if any of the persons who have asked us to do printing and didn't get it done yet, will contact him, he is ready for business. ■■

## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

### HOW TO HELP BUMS AND BIRDS

The man was a few hundred feet down the sidewalk when I first saw him. He limped slightly as he shuffled toward me. I could see as he came closer that he wore an oversized leather shoe on his one foot. On the other foot he had a rubber boot, split open at the top and tied on with twine string. His head was down and his lips were moving as he mumbled to himself.

Automatically I moved to the other side of the walk to pass him, hoping he wouldn't look up. But he did. His bleary eyes fastened on me at once. He stopped.

"Hey, father," he said. "Would you help me out? I need —"

My eyes scanned him rapidly. A crumpled dark blue hat was slouched on his head. Over his forehead hung a stray strand of oily black hair. His chin was stubbly with several days' growth of beard. His eyes were bloodshot and his cheeks crisscrossed with blue and red veins — all telltale marks of the alcoholic.

"Don't call me father," I said, and I'm afraid my voice was a bit curt. "I'm not a priest."

"But — but you are a preacher-man, aren't you? You'll help a guy."

I glanced up the sidewalk, tempted to leave him. "No, I'm not a preacher, either. But I'll help you if I can. What do you want?"

He turned up his hands in what was meant to be an imploring gesture. "I've been out of work for two weeks," he whined. "I've tramped all over this city looking for a job, but no opening anywhere. If you'd be kind enough to give me a quarter for a shave, I'm sure I could get a job." He ran his hand over his unshaven face.

For a moment I hesitated, unsure what to do. I felt trapped. I was positive that any money I gave him he would use to buy liquor. Yet I felt guilty to go on as if I were too tight to hand out a quarter to a poor tramp.

"Please, father," he begged, forgetting in his earnestness that I had just told him not to call me father. "You'll help me won't you? I had a good mother."

"I'd be glad to help you if I knew how. But if I give you money, you'll just use it for drink."

I watched his reaction to this outright accusation. It was almost too well-done to be genuine. He drew back as though appalled that I could even think such thoughts.

"Oh, no," he said. "I don't want it for drinks. Honest, believe me. I swear I don't. I cross myself and —"

"Don't bother," I said. "I'm in a hurry. Here's a quarter."

His hand trembled as he took the coin.

I hurried down the sidewalk, still feeling guilty. I hadn't helped the man and I knew it. I had merely taken the easiest way out.

I'm sure the problem is one we've all been faced with. It's not a matter of whether we're willing to help someone, but a question of how to help him so that he really is helped. Probably the easiest way, as well as the least effective, is the handout.

The true value of any act of charity should perhaps be

## EDITORIAL

### GOVERNMENTS UNDER GOD

Have you ever stopped to think that the governments of the United States and Canada hold an unusual position among the nations of the world? Since the day they were founded none of the governments of these two countries have been overthrown by force and put out of office. There are few countries in the world where the ruling government has been passed on for generations in an orderly manner for this length of time.

During the past 20 years many governments have been put out of power by coups, military juntas, etc. and seldom without bloodshed. In some countries this happens quite regularly.

After the discovery of America, many people left Europe in order to be able to serve God according to their conscience. The emperors of Europe at that time were cruel and often ruled with an iron hand.

When the constitution of the United States was drawn up nearly 200 years ago, freedom of religion was guaranteed. Although at times the plain people have had some rough going since then, yet never in history have they been so widely respected for what they profess as at the present time.

Does this mean that America is a Christian nation? This all depends on how the word is used. Although God has ordained both the church and the government, there is a vast difference in their respective callings.

The government is ordained of God to keep order in the land. The Apostle Paul tells us that it does not carry the sword in vain. (Rom. 13:4.) He further states that the duty of the government is to inflict punishment upon the people who do wrong. If it carries out its divinely-appointed duties, then God can and will bless it with peace and stability.

The Christian church, on the other hand, is to be composed of born-again Christians who have an altogether different job. Since their work is so very much more important, they would be out of place to take part in the secular activities of the government. In other words, the church would be just as much out of place trying to run the government, as the government would be out of place trying to control the church.

When we hear of so many governments in the world today which are falling apart because of violence or corruption, we should consider ourselves fortunate. We should be thankful that God has ordained a government over us, and that we do live in a land where the conscience is respected. ■■

"Pity the man who believes in communism — he believes in something that doesn't believe in him." - F. McAlister

measured in how much lasting good is accomplished. I can think of no better illustration of this than the story of the caged parakeets.

It was about a year ago that a friend and I were shopping at a local five-and-ten store. We lingered for a few minutes in the pet department, more interested in looking than buying. A round dome-topped wire cage caught our attention. At first glance the cage appeared to be one mass of colored feathers. It was jammed with birds — blue, green, and yellow parakeets. The cage was so crowded that at the most the birds could only flutter a few inches to the next perch.

"That's wrong," exclaimed my friend indignantly. "Those poor little birds weren't meant to have to spend their lives packed in such a place with nothing to do but step on each other's tails."

"Well," I said, half joking. "They only cost a few dollars each. Let's buy them, and turn them all loose."

Though given in jest, we discussed the idea more seriously. We soon realized how little actual good it would do. The birds, raised in captivity, had no idea how to look out for themselves, and would certainly perish if released. The store manager, finding his birds selling so well, would immediately order more than he had before and the cage would be refilled. And no matter how often we repeated the action, the cycle would continue, for the people that produce the birds would only raise more as the demand increased. In the end, we would have wasted our money and helped no one in our well-meant protest.

But recognizing the things that don't help tramps and parakeets is only the first step. If we really are willing to help those less fortunate we must not stop there, but go on to find a solution that will accomplish some lasting good. To do so is never easy, and sometimes may not even be possible. Often the poverty and suffering we are faced with has been caused by years of sinning and can not be righted by several minutes of doing good. But all of us are responsible to do what little we can.

What actually might I have done to help the tramp on the street that day I was in a hurry? I do not have a final answer, but I can think of a number of things I could have given him that would have been better than a curt answer and a cold quarter. Among them would have been to tell him very kindly but very firmly that I do not approve of drinking and therefore cannot give him any money. And since he looked hungry, I could have taken him to a nearby restaurant and given him a warm meal. Then if he were sober enough to understand, I might have mentioned to him the one Person who is strong enough to release him from his life of bondage.

In the case of the crowded parkaeets, it certainly would not have hurt to have mentioned the birds to the manager. Business men are very sensitive to the opinions of their customers, and it is not unlikely that he would have taken steps to relieve the situation. Especially if others had mentioned it to him before.

Charity is a challenge that is beset with many pitfalls. Merely to give is not enough, but we must give wisely and intelligently.

Being generous with handouts is often not as charitable as it seems. It is hard for a person to preserve his dignity and self respect if he constantly needs to depend on others for his livelihood. Well-meaning relatives often feel obligated to keep helping some never-do-well of the family. Again and again they give or lend money in the wistful hope that surely this time the poor man will be able to get on his feet. But almost without fail a few months

pass and the person is just as poor as before. Once started, the trend can go on and on with nothing being changed except his debts — which grow larger and larger.

Someone has said that the poor, for the most part, can be divided into two main classes. First are those who have suffered a serious loss because of circumstances beyond their control — fires, accidents, illnesses. Such people can be helped by straight handouts. In the second class are those who are poor for a number of reasons — reasons harder to pinpoint. Among those reasons there usually are such things as poor management and careless spending. Unfortunately, most poor fall into the second class — the class that is seldom helped in the long run by a donation. Such people often have big plans and make promises freely. They are sure that next year things will change, the money will start rolling in, and their debts will be magically repaid. They live in a false world — their hopes based on wishful thinking.

What is the best way to help this second class — the poorest of the poor? The Jews have long held that there are eight degrees of charity, and the eighth and highest degree is, "To help a man to help himself so that he will not need charity."

In order for the perpetually poor to help themselves, they need to face life as it is and admit that they simply can't make a go of it on their own. This takes real humility, and as in any situation, until a person sees and admits his own need, it's almost impossible to help him. Once a person is willing to accept advice and counsel, and let some competent person help him with his management and budgeting, it is amazing what can be accomplished.

To give in a way that our gift accomplishes what we wish for it is indeed a problem. But of all the traps that are set in the path of those who would give, none are as deadly as the temptation to shrug our shoulders and say, "What's the use? Most people who give do so from selfish motives anyway. And often their money doesn't do any real good. I just won't give."

I remember when I was a school boy, I listened one day to a group of men discussing a charity organization which was doing overseas relief work among war refugees. "Yeah," said one of the men. "I've heard that much of the food we donate is eaten by the workers and never gets to the refugees at all."

For a time the conversation centered around the possibility that this might be the case and whether it was wise to give any more food. At last one man spoke up. "I don't know if the food we give gets there or not," he said. "But I know for sure the food we don't give — doesn't."

There is much in this man's words. While the cynics sit around and refuse to give anything because so much of charity is a failure and so many givers hypocrites, it is up to the rest of us to give intelligently, willingly, and generously of those things God has so abundantly given to us.

But in the end we will all have to admit that none of us can be truly unselfish in giving. For who has not discovered as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself." ■■

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"The probability of life originating from accident is comparable to the probability of the Unabridged Dictionary resulting from an explosion in a printing factory."

- Prof. Edwin Conklin

Family Life



# "CONTENTMENT is where you find it"

- by Elizabeth Miller

**W**hy, hello there!" said Mrs. Beachy as she set some of her bundles on the floor to make room for her neighbor. "I see there are some more people in town today."

"Hello. Are you waiting on the bus, too?" Mrs. Troyer looked at the clock. "Oh, my. We still have to wait over half an hour yet." She sank down on the bench with a sigh.

"Shopping makes a person tired, doesn't it?" smiled Mrs. Beachy.

"Yes, and it is so hot today. This hot weather always makes me a bad headache. Ever since I was a little girl, I am bothered with these bad headaches. I wish I could get rid of them once."

"Did you do well shopping?" Mrs. Beachy eyed the two bulging shopping bags leaning against the bench.

"Well?" There was a tone of disgust in Mrs. Troyer's voice. "A person has to have a lot of money to go to town these days. Everything we buy is priced so high, but the things we sell are cheap. It seems that we always have tough luck selling something. Last week the hog prices were high and going higher, then on Tuesday when we sold ours, they had really dropped again."

"Oh, we sometimes have that kind of luck, too," comforted Mrs. Beachy. "It's just a part of farming."

"But we always miss the high prices. I just said to John, I don't know why we always have to have all the bad luck. I just can't see how we can stay on the farm, if things keep up like this."

Mrs. Beachy wanted to change the subject. "Are you done planting?" she asked.

"Yes, we finally got done last week. Everyone in the neighborhood was done before, but we just have to do as we can. But if it doesn't rain soon, our things won't even come up. As dry as it is now, I wonder what it will be like later in the summer."

"Oh, we could still have a wet summer. We have always had plenty to eat, even if it was a little dry at times," said Mrs. Beachy.

"Yes, I guess so," admitted Mrs. Troyer. "But it still would have been better to get our things out a little earlier than we did. We should have had a hired girl, but they charge so much. When we had Eli Mast's girls last fall, they charged more than twice as much as I did when I was a girl."

"Why don't you try Dan's girls? Naomi worked for us, and she was very reasonable in charging. Especially when we considered the amount of work she got done. We really enjoyed her."

"Dan Miller's?" Mrs. Troyer grunted. "They wouldn't work for us. I don't like to talk about my neighbors, but ever since we had our dispute in the thrasher ring three years ago, they don't like us any more. I've often wondered why it is that they keep holding a grudge against us."

Mrs. Beachy didn't say anything. Then her friend con-

tinued, "It has just come to the point where we don't know if we are going to send our children to Golden Willows again this year. Those Miller children just think they have to rule the whole school, and it is always our children that have to take it."

Mrs. Beachy was surprised. Her children went to the same school, and she thought it was the Troyer children who tried to do the bossing. "Have you ever talked to the teacher about it?" she asked.

"No, we haven't. We knew it wouldn't be any use. Even the teacher is on the Miller children's side."

Mrs. Beachy looked at the clock. "Oh, yes," she said, "I forgot to get band-aids. I still have ten minutes. I think I'll go to the drugstore and get some."

We have all met Mrs. Troyers. They are at quiltings, at church, at family gatherings, and on the street. They have the knack of seeing the darker side of life, and are on the lookout for anyone who will lend a sympathetic ear and add to their already over-stocked supply of pity.

Then we also meet people who seem to have more than their share of heartaches and trials. Surprisingly, these people who really deserve sympathy are the ones who never ask for it.

Once I went to visit a middle-aged friend who had been in ill health for many years. She was glad to see me, and when I asked about her health, she answered briefly, then said, "Listen, this is not a very pleasant subject to talk about. If I want to fret and cry about my illness, I can do that when I am all by myself. But while you are here, we will enjoy our visit."

Our visit was indeed an enjoyable one, for we found that we shared many interests. The only time her illness was mentioned was when she told of the blessings that had come through it. As I left, I couldn't help but admire the serenity with which she faced life. She did not deny the fact that she faced many struggles, but she refused to be blinded by the trials of her life.

Discontentment has been the nature of man down through the ages. It has caused sin from the Garden of Eden down to the present day. One of the plainest examples of discontentment in Bible times were the Children of Israel. After God had led them out of Egypt, and had delivered them from their enemies at the Red Sea, they murmured again and again; for food, for water, for meat, and finally, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt." God was very displeased, and had Moses not pleaded for the people, He would have destroyed them "as one man". (Num. 14)

In Matt. 20 we read the parable that Jesus gave of the workers in the vineyard. When the owner of the estate had distributed the wages, those who had labored all day murmured at the unfairness of the wages. Their murmuring gained them nothing, but they were rebuked and told to "take that which is thine and go thy way... Is thine eye evil, because I am good?" (Matt. 20:14, 15)

Life is not always what we wish and dream of it being. So often we find ourselves complaining — of a headache, about the weather, about our neighbor, dropping market prices, crop failures. All our complaining is in vain. We gain nothing, but make ourselves and others miserable by talking about the circumstances that we cannot change.

Paul wrote in I Tim. 6:6, "But godliness with contentment is great gain." We find that contentment is an art not gained overnight. It takes a lifetime of battling, praying, and submitting before we can say, "For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Phil. 4:11)

# \$ DO \$ WE \$ NEED \$ INSURANCE?

- by Monroe Hochstetler

Many people are telling us today that it is no longer safe to live in this world without insurance of some kind. They point out that this world is in such a rush and there are so many accidents.

Are we afraid that we will be sued? Do we have insurance to protect us from this? If we do, how is that consistent with what Jesus said, "If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." Matthew 5:40

Jesus also said, "Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." Matthew 6:25 If we have a written and paid agreement with the world people that they will pay us in the future in case we suffer loss, is this not unnecessarily "taking thought" for our life?

What would we as parents think if our children came to us and said, "We trust you to take care of us and of everything we have" yet at the same time we would discover that they have a written agreement with a neighbor that he should help them if we would deprive them of some of their belongings for reasons best known to us? Would we feel assured that they have a full and complete confidence in us to do for them what is best for their welfare?

The world promises, "I will take care of you. I will supply you in time of need if you buy insurance."

God promises, "Cast all your cares upon me, for I will care for you," and "It is better to trust in me than to put confidence in men." (1 Peter 5:7 & Psalms 118:8)

The Christian realizes that the battle is the Lord's, and that God has no use for the methods of the world to bring about His will. God's ways look foolish to the carnal man. This was illustrated very clearly hundreds of years ago in the seemingly unequal contest between David and Goliath.

David was thrilled when his father asked him to take the corn and ten loaves to the camp to his brothers. Now he had a chance to go to the army, even if it was only to bring food to his older brothers. That would certainly be more exciting than staying at home and herding sheep.

As he neared the army camp, David quickened his step. When he arrived he heard the noise of a disturbance and was told that a Philistine giant had come out during the Israelites to send a man to fight against him.

"Shall this man be allowed to speak so against the God of Israel?" David asked.

King Saul heard what David had said, and sent for him. "Let no man's heart fail because of him," David said to the king. "I will go fight with this Philistine."

Saul didn't think the idea sounded safe. "You are not able to go against this giant to fight with him," Saul said.

"You are but a boy, and he has been a man of war from his youth."

To the outward appearance the fight between David and Goliath was no fair match. Goliath was a trained warrior — a very tall, strong man. He had performed many great deeds of strength. But David had been trained in the School of God. He had spent many hours of private meditation while herding sheep for his father.

David told King Saul how a lion and a bear had taken a lamb from the flock and how he had killed them both and rescued the lamb. "This Philistine shall be as one of them," said David. "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, will also deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

"God," said Saul, "and the Lord be with you."

When Goliath saw David coming out toward him, he scornfully said, "Am I a dog that you come to me with staves? Come to me, and I will give your flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

David answered, "You come to me with a sword and a spear and with a shield, but I come to you in the name of the Lord of hosts whom you have defied. This day will the Lord deliver you into my hand, and I will smite you, for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands."

David knew that God didn't save with the sword and spear, but used ways that look foolish to those who know not God. He had a protection — an armor that the Philistine giant could not see. In the same way the Christian has an armor that the world knows nothing about. This is something the world can't match, though the insurance companies promise a bright future.

Daniel Kauffman wrote, "There is nothing that is more abundantly and emphatically taught in the Scriptures than that we should put our supreme trust and confidence in God, believe all His promises, being assured that He is able to care for His own."

"When it comes to the test, many people who profess faith in God fall short in bearing the test of faith. For instance, God has promised His people, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee' and further, 'I will preserve them alive, let thy widows trust in me.' God's promises to care for His own are so numerous and emphatic that no one should hesitate for one moment to take Him at His word. Yet there are thousands of professing Christians who do not feel safe or at ease without having their property insured in some worldly company. The reason why God is not more glorified in our lives as He should be is that we do not trust Him as we should, thus fail to give Him a chance to make His word good in us."

But you say times have changed. You say today the world people are merciless and would sue for more than is right, making it dangerous to be on the road.

We agree that times have indeed changed. Four hundred years ago it was even dangerous for God's people to stay at home. They were hunted down like animals, and the people of the world gathered by the thousands to watch while our forefathers were torn to pieces by hunger-crazed lions. (At least today people are satisfied with a milder form of entertainment, such as ball games and other sports events.) Our forefathers were inhumanly treated in many ways — their bodies stretched on the rack, their legs broken, their legs broken, their fingers cut off, and their tongues burned out. They were buried alive, roasted, stoned, crucified, drowned, beheaded, left in the cold to freeze, molten lead poured down their throats, and left in filthy dungeons for

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years with no companion but the vermin. Yes, times have changed. Our forefathers had no insurance except the protection of God, but today we think we have to have insurance because "it isn't safe to go on the roads".

We cannot deny that times have changed, but which period of time would we rather have lived in? ■■

## Stepmothers Deserve Something

When we think of stepmothers, too often we think of the fairy tales such as "Cinderella", "Snow White", and "Hansel and Gretel". I'm afraid such tales have done a lot to prejudice people against stepmothers. But stepmothers are not all cruel. I know what I am talking about for I have one.

My stepmother never gave us any reason to think that she loved our half-brothers and sisters more than she loved the rest of us. Of course we always thought of them as brothers and sisters.

At times I have heard people make the remark, "Oh, but she's just their stepmother." It must hurt a stepmother to hear this. I know it hurts me to hear it.

When father remarried he said we didn't have to call her "Mother" unless we wanted to. It was rather embarrassing to start calling someone else "Mother". But we knew her well; she had worked for us before and after Mother died. It was easier to just call her by her first name, but the younger brothers and sisters did call her "Mother" right away.

Later I married, and then I called my mother-in-law, "Mother". But then the thought came to me, this is rather senseless. If I can call a strange woman "Mother", why not my stepmother? So I started calling her "Mom".

It is hard to call her by the same name as one's real mother, but I've heard the word "Mom" or "Mum" used instead of "Maem", which is commonly used in Amish homes for mother. Older married couples can call her "Grandma", if they have children of their own. It helps to create a better feeling all around.

Oftimes we don't realize what a sacrifice a stepmother makes. Especially if she was a single girl and then marries a man with a family. I now oftentimes wonder how ours managed to get along as good as she did, with seven children thrust upon her at the age of 21. To me the task seems overwhelming. I can remember when we were small that times were hard, but we always had plenty to eat and clothes to wear. Maybe not always the finest or the best, but she did a wonderful job.

Some girls, especially older ones, may feel that their stepmother is intruding and never really try to understand her. They may feel she speaks too quickly or is unjust, but they should remember that she is only human and must do some adjusting.

Once you really get to know her, chances are you will find that she has a "heart of gold". If you older girls will be honest with yourselves you will have to admit that she does take a lot of responsibility off you.

A stepmother's motives are often misunderstood. If she does not allow the children everything they want, she probably has a good reason for it. Now that I look back, I have to admit that ours was more lenient with us than our

own mother.

We oftentimes see poems or verses dedicated to "Mother". Of course we would all appreciate it if we could have our own mothers, but God has not always planned it that way.

Whatever would we do without stepmothers? Don't they deserve something too? The least we can do is to show our gratitude. Think of all the hours she spends cooking, cleaning, sewing and mending, plus all the little things that make a home. Chances are she also sends many prayers heavenward for you. Let's appreciate our stepmother more and let her know it. I regret now that I didn't always respect and honor mine as I should have.

In the following poem I have tried to express some of the appreciation I have for stepmothers.

A stepmother's a mother with heart of gold  
The love of motherless children to hold.  
There's many a tear and many a prayer  
For the precious little souls God put in her care.

A stepmother is a mother to love and treasure  
For the countless little things she does without measure.  
To a lonely and motherless child like me  
Her love has proved as deep as the sea.

- A grateful stepdaughter, Ohio.



I am my neighbor's Bible,  
He reads me when we meet;  
Today he reads me in my home,  
Tomorrow on the street.

He may a relative or friend,  
Or slight acquaintance be;  
He may not even know my name,  
Yet he is reading me.

And pray, who is my neighbor  
Who reads me day by day,  
To learn if I am living right  
And walking as I pray?

Oh, he is with me always,  
To criticize or blame,  
So worldly wise in his own eyes,  
And "sinner" is his name.

Dear Christian friends and brothers,  
If we could only know  
How faithfully the world records  
Just what we say and do;  
Oh, we would write our record plain,  
And come in time to see  
Our worldly neighbor won to Christ  
While reading you and me.

Sel. by Ira Hoover, Ephrata, Pa.



## TEASING TALK

It was Monday and Simon Yoder and his twin sister, Susie were hoeing weeds in the cornfield. About the time the corn had been ready to cultivate the first time over, wet weather had set in. Two weeks later when the weather finally cleared up, the ragweeds were almost as big as the corn.

"My hoe's too stump," Simon said, taking a swing at a ragweed stalk. The stalk toppled over, but the edge of the hoe had hit a cornstalk and it fell over too. "I have to hit so hard that I lose control of my hoe."

"I think your hoe is sharp enough," Susie retorted. "If you had a sharp one, I'd hate to be in the same field with you. It just wouldn't be safe."

"Oh c'mon, Susie. You know I wouldn't hurt you. It's hot this morning. I wish we were closer to the end, and I'd go over to the shade tree and get me a drink."

"You're always thinking about the shade tree," Susie said. "It's lucky there's not a shade tree at both ends of the field or you wouldn't get anything done. What would Dad say when he comes home this evening if he found us sitting under the shade tree, and all these weeds still standing?"

"Oh, Susie, you're always in such a big hurry. We've still got lots of time, and this sun is beating down terrific. I think it's at least 100 in the shade."

"It's not 100 in the shade, Simon. I don't think it's as warm as it was yesterday in church. At least out here in the cornfield you can get a little air."

"It was warm yesterday, wasn't it? Us boys were wiping the sweat off our foreheads about all day."

"Jake Mast's do have such a warm house," Susie answered, "but you can be glad you weren't in that small east room where we were. The ceilings are so low and only one of the windows opened."

"I wish Jake Mast would have gotten some more of the windows open," Simon answered. "When we have church, Dad always looks about the windows the week before."

Now they were at the end of the row.

"I wish Sadie would send the boys down with another jug of kool-aid," Simon said, throwing his hoe between the corn rows and starting for the shade tree.

"You can be glad there's still some left in the jug, even if it is warm."

As they sat in the shade gazing out over the long rows of corn drooping in the hot July sun, Susie said, "Oh, yes, I was going to ask you. What were you boys talking about yesterday afternoon, out in the yard?"

"What do you mean, out in the yard?"

"Oh you know. I was just getting ready to go home and I saw Jake Mast out there talking to you boys. The other boys were laughing and you were looking toward your shoes. I think you were a little red in the face, too. What was going on?"

"Oh you mean that? Oh, that was just Jake Mast talking,

that's all. You know how he talks."

"Oh well, I guess it wasn't anything anyway," Susie answered. "I shouldn't have mentioned it. I know he likes to joke."

Simon stretched out on the grass looking up at the clear blue sky. Then he pulled his straw hat over his face and pretended to be sleeping.

After awhile he turned his head and said, "Susie, just what pleasure would anyone get from teasing the boys about the girls?"

"Oh I don't know. School children do it some times. I remember when we went to school, some of the girls started it. But after a few days the teacher noticed what was going on, and talked to them."

"No, but I mean somebody older."

"Well, I guess some of the young folks tease others about it. I suppose they would like to have a little more attention, and want others to tease them, too."

"Yes, of course that happens sometimes, but I mean older people, like someone who is married, and has a family."

"That's more than I can say, Simon. Maybe they think young people like to be teased. Of course they know that we are thinking about choosing a partner."

"Yes, of course, but they wouldn't have to make a joke out of it, would they?"

"I guess not."

"And some of the things they can laugh about sure aren't a laughing matter. At least I can't see anything funny."

Just then they heard someone calling. "Hoo, ho, where are you? Simon! Susie!"

"That sounds like Daniel," Simon said. "Maybe he's bringing us some more kool-aid. Here we are!" he said, getting to his feet.

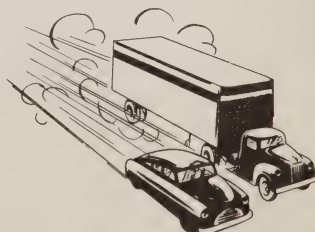
"Come home, it's time for dinner," Daniel called.

"Oh no, not already," Simon exclaimed. "We must have been resting longer than we knew."

"I suppose we were," Susie answered, "and look at all those weeds that need to be hoed yet before this evening."

## SIMON AND SUSIE ARE MOVING!

This will be the last Simon and Susie story to appear in *Family Life*. The Yoder twins will be moving the latter part of July. In keeping with our policy of having the Ambassador of Peace as a youth paper, the next installment of this story will appear in the August issue of that magazine. If you do not get the Ambassador of Peace now, you can subscribe for \$2.50 per year. Or if you wish to have all three Pathway papers, you can subscribe to the 3-in-1 Plan for \$7.50 per year. You will be given credit for the unexpired portion of your present subscription.





# FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

## BLACK AND WHITE, SUN AND RAIN...

The cows are out to pasture again. The old-timers in our part of the country say the proper time to turn them out is the twenty-fourth of May, the Queen's birthday. Most farmers in most years turn their cattle out to grass a week or ten days earlier than the twenty-fourth, but this spring we had such cool wet weather and the fields were so soft, that we kept ours in until pretty well the traditional date. Now, in the first week of June, our Holsteins are wading around in knee-high tasty orchard grass and the milk flow has quickened.

We always look forward to the time when the pasture season starts, for then there are fewer chores. No longer do we need to clean out the gutters every evening, nor get down hay and silage. The only real chore left is milking.

This year, though, we ran into a few troubles and for awhile we wished the cows were back in the barn. Soon after we had turned the cows out to grass, we had two days of rainy cold weather. The poor cows came in dripping and shivering and splashed with mud. The rain filled the mudhole in the lane, the hole where we should have dumped a load of sand last fall, and the cows had to wade through the coffee-colored water.

The water and the mud and the wind and the sun had the cows' udders chapped and sunburned in no time, and milking the cows changed from a pleasant relaxing chore to a dangerous game of dodging hoofs. We went through two boxes of antiseptic salve in a few days, but even so the cracked teats have been slow in healing. However, we are looking forward to better days.

Another difficulty we experienced the first few days of pasturing was that some of the cows when they came back into the barn didn't know where their own stalls were. As we have water bowls and homemade comfort stalls where the cows have quite a bit of freedom, we rarely turn them out during the winter. The first few times the cows were brought in from the field, the dog (and the boys) chased all eighteen of them into the barn at one time. About half of them meekly headed for their proper stalls, but the other half stalked around looking for trouble and adventure.

We tried several ways of bringing order to the cowbarn. The unsuccessful way was the method the boys used a few nights when they put the cows in themselves. Their strategy was one that comes natural to half-grown boys, and one in which they had no training whatever. As they shooed the last cow into the barn, they quickly closed the door so none would run back out again. Then they surveyed the scene and at once spotted the cows that were wandering around and farthest from their stalls. The chase began.

The boys soon learned to pick out one cow at a time and pursue her right and left, up and down the alleyways, until that cow was properly parked in her own stall. Then they snapped her fast and set out after the next one.

Eventually they would get the cows all tied up, but the cows ended up nervous and scared. Even those cows that had gone to their right stalls finished up running in circles.

With a little supervision, the boys learned to use the

positive approach. They entered the stable and paid no attention to the cows that were wandering around. Instead, they quietly walked down the line of stalls and fastened the animals that were in the right place. With the well-behaved cows all tied up, the half dozen wanderers usually presented no serious problem — and fitted in with the same ease that the last pieces of a jig saw puzzle fit into left-over spaces. However, some of the boys found it took a lot of self-discipline to leave the runaway cows till last.

I got to wondering if there might be a lesson in handling cows that would also apply to people. Do we older ones — parents of families, teachers at school, or ministers in the church — perhaps make the same mistake our boys made? We have a sharp eye for the mischief-makers, the unruly, the disobedient; if someone is "out of his place" we notice it at once.

Now, there is nothing wrong with rebuking and discipline. No, not at all. The danger is in getting out of balance, or of punishing in anger — just as our boys were aching to crack those mean old cows across the tail with their sticks.

Perhaps we would accomplish more and get along better with the younger generation if we would occasionally show our approval when they are trying hard to do what is right — by encouraging them and helping them. At least it would be a good place to start from.

The changeable and unsettled weather we have been having the last month or so reminds me of an advertisement I saw in a paper about this time last year.

A group of us were on our first visit to the Maritime Provinces of Canada. As we sat around the table in a Prince Edward Island restaurant one morning, patiently waiting for breakfast to be served, we looked through an Island newspaper. We enjoyed a real chuckle when we read about a farm auction to be held the following week.

In most particulars the auction bill was the same as the ones we were used to. There was only one thing unusual about it. The announcement read: "Sale to begin at 1 P.M., Monday, June 1, if fine. If not fine, first fine day following."

As we looked through the newspaper, we found a second auction advertised. Again the exception was made, that if the weather was not fine, the sale would be held on "the first fine day following." We concluded that on Prince Edward Island all farm sales were conducted under these conditions — it was standard procedure. Perhaps the Island has only two kinds of weather, fine and not fine, and there is enough difference in the two that the natives have no trouble deciding.

If so, the weather is sure a lot simpler than it is in most places. Take Ontario, for instance. Yesterday we had showers off and on all afternoon, and if a sale had been advertised in Prince Edward Island fashion, I'm not sure if it would have been held or not, but I expect it would have been postponed until today. But as I look out the window right now, I'd be sorely puzzled to know whether today is "the first fine day following" yesterday, or whether I

should wait to see what tomorrow brings. I can just picture myself having gone to the sale yesterday and finding it was postponed; then going again today, and learning that it was put off again till tomorrow.

If there are only two kinds of weather in the Maritimes, it's more than we can say for Ontario. But you know, I kind of think some people look at life about that way, too — as if it were all in blacks and whites and very simple. They figure if something's not wrong, it's right, and if it's not right, it's wrong, and everybody should be able to tell the difference.

I remember some years ago when there were slight disagreements in our church district. The bishop and his fellow-ministers were conscientiously seeking what was best for the church; they had prayed about the matter, sought advice, and still they weren't sure just what course would be the best one to follow.

Meanwhile one brother in the church was getting impatient. He roundly criticized the ministry for being unable to decide on such a "simple" problem. Now if he had been the bishop, it wouldn't have taken him long to decide.

I recall talking to him one day and trying to point out to him that there was another side of the story; he was looking at it from only one angle. The decision he thought was so simple would undoubtedly have brought many problems later.

Of course, many things are clearly defined in the Bible as right or wrong, and we should recognize them as such, just as we would all agree that some days are so nice there could be no argument about it, and other days are so stormy everyone would agree they are "not nice" — at least not for an auction!

But on many days the weather is inbetween — not all sunshine and not all clouds. So it is in many life situations — if we choose one way there will be good results but also dangers; if we choose another way, the dangers may be different but there are sure to be some present. We need the grace of God to decide what course to take, what is best for us, and what is His will.

Yes, sir, there are many kinds of weather and there are many kinds of problems. Not everything in life is a clear black or white; some things are gray. Even turning our cows out to pasture did not prove to be an unmixed blessing. ■■

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## *As I See It Now*

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I Corinthians 7:36

"But if any man think that he behaveth himself uncomely toward his virgin, if she pass the flower of her age, and need so require, let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry."

Our youth, in a different culture, may understand this verse entirely wrong. So much so that they may think in temptations it gives them room to do what they will, and that if they marry afterwards, they have not sinned. Let such a thought be far from any of us. In the Bible from the first to the last book we cannot find that we can commit fornication without committing a great sin.

To understand the above verse, we should also read the other verses that are connected with it, especially verses 37 and 38. Paul was merely writing that if a father has a marriageable daughter, it is not wrong for him to let her marry.

- Titus Nolt, Pennsylvania

## Not Some Handed-Down Custom

When I was a little girl, my mother used to make a special head-covering to be worn at night. Who is there that does not have some wakeful moments at night which could best be used in prayer?

Now as a mother myself, I am grieved to see the young girls from our so-called plain churches lay aside the plain head covering and replace it with the more worldly sheer, brightly-colored kerchiefs in public places.

Just why do we wear the head-covering? Do these young girls know that this is an ordinance in the holy scriptures? Do they think it is merely some handed-down custom, and therefore not important? In I Corinthians 11:5 we are told that every woman who prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoureth her head, that it is even as if she were shaven. Paul writes in Thessalonians 5:17, "Pray without ceasing" (to have a prayerful attitude.) Therefore it would seem that a woman should have a prayer veiling at all times.

- M.M., Ohio

*Precious* \* \* \* \*

\* *Jewel* \*

Monroe Hochstetler

There are jewels to be found along the way,  
While traveling life's journey from day to day,  
With their sparkle they light our weary way  
To save our wayward souls from wrath.

The first to find is Jesus Christ,  
The most precious one, the highest priced,  
It costs no money, but this I say,  
The terms of obedience you must pay.

The jewel of contentment brightly shines,  
Content with our lot — as the Lord designs;  
He molds our life — He knows what is best,  
Then leads our soul to eternal rest.

Consistency in our life and walk  
Will stop the adversary's talk;  
Let straight be our path for those who would  
Follow our footsteps as they should.

Discipleship, though sought by a few,  
Is a priceless jewel but for the true  
Who follow Jesus Christ the Lord —  
Who ceaselessly pray and read His word.

Obedying the Gospel — helping others,  
With love for the sisters and the brothers —  
Is a jewel that shines to all mankind,  
And also helps the Saviour to find.

The last bright jewel — our final goal, —  
Is the great reward for the weary soul, —  
A home of rest where comes no night  
For God himself is eternal Light.



# DESTROYED



BY

FIRE

Joseph Stoll

"Malinda! What happened to my immigration card? I simply can't find it in my desk." Gideon Yoder turned anxiously to his young wife as she came walking into his room at his first call. She was folding a newly-ironed diaper and still held it in her hand.

"I don't know, Gideon. Where'd you put it when you came back from Ohio last fall?"

"Right here, I thought. But I sure can't find it now. I've looked through all the pigeonholes, letter by letter, and it's just not there."

"Must be," said Malinda, shaking her head. "It's in there somewhere. If you'll let me finish the ironing quick, I'll look for you."

Gideon ran a hand through his hair, something he did only when he was nervous or in deep thought. "Well, hurry then," he answered his wife, but already he was starting through the letters and papers on his desk again, looking at each one carefully.

Gideon knew exactly how the immigration card looked and what was written on it. The border officials at Windsor had given him the narrow yellow card when he had moved to Canada back in 1953. His signature was on it, and the words LANDED IMMIGRANT. He still remembered what the immigration man had said, "Now don't lose this card. You can't get another one, and you'll need it for crossing the border and a lot of other things. Take care of it."

Gideon squeezed a long brown envelope and peered into the open end. No, just a bill from the lawyer who had drawn up the deed for the farm. Where could the immigration card be? Right in that slot was where it belonged, but it was obviously not there.

"Now, let me look," offered Malinda, nudging her husband aside and sliding into the wide armchair. "Why don't you go ahead and start choring? If I can't find it, we'll look for it together after supper."

Gideon pulled on his barn boots and went outside. Malinda would probably find the missing card. She was good at finding things, about as good as he was at losing them. The card couldn't be completely lost. Little David was too small to reach the high office desk. It had to be there, somewhere.

Ten minutes later Malinda came to the barn, carrying young David. She placed the boy in the little playpen Gideon had made in a safe place behind the cows. David stood there cooing at the cows as his father and mother milked.

"Did you find it?" asked Gideon.

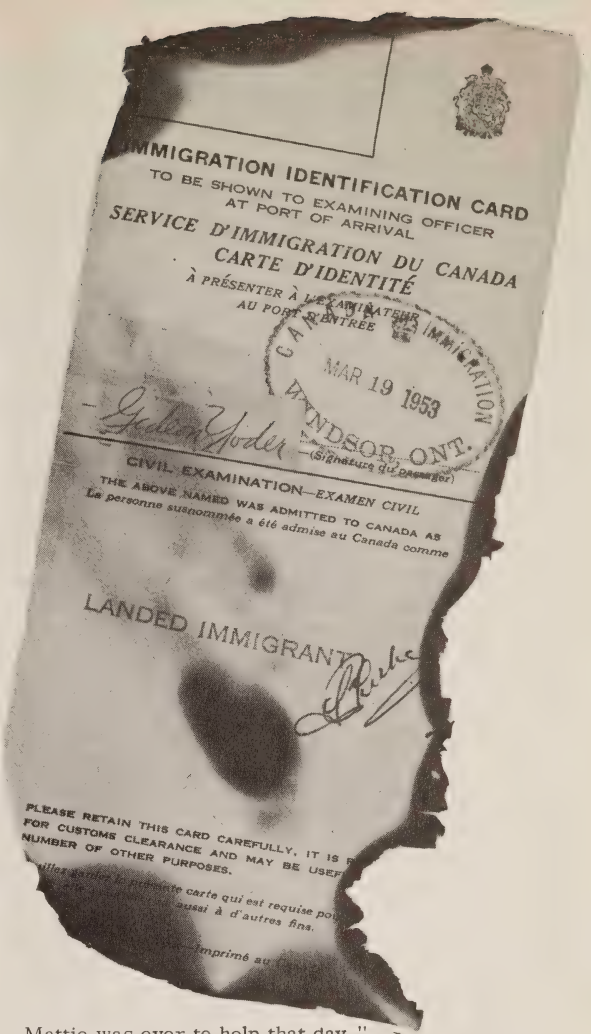
"No, I didn't," For the first time, Malinda's voice sounded worried.

"Well, where —"

"Do you know what I'm wondering?" asked Malinda.

"What?"

"I'm wondering if the card might have dropped behind the desk, and when we cleaned up for church somehow got into the waste paper basket. We did burn some old papers.



Mattie was over to help that day."

"But wouldn't you have noticed it?"

"I would have, but Mattie wouldn't have bothered to look. She probably figured it was scrap, or why would it have been on the floor or in the waste paper can."

"Do you think it's possible, Malinda?" Gideon was alarmed now.

"Something must have happened to it. We'll look again after supper, and maybe it'll turn up yet."

The search after supper turned up nothing. "I could talk to Mattie," said Malinda. "Maybe she would remember seeing a yellow card in the waste paper."

"But what good would that do?" asked Gideon.

"Not much, I guess," admitted his wife.

When Mattie was asked about it, she said, yes, she believed she did see something yellow in the waste basket. She couldn't be sure, you know, for it was three weeks, but it just could be.

After that Gideon and Malinda were convinced the card had been burned on the day the womenfolks had cleaned the house for church. The more they thought about it, the surer they became.

"I think I'll go to London tomorrow and see the immigration people there," announced Gideon one morning. "But I don't know. I — I'm not sure what I should tell them. I'm ashamed to say we lost the card."

"It wasn't exactly lost," mused Malinda. "If it went where we think it did, it burned."

"I'd be even more ashamed to say we were so careless

we put it in the stove," said Gideon. "Wouldn't they give me a bawling out though?"

Gideon Yoder held his black hat with one hand as he waited for the traffic light to change to green. A big city bus whizzed past, only inches from the curb, and Gideon turned up his nose as he got a whiff of the exhaust fumes. He stepped back.

Gideon hated the smells and sounds of the city — the harsh clanging and roaring of the traffic, the mingled smell of exhausts and stale cigarette smoke, the hurrying faceless people. He heard the direction of traffic change and looked up to see that the signal showed green. Gideon hurried on down London's Richmond Street.

His thoughts were mixed as he neared the Canadian Immigration office. What would he tell the officer? Would it be all right to say simply that his immigration card had been destroyed by fire? Destroyed by fire — the idea sounded good. It would save him embarrassment, for no officer would be so hardboiled as to scold a person for having lost something in a fire. Fires couldn't be helped. Houses burned down all the time. The immigration department must have some provision for such cases. It should just be a routine matter. Destroyed by fire.

All the same, Gideon did not feel very calm about it. Perhaps he should just tell the officer the truth. But what was the truth? What had happened to the immigration card? That was the question. It must have burned with the waste paper. And if it burned, it was destroyed by fire.

Gideon turned from the sidewalk to the concrete steps that led to the tall stone building where the Canadian Immigration offices were located. Before he pushed open the heavy door, he glanced upward. There were pigeons flying about the eaves five stories up. The droppings of the birds had splattered the wall in a number of places, as well as the cement steps. The building looked cold and forbidding. Gideon shivered. He wondered if the officers

Take time to hear his prayers at night  
And cuddle him a bit;  
Tell him a story now and then  
And take a little time to sit  
And listen to his childish talk,  
Or take him for a walk.

We little know it now—but soon  
He will be gone (the years are swift)  
For life just marches on and on  
And heaven holds no sweeter gift  
Than shouting boys with tousled hair,  
Who leave their toys just anywhere.  
— Selected

inside were ...

Gideon pushed the door with his elbow and his foot. Just inside he saw the directory in a glass case on the wall. He stopped and read down the list. His eyes skipped ahead, and he jumped, startled. No, the words weren't "Destroyed by Fire" after all, but "Detroit Fire Insurance". Then he saw, "Canada Customs and Immigration — 3rd floor."

There was an elevator boy in the elevator. "Dingy old place," thought Gideon. "It's a wonder they don't put in automatic elevators, but I suppose it's more of a tradition than anything else."

"Where to?" asked the elevator boy, mechanically.

"Destroy — er, uh, third floor, please." Gideon's face reddened.

"Yes, sir."

There was a grinding of gears and pulleys as the old elevator lifted slowly. The number above the door flashed "2" and then "3". Gideon got off, stood for a minute to get his bearings, then saw an arrow, "Canada Immigration", pointing down the right hallway. Gideon took off his hat and fingered it nervously as he walked.

The girl at the desk took his name and told him to be seated until an officer would have time to talk with him. Gideon sat on the straight wooden bench and idly stared at the furniture, the other people waiting on the benches, the portraits on the wall, and his hat. Mentally he rehearsed what he would tell the officer, "Immigration card ... got burned ... destroyed by fire ..."

There was a large, almost life-size picture of Queen Elizabeth II, and on the far wall the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. A swarthy little man was bent forward at the edge of the bench, nervously tapping a pointed toe and snapping his cigarette at the ash tray. Probably an Italian immigrant, thought Gideon. On the other end of the bench sat a huge woman who seemed to be almost asleep. She looked like a German.

After ten minutes the Italian was called into the office, and a few minutes later the fat lady followed. Gideon knew he was next. When the Italian reappeared, picked up his hat and left, Gideon began to squirm on his seat. He had decided he would tell the officer that the card had been lost in a fire, but he wouldn't say much else. No use of telling him everything a person knew.

"Mr. Yoder."

Gideon jumped at the sound of his name. The desk girl motioned to him and said, "Mr. Holmes will see you now. This way, please."

Mr. Holmes was scowling at a stack of papers, but he waved Gideon to the chair in front of his desk. In a few minutes he looked up and said, "What can we do for you

## Question Mart

### DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

Here are two lines of a hymn I have often heard:

"Es ist gar leicht ein Christ zu sein,  
Wenn alles geht gerad und fein."

I would like to know where these words can be found — in which German hymn book, and on what page. Does anybody know? — I.W.Z.

Send answers to: **FAMILY LIFE**  
Question Market  
R. 4, Aylmer,  
Ontario, Canada

Readers are invited to send in puzzling questions that some of our readers may perhaps be able to answer for them.



this afternoon?"

"I — uh — er — I — I lost my immigration card, you know the yellow one," began Gideon.

"Yes?"

Gideon hurried to explain. "I lost it by — er — it was destroyed by fire."

The immigration officer raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Oh," he said, "did you have a fire down your way?"

"Well, er — uh —"

"Did it do much damage?"

"Really, not much. It wasn't er — like a bad fire, but the er — uh — immigration card happened to be in just the wrong place."

"Well, that's too bad, that is. These fires can be disastrous. And you're just a young fellow, too. Did you have insurance?"

"Ah — you see, we don't believe in insurance — we help each other —"

"That's good. And what is it you wanted? We can't give you a new card, you know."

"Yes, I thought so. But maybe you could give me a letter, or a statement, saying that my name is — is on your records."

"Sure, we can do that easily enough, Mr. Yoder. On

what date did you enter Canada?"

"March 19, 1953."

"And where did you enter?"

"At Windsor."

"Okay, we'll fix it up for you. We'll have to send to Ottawa to have the records verified, then we'll type off a letter for you. You should be hearing from us in about two weeks."

Gideon got up to leave. "Thank you very much, sir."

"Oh, that's all right. And I was very sorry to hear about the fire. Good-by."

Gideon walked stiffly out of the office, down the hallway, and to the elevator. As he stepped outside into the fresh air, he took a deep breath. His face felt feverish. His thoughts were confused as he struck out down the sidewalk.

Why didn't I tell him just how it was instead of trying to make him believe we had a fire? Gideon scolded himself. Well, it sure backfired on me that time.

"But you didn't lie," an inner voice prompted him. "You just said the card was destroyed by fire, and as far as you know it was destroyed by fire. That's not an untruth."

"Yes, but —" said Gideon, almost aloud. He pulled out his pocket watch and quickened his step. The bus would be leaving soon.

Gideon sat very quietly on the bus going home. He felt sick, miserable. He told himself over and over again that he had not lied, and yet his conscience would not be still.

When he arrived home, Gideon told Malinda the whole story. She listened with sympathy. "I wish now I would have turned around even after I was out on the street, and went right back up there and told that man how everything was."

"Well, why didn't you?" asked his wife gently.

"I don't know. I guess I thought it would look too foolish, or something —" Gideon paused, then spoke determinedly, "Maybe some good will come out of it yet. I think I've learned a lesson. It just doesn't work to hide part of the truth. The first thing you know you're hedging around and it's the next thing to lying."

Malinda was understanding. The two of them knelt by the bed and prayed that God might forgive, and help them to speak the truth freely and openly.

Five years later Gideon Yoder found the missing immigration card. He was cleaning out his desk, and in an envelope marked "Cooperative Feeds", he discovered the yellow card. Gideon knew he had probably put it there himself. ■■

## If Man Could Reach The Moon



I'm sure you've heard or read about  
The Satellites in space;  
How Russia and the United States  
Are in the rocket race.  
To hear them talk, it won't be long  
For space they'll conquer soon,  
And then what next will man attempt  
If he should reach the moon?

If man should ever reach the moon,  
There's one thing that is clear;  
He'll ruin everything up there,  
Just as he has down here!  
With sin and crimes, with lust and greed  
He has enough to do  
To clean the mess he's made on earth,  
And you know that is true.

The sickness and the want and fear,  
The broken hearts and shame,  
Yes, hungry millions cry each day,  
And man is all to blame.  
I think we better set our sights  
Above the moon and space,  
And let's explore eternity  
Where there is hope and grace.

It's not the moon we need to reach,  
It's God who put it there;  
The one who went to Calvary,  
A rugged cross to bear.  
For sins of men with wicked hearts,  
He died one afternoon  
With faith in Him you'll have no fear  
If man should reach the moon.

- Sel

## Be Thankful

When trouble, pain and heartaches  
Obscure the sun's bright ray,  
With eyes of faith keep looking,  
And see a better day.

Keep singing through the showers  
If rainbows you would know,  
A "little" nursed with thankfulness  
Will grow and grow and grow.

Sent in by Mrs. Joe D. Byler, Delaware

## Ready For Christmas

Anna Hershberger

"Ready for Christmas?" I was asked one day,  
And my reply was saintly, "No;"  
For I still had so much sewing to do,  
Some shopping and baking, too.

And then, as I pondered my mind went back,  
To the first Christmas, so long ago;  
Were they ready then, and well prepared  
With food and gifts and lights a-glow?

The scribes and Pharisees—indeed all the Jews  
To the magnificent temple bent;  
But sad to say, their Messiah they missed,  
They were not ready for the event.

"No room," said the unprepared keeper of the  
Inn,  
He had merely the stable instead;  
And all of Bethlehem, in activity bent  
Had no better place for His head.

King Herod and the priests weren't ready—  
They were filled with hatred and greed;  
Jealousy ruled in their hearts and their lives,  
To the Christ Child they gave no heed.

But the lowly shepherds tending their flock  
Out on the hillside and cave;  
Were ready and gladly they received,  
The Good News the bright Angels gave.

Simon and Anna— old though they were,  
Were waiting, and eager to see  
The child who would be their heavenly King,  
For they knew 'twas promised to be.

I hung my head in shame and cried,  
"Lord, make me humble, too,  
That I may be like those dear saints,  
'Prepared' the whole year through.

Help me to live this Christmas gift—  
Redemption, love and grace,  
Help me to live it day by day  
Until I see Thy face."

—Middlebury, Ind.



## Poisons in the Pantry

That corner in your pantry, the top shelf, where you store your medicine, just how safe is it? Remember, some of those bottles have been there for five years. Are they supposed to make people sick or well?

It's a better idea to have a medicine cabinet, safely away from children's prying fingers. But even this can be dangerous.

One of the most commonly-used household remedies is the aspirin tablet. Any kind of a headache, no matter what it's caused by, can usually be relieved by this simple remedy. But few people stop to think that the aspirin tablet does nothing to remove the cause. It merely helps to eliminate the symptoms — pain.

How do we feel pain, and wouldn't it be just as good if we couldn't feel it? Over the body are scattered thousands of small points called pain points. If it were not for these points, you would feel no pain.

But just imagine what would happen without this feeling. Suppose you would get close to a hot stove and burn your finger. Without any pain, the finger might be scorched beyond hope of healing before you noticed it. Or if a horse stepped on your toe, you might not notice it until the toe was crushed. Yes, God did have a very good reason for creating the body as it is — able to feel pain.

When you run to the medicine cabinet and take an aspirin

or two, you have drugged yourself and may not feel the pain any longer. Then you can go ahead and work and feel better, but the trouble is still there and you will pay later.

Of course there may be times when you must decide on which is the least harmful to your body — to lose sleep because of pain, or to take an aspirin in order to get some rest. A wise doctor once made the statement that you should never take aspirins in order to go ahead and work. But you may be justified to take them in order to be able to rest.

Few people realize how strong an aspirin tablet is. It is so powerful that it has been successfully used as a corn remover. In case you are bothered with corns, an aspirin tablet and a little moisture applied to the corn will eat it right up.

Anyone can imagine what could happen if an aspirin tablet were swallowed without any water. It might just as easily eat a hole through the stomach. Always be sure to dissolve the aspirin tablet in water before taking it.

Overdose of aspirin causes about 200 deaths every year in the U.S. Most of these are children who get into the medicine cabinet accidentally. Or perhaps the bottle was left on the windowsill where the children got hold of it and ate it for candy. Another way to get into trouble is to give adult-size aspirins to children.

Another home remedy which can be fatal is oil of wintergreen. It may do wonders when applied to aching muscles, but when swallowed, it is even a bit stronger than aspirin. It is especially dangerous because of the pleasant taste; children like it. A teaspoon full is considered fatal to any child.

Old left-over medicines are unpredictable. While most pills merely become weaker with age, some liquids actually become stronger. This is because the drug has been diluted with water or some other liquid which evaporates. After several years, the dilutant may have evaporated, leaving the medicine stronger than it originally was. ■■



## Appreciate Your Companion

One thing that always hurts me is when I find out of husband and wife complaining about each other. If they could only know how it is to be alone, surely they would never complain. But that is something they never realize until one is taken away.

A mother or father left alone with a family of children has the same ups and downs as other families. They say that when one goes, half of the tree is gone. Which half? Always the best half.

Did you ever stop to think how it would be to have no one to talk to or share your troubles with? When we are sick, especially at night, there is no one to rub our backs, or to even care. We would not want to wake the children.

Have you ever thought how it would be to have the whooping cough at the same time as your children have it, without a companion? Then at the same time as you have a coughing spell, the children have it so hard they can hardly breathe, and turn blue. Those of us who are left alone learn to put our trust in our Heavenly Father. Remember that we have to make our decisions alone, so don't judge us too hard.

We do not want pity; all we ask is that those of you who still have your companions don't hurt them with unkind words, but encourage each other. Appreciate your companions, and treat them kindly while you still have them.

- M.S., Indiana

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## PLAIN TOBACCO

(This article is a true experience, written by a mother who has experienced the pangs of seeing a son going astray in the world. It should not be understood to in any way excuse the actions of the wayward boy, but to make us stop and think, "Could we have been a better influence than we were?")

Harvey (as we shall call him) was a decent boy, well liked by all. Throughout his childhood he attended a plain church with his parents. At the age of 18, along with several other boys he began taking instructions in preparation for baptism.

But somewhere in his growing years, Harvey had acquired the habit of smoking cigarettes. His own father smoked the pipe and he seemed to be in good standing in the church.

Harvey's grandfather had smoked the pipe and chewed tobacco for as far back as Harvey could remember. On Sunday afternoons, Harvey had seen Grandfather pass out cigars to the men.

But now Harvey was joining church and the bishop said, "You must quit smoking cigarettes."

But Harvey could not understand. He knew that cigarettes were not allowed, but tobacco in any other form was freely used.

"If it's all right if chewed, or stuffed in a pipe or wrapped in brown leaves," Harry reasoned, "then what makes it wrong in white paper?"

But the bishop said, "It's too worldly. Our forefathers had it like this and it's always been this way."

Harvey was never baptized. Today he is out in the world and he still smokes his cigarettes. But the question keeps coming into my mind, is Harvey the only one who is wrong? Can we believe tobacco is wrong in one form and right in another?

- A burdened mother

## A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

What do you think of this man's success? He worked hard from morning to night and often far into the darkness, threshing grain by the light of his lantern. He cleared up the mortgage and had a fine house and barns. There was money in the bank to his credit and he drove a fine team.

But he couldn't eat a meal without suffering intensely and he died many years before his time because he never had time to eat his meals as he should and get some comfort out of life as he went along. Don't you think, after all, he made a miserable failure out of his life?

- An old clipping, submitted by Mrs. Jonas J. Zook.

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## The Power of Imagination

A hundred years ago there lived in our village a country doctor who was very successful in his practice. To help him, he had a student doctor who was just learning the profession. Finally the time arrived for the young doctor to leave and start up a practice of his own.

Before leaving, the young doctor asked of his instructor, "Tell me how you have come to be so successful. What is your secret?"

The old doctor replied, "Are you willing to pay for it?"

"Oh, yes, any amount," said the young doctor.

Taking a scrap of paper the doctor wrote a few lines on it and said, "Here is my formula, but first you will have to pay me \$50.00 for it."

The young man agreed and when he opened the note he found the following: "Recipe: Imagination kills, imagination makes alive."

The young man was somewhat offended, but he went his way and learned to make use of the secret formula. So successful did he become that his name was soon known for many miles around.

Years later he came back to his native town to give a lecture. The house was packed with many people who had come to hear him.

In the crowd he recognized the face of the old doctor under whom he had practiced, and to whom he had given \$50.00 for the recipe.

But by this time the old doctor was changed in appearance, in a nervous condition, and his age was telling on him.

During the lecture, he waited for his chance and pointed his finger at the old doctor and said, "There sits a gentleman. No doubt he is feeling well at this hour but unless he does something for himself, he will die before midnight."

When the meeting was over, everyone went home. The old doctor went to bed and tried to sleep but soon began to feel sick. He called his wife and said, "I feel as if I am going to die. Please call the young doctor at once."

By the time the young doctor arrived, the old man was very sick.

"Sir, I feel as if I am about to die. Have you nothing to help me?"

The young doctor examined him and replied, "If you will pay me \$100.00, I will give you a recipe which will save your life."

The money was paid and the prescription which was given was, "Imagination kills. Imagination makes alive."

The old doctor recovered in a very short time.

- S

**E**STHER WEAVER walked as fast as she could, looking straight ahead. With each step, the two suitcases she was carrying seemed to tug harder on her arms. But it wasn't the growing weight of the baggage that bothered her the most.

She jumped nervously as a car backfired behind her. She tried to walk even faster, then slowed down. The sidewalks were too crowded with people to try to pass the two old ladies moving slowly ahead of her. Esther decided to walk close behind the two ladies. Maybe then hardly anybody would notice her.

How many more blocks was it to the bus depot? The lady at the drug store had assured her it was on this street. It couldn't be far now.

The light at the corner changed to red just as she reached the curb. "Don't walk; Don't walk; Don't walk —" the red letters blinked at her between the passing cars. It reminded her of the old man standing in the door of the restaurant she had just passed. He had winked at her when she looked up. Had he thought she looked comical with her bonnet and long dress, or why had he winked? An old man like that.

Surely the suitcases must be twice as heavy as they had been when she started. "Well, why don't I at least set them down while I wait," Esther thought suddenly. She had been so absorbed with thoughts of the old man winking that she had forgotten she was standing at the curb, waiting for the light to change.

As Esther put the suitcases down, a naughty gust of wind tugged at her shawl. Its tassled end flapped back and forth — back and forth like a black flag waving for the people to look.

Esther's young face flushed. She grabbed at the shawl and wrapped it more tightly around herself. "Oh, why did it have to do that," she moaned. "As if everyone weren't



already staring enough."

Esther Weaver wished she were back in her home town. In Fredericksburg the people had been used to seeing Amish and didn't stare like —

The "Walk" sign blinked on, cutting her thoughts short. Esther grabbed her suitcases quickly and hurried across.

A car horn honked noisily. Almost without thinking, Esther jerked around to see what it was. A red car had slowed down in the street. A boy's head and shoulders

TRAVELING ALONE CAN BE VERY  
HARD FOR A YOUNG AMISH GIRL  
LIKE ESTHER WEAVER— ESPECIALLY  
IF SHE'D RATHER NOT BE  
WEARING HER BONNET AND SHAWL.

## The TORTURE of STARES

— Elmo Stoll

seemed to be leaning from each window.

Esther glanced away, and kept walking, looking straight ahead. She pretended she didn't hear the whistles and the calls. "Why didn't I know better than even look," she thought, half bitterly.

"See you tonight, Sweetheart."

Esther bit her lip and kept walking. She edged away from the street.

One of the teasing boys laughed — a loud, coarse laugh. The motor roared as the car pulled away.

Surely the bus depot would be in this block somewhere. The soles of her feet hurt from walking on concrete.

Then suddenly, with a sigh of relief, Esther saw the long-legged racing dog painted in blue on the side of the modern building. The bronze letters stood out, "GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL".

Thankfully Esther turned in, slowly pushed open the glass door and walked inside. People were milling about the terminal. There were a few empty seats along the east wall at the opposite end of the depot. Heads turned as Esther walked toward the empty seats. She was sure every eye in the room was on her. Stares. Her cheeks burned and she kept her gaze on the checkered pattern of the tile floor.

Miserably Esther sank into the seat. Would she never be able to escape the staring eyes — the curious glances — the questioning looks? Maybe on the bus it would be better. But she still had three-quarters of an hour to wait in the terminal. She settled back into the plastic, cup-like seat, resigned to the torture of the stares.

The ticket office was to the right of her. Esther looked over. The two men behind the counter had been watching her, but when she glanced up, their eyes shifted and they pretended to be discussing something else. Esther felt sick. She would have to learn not to glance about so quickly. If she moved her head more slowly, it would give



people time to glance away. That was better than embarrassing both them and her.

From the corner of her eye, Esther saw that the glass door at the entrance swung open. A friendly-looking woman walked in, carrying a satchel. Behind her trailed a bright-eyed little girl holding a doll. The woman hesitated for a moment inside the door, her eyes scanning the room. Then she spotted the sign, "Tickets".

"Stay close to Mommy," Esther heard the mother say to the little girl. "Mommy wants to buy a ticket."

The girl followed her mother to the ticket counter, then stood surveying the room curiously. Suddenly she saw Esther.

A look of surprise, then of fear, crossed the little girl's face. She clutched her doll more tightly and ran, hiding her face in Mother's dress.

"Mommy!"

The child's frightened voice carried easily to where Esther sat.

"Mommy, th — there — there's a — a — a witch over there!"

"Shhhhhh," the woman whispered loudly. "Don't talk like that. That's a nice lady."

Esther busied herself pulling her right glove on and off. She pretended she had heard and seen nothing. She wadded her glove inside her palm and clenched her fingers shut fiercely. That's how she felt inside — all wadded up in a tight knot that shouted for escape.

The long red minute hand on the large wall clock moved in steady ticky jerks, round and round. Esther watched it. Round and round. That was her. Round and round. And all the time she was getting wound up tighter and tighter. Tenser and tenser. Some time she was going to break loose and fly out in rebellion. In rebellion at having to look different.

Tick-tock, round and round. Esther's teeth clicked shut. Her mouth set in a thin hard line. With shaking fingers she undid the large pin that held her shawl together in front. She clawed the hateful garment from her shoulders — not caring in her anger who saw her. It would soon be out of sight.

She folded it rapidly. Snapping open the largest suitcase, she jammed the shawl inside. Almost savagely she pried the cover down and pressed in the latches. There — so what if the sides bulged. They would never know what was inside. Never. No child would call her a witch again.

And the bonnet. It too must go. But where? Where? The question churned inside her. Round and round. Just like the clock. Where? There had to be a place.

She tugged at the black ribbons that tied the bonnet to her head. She jerked the bow in her haste and pulled it into a knot. Why didn't it loosen? She pulled harder, sure now that the whole room was watching her. The knot only pulled tighter.

Esther could think of only one thing — pull. It had to come off. Was someone holding it? Her bonnet had never acted like this before. Oh, how all the people must be laughing. Finally she yanked the tied ribbons from under her chin. There, it was off. Now maybe she could breathe.

But where could she hide it? She placed both suitcases to the same side of the chair, arranging them as two sides of a triangle. There — she plopped the bonnet in the space between them. At last it was out of sight.

Esther Weaver suddenly felt tired. And a little foolish. She looked up to see who all had been watching. No one that she could see. She felt slightly better.

Along the south side of the depot Esther noticed a magazine rack with a pyramid of glossy paperback novels and magazines. A young boy, not more than sixteen, stood scanning the rack, a long cigarette hanging from his lips. He selected a magazine, paid for it, and sat down to read it. Esther blushed when she saw the picture on the cover. Yet the boy didn't seem self-conscious at all. "Isn't he ashamed to be seen reading filth like that?" Esther thought, forgetting her own unhappiness in her indignation.

The glass door at the entrance opened again. A draft of cool air swayed the puff of haze hanging over the boy reading the magazine. Esther watched, curious to see who was coming in.

It was a tall swarthy hippie, his hair hanging in uncombed mats on his shoulders. His wrinkled shirt hung as loosely as his pants were tight. He swaggered through the room, stopped for a drink at the fountain, looked all around, and left again.

Esther heard two women talking behind her. "Did you see that hippie that just left?"

"No."

"He looked dirty and unkempt. But instead of being ashamed of himself he walked as though he owned the terminal and was checking up on the rest of us."

Esther was still musing over what the women had said a few minutes later when the loudspeaker announced her bus.

Grabbing her baggage, Esther hurried outside, the bonnet string clutched in her fingers.

The bus was standing in Lane 4, but the door was still closed. The driver was busy for a minute at the side of the coach, restacking the bags in the luggage compartment.

There were four passengers lined up in front of the bus door, waiting. Esther took her place in line. Soon others gathered behind her. It looked like they would have a load.

Just before the driver came, Esther felt herself being shoved back. A short, fat-faced man with a basket of apples was wedging himself into the line just in front of Esther.

"Sorry, madam," he said, pushing her back even a bit more. "Very important I get on this bus."

"It must be important," Esther thought heatedly. "I'd be ashamed to do something like that, no matter how important it was." But it didn't seem to bother the fat-faced man in the least. He was breathing heavily from the effort — otherwise he seemed very serene.

After the driver took her ticket and the baggage, Esther boarded the bus and found a seat.

Other passengers entered the coach. Esther watched as a young girl about her own age gave her ticket to the driver, then grabbed the handrail to help herself up the steps into the bus. Her dress was so tight around her legs that she could scarcely climb the steps. To make matters worse, her long spike heels threw all her weight onto her pinched toes.

Somehow the girl managed to wiggle herself down the aisle and sat daintily into the seat across from Esther. "Ooh," Esther shuddered to herself, "she doesn't even look like a person. How can she ever face the people after doing all those crazy things to herself?" There were dark circles around the girl's eyes, her hair was stacked up in layer after layer, and her lips were painted a sickening silver-gray.

The last passengers were boarding the bus as Esther settled back into her seat and closed her eyes, trying to relax. But she was too keyed up to relax so easily. The sights and sounds of the last hour seemed to march before

her like an army on parade. She remembered the boisterous boys in the red car, the lad at the magazine rack, the hippie, the rude, fat-faced man, and now the painted "doll" across the aisle. None of them had been ashamed in the least to do wrong, sinful and absurd things.

And herself? Esther thought of how self-conscious she had felt, how resentful for having to look different. Somehow things were beginning to appear to her in a new light. Why should she be ashamed to do right, to appear in a decent, sensible modest way of dressing? Why should she feel guilty to be identified with her people — a people with a sustaining faith and a glorious heritage?

Acting on an impulse, Esther jumped erect and hurried from the bus. The driver was just putting in the last suitcase. "Excuse me," Esther said quickly, "but could I have that blue suitcase right there to take up into the coach with me? There is something in it I will need at the next stop."

"Certainly," the driver said. "It's pretty heavy. I'll carry it up for you."

"Thank you," Esther said gratefully. Then she murmured, "If they're not going to be ashamed, I'm not either."

"What was that?" the bus driver asked, stopping at the step.

"Oh, nothing," said Esther Weaver, smiling. "Guess I was just talking to myself." ■■

## Each Step


Sue Ann Beachy

Each step that you take  
Will lead you somewhere,  
And the footprints you make  
Will always be there.  
Then others will follow  
The pattern you give;  
The path you give;  
Where you go — they'll go —  
Your ways want to live.

The valley you trod  
You go not alone  
For someone will plod  
To go, where you've gone.  
So beware! Every day  
The path that you take,  
For others will pay  
If you make a mistake.

Where will you lead them?  
Oh, where will you go?  
Will you lead them to heaven  
— or to endless woe?  
So follow always  
The path that is strait  
And lead them someday  
Unto heaven's gate.

Paraguay, S. A.



## ARE YOU REALLY GOING?

Tomorrow is the day — you reach the parting of the ways and you must make your own decision. No one else can make it for you, God ordained it so.

When you were young we carried you. We helped you over life's rough places. We led you onward on the path, we thought, the narrow path, the path that leads where all of us will want to go. But now the time has come, tomorrow is the day, for you have said that you will go away.

Tonight I cannot sleep, the chilling northeast wind is grating on my window pane. The skies are overcast; at times the little raindrops splash against the glass. My thoughts go back some twenty years, and sweep and search and grope. If only I could find the seeds from whence they came, that sprouted in your soul, and grew and grew and brought such harvest that today we weep.

You say that you must go — must go, although it is against our will. Your closest friends have tried to tell you not to go. The ministers of your church, ordained of God someday to answer for your soul, they're urging you to stay. Do not go away. We need you, and you need us, too.

Perhaps you think when you have left us, we can just tear out your sheet and all will be as though you never had been here. But you are young, my child, you can not realize the bonds that bind, and bind, and bind.

The day that you were born, you know not of it, but we still remember well the time. How glad we were to see you, feel your curly hair and how you wrinkled up your little brow and cried. Of course you cried, why not, for you made known all your wants. But cuddling close in Mamma's bosom soon you were so sound asleep and fleeting smiles played on your lips.

'Twas easy then to satisfy your wants, you took what Mamma offered, and you thrived and grew and grew. Your little body was soon strong and we were glad to see each day the change you made.

And when you went to school you quickly learned to read and write and play and do the many things that children like to do. Your childhood days flew by so fast — your happy childhood days, where did they go? — we merely got a glimpse. At sixteen summers, there you stood, so strong and straight and knocking at the door of adulthood.

Of course you had your ups and downs, the times when everything seemed to go wrong, but all in all, our hopes were high. We thought that you were growing up to be the kind that someday would fit in. We saw you in your home, the kind of home that God can use, to build up the community, the church, but best of all, a home where children are brought up to do God's will, to walk His ways. Perhaps a humble home where problems need to be worked out each day, a home which profits from the lessons learned of generations past, to hold the values that endure, that stand the test of time.

But now you say you've found a better way, you want to do great things, you're confident of what you're doing and you're anxious to go on. But wait, my child one minute, and consider well these little words of kind advice from those who love you most. Consider well the path wherein

Family Life



you wish to go. It seemeth right but see which way it leads and where it ends.

Are you so sure that voice that leads you on, it is of God? Remember the desires of self can look so good and taste so sweet, and be inviting, so alluring, beckoning for you to come. Beware lest you become entangled in the snares of this vain world; it promises so much but in the end it can not give you what you want.

The best laid plans go oft astray. What will you do when you can not turn back, when you are bound with chains that will not let you go, with chains you forged yourself, and took them on your wrists?

We, your parents, don't expect to be much longer on this earth; we shall soon reach the evening time. But you are young, my child; if God should grant you many years to live, remember that he wants them to be fruitful.

And now that you are grown up, think of those little feet that follow yours. Your little brothers and sisters, see those trusting eyes that look toward you. How can we tell them why you've gone away? If only you had been snatched up by persecution's fires, if workers of iniquity had come to test your faith and you had been steadfast!

But how can we explain so they will understand, that you have gone of your free will? You turned your back on all you once held dear. Your chair is empty at the far end of the table and no one can take your place.

But please don't let it worry you about us here at home. For time will help to heal our grief, our lives will still go on. Yes, there will still be times of joys, sorrows,

problems and the times of victory. But you will not be here to share it with us then, to laugh, to cry, or help to bear the burdens of each other's load.

But what will you be doing then? No doubt activities will keep you busy. Sometime there well may come a day, when the enthusiasm of your new-found life will wear away. There well may come a day when you will be forlorn, forsaken, even by your so-called closest friends. There well may come a day when disappointment's hand will bear down heavy on your heart. And then what will you do?

Perhaps the day will come when all this glitter will have vanished from your life. Then you may see your highest hopes were nothing, and the things you sought for all were vain.

We hope your thoughts will then turn back to home, the home where once you too were happy doing what you could. Don't be afraid to turn your steps, — and come on home. ■■

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## DO WE NEGLECT CHILDHOOD TEACHING?

We have a family of six daughters and each one has a brother. With so many children growing up these days, it reminds me of a saying I once heard.

A couple took their child to a doctor and told him, "We are deeply concerned to raise this child in the right way."

"How old is the child?" asked the doctor.

"Five," they answered.

"You have just missed the best five years of his life!" the old doctor exclaimed.

A grandmother once said, "What a child learns before he goes to school, stays with him."

At first when I heard this saying, I wondered, "How can this be true?" But later through experience in our own home, it was made clear to me. When we read or tell Bible stories to these young children, they listen with both ears and popping eyes. The questions that come forth are amazing.

I believe that such teaching puts a spark in their hearts that can never be taken away from them. Perhaps they may be led astray but it may still be there. But if we wait until we think they are now old enough to be taught of spiritual things and eternity, we may find it much harder to get them interested. They are not single-minded anymore.

I believe that we as the plain churches are lacking in home teaching. Maybe the best teaching we can give to our children is to live a good example ourselves. Children are quick to notice if parents are not faithful to their Heavenly Father.

When Sunday afternoon comes and our teens leave us for a few hours on their own, do we warn them to behave? Do we remind them to do unto others as we would have others do unto us? Or do we only say, "Be at home by a certain time." When they return, do we know where they have been or what they were doing?

When it is bedtime, do we only say, "Go to bed early for we want to get an early start tomorrow morning."?

Should we not teach our children that a devotional time is necessary in the home?

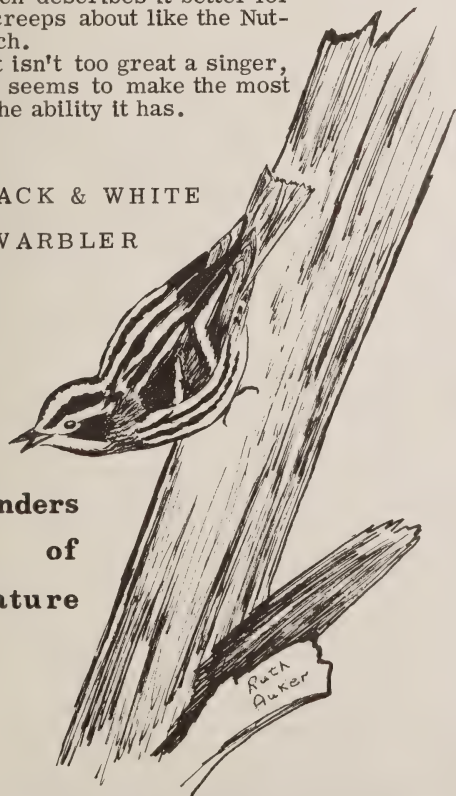
I remember when in my teens five of us boys went for a drive. We all had permission to go. We got to our goal ahead of schedule, and in our spare time we almost got into mischief. All of us had agreed except one boy. He said, "No, my father told me this morning before I left

Another name for this bird is Black & White Creeper, which describes it better for it creeps about like the Nut-hatch.

It isn't too great a singer, but seems to make the most of the ability it has.

### BLACK & WHITE WARBLER

### Wonders of Nature



that we should behave ourselves."

Because one father had been alert, and one boy was obedient, five of us were saved from mischief.

It sometimes shivers a man when we read history of persecution times, and of war-stricken countries where freedom of religion is not like it is here. Many times children and parents were separated. In such times we have to turn to our Comforter and Saviour, Jesus Christ. (Matt. 28:20)

## BROTHERLY LOVE

By David Luthy

**L**iving nearly two thousand years after the Apostle Paul, often we can not fully grasp the importance of things he says. For example, consider the closing verses of his second epistle to the Corinthians: "Zuletzt, lieben Brüder, freut euch ... Grüßet euch untereinander mit dem Kusz ..." Familiar words? They ought to be, for we hear the minister repeat them at the closing of each church service. But did we really ever stop and think what these words must have meant to their first audience — an audience just recently converted from paganism?

Today we are accustomed to hearing and reading such terms as "lieben Brüder" and "heiligen Kusz". And to the Christians in Corinth they were meaningful, but **to the ears of the heathens of Paul's day these were strange words.** Many people who heard Paul preach were undoubtedly pagans for such was the Corinthian society. They must have swung their heads in amazement saying: "Why this is some fanatic. Imagine everyone kissing each other and calling one another brethren!"

To understand the full import of what these heathen Corinthians were saying we will first have to look at the pagan societies of Paul's day. If the word "love" is the heart of the Christian religion, the word "selfishness" was the core of the pagan societies. "A modern historian Philip Schaff goes so far as to say that selfishness was the very soul of pagan religion. Such a religion was void of the idea (or even the terms) of the two cardinal virtues — love and humility. Pagan society was divided into many social classes. Members of each did not mix with one another, not even in religion. The highest form of love these heathens practiced was "friendship" and that was possible only among people of equal social rank. For the stranger, the person of lower social rank, and the enemy, the pagan knew no love — only contempt or hatred. To return evil for good was considered wicked; to return good for good was expected; but to return good for evil was unheard of. It was not until the preaching of Paul that pagan societies heard of this tenet of love — doing good to one's enemies.

So it was that the Apostle Paul stood before pagan audi-

We are blessed with Bibles and religious books in uncounted numbers. This gives us more responsibility than those who do not have these privileges. It must be sinful to let dust cover these books.

We also have many nice song books. Let us find time to sing these songs in our homes. Especially those who are blessed with singing voices.

What children learn at home, they do not easily forget.

- M. H., Pa.

ence after audience (Corinth to Rome) and preached the gospel of Jesus — the Gospel of love. He taught them that they were to be "lieben Brüder", no matter what occupation or social rank they held. Brotherhood was brotherhood; there could be no distinctions within it. And he taught them to greet all the brethren with a "heiligen Kusz" — once again showing equality of persons.

If pagan society was selfishness, no wonder it was hard for pagans to understand the Christians whose society was the opposite — brotherly love. Tertullian, an early Christian historian, spoke directly to the heathens of his day when he said: "'Behold, 'you say, 'how Christians love one another!' Yea, truly this must impress you for you hate each other. And even that we call each other brethren seems suspicious to you for no other reason than that among you all expressions of affection are only feigned."

In the early Christian community brotherly love expressed itself especially in the Church's caring for the poor, sick, widows, orphans, prisoners and strangers. Every congregation was a charitable society which performed numberless acts of mercy. During a persecution in Rome, the deacon Laurentius showed to the heathen official the Church's most precious treasures — a multitude of widows, orphans, blind, lame, and sick. Lucian, an opponent of Christianity, testified to this zeal when he wrote: "It is incredible to see the ardor with which the people of that religion help each other in their wants. They spare nothing. Their first legislator has put into their heads that they are all brethren."

Local Christian congregations did not merely take care of their own needs. They held that charity begins at home but does not stay at home. So when congregations at a distance needed assistance, help arrived from other Christian communities. Sometimes a bishop would appoint a special collection or fast by which food might be obtained for the suffering. Money was collected with which to ransom Christians taken captive by barbarians.

The account is given in Philip Schaff's history book of a father who refused to give alms for he was saving up money to take care of his own children's future needs. The bishop Cyprian charged him with the sin of binding his children to an earthly inheritance instead of pointing them to the richest and most loving Father in heaven.

Charity was not kept solely within the Christian congregations themselves. Help was sometimes extended to neighboring heathens as an expression of the Christian principle, "Love your enemies." In the year 252 A.D., there was a pestilence raging in Carthage (North Africa), and the heathens threw out their dead and sick upon the streets and ran away from them. A bishop in the city exhorted his congregations to love their enemies, and the sick were taken in and cared for and the dead buried. The same self-denial appeared in the city of Alexandria during a serious plague. Such actions by the Christians won for



them much respect and admiration of the heathens.

Christianity, then, is (or should be) a society of brotherly love. The next time we hear the minister say "liebenBrüder", or we greet one another with the "heiligen kusz" let us pause and remember that these are not to be empty forms but expressions of true feeling of brotherhood. And may Paul's advice to the Hebrews be ever on our minds and hearts: "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity as being yourselves also in the body." (Hebrews 13:1-3). May we realize that our brotherhood has a rich heritage — a heritage of brotherly love. ■■

In a note to the editors, the author of the following story writes, "Not all our youth are involved in these happenings. No, not half. But too many are. Sometimes such parties bring in young people from different states and communities. When I actually saw what took place, I was shocked."

## HARD TO FORGET

- Author wishes to remain anonymous

I wish it had been a bad dream. Just a bad dream from which I could have awakened and been thankful it wasn't true. And a dream would have been so much easier to forget.

I had heard of such things happening, but seeing it was different. It was so real — too real. Facing facts is hard to do when one would rather not.

Maybe I shouldn't even be writing this. The only reason I am is to let you see what I saw, because I haven't been able to get it out of my thoughts. As I said, it never really struck me with such forceful tragedy until I was there. There is still a vivid picture in my mind of that boy and girl walking hand in hand down the lane, the girl carrying a beer bottle and talking boisterously. It made me think, "And this is a Christian community known far and wide for its plain people." Yes, it happened at one of their farms.

As another car approached, the couple slipped over on the grassy bank. I stood watching them. Paris hairdo, mini-skirt, sheer hose, college haircut, checkered shirt — surely it had to be a dream. It was hard to believe that only hours before the couple had attended a plain church. Now there was no inkling of nonconformity about them. They looked like any of the local high school students. But miles away their parents were probably sitting comfortably in their living room, not aware of the danger or the ungodly behavior their children were in.

Knowing nothing of the planned party, some friends and I had spent that evening in a nearby home. Having tied our horse where later they parked their cars, we suddenly found ourselves in the center of the activity.

Cars were lining up one after the other as the shadows lengthened over the scene. Five, ten, fifteen — up to a total of twenty-five cars. Dirty talk filled the evening air. The roar of racing stationary motors became louder

as dusk shed its blanket over this shame.

At the very moment back home, Mom and Dad were probably lighting a lamp. Maybe they were wondering where the young people were, and what they were doing. Could they have seen, undoubtedly it would have been hard for them to believe. Of course, they had noticed that since Johnny had a car, he had seemed a little wilder. But what boy didn't sow his wild oats? In time he would join church, get married and settle down. That was the way young people were.

Even with these thoughts, Mother likely could not help but worry some. She was afraid their children would attend beer parties. Had she known the truth, I'm sure she would have been driven to her knees, pleading for her daughter's purity.

Some people will be saying, "Such things are not for the public to know about." I wish too, the public didn't know, but in this case they knew only too well. A local paper had a write-up on these doings.

As we were leaving, we could not help noticing the boy drunkenly leaning on a few girls. Alcohol had unshackled the girls' natural reserve. They were free to return the affection...

Caps popped, empty cans skittered across the loose gravel. Silly giggles, bold invitations, and coarse talk echoed in our ears. "I don't want it if it isn't seven percent," a beautiful young girl brazenly cried.

With cigarettes in one hand and beer in the other, these young people could hardly be imagined as the future church. Now and then religion was heard mentioned — in mockery.

Pity and sorrow filled my heart as I wondered how grievous this appeared to God. Who knows but that by the next day a boy or girl might be dead, having met God in a drunken stupor? (It has happened before and since, but thank God for His mercy, it didn't happen that night.)

Had all this taken place in some city, or anywhere else, it wouldn't have hurt so much. But here it was right in front of me, in our own community and our own young people. And the painful part is that many parents are not alarmed. They live in hopes that after the young people's "wild oats" are sown, all will be well. I wish it were so, but it isn't.

Within the last two years at least a half dozen boys in our community didn't get time to quit sowing "wild oats". Death snatched them from this life suddenly. While drunken and rebelling, all died in violent car accidents.

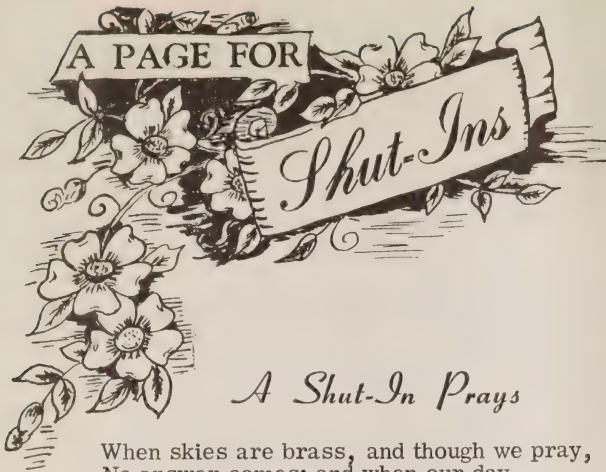
Still the parties go on.

What can be done? Our conscience can easily be quieted by busying ourselves with other cares. But we need to be awakened. For me that evening was a rough awakening. Facts are facts. We can deny that they exist, or ignore them and try to forget them if we like, but they are still the same.

Yes, I think the parents would all have objected had they seen what went on at the party. But is that an excuse?

It seems to me that for too long youth problems have been allowed to take second place while petty church misunderstandings get the most attention. While parents are disagreeing on methods of solving the problems, their children are getting more deeply involved in sin. What must be done, must be done at once. Blood will surely be required of our hands if we neglect to do what we can. If we are unconcerned while sin is dragging down our youth, a harvest of misery and regret is sure to follow.

Facts are facts. Facing them is the only Scriptural way. And face them we shall; if not now — some day. ■■



## A Shut-In Prays

When skies are brass, and though we pray,  
No answer comes; and when our day  
Is filled with pain and grief and care,  
Sometimes we wonder, "Is God there?"  
And does He hear us—does He know  
The pangs we suffer? And if so—  
Because He is omnipotent,  
And we so weak, our small strength spent  
Why not reach down His mighty hand  
To help? Could we but understand  
His ways with us—could we but know  
What God is doing for us now!

What is God doing for us now?  
O child of His, why should we know?  
He is the Potter, we the dust,  
Shaped by His hand, can we not trust  
Enough that He, the Perfect One,  
Will finish what He has begun,—  
The Master Artist's own design,  
Worked out in lives, like yours and mine.  
The Shepherd knoweth what is best  
For that small lamb upon His breast;  
And tenderly the Father feeds  
And nourishing the child He leads.

O suffering ones, whose skies are brass,  
Know that all grief and pain will pass;  
All tears be dried. We may be sure  
This life is but the overture.  
We could not bear it yet to know  
What God is doing for us now!

ging for is not for more faith (although you think it is) but for sight. You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task.

Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me and so God must have sent it," but, "God sent it and so it must be good for me."

Faith walking in the dark with God, only prays Him to clasp its hand more closely, — does not even ask for the lifting of the darkness so that the man may find the way himself.

Mary is all faith when she says, "Do what He tells you," and all must come right, simply because He is He.

Blessed the heart that has learned such a faith and can stand among men in all their doubts and darkness and just point to Jesus Christ and say, "Do His will and everything must come right with you. I do not know how: but I know Him. God forbid that I should try to lead you, but I can put your hand in His hand, and bid you go where He shall carry you."  
— Selected.

I wish I could in some way encourage more of the handi-caps and shut-ins to contribute articles for this page. A person would think, "If anyone has plenty of time to write it would be the shut-ins."

In some cases this may be true. But many shut-ins have a busy life, even if they cannot help much with the daily household tasks at home. It seems when a shut-in has strength to do something he will do it, and find enjoyment, in accomplishing any deed — regardless how lowly a task it is.

One of my shut-in friends, the late Katie P. Troyer, spent many hours making little ropes with an empty spool and string.

In my mind I can see her small body doubled up in her chair as she slowly pulled the string through. Perhaps six inches would be completed in a day. In the evening when she examined her day's work and would find an error, she would unravel it and do it over again.

For many years she was on a wheelchair. She enjoyed reading but her speech was inaudible. The last years she lived she made baskets from greeting cards.

## Shut In

Shut in? Ah yes, that's so,  
As far as getting out may go:  
Shut in away from earthly cares,  
But not shut out from Him who cares.

Shut in from many a futile quest,  
But Christ can be my daily Guest;  
He's not shut out by my four walls,  
But hears and answers all my calls.

Shut in with God! Oh, that should be  
Such a wonderful opportunity;  
Then after I have done my best,  
In God's hands safely I'll leave the rest.  
— Sel. by Mrs. J. N. Peachy

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith; but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all they are wanting but a change from faith to sight.

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get a strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it like a plume."

"What shall I do with this hard hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes, if I could only see it would make me grow."

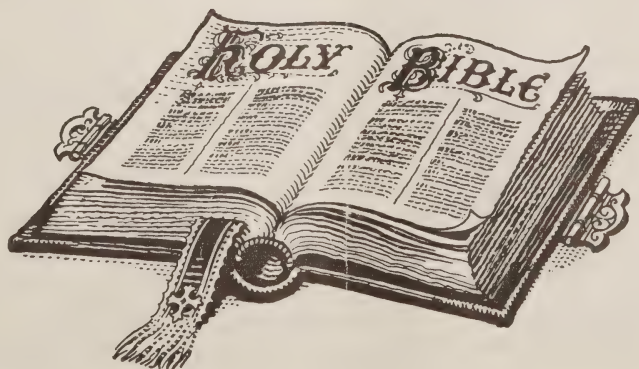
In both these cases do you not see that what you are beg-



## *My Old Bible*

Tho the cover be worn and the pages are torn,  
And the places bear traces of tears,  
Yet more precious than gold is the Book worn and old,  
That can shatter and scatter my fears,  
When I prayerfully look in the precious old Book,  
Many pleasures and treasures I see;  
Many tokens of love from the Father above,  
Who is nearest and dearest to me.  
This old Book is my guide, 'tis a friend by my side,  
It will lighten and brighten my way:  
And each promise, I find, soothes and gladdens the mind  
As I read it and heed it each day.  
To this Book I will cling, of its worth I will sing,  
Tho great losses and crosses be mine;  
For I cannot despair tho surrounded by care,  
While possessing this Blessing Divine.

...Author Unknown





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: 'Aunt Becky', in care of Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario

## *A Voice In The Twilight*

I was sitting alone in the twilight  
With spirit troubled and vexed  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care;  
Some stitches half wearily setting  
In the endless need for repair.

But my thoughts were about the building  
The work some day to be tried  
And that only the gold and silver  
And the precious stones should abide.

I remembered my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done  
And even when trying most truly  
How meager success I had won.

"It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"  
I said, "it will all be burned."  
This useless fruit of my talents,  
One day to be returned.

Just then as I turned the garment  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bundle  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender  
And something blinded my eyes  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me  
I knew 'twas the best she could do  
But oh, what a botch she had made it,  
The gray mismatching the blue.

And yet can you understand it  
With a tender smile and a tear

And a half compassionate yearning;  
To me she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet still voice broke the silence  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
"Art thou more tender for the child  
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning  
So full of compassion and love  
And my faith came back to its refuge  
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder  
Comes down His temple to view  
To see what repairs are needed  
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as he looks o'er this building  
He will bring my work to light  
And seeing the marring and bungling  
And many things not right

He will feel as I felt for my darling  
And will say as I said to her,  
"Dear child, she wanted to help me  
And love for me was the spur."

And there in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a hand  
And to feel a great love constraining me,  
Stronger than any command.

How thrilled I was by the presence —  
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One  
That would tenderly guide and hold me  
Till all my labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy.  
My faith no longer is dim,  
But my heart is strong and restful  
And my eyes are looking to Him.

- Sent in by Mrs. L. O.



## WHEN ARE YOU HAPPY?

Really, when are you happy? When everything goes just right for you? That sounds natural, of course — but are you?

An evening comes and you muse over the day's happenings and think, "Everything went real good today." It couldn't have been better. The sky was so blue and the sun shone brightly. The children played so nice all day. You had no problems with them whatsoever. Your work just rolled along smoothly. But somehow at the close of the day, you just don't feel so happy — so peaceful. The Lord seems far away. Could it be that everything went



so well that you forgot to lean on Him?

Another evening comes and again you muse over the day's happenings. This was a cloudy and dreary day. To start with, you woke up with a bad headache. The children did a lot of fighting. You had to get the rod down several times to make them obey. Your work just didn't go so well all day. Maybe you got a let-down from a friend. Also you had to shed a few tears to think of a loved one who had passed on to eternity. But somehow as the evening hours came, you felt so peaceful. Yes, you could lean on the Lord and cast all your care upon Him. He seemed so near.

How good the Lord has been to me through these years! But isn't it strange that some of the sweetest memories center on days that required a special dependence on a higher power. When in sorrow or disappointment, I learned of the joy to lean on the Lord.

If we want to be happy when all goes well, then we must keep ourselves in the place where we never forget our need of the Lord.

"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord that exercise loving kindness, judgement, and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Jeremiah 9:23-24

- Mrs. R. E. Mast, Ohio

#### SUCCOTASH CHOWDER

- 1 large onion, chopped
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup fresh or canned corn
- 1 cup fresh or canned lima beans
- 2 cups potatoes, diced
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- dash of pepper
- 3 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 cup water
- parsley, chopped

Saute onion in butter in pressure cooker until slightly browned. Add vegetables, water, salt and pepper. Cover. Set control. After the control jiggles cook for 2 minutes. Reduce pressure instantly. Add milk to vegetables and heat to boiling. Blend flour with water to make a smooth paste. Add to soup and cook one minute, stirring constantly. Garnish servings with chopped parsley. Serves 4 - 6.

Mrs. Nate Wickey, Indiana

#### NO-BAKE COOKIES

- 2 cups white sugar
  - 3 tblsp. cocoa
  - 1/4 cup butter
  - 1/2 cup milk
- Boil one minute - remove from heat.  
Add: 3 cups oatmeal (crumbled fine)  
1/2 cup peanut butter  
1 tsp. vanilla

Drop quickly on wax paper by teaspoonful.

Mrs. W. K., Ohio

#### BUTTERMILK ROLLS

Dissolve 1 package yeast in 1/4 cup warm water. Mix together: 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons soft lard, 1 cup lukewarm buttermilk. Add yeast. Then stir in 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 cups flour - using enough to make dough easy to handle. Turn dough onto floured board. Cover. Let rise 10 minutes. Then knead till smooth and elastic. Roll dough into an oblong 9 x 12 inches. Spread with 2 tablespoons soft butter. Sprinkle with mixture of 1/2 cup sugar and 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Roll up tightly and cut 12 pieces, one inch wide. Place in greased pan. Let rise at 85 degrees until double (about 1 hour). Bake 20-25 minutes in 325° oven. Cool, and ice with powdered sugar icing. Top with nuts, if desired.

- Mrs. R. B., Ohio

#### Some Mothers Write

My small daughter once used Union Hill Salve to paste pictures on the wall.

Mrs. D. E. M., Ohio

It seems I am busy all the time, but it's just like this; the people that want to do something can always find something to do, and the people that don't like to work can sure act as if they don't have anything to do.

- B. M., Va.

The full moon had just risen and was shining through the branches of a small tree. My 2 1/2 year old daughter exclaimed, "Mom, the moon is cracked!"

- Mrs. W. H., Ohio

My oldest grandson has a birthday today. I must send him a greeting but will send one along for his brother Roy too. It isn't his birthday but he will be hurt if his older brother gets one and he doesn't.

- K., Ohio

Last week when our 4-year-old daughter saw the neighbors shocking oats, which is not done here as much as in some communities, she said, "Look, Daddy, bringing in the sheaves!"

- B. M., Ohio

My 2-year-old daughter looked out through the doorway where darkness had descended a few minutes before and said, "Out there the light went out."

- Mrs. B., Ont.

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair,



Some people  
are always  
rushing around.  
It seems they  
want to catch  
up with some-  
thing that  
won't be  
caught - TIME.  
Aunt Becky

Der

Jesse

geht zu

der Store

Jesse! Jesse! Ho, Jesse!"

"Ja, Maem, ich komme."

"Wo warst du so lang, Jesse?"

"Ich war drauß ins Eis-haus am spielen."

"Jesse, du sollst 'naus geh'n an der Store und some Kalumet Baking Powder holen. Wir haben das Brod alles gegessen, und ich will Biscuits machen für das Mittag-Essen. Du sollst auch Lundy Biscuits und Soda holen."

"Kann ich auch Tapioca kaufen? Wir haben schon lang feins gehabt. Und darf ich gehen mits Wägel?"

"Nein, du sollst Eier mit nehmen für die Sachen zu bezahlen. Du sollst geschwind 'naus gehen über das Feld, so ich es machen kann ob der Mittag Stunde kommt. Ich tät besser schreiben was du holen sollst."

"Wei, Maem, ich bin schon acht Jahre alt! Ich tue es nicht vergessen."

"Du sollst gehen jeh, denn es ist schon vorbei zehn uhr."

"Maem, darf ich ein Penny haben für eine Stengel Randy zu kaufen?"

"Nein, Jesse", sagt die Maem, "du hast Randy gehabt lest Woch! Gehe geschwind, und gib acht auf die Eier."

Nun nehmt der Jesse die Eier für an der Store zu gehen. Er geht durch der Hof und seht dort ein Amsel mit einen Wurm. "Wo hat der Amsel seine Jungen?" wunderte der Jesse.

Er suchte bis er das Nest finde in der Trauben Stod und sah die Jungen in das Nest. "Jeh", denkt der Jesse, "muß ich an der Store gehen."

Wo er durchs Feld ging sieht er in ein andern Feld sein Vater und sein ältere Brüder am pflügen. Am morgen hat der Vater gesagt: "Heut müssen wir pflügen mit drei Ge-spannen, denn es wird spat. Der Davie ist dreizehn Jahre alt. Er ist groß genug für helfen."

"Ich wünsche, ich wäre alt genug für pflügen", dachte der Jesse. "Das wäre Spaß. Oh, dort gehet ein Killdeer. Was ist lek mit der Vogel? Es kann nicht recht fliegen. Es fallet um. Ich will es fangen."

Der Jesse springt der Vogel nach. Nun flieget es ein wenig weiter. Er probieret es als wieder fangen. Der Vogel fällt wieder 'nunter. "D, ich muß aber an der Store gingen", denkt er und fing an seiner Weg zu gehen.

Er siehet ans Schulhaus. Dort war der Reddie, ein Bettelman, am der John Renno sein Kühe hüten, daß sie nicht weiter kommen als der Weiss Hall Busch.

"Ach, was ist am kommen auf der Weg? Es ist ein Kar.

Ich wunder ob es der Bruce Bennett ist? Der Vater hat gestern gesagt er muß ein großen haufen Geld haben, denn er hat ein Kar gekauft. Ich will 'naus springen an der Weg, wo ich ihn besser sehen kann."

Dops! Dort sind die Eier gegangen! Er hat sein Zehen gestoßen an einer Stein in das Gras. Der Zehen tut wehe und fang an zu bluten. "Was will der Maem sagen?" denkt er. "Ich hoffe niemand hat mich gesehen. Oh! dort sind die Peachy Mägden im Garten. Was werden sie sagen?"

Er schämte sich sehr, und fürchte er hat nun nicht genug Geld für alles zu kaufen. Er fing an Gras aus ziehen für die Eier zu reinigen, aber siehet, daß der Korb verschmieret ward. "Ich hoffe, daß der Storemann, der Bob Gosh, hat mich nicht gesehen", denkt er, "denn er tut mich oftmals reizen. Was soll ich machen mit der Korb und die Eier?"

Er denkt an der Trog wo die Gänl 'raus laufen und ging hie für die Eier wäshen. Ob er dahin kommt siehet er der Patty Merry, ein anderer Bettel Mann, auf der Store Bordz sitzen. Er tut auch viel die Kindern reizen.

"Hey, Jesse, didn't you have breakfast? Are you trying to make egg Duds", sagt der Bob. Der Jesse schämte sich noch mehr. "Solet deine Eier darüber. Ich will sie wäshen". sagte er weiter. "Was ist lek mit deiner Zehen?"

"Ich hab es an ein Stein gestoßen."

"Ich wird ein wenig Peroxide darauf tun, und es zu wickeln", sagt der freundlicher Mann. "Was willst du haben?"

"Ich will die Eier später wäshen", antwortete der Jesse. "Ich will Kalumet Baking Powder. Der Maem will Biscuits machen fürs Essen."

"Es ist nach der elf uhr", sagte der Bob.

"Ich will auch ein box Lundy Biscuits, und ein box Tapioca, und— a, —er —ah—. Ich habe vergessen was der Maem gesagt hat. Es waren vier dingen." Nun fühlt der Jesse nicht so groß als er hat vorher.

"Ist es Zucker, Salz, oder Mehl?" fragt der Storemann.

"Nein."

Der Storemann nannte mehr von seine Sachen.

"War es Spice, oder Soda?" fragte er endlich.

"Ja, Soda", sagt der Jesse, fröhlich. "Hab ich genug Eier für daß zu bezahlen?"

"Laß mich mol sehen." Ein wenig später sagte er weiter: "Du bist mir zwei pennies schuldig. Wir lassen es gehen für der gestoßen Zehen."

Nun war der Jesse bereit für Heim zu gehen. Wo er durch das Feld gesprungen war hat er die Männer gesehen an Bereitschaft machen Heim zu gehen mit die Gänl. Nun springet der Knabe geschwind gegen das Haus. Er höret noch sein Maem rufen: "Jesse, ho, Jesse!"

"Ja, Maem, ich komme."

"Wo warst du so lang? Was ist lek mit der Zehen? Warum ist dein Korb so verschmieret?"

"Ich war an ein Kar anschauen und habe nicht gesehen wo ich hin laufe und bin gefallen. Ich hab Eier zerbrochen."

Dann sagt die Maem: "Wann du dein eigene Sachen nach sehen wirst und sehen wo du hin läufst, wird solche Sachen nicht geschehen."

Der Jesse hat dies niemals vergessen, aber er meint er hat es nicht genug getan. (Dies war in 1920, und heute ist der Jesse ein Bischof in Pennsylvania.)



# Am Morgen.

Von Ph. Spitta.

Im Osten flammt der gold'ne Morgen,  
Und alles, was die finst're Nacht verborgen,  
Wird offenbar erhellt vom Sonnenlicht.  
Und all die Wälder, all die Höh'n und Tiefen,  
Die eingehüllt im Nebelbette schliefen,  
Stehn glänzend vor der Sonne Angesicht.



Leucht in mein Herz und gib mir Licht und Banne,  
Mein Jesu, meines dunkeln Herzens Sonne,  
Erwecke drin den hellen Tageschein!  
O offenbare mir die vielen Falten  
Des Herzens, das nach dir sich muß gestalten  
Und in dein heilig Bild verkläret sein.

In deinem Lichte laß mich heute wandeln,  
In deiner Liebeswärme laß mich handeln,  
Wie eine neu belebte Kreatur,  
Die auch durch eine neue Lebensweise  
Den Schöpfer ihres neuen Lebens preise  
Und leb' zu seinem Lob und Ruhme nur.



Ich bitte nicht: nimm weg des Tages Plagen!  
Nein, um die Liebe bitt' ich, sie zu tragen,  
Und um den Glauben, daß mir alles frommt,  
Daß alles sich zu meinem Heil muß wenden,  
Weil alles mir aus deinen lieben Händen  
Und deinem segensreichen Herzen kommt.

Du rechte Morgensterne meines Lebens,  
O leuchte mir denn heute nicht vergebens,  
Sei du mein Licht, wenn ich im Dunkeln steh';  
Umleuchte mich mit Glanz und Heil und Banne,  
Daß ich mit Freuden in die Abendsonne  
Am Ende meiner Erdenwallfahrt seh'.



## Einwärts, aufwärts, vorwärts!

Einwärts in des Herzens Stille  
Führt uns Gottes heil'ger Wille,  
Wenn der Engel Füße rauschen  
Und wir tief anbetend lauschen,  
Was der Herr zu sagen hat  
Unser Seele müß' und matt.  
Einwärts ruffst du, Herr, die Deinen,  
Ruffst sie zu dem einzig Einem,  
Wartest still der Gottespflanze,  
Daß sie reife zu dem Kranze  
Ew'ger Blüte, ew'ger Frucht,  
Birgst sie vor der wilden Flucht  
Durch das ungestüme Leben,  
Drin die Geister weben, weben  
Prächtig, wild ihr Reigentanz  
Vor dem künft'gen ew'gen Fluch.

Aufwärts rege deine Schwingen,  
Von der Heimat laß dir fingen,  
Wo die Lebensbäume blühen,  
Wo die Rauchaltäre glühen,  
Wo am Ziel das Kleinod winkt  
Und die Siegeskrone blinkt.

Schmal der Weg und eng die Pforte;  
Tönen bald die süßen Worte,  
Reuch nur aus die Pilgerschuhe  
In dem Glanz der Sabbathruhe!  
Drum sei Heimat die Parol!  
Und der Adler das Symbol.

Vorwärts, hör' ich darum rufen,  
Und es klingt durch alle Stufen  
Eines wahren Christenlebens:  
Stillstand, Rückgang ist vergebens.  
Besten Teils verlustig gehn,  
Die am Markt des Lebens stehn.  
Treu ins Leiden, tief ins Lieben  
Wird ein Christ vom Geist getrieben,  
Daß die Perlen in der Krone  
Und die Garben vor dem Throne  
Reifen in dem Ungemach. —  
„Vorwärts!“ ruft der Herr, „Mir nach!“  
Einwärts, vorwärts klingt es wieder,  
Aufwärts ist das Lied der Lieber.

## THREE KINDS OF TEMPTATIONS

"For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4:15)

If we would classify our temptations, perhaps they could all be put under these three words: passion, possession, position.

**Passion** When Jesus was tempted in the wilderness he was tempted to make stone into bread at a time when he must have been very hungry. (Matt. 4:4) Aren't we many times tempted by our passions, or things our body craves? Are we many times tempted to overeating, smoking, or letting our thoughts and eyes feast on sinful pictures or stories — things that the natural man enjoys.

**Position** Jesus was also tempted to prove to Satan that he was someone in a position important enough that even

the angels had a concern for him. (Matt. 4:5-6) Do we like to be noticed by people? Do we in our hearts wish to be placed into a higher position so that we might receive more honor? "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." (James 4:10)

**Possession** Remembering that Jesus was tempted in "all points like as we are" we see that last of all Satan showed him the riches of the world and told him he could become possessor of all of them. (Matt. 4:8-9) Do we strive for possession — money, farms, and things that pertain to the world: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." (Matt. 6:24)

The world's three kinds of temptations are summed up in one verse. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, (passions) the lust of the eyes, (possessions) and the pride of life, (position) is not of the Father, but is of the world." (I John 2:16) — C. R. Diener, Penna.

The Devil once said,  
To his demons below,  
Our work is progressing  
Entirely too slow;  
The Christian people  
Stand in our way,  
Since they don't believe  
In the show or the play.



They'll take in the ads  
With the latest of fashions,  
And soon watch the shows  
That stir evil passions.  
Murder and love-making  
Scenes they'll behold  
Until in their souls  
They are bitterly cold.

They teach that the carnival  
Circus and dance,  
The tavern and honky-tonk  
With games of chance,  
Drinking and smoking;  
These things are all wrong;  
That Christians don't mix,  
With the ungodly throng.

There's nothing so real  
As the thing you can see;  
The eyes and the mind  
And the heart will agree  
So what can be better  
Than an object to view?  
I say it will work  
And embrace not a few.

The "Old Family Altar"  
Which once held such charm,  
Will soon lose its place  
Without much alarm,  
Praying in secret  
Will also be lost,  
As they look at the screen  
Without counting the cost.

They're quick to condemn  
Everything that we do  
To cause unbelievers  
To be not a few;  
They claim that these things  
Are all of the Devil,  
That Christian folk live  
On a much higher level.

The home is the place  
For this sinful device;  
The people deceived  
Will think it quite nice.  
The world will possess it  
Most Christians can't tell  
That it's all of the Devil  
And was plotted in hell.

Divorce will increase,  
Sex-crimes will abound;  
Much innocent blood  
Will be spilled on the ground.  
The home will be damned  
In short order I say,  
When this vision of mine  
Comes in to stay.

Now, fellows, their theology,  
While perfectly true,  
Is blocking the work  
We are trying to do.  
We'll have to get busy  
And figure a plan  
That will change their standards  
As fast as we can.

We'll sell them with pictures  
Of the latest of news,  
And while they're still looking  
We'll advertise booze.  
At the soul-damning cigarette  
Also they'll look,  
Until they forget  
What God says in His book.

We'll cover the earth  
With this "Devil Vision"  
Though we'll camouflage it  
With the name "Television".  
The people will think  
They are getting a treat,  
Till the Antichrist comes  
And takes over his seat.

Now, I have a vision  
Of what we can do;  
Harken — I'll tell  
This deception to you.  
Then find me a wise  
But degenerate man  
Whom I can use  
To help work out this plan.

At first it will shock them  
They'll seem in a haze;  
But soon they'll be hardened  
And continue to gaze  
We'll give them some gospel  
That isn't too strong,  
And a few sacred hymns,  
To string them along.

He'll then rule the world  
While the viewers behold,  
The face of the "Beast"  
To whom they were sold.  
We'll win through deception  
This cannot fail,  
Though some Christian preachers  
Against it will rail.



# CHILDREN'S SECTION

## SOMEBODY TO BLAME

- Elmo Stoll

**T**he sorrel mare lifted her head at the sound of approaching footsteps. Her pointed ears perked forward, listening.

The figure of a 14-year-old boy stepped around the corner of a nearby building. Behind the boy trotted a black-and-white dog, King.

"Hi, Jeanie," the boy called to the horse. "Are you ready for your supper?"

It was only four o'clock, but Melvin Mast had decided to start choring early. His father was at an auction and might not be home until late. Melvin couldn't start milking yet, but there was no reason why he couldn't feed and water Jeanie, the family's driver. For the last month they had kept her in the one-acre patch behind the chicken house, feeding her grain and hay. Pasture was short, and besides, it was handy having the horse close when they wanted to go away unexpectedly during the day.

Melvin whistled. The mare walked eagerly to her empty grain box, and stood waiting.

"You know what's coming," Melvin laughed. "But before you get anything to eat, I'll lead you out to the trough and give you a drink."

Melvin unlatched the gate, swung it open, and walked up to the horse. She stood and let him take her by the halter.

Leading her out of the pen, and over to the stock tank, Melvin stood patting the mare's sleek sides while she drank deep gulps of the clear water. Overhead a pair of barn swallows twittered musically as they sat on the eaves trough of the barn. Melvin shaded his eyes from the sun and looked up at them, admiring the glossy sheen of their feathers and the perfect shape of their scissor-like tails.

Jeanie finished drinking, lifted her head, and started turning away.

"Whoa," Melvin called. He grabbed for her halter. His quick movement only frightened the horse, and she jerked back. Then seeing that she was loose, she wheeled around and ran out of the barnyard. She stopped at the corner of the windmill to eat some grass.

"Whoa," Melvin said, walking up to her slowly and holding out his hand. But Jeanie was in no mood to be caught. When she saw him coming, she shook her head, and galloped off into the corn field behind the barn.

"Oh, no," Melvin groaned. "Why did I ever let loose of her halter? Well, there's nothing to do but go after her, and hope she doesn't smash too much corn."

Melvin hurried around the barn. Ahead of him King ran eagerly.

"No, no, Doggie. Come back here," Melvin ordered. "You can't help. You'll just chase her all over the field. Stay back and let me catch her."

Jeanie stood at the far end of the field, munching on the

knee-high corn.

Feeling certain he could catch her if he kept her in the corner, Melvin zig-zagged as he approached, blocking any chance for the horse to escape.

King was eager to help. He could hardly wait for Melvin to sic him after the mare.

"Whoa, now, whoa," Melvin soothed.

King bounced forward eagerly.

"No, no," Melvin shouted. "Come back."

Jeanie whirled around to face them, and King began to bark excitedly.

"Stop it. Stop barking," Melvin yelled, but it was too late. Jeanie bolted and broke past them, galloping wildly. She slashed down several stalks of corn as she swerved out of one row into the next.

King thought it was fun. He ran after her, barking gleefully.

"Come back here," Melvin shouted angrily. "It's all your fault, you crazy dog. You'll have to learn to listen better than all that."

King came back to see what his master wanted.

"Come here."

King's head dropped to the ground, and he slunk up on his belly.

"I'd be ashamed, too," Melvin said heatedly. "Look at all the corn you ruined." He beat the dog with his hand, scolding harshly.

Jeanie kept galloping until she was half way through the field, then she slowed to a trot. Close to the barn she stopped and stood eating. But once again, when Melvin approached, she kicked up her heels and raced away.

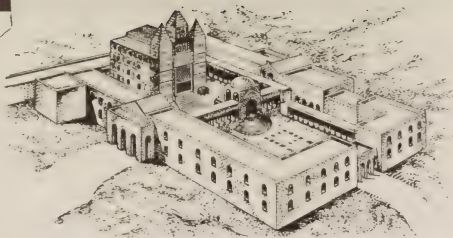
Melvin ran as fast as he could, trying to head her off and steer her into the barnyard. But he was already tired from running and his breath came in gasps. He forced himself to greater speed. He simply had to head her off, or she could go out to the road, and then there might be no stopping.

Had he been a few feet farther, he could have turned her. Jeanie saw him coming and put on added speed. As the horse dashed past him, Melvin shouted and waved his hands. He grabbed off his hat and flung it at her desperately, but she only dodged to one side and broke through. Melvin stood panting. He watched her gallop out the lane and turn down the road. His face burned, and he was sweating so that his clothes clung to him.

A wave of despair and self-pity swept over him. The job looked hopeless. His legs were no match for a horse's. Hot tears sprang to his eyes, but he blinked them back. He was too old to cry.

Determinedly Melvin rubbed the sweat from his hot face with the back of his hand. Somehow he would have to get Jeanie back into her pen. She wasn't going to allow herself to be caught, that was clear by now, but maybe if he could chase her into her pen — Hey, that was an idea. Why hadn't he thought of that before.

His mother and oldest sister Rosemary were in the house. One of them could stand at the road and the other could watch so Jeanie didn't go out to the corn field again. And he would try to get around her somehow and chase her



## THE TEMPLE

BY TITUS

### ACROSS

1. Matthew 21:12
2. Jeremiah 27:16
4. Acts 9:1
5. Jeremiah 17:26
8. Mark 12:41
9. Exodus 27:12
10. Luke 6:4

### DOWN

2. II Kings 10:22
3. Numbers 9:10
6. II Kings 23:12
7. Mark 15:38
11. II Chronicles 30:14
12. Romans 11:3

back.

Before going into the house, Melvin looked down the road to see how far Jeanie had run. He was relieved to see that she hadn't gone very far, and now stood eating grass at the side of the road. There was a fence on both sides of her, so if he could circle around —

Melvin opened the screen door and stepped inside. The porch felt cool and he realized that he was still very hot — not only from running, but also from his anger.

Rosemary was in the kitchen peeling potatoes. She glanced up when Melvin entered.

"Why, Melvin," she said. "What have you been doing to get your face so red?"

"I've been chasing mean old Jeanie," he said indignantly. "She's loose, and I ran all over the corn field trying to catch her. Now she's run down the road."

"We'll come out and help get her in," Mother offered. She was sewing in the living room and had overheard the conversation.

"I wish you would," Melvin said. "Then maybe we could get her in. One of you watch at the road and the other at the corn field, and I'll chase her back if I can."

Jeanie was busy eating, and didn't notice Melvin as he made a wide circle through the field and finally came out on the road behind her. He chased her slowly, not caring to see her break into a gallop again. Mother stood in the middle of the road, just above the lane, waving her arms.

With surprising ease, they guided the horse right into her pen.

Seeing that Jeanie was safely inside the pen, Mother returned to the house. Melvin ran out as fast as he could, but he needn't have hurried as Rosemary was at the gate watching so Jeanie couldn't get out again.

"Jeanie was just plain mean," Melvin said angrily to his sister. "Every time I tried to catch her, she just ran off. I've got a good notion to tie her up and give her a beating that will teach her something."

"Aww, Melvin," Rosemary said, "don't be so mad at a horse."

"You'd be mad, too," Melvin retorted, "if you had to chase all over the farm. There wasn't any excuse for it."

"She was just being a horse," Rosemary said. "How'd she get loose to start with?"

"She ran away when I was giving her a drink."

"Well, you should have watched her," Rosemary said,

as he closed the gate and latched it. "If you'd beat Jeanie now, you'd just make her sorry she came back as soon as she did. Besides, don't blame a horse for your own mistakes."

Melvin looked at his sister, but she hadn't stayed to argue. She was already turning and heading for the house.

"A guy sure doesn't get much pity from her," he mumbled, half-hurt.

Just then he felt something pushing against his leg. He looked down. King stood there, his large brown eyes looking up into Melvin's face as though to say he was sorry for any wrong he had done.

"That's all right," Melvin said softly, reaching down and patting the dog gently. "If I shouldn't take it out on a horse, I probably shouldn't have taken it out on a dog either. Should I have, old boy? I guess I just wanted somebody to blame so I wouldn't have to admit it was my own fault."

## — Grandfather's Reading Lesson —

### TWO KINDS OF FUN

There were some little boys in a field flying a kite. Billy Malstone and his uncle, Captain Gunnell, returning from a walk, passed through the field. One of the boys had hold of the kite, and the other had hold of the string ready to run.

"Now, uncle," said Billy, "you wait here and I'll show you some fun."

His uncle was on a little knoll at the time, and Billy, leaving him there, ran down to where the boys were.

"Boys," said he, "I'll show you how to fly the kite, so as to make it go up high."

He then — first looking up to see which way the wind was blowing — placed the boy who held the kite in such a position, that when the kite began to go up, the wind should wind the tail around him and entangle it. And then he told the boy who had the string to run in such a direction as to bring the string among the branches of a tree.

The boys being small, and supposing that Billy knew

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more about kite flying than they, trusted him, and did just as he said.

When all was thus arranged, Billy told the boys to wait until he gave the word of command. Then when he felt a fresh breeze coming, he called out in a loud and eager voice,

"There! Now, boys! Run, RUN!"

The boy who had the string ran as fast as he could go, and, as Billy had expected and intended, the kite-tail was blown around the boy who held the kite, became entangled in his legs, and broke off in the middle. The kite went up, diving about furiously in the air, and entangled itself in the trees.

Billy at once, when he saw that his trick had succeeded, set off to rejoin his uncle, running up the path as fast as he could go, and laughing immoderately.

"You managed that very cleverly," said the captain.

"Didn't I?" said Billy.

"You got some good fun out of that, didn't you?" said his uncle.

"Yes," said Billy, "capital fun."

"Now," said the captain, "it is my turn to have some fun. You sit down here on this flat stone, and see what I'll do."

"What is it that you're going to do?" asked Billy.

"You'll see," said his uncle. "You must wait here till I come back."

So the captain went down the hill.

"Boys," said he, as soon as he came within hearing of the boys, "don't be concerned. I'll help you clear your kite. I am an old hand at knotting and splicing, and all kinds of rigging work."

The boys looked at him with an expression of amazement on their faces. They wondered who that man could be, that was coming to help them in so unexpected a manner.

The captain took no notice of their surprise, but went directly and disentangled the boy from the kite-tail.

"There," said he, laying the kite-tail smoothly upon the ground, "now let's see if we can get the kite down from the tree."

He walked along toward the foot of the tree, in which the kite was lodged. The boys followed him, but were too much astonished to have anything to say.

Billy was equally astonished, sitting still on the rock where the captain had placed him. He had expected that the captain was going down to play the boys some other mean trick; but instead of that he found him busily engaged in helping them recover their property and repair damages.

He began to wish to go down to where his uncle was, but he recollected that his uncle had directed him to remain at the stone until he returned.

Captain Gunnell, when he reached the foot of the tree, asked the boys if they thought they could climb it. The boys looked very seriously up into the tree, but did not answer.

"Well," said Captain Gunnell, "I can climb it. I am as good at climbing as I am at knotting and rigging. I began to go up to the mast head when I was but little older than you."

So saying he lifted up his arms and took hold of a branch just above his head, and by means of it raised himself up into a tree. He soon disentangled the kite and brought it down to the boys.

While he was doing this, Billy called out, "Uncle, may I come down there?"

"No," replied his uncle; "you stay where you are. I am coming up very soon."

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He then went on aiding the boys to get their kite in order, and assisted them in raising it; and when it was well in the air, he went up the path and rejoined Billy.

As soon as Captain Gunnell arrived at the place where he had left Billy, Billy asked him why he was not willing to let him go down and help get the kite down.

"Because I thought that would not be giving you any pleasure," said the captain. "That is not your kind of fun. Your kind of fun is teasing and troubling boys all you can; mine is helping them, and giving them pleasure. I thought you would not like my kind of fun."

Billy did not know what to say to this, and so he walked along a little way in silence. Pretty soon, however, the captain began to talk to him about other things, just as if nothing had happened.

Jacob Abbott

- Monroe's Fourth, 1872

## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

### LITTLE FARMER IN A FUR COAT



By Agnes Ranney

Everyone knows that squirrels and chipmunks store away nuts for the winter. But did you know that there is a little animal that puts up hay?

The pika is a member of the rabbit family, although his ears are small and rounded and his legs are shorter than those of most rabbits. He is sometimes called the "little chief hare" because when resting and sunning himself he looks like a little old Indian chief huddled in his blanket.

Sometimes, too, he is called the cony. That makes us think of the verse in Proverbs: "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks." This little cony does live in the rocks, from the mountains of New Mexico to the slopes of Mt. McKinley, Alaska. You would be most apt to see him on a bare, boulder-strewn hillside or a rocky ledge. But at the first sound he would flash out of sight into one of his hide-outs. There he would be safe from most of his enemies. Only a weasel or a marten could follow him into his narrow runway.

The pika wears a soft brown fur coat that makes him almost invisible in summer since it blends with the rocks where he lives. This is a good thing, because he is a busy little animal and can't spend all his time hiding. His big summer job is making hay.

With his sharp teeth, the little pika bites off grass and weeds and carries them to a spot near the door of his home. For his haystack he chooses a place protected from the rain by a rock or tree trunk, but open to the sun. Here he piles his grass, adding the tender tips of tree branches, thistles, goldenrod and Indian paint brush for variety. Sometimes the stack is as large as a bushel basket. Little trails from the stack to the flower fields are made by the little pika's busy feet. But he does not stop until he has completed several neat haystacks.

Then, snug in his rocky den and with a good food supply in his dooryard, the pika is ready for the long, cold mountain winter.

## SUSIE'S

## SEEDS

by Louella Stauffer

Ruth and Susie, with their various brothers and sisters, were walking home from school.

"Do you know what Ida said about you today?" Susie said in a lowered tone so as not to be overheard by the others, who were walking a little ahead of the two girls.

"What did she say?"

"Maybe I shouldn't tell you," Susie hedged.

"Come on, you've made me curious now," pleaded Ruth.

"Well," began Susie, as though reluctant to say it, "Ida said you shouldn't have won the essay contest. She says

you cheated."

"But why would she say that?" protested Ruth. "I didn't cheat." Ruth was deeply hurt and puzzled, but she never guessed that Susie was lying to her.

"I know you wouldn't cheat," Susie went on, adding to her story. "But Ida thinks your brother Joe helped you. She said somebody ought to tell the teacher."

"He did not help me," Ruth answered, quite angry now, for she believed everything Susie had said. "Ida ought to know me better than that. She's just jealous because she didn't win."

"I'll bet too she is," Susie replied. "Anyway, I'm glad she didn't win. She thinks she's so smart."

"But Ida isn't like that," Ruth protested. "I didn't think she would say something like that." Suddenly she was feeling very unhappy. Ida was one of her best friends. The prize from the contest was no longer important. It had made a warm glow inside of her every time she had touched it in her coat pocket on the way home.

At this moment they came to Susie's home, so no more was said on the subject.

Ruth's sober face didn't go unnoticed by her inquisitive younger sister Barbara. "Hey! What were you and Susie talking about that was so special?"

"Nothing much," Ruth shrugged, trying to pass it off. She didn't feel like confiding in her younger sister at the moment.

"Well, you sure had your heads together and now you look mad. Thought you'd be happy since you won the prize."

"I'm not mad," Ruth said. Then she ran into the lane before Barbara could ask any more questions.

The next morning Ruth was not in a hurry to start for school. She dawdled around until her brothers and sister left without her.

"You'd better hurry, Ruth, or you'll be late," Mother scolded. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"I'm okay," Ruth answered as she grabbed her lunch and went out the door.

"I hope Susie isn't waiting this morning," she thought to herself. "I don't feel like talking to her — or anyone else."

But Susie was waiting to walk along to school.

"Hi," she called, as Ruth drew near. "Isn't it nice this morning?"

"I guess so," Ruth mumbled.

For a while they walked in silence. Susie was thinking up what next to do to separate Ruth and Ida from each other, and break up their close friendship. Finally Susie remarked, "Maybe I can play with Ida at school and act as if I was angry with you. Then I can find out what she says about you and tell you on the way home."

"You could do that," Ruth said, not very enthusiastically.

The bell was ringing when they arrived. Hurrying, they each took their seat. So it was recess before Ruth and Ida met in the hall.

"Hello, Ruth," called Ida, as friendly as ever. "Let's go out."

Ruth felt angry to hear Ida acting so friendly after having said all those bad things about her. She turned away without answering and followed another girl into the classroom.

"What's wrong with her?" Ida wondered aloud.

"Oh, she's angry with you," Susie said, as she hurried up. "I'll go out with you."

"Angry with me? Why should she be? I didn't do anything that I know of."

"Well, she was talking about you on the way home."

**Family Life**

### VALUE TIME

Take care of the minutes,  
They are priceless, you know;  
Will you value them less  
That so quickly they go?  
"It is but a minute,"  
The trifler will say;  
But the minutes make hours,  
And hours make the day.

The gold-dust of time  
Are these minutes so small;  
Will you lose even one?  
Why not treasure them all?  
As each broken petal  
Disfigures the flower,  
So each wasted minute  
Dispoils the full hour.

Take care of the minutes;  
They come and are gone;  
Yet in each there is space  
For some good to be done.  
Our time is a talent  
We hold from above.  
May each hour leave us richer  
In wisdom and love!

— New American Third Reader, 1871



Let's forget her and have some fun."

But Ida didn't feel like having fun. She liked Ruth, and her feelings were hurt. "What did she say?" Ida asked.

"She says you're jealous of her for having won the contest. Also she blames you for having taken something out of her desk," Susie lied. She was planting seeds of mistrust and suspicion.

"But Ruth should know me better than that," Ida retorted. "I'm going to talk with her." She started determinedly for the schoolhouse, but just then the bell rang.

At lunch Susie hurried to Ida's side and quickly steered her out the door before Ruth arrived. As they were eating their lunch in the warm spring sunshine, Susie watered the seeds she had planted. "That Ruth is sure stuck on herself. The way she talks all the way home."

"Why, what does she say?" Ida inquired.

"Oh, she says a lot. I act as though I agree with her, then she tells me what she thinks of some of the girls. Shhh! Here comes somebody. I'll tell you more tomorrow."

Susie was enjoying her new game. It was quite exciting. So the days passed and she managed to keep the two friends apart by adding falsehoods as she wished. After a few days she had no trouble keeping them apart. Ida and Ruth were no longer on speaking terms.

The teacher noticed something was wrong, but when she questioned either of them their hurt pride would not let them confide in her.

On Sunday afternoon a couple of weeks later, Ruth's brothers were planning to visit Susie's brothers.

"May I go too, Mom?" Barbara coaxed her mother. "I wasn't over to visit Ella for a while." Ella was Susie's younger sister whom Barbara often played with.

"All right," Mother replied. "Is Ruth going too?"

"I don't want to go," Ruth answered for herself from where she sat reading. So the others set off without her.

When Barbara arrived, she saw that Susie had company — a girl that lived several miles away. But she soon forgot the new girl after she and Ella started playing.

Late in the afternoon they decided on a new game. They could hear laughter and giggles coming from the woodshed.

"Wonder what's so funny," Barbara remarked.

"Me too," said Ella. "Let's sneak up and listen."

So taking care not to make any noise, they crept close. Soon they could hear through the cracks in the boards.

"It's really funny," Susie was saying. "They won't even talk to each other anymore." She burst into fresh giggles. Then she went on to tell all about the game she was playing with Ida and Ruth.

Ella and Barbara just looked at each other. Presently the older girls left. Ella looked about ready to cry. "I'm going in," she whispered.

"And I'm going home," answered Barbara. "I think the boys are ready anyhow."

That evening Ruth and her mother listened to Barbara's story. Ruth was very angry, but Mother said, "You know you are partly to blame. You should have told me about this."

"I know," Ruth replied. "I wanted to. But," she added angrily, "I'm never going to believe another thing Susie says."

"You know you will have to try to forgive her," Mother added. "But first I think you had better have a talk with Ida."

Meanwhile things were happening at Susie's home too. When Ella ran into the house she met her mother who im-

mediately asked her, "What's wrong, Ella? Did you and Barbara quarrel?"

Ella shook her head.

"Then what is bothering you?"

As Ella slowly told as much as she knew, Mother's face grew grave.

Soon afterwards, Mother and Father had a long talk with Susie. She was a very miserable girl. Never had she stopped to think of what the seeds she had been planting might grow into.

That evening Susie and her parents made a visit to the homes of Ruth and Ida. It was her unpleasant task to explain what she had done and say she was sorry.

Susie cried herself to sleep that night. Next morning she told her mother she wasn't feeling well.

But Mother decided her sickness wasn't physical. "You'll have to face your classmates sooner or later," she told her daughter gently. "You may as well get it over with. I'm sure you will now remember that you must always reap what you sow." ■■

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## WHY JACOB'S WAGES CHANGED TEN TIMES

God was with Jacob and blessed him while he lived at Haran working for Laban. As the years passed, eleven sons and one daughter were born to him. Finally one day Jacob felt that it was time for him to leave Haran and return to Canaan.

Jacob went to Laban and said, "Allow me to go away so that I can return to my place and my country. Give me my wives and my children for whom I have served you, and let me go."

But Laban hated to see Jacob leave him. He was unwilling to lose such a good worker as Jacob had proven to be. "Please stay longer," Laban begged. Then he admitted why he wanted Jacob to stay. He said, "I have learned by experience that the Lord blesses me more when you work for me. Just tell me what you want for wages and I will give it to you, if only you will stay and work for me."

"It is true that the Lord has blessed you for my sake," Jacob said. "You had only a few sheep when I came, but now you have great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. You are becoming rich, but I would like to know when I'm going to provide something for myself and my own family."

"Well, what wages do you want?"

Jacob made what seemed like a strange request. He said, "I want for my wages all the sheep, goats, and cattle that are speckled or spotted."

Laban gladly promised what he asked for. It did not seem like very big wages, for up to that time very few of the animals had been born spotted or speckled.

God blessed Jacob greatly. He caused a great number of the young lambs and calves to be born spotted and speckled. And to make it even better for Jacob, almost always the strong healthy animals were spotted and speckled, but the weak and sickly ones were not.

Jacob's herds grew and increased rapidly. Soon he was becoming rich — even richer than Laban. He had a great

number of cattle, servants, camels, and asses. Laban was not pleased when he saw that so many of the animals were being born spotted and speckled, and that Jacob was becoming richer than he was. He said to Jacob, "It isn't fair for you to get the spotted and speckled animals. From now on your wages will be the animals that are striped."

But once again God blessed Jacob. Now many of the animals were being born striped instead of spotted and speckled, and Jacob was still becoming richer.

Again and again Laban changed Jacob's wages, until he had done this ten times. But it was all for nothing. Each time God only seemed to give Jacob a greater blessing than he had before.

One day Jacob heard Laban's sons talking to each other. They were talking about him, not knowing that he overheard. "That Jacob is taking away everything that used to be our father's," the sons grumbled. "Now he has more possessions than our father has."

Hearing this made Jacob feel badly. He did not like to have them angry with him. He knew they were jealous, and soon he began to notice that Laban no longer had a friendly smile for him. Laban's face seemed to be dark and frowning as though he too were jealous of Jacob.

Then God spoke to Jacob, saying, "Return to the land of your fathers, and I will be with you."

That was all Jacob needed to make up his mind to leave Laban. He sent a message to Leah and Rachel, asking them to come out to the field for he wanted to talk with them.

"I see that your father is no longer friendly toward me as he used to be," Jacob told his two wives, "even though I have worked hard for him all these years. Now God has spoken to me, telling me to leave and return to Canaan."

Leah and Rachel nodded their heads in agreement. "Didn't our father sell us to you?" they asked. "We are ready to go with you."

"This is a good time to leave," Jacob said. "Laban is away shearing sheep, and he won't be here to stop us."

Jacob rose up, put his wives and children on camels, and took all his flocks and herds and servants and journeyed toward the land of Canaan.

It was three days later before Laban heard the news that Jacob had fled, taking all his possessions with him.

At once Laban decided to hurry after Jacob and see if he could overtake him. He took a number of other men with him, and set out. They traveled swiftly, much faster than Jacob could with all his wives and children and herds of animals. In seven days, Laban had almost caught up with Jacob.

That night Laban and his men camped on Mount Gilead, the very mountain on which Jacob was also camped.

As Laban lay sleeping after the hard day of fast travel, he dreamed. In his dream God was speaking to him. God said, "Be careful that you don't speak harshly to Jacob."

The next day Laban easily overtook Jacob. "What have you done," Laban demanded, "that you have sneaked away like this and have carried my daughters off like captives taken with the sword? Why didn't you tell me you wanted to leave so that I could have kissed my daughters goodbye? You have acted foolishly and it is in my power to punish you, but God spoke to me yesterday and told me not to deal harshly with you."

"I left in secret," Jacob explained, "because I was afraid you would try by force to take your daughters from me."

"I realize you were lonesome to return to your own land," Laban said more kindly, "but why did you steal my

images when you left?" Jacob was surprised to hear Laban mention any stolen images. He knew nothing about them, and was sure that none of his wives, children, or servants were guilty. Jacob said, "You may search and see, for we have not taken anything that belonged to you. If anyone here has stolen your images, let him die."

Those were frightening words, and even Jacob did not realize their true meaning. He did not know that one person in his company had indeed stolen the missing images, and that person was his beloved wife Rachel.

Laban began to search for the stolen images. He was anxious to get them back, for they were very valuable, and their ownership involved the inheritance of his property.

First Laban looked all through Jacob's tent, but he did not find what he was looking for. Then he went through Leah's tent. Next he searched some of the servants' tents, and still the images were not found. Last of all Laban came to Rachel's tent, but she was ready for him. She had carefully hidden the images in the camel saddle, and was now sitting on the saddle. As Laban appeared in the doorway, Rachel said very respectfully, "I hope you won't be displeased that I remain sitting in your presence. I don't feel well, and am not able to get up."

Not suspecting that his daughter would deceive him, Laban searched through the rest of the tent, but did not find the images.

Finally Laban had to give up. He was satisfied that someone else must have taken the images. Laban and Jacob talked with each other for a long time. They made a covenant with each other, solemnly promising that neither of them would ever again seek to harm the other. Jacob took a stone and set it up for a pillar. The men that were with Laban gathered other stones and piled them around the pillar in a heap. "Let this heap and this pillar be a witness between us," Laban said, "that neither of us will pass it to harm the other."

Jacob offered a sacrifice to God, and they all ate together and slept for the night. Early in the morning Laban rose up, kissed his sons and daughters, blessed them, and departed peacefully to his home.

- E. S.

???  
? HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER? ?  
? (Questions from last month's story) ?  
? 1. Did the shearers with whom Jacob first talked ?  
? at the well, know of Laban? ?  
? 2. Who did the shearers say was even then coming ?  
? with a flock of sheep? ?  
? 3. How many daughters did Laban have? ?  
? 4. Which was the oldest? ?  
? 5. Which did Jacob love? ?  
? 6. What did Jacob tell Laban he wanted for his wages? ?  
? 7. Did the seven years Jacob worked for his wife seem ?  
? long to him? ?  
? 8. In what cruel way was Jacob deceived by Laban? ?  
? 9. What excuse did Laban give for having done this? ?  
? 10. What did Laban tell Jacob he could do after a week? ?  
? ?  
? 10. He could also marry Rachel ?  
? their custom to have the younger daughter marry first ?  
? into marrying Leah instead of Rachel ?  
? 9. It was against ?  
? him ?  
? 7. No, they seemed like a few days ?  
? 8. He tricked him ?  
? 3. Two ?  
? 4. Leah ?  
? 5. Rachel ?  
? 6. Rachel for his wife ?  
? 2. Laban's daughter, Rachel ?  
? 1. Yes ?  
? ANSWERS: ?  
???



# YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Today super-jets cross the Atlantic in a few hours. But 150 years ago the journey meant many difficult weeks at sea. This letter was written by Hans Nussbaum in 1818 to his relatives who were still in Europe. It is especially interesting because of his visits to many Amish settlements upon his arrival in America.

## OUR

## VOYAGE TO AMERICA

By Hans Nussbaum

February 8, 1818 —

On the fourth of July, 1817, we (Nussbaum, Schrag, Augsburg, and Brand families) boarded a frigate at Amsterdam. Francia was the captain. He looked after us very well. But I would warn you of a certain Peter Ullerich of Amsterdam who is a "slave dealer". He transported three loads of Württembergers to America, treating them more like cattle than human beings. He packs them in his boat like herrings.

As the wind was no good we could not sail until the 25th. By the 29th we had gotten only as far as we should have with one day's good wind. On the 3rd of August we stopped at Texel (Holland) to load food. We had to wait until the fifth to sail. Then we had a good wind that gave us speed. On the same morning a young man from Baden died who had come aboard ill. He was buried at sea. On the 8th of August we could still see the English coast. For the next four days we had bad wind. The Captain decided to turn back and go completely around England through the North Sea.

On the 17th we were in an area as cold as Switzerland in winter. An old woman died on the 28th. On September 11th we had an ill wind that blew us back. On the 16th we came on a fishing bank. We saw seven fishing ships there. The captain went to one in a small boat and traded wine, cheese, and zwiebach for fish. We saw the first land on October 5 and at the same time we got a pilot aboard. But shortly we got into the worst storm that we encountered ... waves were as large as high mountains.

By the 9th the wind had abated enough for us to enter the Delaware River. Here we saw beautiful land on each side of us. This encouraged us greatly. And three o'clock in the afternoon we dropped anchor and nurses from the clinic came to give us a physical examination. As we were all well we could proceed to Philadelphia.

For our fortunate journey we had God to thank as well as our American captain. Many Germans came on board ship and gave us apples and bread. Other persons came to hire passengers to work for them. They paid them 5, 040 bz. (\$1000) per year.

Dear friends, very likely you would like to know what our rations were while on board ship. Monday, one pound meal. Tuesday, one pound beef. Wednesday, one-half pound bacon and peas. Thursday, one pound beef and barley. Friday, one pound flour. Saturday, one-half pound bacon and sauerkraut. Each day we got two glasses of brandy and each week we got six pounds of bread.

Each day we got three and one-third liters of water. Each week we got one pound of butter, one pound of cheese. We received one and two-third liters of vinegar per week per four persons.

On the 16th of October we went 23 miles from Philadel-

phia to a settlement of five Amish families. On the 17th we then went to the Pequea. Here we stayed a week to get deloused. The brethren bestowed upon us food, including butter, meat, bread, and vegetables. From there they guided the way for us to Kalchlis (Kishacoquillas). There is also an Amish community at this place. We stayed another week here. We were given very kind treatment.

They guided us to Somerset County which was a nine-day journey. Here in the Klötz (Glades) is another Amish community. In all these places they gave us much to eat, and charged us nothing.

Jacob Schrag, who came in 1816, saw to it that each of our families had a place to stay in over winter. The young people in our company went to work.

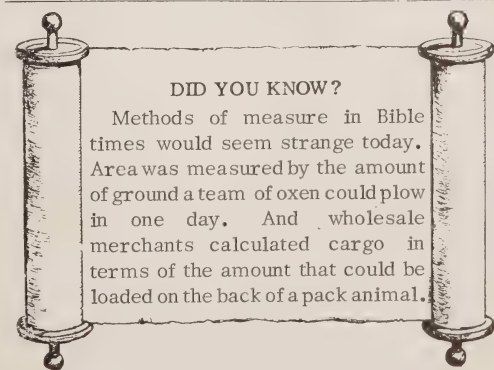
On the 27th (October, 1817) Schrag and I and his son went to Ohio to find a new fatherland. We went via Pittsburgh, New Washington, Steubenville, to Walnut Creek where there is also an Amish settlement. On the 6th of December we stayed overnight with a man named Stutzman who owns 900 acres of land. On December 9 we came to Wooster to an Amish community. The brethren here went with us to choose land. Schrag and I each chose 160 acres. We also chose land for the other families.

We waited here over winter. We had wished to go south of the Ohio River to choose land there, but the brethren advised against that as there is much disease and little good water. Here the land is fertile and level, but not too level.

Anyone who wishes to make this journey should think twice. The trip is difficult, more difficult than dangerous. I again say that I advise no one to come who does not find pleasure in work. The sleepy and lazy may well stay at home.

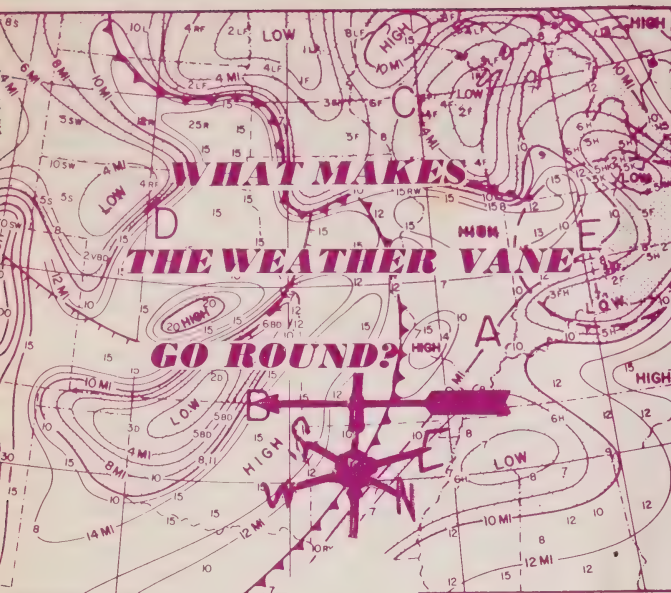
(Signed:)

Hans Nussbaum



### DID YOU KNOW?

Methods of measure in Bible times would seem strange today. Area was measured by the amount of ground a team of oxen could plow in one day. And wholesale merchants calculated cargo in terms of the amount that could be loaded on the back of a pack animal.



Many people believe that rainy weather comes in from the east, and that fair weather always comes from the west. In the winter time we hear that a northeast wind will bring a lot of snow. Therefore we might conclude that to the east of us it is always raining. In the northeast it is snowing, and west of us is always fair weather. We are apt to get the idea that our own little place where we live is the center of the universe.

If we could get an overall view of the whole country we would soon see that rainy days are brought on by storm movements called "low pressure" areas. These almost always move from the west to the east. Thus, if we hear of a snowstorm in Kansas or Missouri, we can figure that

in a day or so it will have reached Ohio, and perhaps by the next day the east coast.

The reason these storms often seem to be coming from the east is because the wind blows toward the center of the low pressure area from all sides.

It is hard to realize that air weighs anything, but it is much heavier than we think. The reason we do not feel it is because it is all around us. At sea level, the air pressure is about 15 pounds per square inch. This means that if there would be no air pressure underneath it, you would not be able to lift a one-foot square piece of board, for the air on top of it would weigh more than a ton!

The air around us is not stacked up the same height everywhere. The areas where it is stacked up the highest are called "highs" and where it is the least, are called "lows". Because there is less pressure in the low pressure areas, the air is forced from the high pressure areas toward these lows. The result is wind blowing toward the low pressure areas from all sides.

These winds which blow over the surface of the earth are warmed up and pick up a lot of moisture. When they reach the center of the low pressure area, they have no other place to go, so they go up. As they rise from the earth's surface, they cool, and can no longer carry as much moisture. The result is rain.

Ordinarily low pressure areas are not hard to locate since the wind is blowing toward it. If we have an east wind we can assume the low pressure area is to the west of us. Since these lows usually move toward the east, we can further assume that we will have unsettled weather.

The easiest and most dependable way of detecting incoming low pressure areas is by watching a barometer. This is an instrument that weighs the air pressure. You can buy a reasonably accurate one for \$5 to \$7.00. These, of course, are cheaper ones, but they will suffice to indicate whether the air pressure is falling or rising.

A northeast wind can be tricky. Without a barometer, it can mean anything from rain to cold weather. But if you have a barometer you can tell whether the pressure is falling.

Falling pressure always indicates unsettled weather. The faster and farther it drops, the more severe it is apt to be. Your barometer will have certain areas marked fair, unsettled and rain. This means nothing, as it all depends upon whether the barometer is falling or rising. If you will set the checking hand every morning or evening you can see how much and which way the pressure is changing.

However, most people forget to set the hand, so the best way is to give the barometer a tap with the finger and closely observe whether the hand flips higher or lower.

As the storm movement nears, the wind will change to the southeast, then the south and finally toward the west. When this has happened we can assume that the center of the storm movement has passed over us.

A high pressure area is the exact opposite of a low. Instead of air rushing toward the center and rising, it is actually falling and pushing toward the low pressure areas.

Luckily no great amount of this cold air falls in the center of the high. If it did, we could have zero weather in July. At a height of 3 miles, the temperature, even during the summer, is at the freezing mark. At five miles it is zero and if you go up 8 miles it is about 60 below zero. When you are sweating in a 90 degrees in the shade, it may help to think that a few miles above you the temperature is much colder.

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# FAMILY LIFE

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**AUGUST 1969 VOL 2, NO. 8**

# letters to the editors



## HOPE FOR THE CHILDREN

The story "We Prayed For A Healthy Baby" (June issue) surely was a difficult one to read without tears. Only the parents would know what all they went through with four retarded children. I was at the funerals of all four children and have known Menno since he was a baby.

When we see children that are not obeying the parents nor the will of God as the Bible teaches us, they grow up to 20 years or more without any signs of repenting and joining church when suddenly they are instantly killed in an automobile accident, we are made to wonder, how much better would it have been if they could have passed away as did these retarded children. Although these children endured much, yet we surely have hope for them.

- M. M., Ohio

The article "We Prayed For A Healthy Baby" is one we should read time and again. How my heart goes out to those parents and at the same time makes me ashamed to ever have felt self-pity with grouchy or colicky babies.

- M. Zimmerman, Penna.

## INSURANCE OR AID?

I agree wholeheartedly with the article in July F.L. about insurance. But I wonder if the Amish Aid plan which many of our communities have is not also a form of insurance?

One bishop stated that we should not call our Amish Aid plan insurance but while still talking on the subject he stated, "The bankers say Amish Aid is the best insurance a person can get."

Wouldn't it be better if the bankers knew that we would help each other without having it down in black and white? I would also feel that it would be better to do everything free will according to Matt. 6:1-4.

- Gerald Hochstetler, Indiana

## BEATING OR DISCIPLINE?

A number of stories have appeared in Family Life stressing kindness to animals, and the need for controlling one's temper when dealing with them. Christians should be moderate, peaceful, and slow to anger and this should also show in our attitude toward animals.

Both Family Life and the Blackboard Bulletin carry articles about administering the rod of correction to our children. Solomon in his wisdom made frequent mention of this.

Some of our youth might ask why it is wrong to beat animals when it's all right to beat children. Let us compare the two to see how they are alike and how they are different.

Referring to the stories of animals being mistreated, anyone who would beat his children in the same manner would be just as far out of place or farther. The rod of correction should never be administered in anger. Nor should it be used when the child does not know why he is

being punished.

On the other hand, the training of animals is also necessary. However, it is well to bear in mind that animals do not have the reasoning power which humans have, so more patience may be required until they understand.

Personally, I doubt whether it should be necessary in child training to inflict bodily injury. Cases occasionally come to light in which children become swollen, bruised or bleeding from being disciplined. In such cases it is hard to imagine that love is the underlying motive.

In summary, the administration of discipline must be motivated by love whether it be a parent, school teacher or a trainer of animals. If it is applied in anger, chances are it will not give good results. Lastly, the reason for the punishment must be clearly understood. These are the points, I feel, which make up the difference between cruelty and discipline.

- Isaac R. Horst, Ontario

## PATHWAY MERGER

So the Pathway bookstore is merging with the publishing house? Did you ever hear of two companies merging where they still gave the same kind of personalized service?

- F. K., Pa.

The other day one of my friends said to me, "Did you hear that Pathway Publishers is merging with another big company? Just like I thought, they never know when they want to quit."

Of course I had to laugh, but I thought I would pass on this choice bit of conversation to you.

- Pa.

ANSWER — Yes, we have heard of companies that merged and gave better service to their customers. We hope we will be able to do just that.

Actually both companies have always been part of the same outfit. The bookstore was started privately in order to help bring the publishing company into being. Now of course the publishing company has outgrown the bookstore. By reshuffling the set-up we hope to be able to give better service at less cost.

Since most of the books come from the U.S. and go to the U.S., the mail order part will be moved to LaGrange eventually. By having a complete selection of books and materials at LaGrange, a wide area of Northern Indiana can be served personally.

We plan to keep a limited number of books at the publishing house for local trade and for visitors.

In addition to giving better service at less cost to our thousands of mail order customers, we hope that the former proprietor of the bookstore will now have more time to spend on his duties at the publishing house. (We expect to clear the shelves in August, so if anyone is interested in book bargains, be sure to read the ad in this Family Life.)

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# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## THE COLOR OF OUR DRESSES

While in a big Chicago train station my unmarried sister and I were coming down the escalator when a man stepped up behind us to say, "I see that even your kind of people are changing."

My sister and I looked at each other and didn't know exactly what to say, so he continued, "You wear lots of gayer colors than you used to."

I had on a darker plum-colored dress, but my sister, since she was unmarried, had on a light colored mint dress. We were surprised that an outsider should notice the color of our dresses. But perhaps they stop and notice us more than we realize at times.

Are we the example we should be to them? If we don't want to be gay like the world, why do we want to wear the world's gay colors? - B. Missouri.

## ARE WE REALLY?

Sometime ago my wife and I went to a large city to see a doctor. We had quite a while to wait in his office until he could see her, so I took a walk. I went down a long flight of stairs to the street and visited a few stores. I returned to the stairway and was part ways up already when I noticed a man and his wife ahead of me.

She had him by the arm, pulling him up, but he was balking, meantime using profane language. I was so ashamed of the scene that I had a notion to turn around and go back down. This carried on for a good while when suddenly she turned and saw me standing there.

"There's a holy man down there," she said to him.

On seeing me he covered his face with both hands and went with her. They went in to a doctor; I presume it was one of those doctors that help people who are heavy drinkers, etc.

I have often been thinking since, are we really an example to such people? Are we what the world takes us for? If not, then we are surely more of a stumbling block than of good to them. - Ohio

## SILOES AND SIN BOTH HARD TO GET OUT OF

"I've found Nick this morning and where do you suppose he is?" my husband said one warm morning last summer. "He wasn't with the horses last evening and I wondered where he was. This morning I heard a queer noise in the empty silo and after investigation, I found Nick in there. He doesn't seem to be able to get out, but if he got in, he can get out, too, I guess."

This was Thursday morning, and since the horse couldn't seem to get out, my husband thought if he got a little thinner he could get out better. So he gave him water and a little hay and left him there until Saturday.

I went out to milk early on Saturday evening and went over to see our young black work horse who was still cooped up in his self-chosen prison. My husband was choring in the barn and seeing me there, he decided to

make another try at getting Nick out.

My husband put the halter on the horse; then with me pulling on the halter rope, he pushed from behind. Nick wasn't worried about getting out and only braced himself. My husband picked up a board and tried that for persuasion. Nick made a few feeble lunges but when he felt his sides getting tight, he quit trying.

"Maybe we'll have to chop a larger opening in the cement door frame," my husband said.

"Or we might try greasing his sides with smear soap," I suggested.

Neither plan seemed very probable. My husband got a longer rope, tied one end to a post and brought the other end of the rope behind the horse's back legs; then with both of us pulling and tugging as hard as we could, we succeeded in getting Nick excited enough to help us (and himself). Making a desperate lunge, he was free and after having his halter removed he trotted to the field, neighing as he went.

As we thought of the plight Nick had gotten himself into, we had to think how much that silo is like the pitfalls of sin each of us is confronted with. For us it is Jesus Christ who is attempting to set us free. He may be working through parents, ministers, or friends. Perhaps, like our black horse, we are content with our "jailed" condition, although the door is there and is very usable, with freedom just beyond it. Even though there are those who want to help us and would even make it as easy as possible for us, the final effort, the deciding "yes" must be made by the one involved.

Jesus said, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." (John 10:9)

- Mrs. Willis E. Yoder, Iowa

"We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy of life is when a man is afraid of the light."

## WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

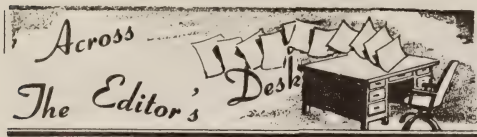
What is wrong with public schools? What do parochial schools offer? What can we learn from history? What are the duties of Christian parents? How does someone go about starting a parochial school?

This booklet can give you some of the answers to the above questions. It is a reprint from the "Blackboard Bulletin" and was written by the editor, Joseph Stoll.

Size: 80 pages.

PRICE: \$.25 each; \$2 per dozen;

Pathway Publishers R.R.4 Aylmer, Ont.



A new leaflet entitled "Who Are The Amish?" has just been printed. It is especially designed for handing out to persons interested in knowing about our faith. So much misinformation on the subject is on the market today that the need for this leaflet was urgent.

It contains only four pages but gives a basic explanation why the plain people believe and live as they do. It is attractively done up in two colors, and is available free to information centers, bookstores, or anyone who may have occasion to give out this type of leaflet. If you can use some or know of anyone who can, please send us the name and address.

Our readers will no doubt notice that this issue contains an unusual amount of health articles. No, Family Life is not turning into a health magazine. It just so happened that a number of articles have been building up on this subject and they all happened to ripen for this issue. Well, not quite all of them. For September we plan to have a real good feature-length article on the effect of mental attitudes on health.

Sometime ago we were talking about the coming health articles and one of our good friends remarked, "But not everyone is interested in health."

Such a statement was shocking to me, and I wondered and still wonder just what he meant. Did he mean that not everyone is an extremist or a health "faddist"? I remember that at one time a lot of people went to the "buttermilk" doctor. This doctor strongly advocated buttermilk as the solution to practically all his patients' health problems.

Did he mean that not everyone is "organically minded"? There are quite a few people who do not use "chemical" fertilizer on their crops because they feel it is harmful to their health. Others do without meat, sugar, white flour, butter, oleo and many other common foods because they believe these are unhealthy.

Others believe that nearly any food can be useful and healthy to the body if used in a reasonable way, with proper care of the body, rest, sleep, fresh air and exercise.

Although there may be a wide difference of opinions, I

had always assumed that practically everyone is interested in their own and their family's health. Where is anyone who is not interested in whether or not he is healthy today, tomorrow, or as long as God gives him life?

Just what did my friend mean by his statement that not everyone is interested in health?

Speaking of Family Life, we now have some copies of Volume One all bound up nicely in book form. It has an attractive green cloth binding and should make a worthwhile addition to anyone's library. They have just come back from the bindery. Usually these copies are reserved for schools, libraries, historical societies, etc. But we have about 50 copies extra which we will sell to the public, first come, first served. The volume contains the first year of publication, 1968. The price is \$12.00.

A new book has just been published entitled "Biblical References in Anabaptist Writings". As the name suggests, it is a reference book, enabling the reader to find the references to most Bible verses as contained in the writings of Menno Simons, Dietrich Phillip and in Martyrs' Mirror.

This book has been a long time in preparation. It took much time and effort to gather and file the thousands of references. Monroe Hochstetler and Eldon T. Yoder did most of the work.

The book may sound complicated but really it is very simple to use. The verses from the Bible are listed beginning with Genesis 1:1, and so on back. If you wish to know how our Anabaptist forefathers understood any particular verse, you simply look up that verse in the book. You will find a table which lists any references in the writings of Dietrich Phillip, Menno Simons or Martyrs' Mirror to that particular verse.

A number of persons who knew of the work which was being done, were anxiously looking forward to the completion of the book. We realize it will never be a big seller, but we think that any minister or anyone doing serious study would want to have one.

There is no other book on the market like it, so if you are interested you had better get your order in. Only a limited edition has been printed. The book has over 400 pages, with paperback cover. Price is \$3.50 retail with a discount to book dealers.

If you wish to have any of the books mentioned on this page, send check or money order to Pathway Publishers, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

## Thinking Of Others



STEP  
BY  
STEP

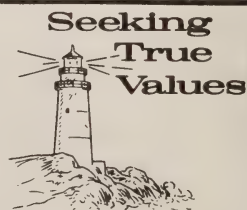
## JUST A REMINDER

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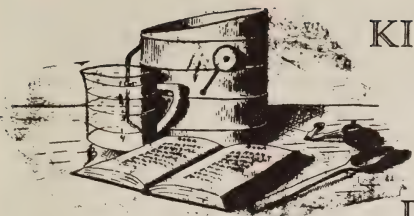


OUR  
HERITAGE





# A KITCHEN IN ITS PLACE



- Author wishes to remain anonymous

A number of years ago one of my friends got married. The first year Anne and John lived in their new home I stopped in occasionally to see them. I was always impressed with the neatness and simplicity of their kitchen. The furniture was not all new, but showed signs of recent repaintings.

In the center of the room was a small table, just right for the two of them. There was a small kerosene cook-stove to use in the summertime and a second-hand range that made the kitchen look homelike and provided coziness in the wintertime. Then, of course there was a sink, a cabinet, several chairs, and as an extra convenience there was a small utility table with three little shelves. In its place beside the stove, this handy table served its purpose well. On the top shelf was a pretty matched salt, pepper, and lard set and canisters for sugar and lard. On the shelf were shiny new stainless steel saucepans, a pretty baking dish, and a skillet — all set out in orderly fashion. On each side of the utility table were towel bars where Anne carefully hung her dish towels after drying the dishes. It was a pretty little kitchen — the dream of any housewife.

Not only did Anne prove herself a capable housekeeper; she was also a good cook. Often as we visited we snacked on dainty little cookies or other goodies on which she had spent a lot of time. I often wondered how she managed to have her house in order besides spending so much time cooking and baking. In the summer she found time to take good care of her garden and do the canning.

Years slipped by. Our different interests and occupations widened the gap between us. Then my work took me to a neighboring community. At first Anne and I wrote to each other, but soon we found ourselves hearing from each other only once or twice a year. Whenever I thought of Anne, I always pictured her in her cozy little kitchen with the refinished furniture.

Then recently while in the home community I had the opportunity to work for John and Anne for a week. As I drove to their home I wondered how much change had taken place. I knew that there were four children in the family now, and that they had built an addition to their house. I hoped the kitchen was still as I remembered it.

As I entered the house that spring morning I couldn't believe that this was the same place. The kitchen was twice as large as it had been, and where was the neatness I had remembered? The breakfast dishes were stacked on the sink. A two-year-old was having his breakfast in the high-chair and the two older ones scampered to the living room when I came in. Anne called to me from the room. It was breakfast time for the baby, too.

After chatting a few minutes I returned to the kitchen. "How can a home change so much in such a short time?" I wondered as I searched for the dishpan. "Has Anne really become a careless housekeeper?" I looked around

the kitchen. I still recognized most of the furniture, but I remembered the utility cart best of all. It was still there, but gone was the shiny new look. The dainty little set had been replaced by a larger and more practical one. Instead of being spread out as it had been, it was pushed together to make room for an assortment of baby bottles. Besides the bottles was a cottage cheese box filled with a variety of nipples to go with them. On the second shelf were half a dozen empty fruit jars waiting to be carried upstairs and a plastic bag containing clothes ready to be ironed. On the bottom shelf were two pairs of children's shoes and several toys.

No longer did pretty house plants brighten the window sills, and the panes did not glisten from their weekly washings. Prints of little hands were on the window panes and around the doorknob. The furniture that had been so neatly painted now showed signs of hard usage. I began to wonder what I would say when Anne came out and apologized for the condition I had found her kitchen in. But my worrying was in vain. There was no apology; no complaint; no excuses. Soon we were at ease, reviewing the past. We talked about the times we used to have together, our former school mates, and our present interests.

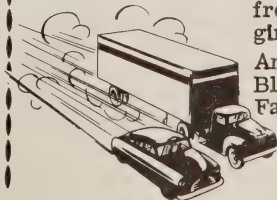
Even though the surroundings had changed, my friend had not. She and John were still the same friendly people with their doors always open to visitors. As the week passed I began to see how badly mistaken I had been. Anne was not the careless housekeeper I had thought she was on Monday morning. I saw her stack the dishes to go out and help John get started with the team he could not manage alone. I saw John quit his field work early to plow the garden for Anne. There were times when she left the dishes undone to get the wash in or some plants out before the shower came. Even though the spring work kept them busy, they still found time to spend with each other and with the children. I began to realize that John and Anne were no longer merely a couple with a home to care for; they were parents. They had found that the responsibilities of parenthood were more important than keeping their home spotlessly clean.

As I baked a large recipe of cookies I remembered Anne's dainty little cookies we used to eat. The tidy little kitchen she used to have seemed like a dream now. I wondered if Anne had ever imagined then that she would exchange it someday for something better and more important.

All too soon the week was over. Anne and I were both thankful for the opportunity we had to renew our friendship. Now miles separate us once more, but I still cherish the short time I spent in her home. Whenever I think of her now, I do not picture her in a spotless kitchen. I admire her for an ideal housekeeper who has learned to put first things first.

## SIMON AND SUSIE HAVE MOVED

Did you miss Simon and Susie in this issue? They have moved to Pathway's paper for young people, the Ambassador of Peace. Watch the August Ambassador for the next installment. You will want to read about the time the Yoder twins received a visit from their cousins in Virginia. Subscribe now —



Ambassador of Peace-\$2.50  
Blackboard Bulletin-\$2.00  
Family Life-\$4.00  
3-in-1 subscription-\$7.50

## The Sawed Off Cross

There once were two men going their way, each bearing a cross the best he could. Their crosses seemed so heavy, almost impossible to carry, but with great patience they kept on their way.

Then one day the one man just seemed to get too tired and thought, "This cross wouldn't have to be so heavy." So he sawed off a piece and threw it away. Now it was easier to carry. He hurried down the road and soon caught up with his companion.

But after a while the cross again seemed too heavy. Once more the man stopped and sawed another piece. The other man kept right on dragging his cross along the best he could.

Each time the load seemed lighter after he sawed a piece from the cross, but soon it would grow heavy and tiresome again. So the man would stop and saw yet another piece from his dwindling cross, until it was so small he could carry it in his arm.

Finally, as the two men journeyed on their way, they came to a deep river they needed to cross in order to reach their destination.

The man with the complete cross put his into the water and used it as a raft to float him across the river. The cross proved to be just the right size to float him across in his time of need.

But oh, the little cut-off cross that the other man had cut to suit himself was not big enough to bear him up and carry him over the river Jordan. It went down beneath his weight and the poor man drowned in the river.

"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Mark 8:34

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Proverbs 14:12

- M. S., R. H.

## Life's Road

Louella Stauffer

Each one of us must truly walk alone  
In this great universe we call our home;  
"Oh, no" you say, "why this would be so strange;"  
Which one of you can bear another's pain?  
A helping hand is all that you can give;  
Each has his trials and through it each must live;  
If you will ask, the Lord will help, 'tis true  
But none is master of your soul but you.

So careful must we be which way we go,  
Though the road be fair or filled with ice and snow;  
The road that looks the best, right at its source,  
May oftentimes be a curved and treacherous course;  
But still too many people are so vain,  
To walk with God they think there is no gain  
But when their road turns rocky rough and steep  
"Oh Lord, don't let trials come to me," they weep;  
God's guiding hand is what we surely need  
To help us win o'er dangers that we meet.

God help us all on life's uncertain road,  
May the strongest bear another's heavy load;  
God does intend that we should always live  
By faith and love — a helping hand to give;  
Although seems hard that each is all alone,  
Nor for another's sins must we atone.

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Family Life



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## HEALTHY AT 100

Scientists are interested in learning more about a quiet peaceful valley in Ecuador where many of the inhabitants are still following the plow at the age of 90 years.

Interest was sparked when a census showed that there are quite a few persons in the valley who are between the ages of 100 and 130.

A group of nine prominent doctors who made an investigation reported that they thoroughly checked 628 persons, including some between 100 and 130 years old, and found no heart conditions and few other ailments.

One of the doctors said he believes that any heart patient from anywhere in the world who would go to live there would obtain improvement in his condition.

About 10,000 persons live in the valley which has been called "an island of health and longevity". It is located in Loja province at an elevation of about 4,500 feet. The climate is dry the year round and the temperature stays at about 68 degrees. Storms are rare in the valley.

The residents of the valley live a quiet life and have a healthy diet. Men of 80 and 90 are seen working in the fields alongside the younger men.

The valley is isolated from the outside — the only connection is a dirt road. Since it can not be reached by car, few foreigners ever visit the valley.

## DIVORCE ON INCREASE

Right now there are only eight major nations in the world who do not allow divorces — Italy, Spain, Ireland, Brazil, Chile, Argentina, Colombia, and Paraguay. All eight are Catholic nations, and it is due to the Catholic church's strict teaching against divorce that these nations have been able to hold out so long. Yet surprisingly enough, it now appears as though the first of the remaining eight nations to permit divorce may be Italy — home of the Catholic church. Recently a bill to legalize divorce has been introduced to Italy's Parliament, and it is predicted that the bill will pass before the end of the year.

Statistics show that more than one out of every four U.S. marriages end in divorce, and that the rate is continually soaring. In view of this condition at home, it is heartening to know there are still eight nations not permitting divorces, but soon there may be only seven.

## DISEASE AND POISON GAS

Public opinion was aroused recently when the U.S. Army planned to ship 809 carloads of poison gas cross country to the east coast. In a day when train derailments are all too common, just what would happen if the carloads of gas were derailed near a large city? The gas was termed as obsolete and was destined for disposal in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. When this issue came up, a lot of other questions were raised about the army's chemical warfare weapons. Apparently the U.S. and Russia both have some very deadly gases ready for use if the need arises.

One of the newer types is called Sarin and an army off-

icer stated that a single drop of the nerve gas on the back of a man's hand would kill him in 30 seconds.

The army also has some deadly disease germs tightly secured in bottles, which could be released over enemy territory to start epidemics of fatal diseases.

This kind of warfare goes back to 1763 when a British commander of the colonies sent small-pox infested blankets to the Indians. During the Civil War both sides poisoned wells, an old trick in wartime. During World War II, such deadly gases had been invented that no country dared use them for fear of reprisal.

Perhaps the most deadly disease that could be used against an enemy is anthrax. During World War II the British infested a small island in the North Atlantic as a test plot. The anthrax spores remain virulent to this day, and experts say the island will be uninhabitable for another 100 years. Other diseases include Q-fever, tularemia (rabbit fever), and parrot fever.

Much of this work is carried on in the quiet peaceful countryside near Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Another laboratory is at Fort Derrick, Maryland. Controlling germs and gases, even inside laboratories, can be difficult. But so far the safety record for the work has been better than in civilian industries. In 26 years of experimentation there have been 420 accidents, resulting in only 3 deaths.

In 1968 there was a mysterious and sudden outbreak of deaths among the sheep in the ranches of Utah. Veterinarians were baffled but tests seemed to indicate gas poisoning. The army finally admitted that a spraying device on one of the airplanes had failed to shut off and a deadly nerve gas had been sprayed for 30 miles past the target area. The government paid for the sheep.

## THE COMING WORLD CHURCH

Last month nine Presbyterian ministers paced back and forth in front of the headquarters of the World Council of Churches in Geneva, Switzerland. They carried lettered signs which they held aloft, "NO PEACE WITH ROME." The event that triggered their panic was the one-hour visit of Pope Paul VI to World Council headquarters.

During his short visit the Pope admitted frankly that there were still many difficulties in the way of Roman Catholic membership in the World Council — his office as Pope being one of the foremost problems. Yet in spite of what the Pope said, World Council officials felt encouraged by his visit when they remembered that as recently as ten years ago a Catholic priest was sternly rebuked by the Vatican for attending a World Council reception. A second sign that the ecumenical movement is gaining ground in Catholic territory is the increasing extent to which the Catholic Church is working closely with Protestants in such projects as joint Bible translations in many countries of the world.

The shadow of a giant world church looms as a very real possibility in the future. But unlike the picketing Presbyterian ministers, we do not feel that its threat will be that much greater merely because the Catholics join it. For if we read Anabaptist history we see that our forefathers suffered more persecution from Protestant sources than they did from Catholic. Therefore we conclude that whether the coming world church turns out to be Catholic, Protestant, or a mixture of both matters but little. What matters is that either way it will provide false security for millions and stand as an engulfing threat to the "little flock to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom." (Luke 12:32)

# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## BEWARE OF LOGS IN THE EYES

Everyone around the table was silent as heads were bowed for grace.

As soon as he was allowed to speak, little Bennie had an announcement to make from his side of the table. "Mom," he said accusingly. "Bertha was glancing around when we were praying."

"She was?" said Mother. "How do you know?"

"'Cause I saw her," Bennie answered, very sure of himself.

"You saw her?" said mother in surprise. "You saw her? Then you must have been glancing around too. You're just as guilty as she is."

We are apt to smile at little Bennie's mistake. He was trying to correct another, forgetting that he himself was guilty of the same thing. But when this happens on the adult level, it can certainly be more serious.

During the three years of his earthly ministry, Jesus spoke out very strongly against the temptation that is within all of us — the temptation to overlook our own faults in our zeal to point out someone else's. As a recent translation puts it, "Why then do you look at the speck in your brother's eye, and pay no attention to the log in your own eye? . . . Take the log out of your own eye first, and then you will be able to see to take the speck out of your brother's eye." (Matthew 7:3-5)

Jesus did not say that we should not be concerned about a speck in a brother's eye, for even a speck can be irritating and harmful. But he did say that we should never attempt to remove such a delicate thing as a speck as long as we have a log in our own. Common sense should tell us as much, "First take the log from your own eye, and then you'll be able to see clearly to remove the speck from your brother's eye."

It seems that many of us expect of others what we ourselves are unwilling to do. The story is told of the perplexed student who came to his teacher and said, "Teacher, I can't make out what you wrote in the margin of my paper."

"What do you mean you can't make it out?" snapped the teacher. "I just told you to write plainer."

This may be an extreme example, but it certainly illustrates a point. Unwittingly we may be doing what the teacher did — giving instructions to another, but the message is blurred because we ourselves are not living up to it.

The apostle Paul was very much aware of the danger of asking others to do something which he himself failed to do. He said, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." (I Cor. 9:27)

Fortunate is the father who can say to his sons, "Come with me and do as I do." That is the only instruction that has any lasting meaning. The person who is forced to say, "Do as I say, but not as I do," is a pathetic figure indeed. Who will listen to a man's counsel when his deeds

show that he is not convinced enough of what he is saying to follow his own advice?

Some time ago at Pathway we received a letter from a young man. He wanted it published in the "Ambassador of Peace." What he said in his letter may have been good enough, but we did not accept it for publication. Why? Because we did not feel that he was in a position to be saying what he was saying. Here are parts of his letter:

"To all young people — I would like to let all the young people know what they get into if they do not obey the good old Amish church. I feel sorry for the young people who don't obey the church and think it's smart not to . . .

"I beg all young people to obey the church and help build it up strong, not to tear it down. I know it seems quite difficult, but let me tell you young people something. It is much, much, more difficult for you if you live with the world. I know, because I am doing it, and some day I will, very much regret it. Please stay with the church, no matter how difficult you find it . . .

"I still think the Amish way of life is the correct and truthful life our Lord wants us to live, if it's lived right. I respect every person that lives a nice, clean plain life.

"The Amish life is not any more my way of life. I gave it up about eight months ago. Sometimes I wish I was still with a plain church, but I'm not, so I only hope that other young people will not leave. Please, young people, obey God's word. — A one-time A.O.P. reader."

In a personal letter to the editor, this boy went on to say, "I feel I have to warn the young people before they get lost too far . . . I feel that I will be forever lost. Please print it . . . I'm heartbroken with my way of life."

What did this letter tell you? To me the young man is saying in a round-about-way, "I'm like a hypocrite. I advise others to do one thing, while I do just the opposite." He claims he's sorry for his way of living, yet not sorry enough to quit. In the eyes of God, that isn't any repentance at all. Why should young people accept from him the statement that life is so rough in the world as long as he willfully continues to choose that kind of life? If he really believes he made a mistake, I'm sure his parents and church will welcome him back. If he truthfully is concerned that other young people see the evil of the world for what it is, his example in leaving it would be worth ten thousand letters. To publish his letter as an admonition to young people about the evils of the world would be as ridiculous as inviting a gangster to lecture on how crime doesn't pay.

It was to such people who deny others what they allow themselves that Paul was speaking when he said, "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest not thyself? thou that preacheest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" (Romans 2:21-22)

No, until we are ready to have the log removed from our own eyes, we are in no position to ask others to hold still while we work on the speck in their eyes. Neither should we expect people to stop and listen while we warn them not to make the choices we ourselves are making every day. What we are doing speaks so loudly that no one can hear what we are saying. ■■

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"Going to a church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to a garage makes you an automobile."



IS

THE

DOCTOR

IN?

WHETHER YOU HAVE CANCER, BACKACHE,  
RHEUMATISM, OR SOME OTHER COMPLAINT,  
YOUR HEALTH IS TOO VALUABLE TO TRUST  
TO THE HANDS OF A QUACK.



by Sarah M. Weaver

The clock on the wall showed 10:45. Joe Schwartz was lying on the table and the doctor was bending over him. He seemed very much concerned about the condition of his patient.

"Now hold this in your hand," the doctor said, giving Joe a small object. Attached to the object was a wire which led to a large machine standing nearby. Along the top of the machine were many buttons and meters, and wires were connected to different places.

The doctor eyed the machine gravely and then he asked, "You don't have a very good appetite, do you?"

"Oh, I eat quite well," Joe replied.

"Ach nay," interrupted Mrs. Schwartz from her seat on the opposite side of the table. "He eats hardly nothing like he used to, and then after eating he does not feel well."

"Hmm," the doctor said as a worried look crossed his face. He shook his head from side to side as he eyed the machine. A few strands of grayish hair came down over his temple. With his hand he quickly brushed them back again.

After a few moments he said, "Well, for one thing, I can see you have aluminum poisoning."

"Aluminum poisoning?" exclaimed Mrs. Schwartz. "How can that be? I cook all our food in stainless steel pans."

The color mounted in the doctor's face and he seemed at a loss for an answer. Finally he replied, "Well, maybe you still have an effect from the poisoning before you bought the dishes." He continued to turn the knobs.

Mrs. Schwartz sat in deep thought as the doctor continued to adjust the machine.

"This machine shows exactly what is wrong with you. I see too, that one of your kidneys is not in the right place."

"Yes, he complains about a pain in his back sometimes," Mrs. Schwartz said, as the doctor continued with his analysis.

Suddenly she interrupted him. "Ah, ja, now I know." Her face lighted up as the thought struck her. She tapped her husband on the arm, "Every morning I cook the water

for your coffee in an aluminum dipper."

"Yes, that's right," Joe said. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

The doctor nodded his head and smiled. "Well, I knew there was some aluminum connected up with it somewhere!"

Joe Schwartz was given an adjustment on his back and then the doctor bowed and said, "That will be all for today, sir."

"How much is it?" Joe asked when he was ready to go.

"Twenty-five dollars. It's twenty dollars for the diagnosis, and five for the treatment."

Joe pulled out his billfold and paid the doctor. As they went out of the office Mrs. Schwartz whispered to her husband, "He is very reasonable. That machine must cost a lot of money. Twenty dollars isn't much to find out what was wrong with you!"

"Next," called the doctor from the door of his office. The clock on the wall said eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Norma Mullet quit her chatting and hurried to the door which led to the doctor's office. She had been induced by some well-meaning friends to come eighty miles to see this much-sought-after doctor. But in the back of her mind there was still some doubt.

"He's all right," her friends had assured her. "Almost everybody goes there."

"But still they can be wrong," she had answered.

"But look how he helped Jake Cristner. He used to be complaining of his health all the time, and now since he goes to this doctor, he feels much better. The other doctors couldn't find his trouble."

"Yes, but are you sure that what this doctor said was true?"

"Well, he's a lot better. Why don't you go there too? It won't hurt to try him, you know."

So Norma had finally consented to come. She was still skeptical as she pulled on the white gown the doctor had given her. Then she sat stiffly in the chair and answered

the questions he was asking.

Then he gave her the black object to hold in her hand while he watched the machine. Suddenly the telephone rang. The doctor rose to his feet and went to the next room to answer the phone.

When Norma heard that he was busily engaged in the telephone conversation, her curiosity got the best of her. She stood up and began to examine the wonderful machine. Then she raised the lid.

So surprised was she by what she saw that she almost let out an audible exclamation. The machine was empty. The wires were not connected anywhere. The gauges and meters had been glued in place. There was only a small light and one of the meters was wired to allow a certain amount of electricity to go through it to make it move.

Softly she replaced the lid and returned to her chair just as the doctor re-entered the room. She hoped he would not notice her excitement over her discovery. He continued the examination.

The doctor decided that her troubles came from a bump she had gotten on her head when she was five years old. He gave her the proper treatment and advised her to come back again if necessary.

Norma paid her twenty-five dollars, and as she left the office she thought to herself, "That's rather expensive but it was worth it to find out about him."

The remark has been made, perhaps not without reason, that nobody falls for quack doctors and fake peddlers quicker than the plain people.

There may be several reasons why our people are often misled by fakes. People who are taught honesty as a way of life from their youth often do not realize that others are dishonest. Thus when the salesman comes to the door and looks honest and has a nice friendly way about him, who would suspect that he is a liar? It is only afterwards, when the roof paint washes off the first summer, or the chick pullets turn out to be roosters, that they realize they have been taken.

They reason, "He said so, why wouldn't it be true?" or "It says so right here on the label", or "It's printed in the book, so surely it's true."

False practitioners may be bolder and less fearful among our people because we do not report them to the officers as quickly as others would. Perhaps they know that we do not go to law.

Oftimes a large number of people will flock to a doctor for a period of time. In a few years the doctor will have faded into history and few or none of our people will go to his office anymore. Had he been reliable, his popularity would have increased instead of faded out.

At one time many of our people believed in Dr. Hoxsey's "cancer cure". His "miraculous" medicine was well known for many years and it was estimated that as many as 10,000 people were under his care at one time. He took in millions of dollars.

Although his patients called him "doctor", he had only an eighth grade education. Government investigators tested his medicine and declared it was worthless. They traveled thousands of miles to question "cured" patients, their families and physicians. It was found that those who had supposedly been cured, either had not had the disease to begin with, had received previous surgery which would account for it, still had the disease, or had died of it.

In California Dr. Phillips, a young chiropractor, claimed to be able to cure cancer.

"I can cure your child without surgery," he told the parents of 8-year-old Linda Epping, who had a cancer of the eye. The parents were German immigrants, and they believed him. They took the child out of the hospital and put her under Dr. Phillips' care. He told them that cancer is a general condition of the body which can be cured only by chemical balancing.

He had an attractive-looking office, framed diplomas on the wall and a number of complicated machines. They paid him \$500 in advance and \$250 a month.

Little Linda was given vitamins and laxatives. She got desiccated ox bile, extract of beef, an iodine solution and enemas. In a little over a month Linda died.

Dr. Phillips was taken to court, and after a well-publicized trial he was convicted of murder. The chiropractic association did not try to defend his actions.

In 1946 a little Amish girl named Elizabeth had a cancer on her leg. She lived in Enon Valley, Pennsylvania. In an effort to check the cancer the doctors amputated her leg above the knee. The leg healed and she was fitted with crutches. She got along real well and went to school again.

After two years the child was sick again. The cancer had spread to her lungs. Someone informed them that in Chattanooga, Tennessee, there was a doctor who could cure cancer. The parents thought it was worth trying.

By this time there were nine children in the family and Elizabeth was the second oldest. Money was scarce but the parents wanted to do anything they could for the little girl. It would take a lot of money, for the doctor in Tennessee charged quite a lot for his treatment.

They decided to sell their farm and all of the livestock and go to Tennessee. There they lived in an old garage beside the doctor's office. The treatment for Elizabeth consisted of a strict diet and a hot bath which was supposed to purify her blood. The bath was administered by placing the child on a mat and turning on the water as hot as she could stand it. The doctor charged \$300 a month for his fees. (This would be the equivalent of about \$600 a month today.)

As winter was coming on, three of the children were sent back to Enon Valley to stay with friends so they could attend school. But after a few weeks the three children who were sent back became lonesome. One of them got pneumonia and another also became sick. It was then decided that the mother should return, too. Only the father and Elizabeth would remain in Tennessee.

Although she was young at the time, Elizabeth's younger sister still remembers the nurses who worked for the doctor. They were Negro women and they chewed tobacco. Every so often throughout the day they would open the door and spit out across the yard. With their hands they would wipe their mouths and then wipe their fingers on their aprons. Then they would return to the cooking or whatever they happened to be doing. This sight made a lasting impression on the children.

After her mother had left, Elizabeth took a turn for the worse. Her father saw that she was almost starved because of the strict diet, and she longed to go home. A month later the girl was coughing more and was becoming weaker.

"We have decided to go home," the father told the doctor.

"Don't do that," the doctor said. "You leave the child here. I can help her. You should not take her home now."

Elizabeth was coughing more and at times she vomited. She could not lie down to sleep. The father decided to take



her home in spite of the doctor's advice. They went home. Two weeks later Elizabeth died.

The fear of cancer strikes at the heart of many people the same as leprosy did in Bible times. It is a disease that is oftentimes incurable although there are various types which can be checked by proper medical treatment if discovered in time.

But often the word "cancer" causes people to panic. Thousands of dollars are wasted every year in a desperate effort to find a cure. After the patient dies, the relatives may comfort themselves with the thought that they left no stone unturned. The question remains, was it advisable to turn that last stone?

We know that death is inevitable — it is coming sometime. Yet it takes a firmly-grounded faith to calmly accept the doctor's verdict of an incurable disease.

The story is told of a woman who spent \$20,000 on quack doctors. In great pain she went from one healer to another. Her husband had a small business which he mortgaged and lost. At last he was without both his wife and his business. He sacrificed all in a wild chase after

unproven remedies.

It is estimated that every year a billion dollars is spent on useless remedies, gadgets and health fads. About \$350 million of this goes for unprescribed pills, food supplements, and unneeded laxatives.

Health food advocates claim that practically all our staple foods today are lacking in vitamins and minerals. But most of the doctors do not agree. They say that such reports are spread to undermine the people's faith in common foods and to get them to pay fabulous prices for special foods at health stores.

Older people are often easy victims to false teachings about unreliable cures. Usually they have stiff limbs and aching joints, but these can be expected in old age.

Grandmother fears cholesterol in her blood so she takes a drug that causes her hair to fall out. Grandfather is afraid of a stroke so he buys a battery machine from a salesman who claims it will dissolve the fatty deposits in his blood streams. But the current makes him nervous.

Some people have been using "royal jelly" which is a special food prepared by worker bees for the queen bee. A very small amount, measured in parts per million, is diluted with other material and put into capsules. These capsules are supposed to restore youth, but all they actually do is reduce the bank account!

Weight-reducing formulas also find a ready market. These can be dangerous and ruin a person's health. The safest way to reduce is the old-fashioned way of eating less and watching the calories.

Arthritis sufferers, because of their constant pain and fear of getting worse, often fall victim to quackery. There are all kinds of pills, and different types of machines, and some doctors give shots. In a western state there are uranium mines where the patients sit for hours deep underground in the hope of finding relief.

Because of many healthbooks, magazines, and advertising on the subject, many people are overly health-conscious. In some cases, people become pain-conscious too, and the slightest symptom can send them flying to a doctor. The body has a very wonderful defense system which is ordinarily able to cope with illness or abnormalities, under favorable circumstances. But nervous or emotional persons have a tendency to make a mountain out of a molehill, resulting in unnecessary suffering and expense.

Several years ago many of our people were drinking gallons and gallons of mineral water.

When the salesman came to the home of Andy and Druscilla Yoder, they invited him in. Yes, they had heard about this water, and well meaning friends had urged Druscilla to try it — perhaps it was just what she needed.

The words of the salesman sounded convincing. "You drink eight glasses of this water a day, and we will give you a diet to follow. Then you will be taking our vitamins, of course, and in a few weeks you will be a new woman."

"What kind of a diet do you recommend?" Andy wanted to know.

"It will consist mostly of fruits and vegetables, with but few starches and sugars. Your body has to have the right kind of food.

"How much does it cost for the mineral water and the vitamins for a month?" Andy asked.

When the salesman told them how much it would cost, they were hesitant to buy. It was more than they had expected.

"We'll think it over," Andy said. "If we decide to try



*Heads*

*Bent Low*

A stooped old man, and a young man,  
Chanced to meet one day.  
The young man said to the elder,  
In his usual braggart way,  
"Why don't you walk up straight like me?  
That's no way to grow old;  
It's all a form of habit,  
At least that's what I'm told."

The old man gave him a knowing look,  
And said, "My dear young friend,  
Have you ever examined your wheat fields  
And noticed the heads that bend?  
If not, just look them over,  
As the harvest time draws nigh;  
You'll find the heads that are empty,  
Are standing tall and high.

But the heads that count in the harvest,  
Are filled and bending low,  
Awaiting the reaper's sickle:  
Their time is short, they know."  
As the young man passed on by,  
He slowly bowed his head.  
No doubt, he pondered many a day  
On the words that old man said.

- Sent in by Sarah Mae Miller, Ind.

it we'll let you know."

When he saw that further pressure would be useless, the salesman said, "All right, I will leave you this literature and here is my name and address. You just let me know and I will be right out to get you started."

The Yoders were not ignorant of health matters. After studying over it for sometime, Andy said, "Oh, it's very plain now. I'm glad we didn't bite."

"What is plain?" Druscilla asked.

"This mineral water company is quite a set-up," he answered. "People don't drink enough water so by drinking this mineral water, they will be drinking more."

"But why do they have the diet?" she asked.

"By eating more fruits and vegetables and less sweets and puddings and pastries, that will help also."

"Oh yes," his wife answered, "that sounds reasonable. It's only natural that a person would feel better on such a diet. I'm glad we didn't spend so much money for something we could have known ourselves."

The man who goes from house to house selling health products is not a doctor. He is a salesman and of course he is out to make money. Although there are some people who do have special conditions and do have a lack of proteins, vitamins and minerals, this definitely does not include everyone. For the individual who has a well-balanced diet, plenty of fresh air, and exercise, will not have a lack of these things. For such people it is a waste of money to buy expensive supplements.

We can not always believe what the print on the box or bottle says. Recently in one year the Federal Drug Administration seized 97 falsely advertised food supplements, 40 drugs and 13 worthless healing devices. They also destroyed 50 tons of worthless books and literature. Some of the healing machines were found to be of no more value than a two-cell flashlight.

Some models of the Drown Radio Therapeutic Instrument, it was claimed, could diagnose the condition of a patient a thousand miles away by a drop of the patient's blood. It could also treat the ailment. Many cancer patients died who trusted this machine.

One woman sent in a drop of turkeyblood and pretended it was her daughter's. The turkey was healthy, but when the diagnosis came back it said the patient had chickenpox and mumps!

The "Ozone Generators" which were sold for healing certain diseases were not only worthless but were actually dangerous. Laboratory experiments showed that the rays would kill mice.

Krebiozen was at one time a well-known drug which gave hope to cancer patients. Dr. Andrew Ivy, its fore-

most advocate, believed that the medicine was made from horses which had been injected with certain chemicals.

When an investigation was made and the medicine was subjected to extensive testing and retesting, the report came back "Krebiozen is mineral oil and nothing else."

Some quack doctors are very popular. Just because thousands of people believe in him doesn't prove he isn't a quack.

In California a woman doctor operated a large business. By the use of different machines, she claimed to be able to diagnose anyone's ailments. Yes, the machine could tell exactly what was wrong.

"You must place your feet on this plate and then I will make the diagnoses," she told her patients.

But one man was a doubting Thomas and while the woman was busily watching her gauges, he raised his feet off the plate. The machine continued to register and the hands flipped back and forth, apparently quite unaware that no one's feet were on the plate. The law put an end to her business.

There is a doctor in Pennsylvania who is drawing many of our people. He is located in an out-of-the-way place and has no nurse. Oftimes he is busy from late morning until late at night. He can treat as many as 75 patients in a day.

He uses a machine to make his analysis. One mother said with all seriousness, "With this machine, he can see right through his patients." Of course they believe him. He says so, why wouldn't it be true?

It is reported that this doctor uses a Ouija board to make his diagnoses. While the patient is in front of the machine he retires to another room where he consults the board. The Ouija board is a form of witchcraft, which is plainly forbidden in the Bible.

This doctor often says that the patient's trouble goes back to some childhood happening. An elderly man said, "The doctor told me my trouble comes from a bump on the head which I received forty years ago. And it is true, I did bump my head."

People listen intently, believing everything which is said. Then they will be anxious to go home and tell their friends about it, so they too can be healed. This is cheap advertising for the doctor, and very effective. They never stop to think that bumping one's head is a common occurrence!

Quacks can hire people to come into the waiting room to tell how wonderfully they have been healed. If a doctor can get the patient's confidence, then the patient will imagine himself improving. Perhaps there was nothing seriously wrong with him in the first place.

The quack doctor invariably makes the patient's illnesses worse than they actually are. Thus when the patient improves, the doctor gets the credit.

The gypsies, so common years ago, practiced different kinds of witchcraft. We should beware of any doctor who uses suspicious practices or hypnosis.

In Old Testament times, such practices were common. The children of Israel were strictly warned against the powers of darkness. The wicked queen Jezebel used witchcraft. (2 Kings 9:22.)

"Because of the multitude of whoredoms of the well-favored harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth nations through her whoredoms, and families through her witchcrafts. Behold I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts." Nahum 3:4, 5.

Oma Raber had not been feeling well, so a well-meaning friend advised her to go to a new doctor in a local town.

**Family Life**

#### DID YOU KNOW?

Huge medieval Bibles, hand-written on vellum and stoutly clad in metal were both cumbersome and heavy. Many volumes weighed sixty pounds or more; a few weighed as much as one hundred pounds.



"He's just wonderful," the friend said.

Oma thought this sounded promising so she went to the doctor. But his actions made her suspicious, and she mistrusted him.

He detected this and tried to win her confidence. "I do my diagnosing by the stars," he told her, "and I also make my own pills."

Oma knew enough about black magic and the powers of darkness that she was determined to try to dissuade anyone else from entering his door. Afterwards when she saw her family doctor again, she told him of the actions of the new doctor. "Don't worry," he assured her, "the medical association will take care of him."

#### WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO QUACKS?

First of all, there are "miracle" seekers who have an incurable disease but are unwilling to face it. They may have a family or for other reasons feel they are greatly needed. The incurable often grasps at the faintest speck of hope. People who do not have a firm faith in God are likely to panic. They seek for a doctor who will tell them they can be cured. They usually find one.

Second, there are those of the other extreme. They imagine they have cancer or some other serious ailment, although the doctors try to tell them there is nothing seriously wrong. When a doctor says, "It's a case of nerves," this will send them flying to another doctor.

Susie was such a woman. The doctor assured her, "We found no cancer." But Susie did not smile. She was sure she had cancer. So she went to another doctor. He examined her carefully and again the same verdict, "No cancer." Still dissatisfied, she went to other doctors.

A friend told her of a good doctor several hundred miles away. She decided to go and see him. Gravely he told her, "Yes, you do have cancer. But I can help you."

In him she put her trust, and her money. Months later he assured her, "You are cured."

Third are the uninformed. They don't know what is expected of a doctor. When they hear of one who specializes in diseases of women, or in cancer, they investigate no further but believe everything he says.

Fourth, are the emotionally disturbed. Emotions can cause many ailments and bring on intense pain. This is a hard-to-cure "disease". It can be caused by worry, hate, fears, distress, or deep-seated dissatisfaction of our position in life. It can be brought on by an inferiority complex or a broken love affair.

A well known doctor made the following statement, "It is a fact that much illness is mental and emotional or self-limiting. Such sickness can be helped by suggested therapy. That, of course, is exactly what a quack uses. Let it be honestly admitted that a quack thrives because he helps many. The testimonials he displays as a lure are sincere, even though many of the authors are to be found in cemeteries. Every physician who turns away a patient saying, 'There's nothing wrong with you, it is just your nerves,' creates a need which the quack happily fills."

If what the above doctor says is correct, and quacks are actually filling a need, then what is wrong with quackery, anyway? Whose business is it where I doctor? The answer is that many people who do need competent medical treatment are promised a false cure by quacks and are hindered from going to a reliable doctor.

For those whose sickness is emotional, what they need is realistic help in facing the problems of life. The quack is a very poor substitute for facing life as it is and for

living it by means of a true faith in God.

From the viewpoint of those who are informed, there is no need for the quack and there is no such thing as harmless quackery. It has been rightly said, "Quackery is a form of crime."

#### IS YOUR DOCTOR A QUACK?

Are you taking treatments with a doctor? Would you like to know if he is a quack? See how he rates with the following test:

	Yes	No	
1.	_____	_____	Does he claim to have a secret method?
2.	_____	_____	Do his "cured" patients have only his word that they had cancer (or some other serious ailment) when they went to him?
3.	_____	_____	Does he advertise?
4.	_____	_____	Does he practise in an "out of the way" place?
5.	_____	_____	Does his fee seem rather high?
6.	_____	_____	Does he diagnose his cases as being more serious than the local family doctor does?
7.	_____	_____	Is he affiliated with a local hospital, or with other doctors in his work?
8.	_____	_____	Does he have a good reputation in the neighborhood where his office is located?
9.	_____	_____	Do some of his patients relate almost unbelievable stories of his healing prowess?
10.	_____	_____	Does he work according to the state laws?

#### ANSWERS TO - IS YOUR DOCTOR A QUACK?

1. Reputable doctors share their knowledge and experience and make the treatment widely available.
2. If so, beware. An honest medical man is prepared to provide proof if he says he has found cancer or any serious ailment. He welcomes consultation and checking.
3. No worthy physician boasts in print or over the air of his accomplishments, or in any way solicits practice.
4. A qualified doctor need not fear, and can work in the open.
5. Many quacks charge exorbitant fees.
6. If he diagnoses your case quite different from your local family doctor, then beware!
7. Reputable doctors, especially those who prescribe pills or any other form of medication, are usually affiliated with a local hospital.
8. To find the reputation of a doctor in a large city would be rather difficult. In a small town it is easy. It is always best to get the opinion of a number of persons.
9. If you hear tales of this sort, do not accept nor believe them, unless they can give you the patient's name and address - and then don't believe it until you have investigated further.
10. If not, beware again!

"Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not tried."

- G. K. Chesterton

THE BOY IN THIS STORY HAS A BROKEN LEG AND THINKS LIFE IS UNFAIR TO HIM UNTIL HE LEARNS ABOUT THE TWO CROSSES.

# ROOM 208

—Elmo Stoll

**F**or a long time I lay staring at the white ceiling of the hospital room. Everything seemed quiet after the activity of the day. Now the only sound was the occasional soft tapping of the nurses making their rounds in the hall outside my room — Room 208.

By turning my head slightly, I could see out the window into the clear night. Like an oversized slice of orange, the crescent moon hung in the peaceful sky.

I turned my head back to the ceiling, half angered by the calmness and serenity of the sky. Even the quiet and orderliness of the hospital grated on me. Why did everything have to be so right — and myself so wrong? Why was the night so peaceful while I was all mixed up inside, — my feelings in turmoil? Why? I felt like shouting the question. WHY?

Yet I felt sure I knew the answer. There could be only one answer. Life was cruel. Cruel and unfair. That was the answer. Life was a monster — a gloating monster that took delight in torturing some people. I clenched my fists until the nails bit painfully into my hands.

I closed my eyes but my mind raced on. It was useless to hope for relief in sleep. Even that luxury was denied me, for I was too seething with rebellion to relax.

Oh, sure, the doctor had said that after all, it could be worse. And that the four weeks would pass quickly. Four more weeks. Ha, a lot he knew about lying in bed for four weeks. Of course, four weeks passed quickly when all you had to do was walk around the hospital and stick needles into people and smile down at them. Sure, if the doctor thought four weeks in bed was such fun, why didn't he trade places for just one day?

Four weeks wouldn't have been so bad, but four more weeks — that's what hurt. And today was the day I was going to leave for home. Today was the day I had been looking forward to for the last month — the day when I would say good-bye to Room 208 with its sickening white ceiling and its nerve-wracking quietness. Instead the doctor had said the X ray showed the break in my leg had not healed right, and I would have to stay in bed another four weeks.

I opened my eyes again and glanced out at the sky. The moon had climbed higher a bit, but otherwise the sky looked the same — just as peaceful and calm as before. At least it could have a little pity on a fellow and not just go right on as if everything was perfectly right with the world.

The dim noise of a car horn drifted through the night. My back ached and my head throbbed. I was hot and sweaty, but when I pushed the covers back, I chilled. My

mouth felt dry. That was it. I would press the button and have a nurse bring me a drink. A fresh drink. There was a little water in the glass on the stand beside my bed, but it would be lukewarm by now. I pressed the button down and waited impatiently.

Five minutes passed. No nurse came. I worked the button on and off. I figured there was no reason why those nurses couldn't come right away. That was what they were paid for.

The door opened and a nurse walked in. She seemed a little out of breath. "Is something wrong?"

"Yes," I said irritably. "I can't sleep, and my head hurts and I want a drink of water."

She just stood there and looked real hard at me for a long time. "I thought maybe you had fallen out of bed and broken your cast the way you were blinking the light. So you want a drink of water. HmMMM."

My eyes filled with tears as she took my glass and left. With all the troubles I had, surely the nurse could do as much as show some sympathy. But that was just my luck, getting a cranky old nurse. Oh, well, those nurses were just like the doctor — they saw so many sick people that their hearts were just chunks of iron — no feeling at all.

I brushed the tears from my eyes and tried to brace up the best I could before the nurse came back. She seemed friendlier this time as she walked in. "Okay, here's some good fresh water," she smiled.

I propped myself on one elbow to drink it. I half emptied the glass, and then handed it back. Wearily I flopped into the pillow, and sighed.

I had the impression that the nurse was observing me more out of amusement than sympathy.

"You've really got it rough in life, haven't you, son?" she asked.

Was she making fun of me? I felt the anger welling up inside me again. Of all the nerve. I opened my mouth to say something when the nurse stopped me.

"Never mind," she said. "I was just wondering what you'd do if there really were something wrong with you." Then she turned and left the room.

My anger turned to an overwhelming wave of self-pity and I don't know how long I sobbed hot tears into my pillow. I only know that I awoke the next morning feeling tired and depressed. The four weeks ahead seemed like four centuries.

The day ticked by, broken only by a visit from my mother and my younger sister at two o'clock when visiting hours started. There wasn't even any mail for me, as I guess everybody figured I was coming home and there was

Family Life



no use writing. My sister noticed that I was sort of blue and tried to make up for it by chatting gaily about what they were doing at home. But that kind of talk only made me feel worse.

My mother said that she was going to ask the doctor if I couldn't go up to Room 416 some time to visit Melvin Hersherberger. I was excited about the idea right away. I had almost forgotten about Melvin, since I had had such tough luck myself. Melvin was a young married man that had been badly burned when a gasoline barrel exploded. He had been in the hospital weeks before I was.

"How soon can Melvin go home?" I asked my mother.

"I haven't heard that he is even talking about going home yet," Mother said. "They're starting to do skin grafting on him. I guess he has some pretty bad burns."

I didn't know much about burns and skin grafts, but thinking about Melvin left me feeling queer. I wasn't too sure if I wanted to go see him anymore or not. He must be feeling awfully depressed with all the pain and operations he'd had to go through.

Don't ask me what Mom said to the doctor, but the next day when he came smiling into my room, he said, "Well, son, I hear you'd like to go do a little visiting today. Is that right?"

"I guess so," I said, not too eager anymore since I had had time to think about the idea.

"I'm going to let you go if you promise to be careful. A nurse will take you up to Melvin's room in about fifteen minutes. If you sit on a stretcher, you should be able to have a nice visit without much risk of banging your cast against something. Think so?"

I nodded. I was thinking how nice it would be to get out of my old room. I called it Cell No. 208 — you know, as if it were a prison. That's a good name for a place where you've got to lie in bed for eight weeks staring at a white ceiling.

Melvin was on the fourth floor so I got a ride on the elevator. It stopped with a jerk almost as soon as we started going up, and just like that, we were there. The double doors slid open and the nurse rolled me out and down the long hall. I watched the numbers on the doors so I could tell when we were nearing Melvin's room. His number wasn't hard to remember — Room 416, just double my number. Twice as much as 208. And he's had about twice as much trouble and pain, I thought to myself. His accident was twice as bad. Poor fellow. I bet he's really blue. Maybe I'll be able to cheer him up a bit.

We turned a corner and went down another hallway. Then at an open doorway the stretcher slowed, and I looked in the room and saw a man I hardly recognized as Melvin Hersherberger. The one side of his face was a plaster of crisscrossed bandages. But what the bandages didn't quite hide was the ugly scar that looked as though it covered the whole side of his face. An empty feeling hurt inside me. I suddenly wished I hadn't come.

The nurse pushed me right up beside the bed. I couldn't stop looking at Melvin's face. But it wasn't just the scar and the maze of bandages that held my attention. It was also the way the good side of his face kept trying to smile, and the bright light in the clear blue eyes looking up at me. I'm ashamed to say it, but I'm afraid I actually stared at him.

"Why, hello," Melvin said. His voice sounded wrong. Too cheerful. It was out of place. Didn't fit somehow with the scar and the bandages. "This is a real treat," Melvin went on. "How is your leg getting along? I heard you'll soon be going home."

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That reminded me of my disappointment. The resentment toward life surged back into me. "Yes, I was supposed to go home yesterday," I said, a little bitterly. "But then I found out I have to stay in here for another four weeks. But I guess I'll bear it somehow."

Melvin was silent for a moment. "Does your leg hurt you much?" he asked sympathetically.

"Quite a bit," I said, glad that at last I had found someone that knew what it was like to have it rough in life. "Some nights I have an awful hard time going to sleep. And some of the nurses are about as grouchy as an old cluck sitting on eggs."

"That seems strange," Melvin said. "Up here on this floor they have the most patient crew of nurses I ever saw. They've been wonderful to me during the long weeks when they had to change the dressings on my burns. Seems like they did everything they could to make the pain easier to bear."

I was disappointed that Melvin didn't share my complaint about the nurses. The way he praised them only added salt to my hurt. "It isn't fair anyhow, that some of us have to sit in a hospital like prisoners while the rest of the people in the world don't have a worry," I burst out. "Sometimes I think that life is just against me."

Suddenly I stopped, surprised at how frankly I was talking. I hadn't realized how worked up I was inside.

"Oh, I think everybody has their ups and downs," Melvin said mildly. "But I've been thankful that I wasn't hurt worse than I was. It's hard to be away from my family, but then I think that I could have been killed just as easily as not. God was good to spare my life."

For a moment I was stumped. I couldn't believe Melvin was serious. He claimed he was thankful he wasn't burned worse. Wow! After what he had gone through, how much worse had he expected it to be, anyhow? Yet his cheerfulness didn't seem to be put on. I was just plain puzzled to know what to think and I told him so.

"Listen, Melvin," I said. "How do you make it anyhow? I mean, how can you stand it? You must have suffered twice as much as I ever did, and you have a family at home to take care of, and everything. I don't know how you can be so cheerful."

There were soft little crinkles about his eyes, and his half face smiled again. "Don't feel sorry for me," he said gently. "I've only got half as big a load to bear as you have."

"What do you mean?" I said. "You know you've been through a lot more than I have."

"I mean I've only got one cross to bear."

For a fleeting instant I wondered if it was possible that Melvin's mind had been affected by his suffering. "One what?" I asked.

"One cross."

"One cross?"

"Yes. I've only got one cross to bear while you have two."

"What do you mean, I have two?"

"I look at it this way," Melvin explained. "All of us meet unpleasant things in life that make a heavy cross for us to bear. But if we rebel against things we can't change, and feel bitter about them, our wrong attitude is the second cross to bear. And it can often be heavier than the first."

If one of the nurses had told me that, I would have gotten plenty upset. I would have been boiling inside. But I couldn't get mad at Melvin Hersherberger as he lay on that bed, his face gaunt from suffering, yet his eyes bright

and the one side of his mouth trying to smile.

I swallowed hard and looked away. I swallowed the second time. My mind was churning over the things Melvin had said. It had been a long time since anyone had talked so plainly to me. It was hard to accept, but each time a bit of anger started to rise within me, I would see again the scar on Melvin's face as it contrasted with the soft light in his eyes. And each time the anger would fade away.

Melvin must have sensed the struggle I was having with myself, for he was silent. I swallowed again. It was a big swallow, a hard swallow. Inside that lump in my throat was wrapped up a lot of my pride and self-will.

Just then, before I could say anything to Melvin, the nurse came bustling into the room. She looked at me and said, "Your time's up. All set to go back to your room?"

"Sure," I said. But I didn't want to leave Melvin like that, without saying anything. He might think I was mad at him. So I looked at him and added, "Sure I'm ready to go — now that I've gotten rid of one of my crosses."

The nurse looked at me the way I had looked at Melvin earlier. Then she said kindly, "Just lie down and relax. You'll be all right when you get back to your room."

And a few minutes later I knew how right she was. "It's nice to be home," I said, as she pushed me into room 208. ■■

## FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

### CIRCLES OF FRIENDSHIP

I wonder who "invented" circle letters. It could have been Ben Franklin, for it seems he thought of more clever things than anyone else. Whoever the person was, he deserves at least a footnote in the history books, for circle letters are a great idea.

I don't know just how popular these circle letters are out in the big wide world, but they certainly are being made use of among the Amish. A good guess would be that half of our adults have taken part in a circle letter some time in their lives. A neighbor lady I talked to yesterday evening said she belongs to seven!

How do circle letters work? It's quite simple, as most of our readers probably already know. Ten or a dozen people living at different addresses make up a group, and the pack of letters goes round and round the circle, each member taking out his old letter and adding a new one every time the envelope comes to his mailbox.

Circle letters are sometimes confused with chain letters, but the difference is like day and night. Circle letters are for a good purpose and are honest and perfectly legal. Chain letters, by contrast, are strictly against the law. When one comes addressed to you, the only sane thing to do is to toss it into the nearest stove, no matter how many promises of good fortune or threats and curses it contains.

A circle is a good symbol of friendship, and that is the purpose of circle letters — the sharing of news and views, fellowship, comfort, friendliness. There are many varieties of circle letters but each group is held together by some common bond, some interest or circumstance that each member of the circle shares with the others.

Probably the most common kind of circle group is the family letter — where brothers and sister make up a round, or cousins write to each other. These "Freundschaft" letters help relatives to regularly keep in touch with each other. Much news that would otherwise never be written is shared in this way. Also, the circle method saves a lot of writing, for each letter is read by a large number of people. For example, in a group of ten it would take 100 letters to provide the same communication as one round of a circle letter makes possible.)

#### Wheel Chair Writers

Perhaps nowhere are circle letters appreciated more than by handicapped persons or invalids. Many of these have long hours and many trials that healthy people do not experience. A fat envelope full of letters from other handicapped people is a welcome sight when the mail is brought in. From these letters the shut-in gathers courage and faith, for they tell of others who are suffering in the same way and are overcoming the same temptations.

When I decided yesterday to write about circle letters, my first thought was to talk to Sarah Weaver, a fellow editor here at Pathway. "Do you belong to any circle letters, Sarah?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I believe I am writing in five now."

Three of the circle letters in which Sarah takes part are for handicapped or crippled persons. The first has about fifteen members, all of whom suffer from muscular dystrophy. Half of these live in the Berne, Indiana area. It was when Sarah visited these young men and women at Berne that the idea of a muscular dystrophy circle letter was born.

The second of Sarah's "handicap" circle letters contains twelve writers, scattered from Pennsylvania to Missouri. Most of this group are confined to wheel chairs, and at least half of them are victims of polio. One man is paralyzed from a diving accident some years ago.

The third group differs from the first two mainly because no men are included. Here too there are a number of polio patients, and others that were born with deformities so that they are unable to walk. This group is smaller, for three of the members passed away recently.

#### Teachers, Too

My own experience with circle letters started in 1955 when I was invited to join with a group of Amish teachers. There weren't many Amish schools in those days, and I suppose the fifteen correspondents in our circle letter made up half of the Amish teachers in the world.

As a young teacher still in my teens, I really appreciated the mature counsel of the older and more experienced teachers in the group. Among them were Uria Byler and Crist M. Hershberger of Geauga County, Ohio, Barbara

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Maust and Rhoda Bontrager of Delaware, Lydia F. Beiler Mary Huyard of Lancaster. As the school year opened in September, 1955, these six teachers had a total of 34 years experience, and they had lots to write about.

The teachers were so enthusiastic about the circle letter that one of the members, Lydia K. Byler of New Wilmington, Penna., suggested an Amish teachers' paper. Interesting letters such as those being written in the circle letter could then be printed and each teacher would have a copy to keep — quite an advantage over the circle letter where a writer got to keep only his own copy. With this idea the Blackboard Bulletin came into being.

The first issue of the Bulletin was mailed out in the fall of 1957, but our teachers' circle letter kept right on going its regular round. For a while there was talk of discontinuing it, but it would have been like parting with an old friend. Also, circle letters do have advantages over a monthly paper — many of the personal comments and chatty remarks that appeared in the circle letter would have been out of place in a paper that went to hundreds of homes.

Today the teachers' letter is still going strong, and so is the Blackboard Bulletin. I dropped out of the circle letter, though, a few years ago soon after I quit teaching, and I really miss the letter. It was always a thrill to read, though it was not quite so much fun to write for it. I believe the only two teachers from our 1955 roll call that are still in the circle are Lydia F. Beiler and Mary Huyard. All the rest have dropped out, and have been replaced by others.

Today there are over 200 Amish teachers and perhaps a dozen different teachers' circle letters. One teacher who is working at Pathway this summer says she belongs to four.

#### A Common Interest

Circle letters thrive when the writers have a common interest — something that is of concern to each one of them, and binds them to the others. We have mentioned circle letters made up of relatives, handicapped persons, and teachers.

There are many other kinds. Through the Ambassador of Peace, a number of I-W circle letters were arranged, and there is at least one circle made up of the wives of I-W's. Many Amish are interested in organic farming, so a circle letter was started to keep the organic boosters in communication with each other. I know of one circle letter made up of Amish bishops, and there may be more. An Ohio man who has a homebakery shop started a circle letter to keep in touch with fellow Amish bakers.

Sometimes teen-age girls form a circle and keep on writing for years. My brother's wife had belonged to such a letter before she married, so I asked her what had become of it. She told me the letter lasted at least ten years, but had stopped coming about two or three years ago and she had no idea what became of it. One by one the girls had married and started families. Perhaps that is the reason why this circle letter eventually died — the writers were busy young mothers. Another reason may have been that the members were getting scattered around the world — one now lives in British Honduras and another in Paraguay.

But perhaps the most unusual circle letter of all is the "Andy Mast" circle letter. The one thing all fourteen members obviously have in common is their name — Andrew Mast. (Our local Andy Mast told me, "There are still others that could join, but I think fourteen is enough.") The letter was started about ten years ago by

Andy Mast of Shreve, Ohio, who knew of quite a few other men who had his name. They are living in Ohio, Pennsylvania (four near New Wilmington!), New York, Delaware, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Ontario. The ages range from the early 20's to the 70's.

But I am sure the fourteen Andrew Masts have more in common with each other than just the same name. They have the same Christian faith, all attend the Amish church, dress alike, live alike, and pretty well think alike. Most of them are probably farmers, or live on a farm. There must be lots of things to write in addition to their signatures.

So, you see, it's easy to be in a circle letter. Whether you're a teacher or a preacher, a cousin or a friend, a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker — there are others of your kind.

Circles of friendship. That's what circle letters are. ■■

## *I Need*

### I NEED ...

A little more patience as I meet each day —  
Strength not to complain though rough be the way;  
A willingness to accept whatever God sends —  
Be it sickness or sorrow or parting of friends.

### I NEED ...

A little more kindness in my heart today  
Angry and harsh words I will not say;  
No friends shall be hurt by the deeds that I do;  
Pure kindness shall help weld my friendships true.

### I NEED ...

A little more forgiveness toward all brotherhood,  
Forgetting their faults — remembering their good,  
And always to think, "They tried their best."  
For at times I, too, have failed in the test.

### I NEED ...

A little more love for the human race —  
Never to judge by the outward face;  
For I can not know how others feel —  
Their weakness, their trials, the tears they conceal.

### I NEED ...

A little more thankfulness for blessings I own —  
For comfort, and shelter, and peace in the home;  
For health, food, and clothing — the things God  
sends;  
Yes, thankful, more thankful for the love of my  
friends.

- By Lena W. Shirk

Faith is deaf to doubts, dumb to discouragements, blind to impossibilities, knows nothing but success. Faith lifts its hand up through the threatening clouds, lays hold on Him Who has power in heaven and on earth. Faith makes the uplook good, the outlook bright, the inlook favorable and the future glorious.



## LOCKJAW NO LAUGHING MATTER

When anyone gets hurt, you hear a lot about the dangers of lockjaw. Is it really as serious as some people let on, or is it just imagination?

The correct name for lockjaw is tetanus. It is not only a very painful disease, but dangerous as well. More than half of the people who get it, die.

The tetanus germs form spores which are very resistant to heat, drying, and even antiseptics. These spores can lie around for years in soil, manure or dust. When they find a favorable environment such as the inside of a wound, these spores suddenly change into real live germs and multiply rapidly.

This disease should be of special concern to the plain people because the germs are normally found in the intestines of horses, as well as other farm animals. This is the natural place for them and they are altogether harmless there. But once they find themselves inside a wound in man or beast, then it's a different story.

The wound does not need to be a large one. Any kind of cut or deep wound that heals over quickly is a good place for the bacteria to hide. A puncture such as made by stepping on a nail or running the tine of a fork into the body is an ideal situation for the germs. Actually, they have been known to start from an injury as small as an insect bite.

Some people believe there must be rust in order to carry tetanus germs. This is not true and rust itself is not particularly harmful to the body. Many people have had pieces of rust imbedded in their bodies for years.

The reason why tetanus spores are especially dangerous is that ordinary antiseptics will not harm them. You can put iodine on the sore, or alcohol or liniment, but when the wound heals over, the spores can turn into deadly germs.

If this is true, why don't we hear of more cases of tetanus? Many people have never seen anyone with the disease. There are two reasons, one is because of the immunization shots; the other is because of a clear-looking preparation called hydrogen peroxide.

The one thing tetanus spores cannot withstand is oxygen. If they are exposed to light and air, they die at once. If the wound is rinsed out well with hydrogen peroxide, oxygen is generated which kills the tetanus spores. For other germs, peroxide may not be worth much, but for tetanus it is very effective.

There are liniments on the market today which are claimed to be effective against tetanus germs. Beware — for you have only the seller's word for it. We know that hydrogen peroxide is effective, so why take chances?

## THE SYMPTOMS

The first symptoms of the disease usually appear a week to ten days after the injury. However, at times it may go as long as a year. The sooner the symptoms appear, the more severe the disease is likely to be.

The wound itself is usually not particularly sore, and sometimes it is hard to locate the source of infection. The damage is caused by a poison which the bacteria throw off. This is called a toxin. It spreads from the site of the infection along the nerves to the spinal column and toward the brain.

The first symptoms may be a stiffening of the muscles of the jaws, and of other muscles over the body. As the disease progresses, the jaw muscles may become set, resulting in a "hideous grin".

Any disturbance such as a noise or even a draft of wind may touch off violent spasms of the muscles. The back is arched forward, and the head is held back.

Sometimes the body is so drawn up during these spasms, that only the heels of the patient and the back of his head will be resting on the bed. These muscular spasms are very painful, much like the cramps which at times are experienced in the muscles of the leg or elsewhere.

Absolute quiet is essential for the patient so as to reduce the number of these spasms.

## THE TREATMENT

Doctors use penicillin to fight the germ and anti-toxin to counteract the poison thrown off by the germs. Tranquilizers are helpful to relax the muscles.

If death occurs, it is usually within ten days of the onset of the symptoms. If the patient survives ten days, the body will have manufactured its own defences against the disease and the chances of recovery are good.

## THE PREVENTION

The encouraging part of the story is that with proper precautions, there is little chance of tetanus infection. Immunization can be had by taking a series of shots of tetanus toxoid.

Toxoid is a preparation containing the tetanus toxin, but not strong enough to affect the nerves. But it is strong enough to cause the body to start producing anti-toxin. Once the process of making anti-toxin has been started, the body can make it rapidly on short notice, if the necessity arises.

This immunity works much like the immunity to any other disease. Once we have had the mumps or the measles, our body has manufactured the ammunition which it needs to fight that particular disease. This is why we seldom get such a disease a second time.

The poison produced by the tetanus germs is called toxin, and the material the body produces to fight the toxin is called anti-toxin. Without previous immunization, it takes the body about ten days to manufacture the anti-toxin. The trouble is that by this time, in many cases the disease has proven fatal, or the body is in such a weakened condition that it can not survive.

By injecting the toxoid into the blood stream previous to the infection, the body has plenty of time to set up its processes needed for the manufacture of anti-toxin.

Most infants are given tetanus immunization shots at an early age. Through the school years, booster shots should be given about every four years. Adults who have had the shots from childhood usually do not require the booster shots, although as an added precaution they may be given.

An anti-toxin is obtained from the blood of horses which

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have been treated with toxoid. This anti-toxin is given as a treatment in cases of tetanus and also as a prevention in case of serious injury. This gives protection for about ten days.

Persons who have asthma and certain other conditions may be allergic to anti-toxin. To such a person, a dose of the anti-toxin may be fatal. If there is any doubt, doctors first give a skin test before administering the anti-toxin. If anyone in the family is allergic, special efforts should be made to see that the doctor is informed of the fact. Even the test has been known to result in serious reaction.

A new type of serum is now available which is much less likely to cause reaction. Persons who are allergic to anti-toxin should by all means take the toxoid immunization shots and boosters as required.

Some parents neglect to have their children immunized because of the expense. But this is a poor policy even from a financial standpoint. Children are involved in so many cuts about the farm, that it would be cheaper to give the series of immunization shots as they cost only \$4 to \$6.

#### VETERINARY

Farm animals, especially horses, are subject to tetanus. The early symptoms are easily recognizable. There is a general stiffness, with the neck tilted back and the nose up. But the sure way to discern it in a horse is to swing an object in front of him to make him blink. If he has

tetanus, a white film coating flips back over the eyeball for a brief instant, coming in from the front.

Treatment of farm animals can be done inexpensively at home. Put the animal in a quiet dark place. Feed and water troughs should be elevated so the animal need not bend over to eat or drink.

Ten CC's of penicillin should be administered every day into the muscle. One CC of tranquilizer should be given into the neck vein each day, or better yet, divide the tranquilizer dosage in half and give half of it in the evening and the other half in the morning.

If the animal lies down, he must be helped to his feet every day. If you can pull him through the first ten days, the victory is pretty well won.

Toxoid shots can be given as a preventative. These are inexpensive and are effective for a year or two. In case of injury, it is advisable to give a shot of anti-toxin.

Most veterinarians will furnish these shots to any farmer who wishes to do it himself. They can also be obtained at veterinary supply houses. To anyone who has seen the suffering and death caused by this disease, such measures of prevention will seem worthwhile.

Notice: Home Health Hints is offered as a general advisory service only.

Because special cases may require special measures, we advise everyone to consult the family doctor in their personal health problems.

## ONLY YESTERDAY

Her long dress skimmed the toes of her high-topped shoes and not an inch of her heavy black stockings could be seen. Her sleeves were long, and the neckline of her dress was very high. Upon reading this description you might think it pictures a very plain woman in one of the more "low" churches. Actually this description could fit very well nearly all women in the civilized world, plain or "gay", of the years before World War I. Yes, even worldly women of fifty or sixty years ago dressed very modestly.

There was little or no difference in modesty between the plain woman of sixty years ago and the stylish woman. The main contrast to be seen was that of ornamentation. The worldly woman applied lavish amounts of ruffles, lace, and embroidery to her costume while the plain woman refrained from such display.

After the First World War age-old standards of modesty were gradually, if not rapidly, cast aside. Stockings became thinner and thinner. High-topped shoes were put away. Sleeveless dresses came into fashion, necklines plunged, and most regrettably of all, hemlines rose higher and higher. This process occurred over a very short period, mainly from 1918 to 1928, only ten years. What was considered modest in the late twenties would have been immoral and outlandish only a short decade before. What brought about this change? A difficult question, but certainly Satan had his evil hand in the matter.

As the years passed fashion lowered and raised hemlines several times. No doubt the only reason for this was to convince worldly women that they would be out of style if they didn't buy the latest modes. Definitely a profit motive was behind this scheme. Even though the longer dresses of the 1950's approached the modest apparel of an earlier period, they were only a part of this commercial scheme conceived by clothing manufacturers. At any rate the revival of modesty in the 50's was of only short duration and was only a partial restoration of decency at best. There is no need to relate what has happened to worldly fashions in the last ten years; all but the very young have witnessed the drastic changes with their own eyes.

Yes, it is indeed shocking to witness the extreme styles of today. The mini-skirt is seen everywhere and seems to show no sign of being replaced by a longer garment. Judging from newspaper accounts fashion designers have tried several times to bring in a longer skirt length, again probably because of a profit motive only. One can imagine that the textile industry has suffered from the advent of the current scanty costumes. It seems as though modern girls are content with the "mini" look and are determined to keep it in style.

Most plain people assert that their clothing has been unaffected by the whims of worldly fashion. Is this really true? In many communities the young people have altered

the traditional plain garb to a great extent; this is an extreme, but what about the average adult plain person? In general a mid-calf length skirt is considered modest enough in many of our plain communities. Actually many people not acquainted with the plain people expect that the women wear much longer dresses. Certainly the standard observed by most plain people is much more modest than that of the world, but let us not stop our comparison here.

Just take a look through an old fashion magazine of fifty or sixty years ago and compare the length of the skirt with what most plain women are now wearing. There is quite a difference. Just think, if the average plain woman was transported back in time to 1910 she would be looked upon with great shock and amazement. "Look at how short her dress is," they might say and she might even be arrested. And these would be "worldly" people that would condemn her.

The point is this, somehow over the years plain women have been following after the world in regard to dress. They have lagged behind current styles, it is true, but have none the less been following along. Is it possible that in the future the descendants of our present day plain people will be wearing something similar to a mini-skirt while the world will be wearing even scantier attire. Don't laugh, our great grandmothers probably would have shuddered in disbelief if they were told by some prophet that their granddaughters would be wearing the abbreviated dresses of today.

Stop and think, the immodesty that we now see began only a few short decades ago. Before this time a standard of modesty prevailed for centuries and centuries, clear back to the time of Christ. Is it not evident that the rapid change in fashion over the last fifty years is part of the evidence that we are living in the end times?

Why can't we revive the sense of modesty that was held not only by Christians everywhere a half century ago, but by all civilized women who were influenced by true Christian decency?

Some will argue that modern men no longer find the female leg attractive and are not enticed when the lower limbs are left bare to their eyes. But human nature hasn't changed, we can be sure of that.

Many women will think that floor length dresses are too extreme. I must again emphasize that such a standard was not at all extreme a comparatively few years ago.

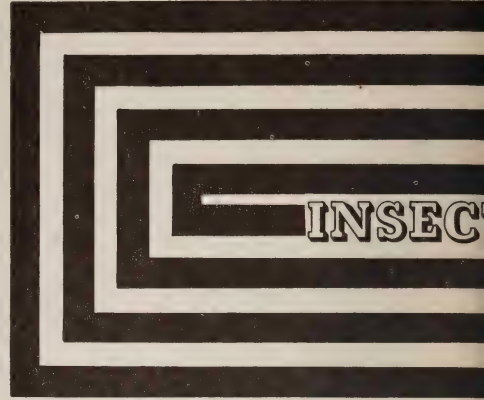
We are now living under the influence of a terribly wicked, perverse generation. Shall we as Christians compromise with this decadent sinful world which is sinking into the depths of sin? Shall we copy after a world that is on its way to hell? Or shall we return to the former standards observed by virtuous women only a few years ago.

Let us restore the modest, concealing attire worn by chaste women of old. Let us get rid of the signs of compromise which have crept into our plain garb almost unawares. Let us hold the standards of our forefathers and not tolerate the slightest change. When we read the words "modest apparel" in 1 Timothy 2:9 let us not think of the modern perverted interpretation of these words, but instead the meaning which sincere Christian women have held them to mean in years past.

- S.S., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

"Conscience is thoroughly well-bred, and soon leaves off talking to those who do not wish to hear it."

- Samuel Butler



— David Wagler

#### THE "GREAT" DISCOVERY

In the summer of 1939 while Hitler's armies were ready to overrun Europe, the little country of Switzerland had an altogether different problem. Hordes of beetles were destroying the potato crop, and unless something could be done at once, the country would be faced with a potato famine.

A quiet-spoken Swiss scientist named Paul Miller set to work to find the solution. Taking portions of chlorine, benzene and alcohol, he fused the chemicals together and sprayed some on the insects. The results were startling — the insects fell over dead. The potato crop was saved.

Next the insecticide was tried on houseflies, fruit flies, bedbugs, cutworms and nearly any insect found on a farm. The results were equally spectacular. The new miracle insecticide was known as dichloro-diphenol-trichloro-ethene. For short it was called DDT.

The secret formula spread to other countries and soon scientists said that the common housefly was doomed to extinction within a few years. The new insecticide was used in houses and barns. Airplanes lowered a smog of the dust over the countryside and over whole cities. The discovery was hailed the world over as a major breakthrough in man's fight against destructive insects.

But in a few places voices were raised. What would be the effect of such a powerful killer on beneficial insects, on livestock, and on man himself?

The army gave a reassuring answer. It had used DDT in powder form on thousands of soldiers to rid them of vermin. There were no ill effects, only the vermin were killed.

Through the war years, the insecticide was used in ever increasing amounts. In 1948 Paul Miller was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his discovery of DDT.

#### THE REBOUND

But soon things began to happen fast and they were not all favorable to the use of DDT. Wildlife began disappearing mysteriously. In 1954 the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan began an extensive spraying campaign against Dutch Elm disease. When the spraying enthusiasts learned that they could kill gypsy moths and mosquitoes at the same time,

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# PATHWAY- "Person to Person"

August — 1969      The Pathway "Newsletter"

## Editors' Corner

### IT'S A BUSY SUMMER

Contrary to past years when summer was a slack time at Pathway, this year there is as much to do as ever. This is partly because certain jobs for which there was no time last winter were held back for the summer months. With Martha Farmwald and Martha Helmuth as extra helpers, and a busy summer schedule for the whole Pathway staff, the waiting assignments are being checked off one by one. Let's take a look at them.

1. Scripture References in Anabaptist Writings is a 400 page reference work compiled by Eldon Yoder and Monroe Hochstetler. We've had it on our list for a long time, but at last the sheets are all printed and folded, and most of the sections assembled. Because we expect the sale of this book to be rather small, only 1,000 copies were printed. The books will be bound similar to the original edition of The Challenge of the Child, thus making it possible for all the work to be done here at the printshop.

2. A German Catechismus is another book that has been waiting a long time. It is being printed for the Kleingemeinde group in British Honduras, and will be used in their schools. We accepted this job in order to do them a favor, but if they had known how long it would take us they might have asked someone else. The negatives have been ready for some time, and we hope Jake will soon have a few days to print these books.

3. School Bells Ringing is now (July 4) on the paste-up table. This is a manual for Amish teachers, parents, and board members. The material was compiled and written by Uria R. Byler, an ex-teacher of Geauga County, Ohio. The booklet will be the same page size as "The Blackboard Bulletin", and will probably be 80 pages or more. We hope we can have it ready before school starts so new teachers can get full benefit.

4. Tips For Teachers will be a companion volume to Uria Byler's booklet. Three girls — Elizabeth N. Miller, Martha Farmwald, and Martha Helmuth, have been working on this project the past week. The material was collected and some work done on it by Daniel Stutzman, but he thought he would not have the time to complete it in the near future, so turned it over to the girls. By the noises that come from the girls' room when they are working on it, this booklet should prove to be both exciting and helpful.

5. The Midnight Test is Pathway's next scheduled clothbound book. The author is Elmo Stoll. We predict this book will be a favorite with children (and adults). The characters in this story and the setting are Amish. The type is presently being set and the book should be ready by November.

6. David Luthy has been spending some time this summer on a beginning German reading workbook for use in homes and schools. Although David knew no German until a few years ago, he is making good progress on this workbook, with the occasional help of the other Path-

way editors and of our bishop, Peter Yoder, a former German editor of "Herald der Wahrheit".

7. The readers of "The Ambassador of Peace" will be happy to hear that a book-length story by Christmas Carol Kauffman is being especially adapted for use in the Ambassador. The story was run in "Youth's Christian Companion" in 1949 under the title "Unspoken Love" but was never published as a book. Elmo Stoll is working on it now, but it will likely not begin in the Ambassador much before the end of the year.

In addition to the above projects, we have our regular monthly papers. These, of course, always come first. The two month vacation by the "Blackboard Bulletin" has given us some extra time, but that vacation is now past.

So, if you visit Pathway this summer, your chances of seeing the machinery in operation are better than ever before. Other years there were days when the building had a deserted look — days when the mail had been light and there were no pressing assignments. This year we're almost as busy as the farmers!

- Joe Stoll

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## Day In and Day Out

It is 9:15. The five office girls at Pathway keep glancing at the clock. Watching the clock at this time of the morning? Surely it isn't quitting time, and dinnertime is still several hours away. A coffee break, perhaps? No, it is time for the mail man, and here he comes now. We invite you to sit in with us while we open the mail this morning.

First of course is the personal mail. Everyone is happy, for each has at least one letter and here are four to take upstairs for Sarah. Now if you wait just a minute until we've read our letters, we will open the rest of the mail.

Anne Bowser and Betty Miller will open the mail this morning while Elizabeth Miller goes back to her work setting up type for the titles of the next Family Life. Martha Helmuth and Martha Farmwald are in the paste-up room working on the "Ambassador of Peace" negs so the main office is quiet once more after the excitement of mail time.

As usual, most of the mail this morning is made up of renewals and new subscriptions. Mrs. Joe Weaver writes to tell us that she subscribed for the "Ambassador" in March, and has only received one copy. Katie Martin enjoys the "Family Life" so much that she sends in a gift subscription for a friend. Martin Wengerd tells us that he is getting two "Family

Life's". Here is an envelope with a check of \$4.00; nothing else, so we assume that he wants the "Family Life". But is it a new subscription or a renewal? Well, we'll have to look him up in the card file. Right here's another one just like it, only the check is for \$2.50, so they must want the "Ambassador". But wait, what's his address? Here it is on the check. Good thing that man has personalized checks.

Here's an address change; Dan J. Miller. He was very careful to put his new address down right, but he did not give his old address. Let's look him up in the file. Maybe we have only one Dan J. Miller, but I doubt it. Oh, no, there are nine of them. How are we supposed to know which one is moving to Route 2, Box 76, Orrville, Ohio? We'll have to write to him at his new address and ask him to send in his old address. Too bad, though. He might miss an issue of "Family Life". Enos Millers had a blank page in the "Ambassador". Would we please send the missing page? Certainly, we'll send a new "Ambassador" and an apology. Well, that's all of the mail this morning. We've divided the 35 letters on six different piles: new subscriptions, renewals, green expiration slips, problems and address changes, book orders, and editor's mail. I think we'll have the other girls come in now to help process the mail.

Elizabeth is making filing cards and address stencils for the new subscriptions. Martha Helmuth is extending the renewals. She extends the expiration date on the card.

Martha Farmwald is working on a pile of green slips. Every two months we go through the files and send expiration notices to all the people whose subscriptions expire. We send out the white slips and keep the green ones. Whenever we get a white sheet back, we destroy the green one. If the people do not renew, we have to take their stencils from the address file. We then stamp FINAL NOTICE on the green slips and send them out. Now some people have sent back their green slip, so Martha is extending the expiration date on their cards and putting

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## THE PATHWAY FAMILY

Editors: David Wagler, Joe Stoll, David Luthy, Elmo Stoll, Sarah Weaver, Elizabeth N. Miller

Printer: Jacob Eicher

Office: Elizabeth S. Miller, Ann Bowser

Indiana Staff: Levi and John Lambright

Volunteers: Martha Helmuth and  
Martha Farmwald

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their address stencils back into their original places. We like to see these green slips come in. It is like winning back an old friend. But we appreciate the white slips even more. They're friends we didn't lose.

By now Betty has straightened out the problems and is taking care of the book orders. As fast as she can type the labels and invoices, Martha Helmuth is wrapping the books in the back room. Anne has just finished sorting, stamping, and recording the checks and they are ready to be sent to the bank at Odon, Indiana. Martha Farmwald is addressing envelopes to send out back issues. It is 11:00 and the mail is taken care of. Good, now the Marthas and Betty are free to go back to the Blackboard Bulletin office where they have been busy with TIPS FOR TEACHERS, Elizabeth will mask the negs the girls prepared, while Anne works with her I-W files, trying to keep them up to date.

Elizabeth N. Miller

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## TOP of the Stairs



Dear Readers,

Greetings from all of us.

After an exceptionally cool spring we are enjoying beautiful summer days at last. At present there are five girls living upstairs at Pathway. Two teachers from Nappanee, Indiana — Martha Farmwald and Martha Helmuth — are spending their summer "vacation" with us. They help out in the office downstairs and do much of the housekeeping upstairs. Their noon meals are much appreciated.

Elizabeth N. Miller from Shreve, Ohio has been here since May 12th. She taught for several years in Holmes County. Since there is a second Elizabeth (S.) Miller who has worked here for quite some time, the newcomer has been named "Betty" to avoid confusion.

Sarah Weaver left May 13th for six weeks with her mother and relatives in Holmes County. While there she also attended the Handicapped Reunion. She returned to Pathway the 26th of June. After a few hectic days of unpacking and getting her room back to normal, she is continuing with her regular editing and art work.

At noon time we often increase from five to eight people at the table. Two of the editors, Elmo Stoll and David Luthy, join us for the meal. Ann Bowser is often here, too, for dinner. She was formerly a nurse in New Jersey but came to Pathway in December. She works here but lives with the Stephen Stoll family in

order to learn German and the Amish ways as she prepares for church membership. Since the two Marthas are here, Ann is only working at Pathway three days a week. The other days she helps out with work in the neighboring truck patches and household duties. Having been raised in a city, she is happy for the opportunity this summer to help with work on the farm.

Life at Pathway is not all work. We have our free time, too. We get off work at 5:00 and have supper about an hour later. Each of us takes turns by the week in getting breakfast and supper. Thursday and Saturday afternoons are our half-days off. This gives us time to sew, write letters, or do whatever we prefer. Sometimes we go to town to do some shopping. We are looking forward one of these afternoons to a trip to Lake Erie, which is only eight miles from here.

We girls enjoy going outside after a day's work in the office, so our small garden is getting lots of care. This year there is an abundant crop of strawberries. Some were prepared for our winter's supply, while a good measure were sold and the money used to buy an ice box. David Wagler delivers the ice to us from the supply they cut and stored away last winter.

Our evenings are often spent writing letters, visiting friends, reading, or just chatting. It is interesting to have girls come in from different communities. We are often led to share ideas and experiences which draws us closer as a group.

- Elizabeth S. Miller

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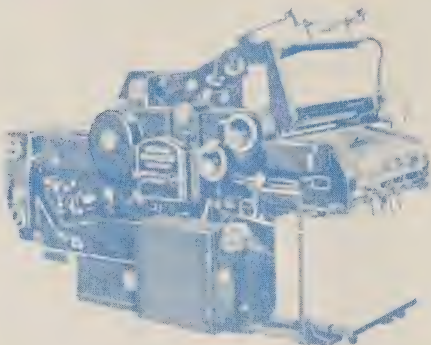
## Off the Press

At present we are busy in the print room printing the July issue of the "Ambassador of Peace". (But by the time this article appears in the "Newsletter" we will be working on the August issue.) With our new press it takes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  days to print the "Ambassador". It takes a sheet of paper  $18 \times 25\frac{1}{2}$  inches. This is a large enough sheet to print four pages of the "Ambassador" at one time, which really cuts down the amount of time needed to print the magazine.

To print "Family Life" our largest magazine in size and subscriptions, it takes four days. Like the "Ambassador" we can print four pages at one time. We usually print about 9,400 copies; there are not quite 9,000 subscribers, but we have to leave a margin for mistakes, new subscribers, and sample copies. "Family Life" takes 47,000 sheets of paper — printed on both sides. These sheets are all run thru the

press twice except the cover which is run through three times. This makes a total of 98,500 sheets that pass through the press each printing.

It is really a satisfaction to have a good press to work with. Here is a picture of the model of Heidelberg press which we have at Pathway.



On Thursday, June 26th, I went with the Booth Transport truck to mail the July issue of "Family Life" in Detroit. The cost of mailing it in Detroit was around \$50.00, and the trucking charge was another \$50.00. In Canada, since the rates went up in April, it would have cost nearly \$400.

We wish to print literature at Pathway to uphold the Christian faith and ask your support and prayers. And if you ever travel up to Canada, drop in and pay us a visit.

- Jacob Eicher



## DIETRICH PHILIP HANDBOOK

These writings of the well-known Anabaptist bishop were collected and first published in 1564. Dietrick (Dirk) Philip was born in Holland in 1504. He received a good education and became a Catholic monk. In 1533 he joined the Anabaptists and was soon a leader among them. He was an excellent writer as well as preacher and he travelled over Holland and Germany preaching and baptizing.

It is said that in 1561 he held communion in a home near Utrecht for about 20 persons. The services began at four o'clock in the morning and ended at seven at night. The reason for the long assemblage was so they could come and go under cover of darkness.

Dietrich wrote much on the doctrines of the Church. He probably wrote more on the baptism and meidung than any other Anabaptist writer.

His writings have been translated into German, French, and English. Many different editions have appeared. For many years this book had been out of print in English. The new Pathway edition offers this classic doctrinal book once more in English.

For anyone who wishes to know what our Anabaptist forefathers believed, this book is a must.

**PRICE \$2.50**

### Visitors in June:

## Our Guests:

Mr. and Mrs. Levi E. Bontrager - Middlebury  
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Hershberger - Applecreek  
The Leonard Jantzi's - Brunner, Ontario  
The Noah A. Troyer's - Dundee, Ohio  
Mr. and Mrs. John J. D. Miller - Dundee, Ohio  
Bernice Sauder - Ephrata, Pennsylvania  
Caroline M. Eberly - Stevens, Pennsylvania  
Mary Horst - St. Jacobs, Ontario  
Emma Horst - Linwood, Ontario  
Anna E. Weaver - Lebanon, Pennsylvania  
Maggie S. Burkholder - Ephrata, Pennsylvania  
Mr. and Mrs. Harley Yoder - Greenwich, Ohio  
G. Richard Culp, D.O. - Goshen, Indiana  
Mr. and Mrs. John Mast - Guthrie, Kentucky  
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Mast - Morrison, Tenn.  
Lydia Ann Yoder - Nappanee, Indiana  
Erma Ruth Schmucker - Bremen, Indiana  
Sara Viola Miller - Nappanee, Indiana

Lydia Mae Hochstetler - Nappanee, Indiana  
Lizzie Ellen Schmucker - Nappanee, Indiana  
Mr. and Mrs. Enos M. Martin - Elmira, Ont.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ammon D.M. Martin - Elmira, Ont.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ira R. Martin - Elmira, Ont.  
Robert Noonan - Elora, Ontario  
Clifford Penner - St. Marys, Ontario  
Naomi Reesor - Markham, Ontario  
Mildred Huber - Brunner, Ontario  
Doris Gerber and Emma Jantzi - Brunner, Ont.  
Mary Ellen Gerber - Millbank, Ontario  
Katherine Zehr - Bamberg, Ontario  
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hurst - Danville, Penna.  
Osiah Horst - Mt. Forest, Ontario  
Levi D. L. Miller - Applecreek, Ohio  
Chriss E. Stutzman - Applecreek, Ohio  
Chester E. Stutzman - Mt. Elgin, Ontario  
Phares W. Martin Family - Anna, Illinois



A graphic consisting of several concentric squares, with the innermost square being the smallest and the outermost being the largest. The squares are arranged in a way that they appear to be nested, creating a sense of depth and focus.

ICIDES-

## ANY ESCAPE?

the sprayings increased.

Everything went well until the next spring when the birds returned from the south. Soon dead and dying robins could be seen almost everywhere, and there were few live birds in their usual places. New waves of birds moved in but met the same fate. It came to be a common sight to see robins with ruffled feathers going through agonizing tremors and then dying.

"The campus is serving as a graveyard for the robins," said Dr. Wallace, of the University of Michigan, who investigated the occurrences. "In spite of the assurance of the insecticide people that their sprays were 'harmless to birds' the robins were really dying of insecticidal poisoning. They exhibited the well-known symptoms of loss of balance, tremors, convulsions and death."

But why should robins be dying just because the elm trees had been sprayed the year before? This was a mystery that no one seemed to be able to answer. Several years later, however, scientists at the University of Illinois found that the death of the robins was linked to the elm trees by way of the earthworm. The coating of spray applied during the summer remained on the leaves until the leaves fell to the ground in the fall. These leaves were then incorporated into the soil where the earthworms fed upon them. The DDT accumulated in the body of the earthworm and while some of the worms died, others served as carriers of the poison. Dr. Roy Barker of the Illinois Natural History Survey of Urbana found deposits of DDT in the digestive tracts of the earthworms as well as in the blood vessels, nerves and the body walls. He found that as few as eleven of these earthworms could be fatal to a robin. This number of earthworms would form a small portion of a day's food for a robin, as some of them eat this many earthworms in a minute.

From Wisconsin came a report that 88% of the robins in that area had died. Nor was it only the robins that were affected. In one study, 63 different species of birds were found to have died from poisoning.

Fish, too, were faring just as badly. Numerous reports from Canada showed that where forests were sprayed with  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of DDT per acre, most of the salmon in the streams had died. They showed characteristic symptoms of

DDT WORKED MIRACLES WHEN  
IT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.  
BUT NOW AFTER THIRTY YEARS  
WE MAY WELL ASK, "WHERE  
IS IT LEADING TO?"

poisoning, gasped at the surface, swam in circles and showed tremors and spasms. Several verified instances were recorded of fish being blinded, so that they could be caught with the hand.

In 1955 a portion of Yellowstone National Park was sprayed. The authorities believed that the recommended rate of 1 lb. per acre was safe, but results showed otherwise. In one 300 yard length of shoreline, 600 dead fish were counted including many species. By the end of the second summer it was estimated that 80% of the fish had died.

### WHAT ABOUT PEOPLE?

But even before these undeniable instances of death to wildlife appeared, some doctors began pointing an accusing finger at DDT. During the 1950's there was a sharp increase in liver diseases in humans, particularly hepatitis and to a lesser extent cirrhosis. It is a well-known fact that the main function of the liver is to remove poisons from the blood streams. This organ, then, is especially vulnerable to slow and gradual disintegration, if exposed to contaminated foods.

Several British scientists volunteered to test the effects of large quantities of DDT on the body. They purposely painted their bodies with a DDT mixture. The men reported that they experienced tiredness, aching of the limbs, muscular weakness and spasms of extreme nervous tension. One of them was not able to resume work for ten weeks and then was not fully recovered.

This seemed to contradict the earlier instances of the army using DDT dust on soldiers. Researchers found that a liquid mixture of insecticide is more easily absorbed into the body than dust, which may partly account for this difference.

But what is the long range effect on the body of being exposed to small quantities of DDT? Few people paint their bodies or bathe in the mixture. Early reports asserted that the body does not store DDT but this was later proven to be in error. It was found that small portions of the chemical, measured in parts per million, are stored in the fatty substances of the body. If these stores of fat are used up, then the DDT is absorbed into the body.

A medical journal gives the case of a man who was on a reducing diet who developed symptoms of poisoning. Tests showed that the fat in his body was loaded with dieldrin, an insecticide similar to DDT. When his body began using up the stored fats, it also absorbed the poison, which made him sick.

Reserachers found that the storage of DDT begins with the smallest possible intake. Thus, if the food contains

one-tenth of one part per million, the accumulated poisons soon build up to 10 or 15 parts per million in the fatty parts of the body.

A few parts per million may sound insignificant, but researchers say that 3 parts per million in the body tissues of animals has brought on a heart condition, while 5 parts per million caused the deterioration of liver cells.

According to several studies, persons who are not exposed to any kind of DDT except through the food they eat, showed an average of 5 to 7 parts per million in their bodies. Agricultural workers averaged 17 parts per million, while workers in insecticide plants showed as high as 648 parts per million.

#### THE EVIDENCE IS ASSEMBLED

While the evidence was mounting, a naturalist and writer was busily putting the pieces together. Rachel Carson was a quiet-spoken, retiring single woman who had spent 16 years as a biologist with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Part of this time she had been editor-in-chief of the various publications of that department. Previously she had written two best sellers, The Sea Around Us and The Edge of The Sea.

Miss Carson was a devoted naturalist who was very much concerned about the inroads into wildlife which she felt the new insecticides were making. Not only was she convinced that man was upsetting the balance of nature, but she believed that he was poisoning himself and that sickness and death would come as a result of the insecticides.

She traveled thousands of miles gathering firsthand information on any occurrences which would give weight to her convictions. Her position with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service also made available to her the results of any tests and research which had been made into the matter. Miss Carson was an able writer and her emotionally-charged statements made her readers sit up and take notice.

She pointed out that one of the worst features of DDT and the related chemicals is their chain reactions. Hay fields are sprayed with DDT and the hay which the cows eat may show 7 or 8 parts of DDT per million. The milk from these cows may show only 3 parts per million of the chemical, but anyone who drinks this milk for any length of time will probably soon be showing 15 parts per million in his body. Butter made from such milk may contain 65 parts per million.

Alfalfa fields are sprayed against weevil and the alfalfa meal contains some DDT. When this meal is fed to hens, the eggs they lay will show traces of the chemical.

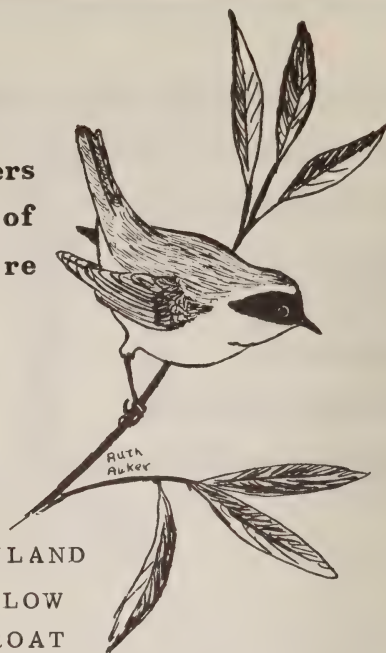
These poisons may be passed from mother to child. If a mother is eating contaminated food, part of the poison will be passed on to her breast-fed infant.

Federal food and drug laws prohibit the moving over state lines of any milk or other foods showing DDT. But at best these laws are very difficult to enforce.

Although DDT was the first of this type of insecticides, it is by no means the only or the most powerful. Chlordane, used in many lawn sprays, is one of the most toxic of all insecticides. Anyone handling it can be poisoned through the skin, by inhaling the fumes, or of course by taking it into the stomach. One victim who accidentally spilled some of this solution on his skin developed symptoms in 40 minutes and died before medical help could be summoned.

Dieldrin is related to DDT but is 5 times as toxic when swallowed and 40 times as strong when absorbed through

## Wonders of Nature



MARYLAND  
YELLOW  
THROAT

This attractive little bird with his yellow throat and black mask over the eyes reminds one of a bandit, which he most certainly is not. He is one of the most industrious and useful members of the Warbler family.

the skin. Miss Carson cited cases where it has struck quickly, sending the victim into convulsions.

Aldrin is extremely toxic and a quantity the size of an aspirin tablet is strong enough to kill 400 quail.

Endrin is the most toxic of this class of insecticides. Compared to this chemical DDT seems almost harmless.

Miss Carson pointed out that insects are quick to build up resistance to insecticides. One of the first widespread sprayings of DDT against the malarial mosquitoes was made in 1945. The first year the sprayings gave excellent results, but the next year signs of trouble appeared. Houseflies and mosquitoes of a certain genus showed marked resistance to the spray. In 1945 a new chemical, chlordane, was used along with the DDT. This gave good control for two years. But in August of 1950, chlordane-resistant flies began to appear. By the end of the season, all the houseflies and the mosquitoes of that particular genus seemed to be resistant to chlordane.

As rapidly as new chemicals were brought into use resistance developed. By the end of 1951 DDT, methoxy-chlor, chlordane, heptachlor and benzene hexachloride had joined the list of chemicals no longer effective. The flies, meanwhile, had become "fantastically abundant".

Case after case of resistance was cited from the U.S., Denmark, Italy, Japan, Korea, Turkey, Ethiopia, Peru, Yugoslavia, France, Mexico, Tanganyika and many other countries.

Not only flies and mosquitoes were becoming resistant, but also ticks, cockroaches, codling moths, potato bugs, thrips, leaf hoppers, caterpillars, aphids, mites, wire-

**Family Life**



worms and gypsy moths.

Scientists are developing new sprays, each one a little more deadly. Each time the insects come back they seem to be a little more hardy. How long this race can continue is anyone's guess. One researcher pointed out that we are traveling on a "one-way street" and no one knows where it will end. Miss Carson stated that if the end of the street is reached before the insects are exterminated, "our situation will indeed be critical."

Finally Miss Carson warns that the earth may sometime be devastated by buzzing clouds of insects, perhaps the only survivors of the deadly sprays, and the very pests which the well-meaning chemists set out to destroy.

#### PUBLIC IN A PANIC

When Silent Spring was published in September of 1962, it caused no little excitement. Coming as it did only a few years after the 1959 cranberry scare, the public was ready to accept the charges at face value. In a few weeks, the book was on the best seller list.

Time magazine, a week after the book went on sale, asserted, "There is no doubt about the impact of Silent Spring, it is a real shocker."

Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court said the book was "the most important chronicle of this century for the human race."

A reviewer for The New York Times said, "She tries to scare the daylight out of us, and in a large measure, succeeds."

The thalidomide drug tragedy, which stirred the U.S. and Europe a short time earlier, also helped prepare the people for Silent Spring. Although her book did not deal with drugs, she later asserted that, "It is all of a piece, thalidomide and pesticides. They represent our willingness to rush ahead and use something new without knowing what the results will be."

#### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

The chemical industries, supported by numerous researchers and writers, was quick to defend itself. Edwin Diamond, an editor of Newsweek, who had at one time worked with Miss Carson in her research, wrote a blistering attack on the book.

Commenting on one of the accounts in Silent Spring of many cats that are reported to have died following a spraying program in Java, he says, "But we are told absolutely nothing about the cats' owners, the numberless Javanese men, women, and children who had previously suffered and died of malaria. Nor are we told anything about the fate of life — human life — where there are no agricultural sprays or other modern food-growing techniques. We hear nothing of the thousands who die of malnutrition and the billions who live in perpetual hunger."

An official of the Michigan Department of Agriculture said, "The battle against the Dutch Elm disease carried out by individual cities has been highly successful. It's a case of either spray and care for the elms or lose them. As for the bird mortality, most of it is a lie."

A spokesman for the insecticide manufacturers said, "When she (Rachel Carson) says the doctors are uninformed about pesticides, she forgets that there are poison control centers in every state, which every doctor is aware of."

Time magazine said the book was unfair, one-sided, and hysterically overemphatic. "The scary generalizations ... are patently unsound."

A writer in Life magazine says, "In the wake of hurri-

cane Rachel, manufacturers of pesticides have been quick to point out that a world left unguarded by pesticides would soon be desolate ... Chemical herbicides and pesticides have become necessary to man's survival. Without them, after a few harvests there would be no marketable fruit or vegetable crops. If pesticides were abandoned, the world would be ravaged by unhampered hordes of grasshoppers, weevils and other insect marauders ... whole populations would starve, disease would spread unchecked, rivers and fields would be choked with weeds."

In an experiment conducted at Atlanta, Ga., 51 convict volunteers were fed amounts of DDT 200 times the amount they would normally get in their food. Researchers found that the DDT built up in their bodies for about a year to a certain level. After this it was excreted as fast as it was taken in. The guinea pigs felt no ill effects and doctors found them to be as healthy as a control group that got no extra DDT.

#### TIME WILL TELL

Time has a way of proving or disproving practically any statement. The uproar caused by Silent Spring soon calmed down, it seemed, with but little lasting effect. Manufacture and sale of pesticides increased every year.

Many questions raised by the book and by the opposition still remain unanswered. Miss Carson died in 1963.

It is now known that the elm tree spraying was useless, and that flies and mosquitoes are just as much of a nuisance as they were before the advent of DDT.

Although there are occasional cases of poisoning and death from insecticides, the greatest danger apparently is in the overall effect. It is useless to talk of poison control centers for gradual poisons that build up in our bodies.

It has been suggested that humans will build up resistance to the insecticides the same way in which insects do. This fails to take into account that many generations of insects were killed off by the insecticides. Only a few survived and these bred up the resistance to the particular poison.

A writer in Flower Grower magazine made the statement in December 1962 that the universities, in order to provide funds for research, must depend greatly upon the industries. "This is a sad situation, but true. The chemical industry provides 98% of the funds in pesticide control research. Those who engage in such research can look forward to lucrative positions."

A writer in Science Digest, August, 1964 warned about the dangers of using broad spectrum sprays. Such sprays sometimes kill off the natural enemies of an insect pest and "the situation can be made worse instead of better, or an insect normally held in check may multiply into a menace. Sometimes a second spraying must follow to kill an insect that was harmless before the first spraying."

The opposition made mention of a late blight of potatoes which resulted in the great Irish potato famine of 1846. What they didn't answer was how the people managed to survive and how potato production was revived without the aid of the many modern products on the market today. Apparently the balances of nature took control of the situation, and after a few years production was back to normal.

No one knows what the results would be today if the use of insecticides were discontinued. No doubt it would be disastrous for at least several years. Neither would the average farmer consider it. Spraying appears to be an easy answer to his problems.

A U.S. senator made the statement in 1963 that the reason there is so much interest in pesticides is that

"They're a very quick way for a man to spray his orchard, and he's not going to worry about the people next door."

#### AS IT STANDS TODAY

Seven years after *Silent Spring* was published, the evidence is still accumulating. Miss Carson's prediction of the earth being overrun by swarms of buzzing insects has not come to pass. However during the past few years, events have been happening which are disturbing to say the least.

In March, 1969, the U.S. Federal Food and Drug Administration seized 14 tons of Coho salmon which had been taken from Lake Michigan, because they were contaminated by pesticide residue. Authorities said that much of the catch taken from the lakes by commercial and sports fishermen is unfit for human use.

When a lake in California, called Clear Lake, was sprayed with DDT at the rate of two one-hundredths of a part per million parts of water, the fish feeding on the lake bottom were found to contain two thousand parts DDT per million. Grebes and other birds feeding on the fish died.

For the past several years gulls have been dying by the thousands on the shores of Lake Erie. Officials say it is caused by eating dead fish with pesticide contamination.

When the swollen carcasses of an estimated five million fish turned up along the Mississippi River, the fishermen had to sell their boats and nets and look elsewhere for work. Not only did the fish suffer, but also turtles, birds, otter and mink were found dead.

The recent pollution of the Rhine River, one of Europe's most scenic waterways, has focused worldwide attention on the problem. A quantity of chemical apparently was dumped from a pesticide factory. Soon dead fish, ducks and rats were seen floating down the river. The occurrence caused considerable consternation in Holland as about half the Dutch people depend on the Rhine for their drinking water. The Rhine is now spoken of as "Europe's longest sewer."

The oceans, because of their volume, have long been considered as safe from man-made pollution. But we are no longer so sure. Fishermen around Newfoundland's Placentia Bay have lost their means of livelihood because of a strange epidemic which is killing the fish. The bottom of some of the harbors along the coast are littered with dead fish. Herring, cod, flounders and lobster are affected. The fish bleed internally and blood can be squeezed from the fins. A \$40 million dollar phosphorus plant which opened in December is blamed for the pollution.

The recent disclosure that some 1700 "coffins" of nerve gas have been dumped into the Atlantic Ocean has caused considerable apprehension. These "coffins" which were

dumped several hundred miles off the coast of New Jersey, weighed 5 tons each and contain a deadly nerve gas. What would happen if one or more of these containers were demolished is anyone's guess.

Arizona has outlawed the use of DDT for one year, and other states and Canada are following their example.

Sweden, the country that in 1948 awarded the Nobel Peace prize to the discoverer of DDT, recently made an about-face and banned the use of the chemical altogether. It thereby becomes the first country to take this step.

John Gottschalk, director of the Bureau of Fisheries and Wildlife, recently asserted that what is happening in Lake Michigan is an indication of what is happening everywhere. He said that the day is coming, perhaps soon, when instead of the victims being salmon, it will be people.

#### WHAT YOU CAN DO

At the present time there is no cause for panic as far as insecticides are concerned. For those of us who grow our own gardens and thus produce a substantial part of our own food, there is an opportunity to reduce the dangers to a minimum. If there were a real danger of actual poisoning, it would be likely to show up first among the persons who buy all their food at the food stores. It is common knowledge that commercially grown foodstuffs are subjected to considerable sprays and dustings. Present indications are that government regulations are becoming stiffer.

Attention should be called to the difference between foods that have been grown without poisonous sprays, and "organically grown" foods. Some health stores charge exorbitant prices for foods which have been grown without using "chemical" fertilizers. By chemical fertilizer is meant fertilizers which have been treated with acid such as superphosphates. The basis for such claims is doubtful and should not be confused with the use of pesticides.

If it is necessary to use insecticides, here are a few things you can do to lessen your chance of injury or ill effects.

1. Do not spray or dust on a windy day. If there is a breeze, get behind it so the dust or spray floats away from you.

2. Never use a greater concentration of the material than is recommended in the directions. It is not true that if a little bit is good, twice as much is better. Try using less than the recommended rate. Oftimes this will get the job done just as well.

3. Try using less-poisonous materials such as rotenone, pyrethrum or nicotine sulphate. If you are allergic to any of the materials and break out in a rash, stop at once, and do not use that material again.

4. Cover the skin and do not inhale the spray or dust. Wear gloves, long sleeves, high neck and have the legs covered. If you have much to do, a mask or respirator is worthwhile.

5. Use a long extension nozzle on your sprayer or duster. Stay as far away from the mist as possible.

6. Rotation of crops and sanitation reduces the need for spraying. Simply spraying the garden plants with soap water may be all that is needed.

7. Plant disease-resistant varieties. New varieties of fruits and vegetables are constantly coming on the market. Be informed of the latest developments.

8. Keep your plants growing. Healthy plants are seldom bothered with disease or insects. Have your soil well supplied with manure and other nutrients. Practice summer fallowing in fields where possible.

### *Shining Gold*

They say that mothers have no pay,  
But Susie smiled at me today,  
And Katie stopped and hugged me tight  
As I went in to say goodnight.

Dear God, please help me on my way  
To be more faithful everyday,  
And thank you for the shining gold,  
I have as these small lives I mold.  
— Selected



In our plain churches today there are but few issues that are more discussed and disputed than tobacco. Although more and more people have a conscience against its use, there are still many who see no harm in tobacco, or attach little importance to it. We find three lines of thought then: (1.) Those people who are opposed to the use of tobacco; (2.) Those who see no harm in tobacco, and (3.) Those who are neither for nor against it, but would leave the matter up to the individual conscience.

#### The Case For Tobacco

We will first, in all fairness, consider the common arguments in favor of tobacco. There are perhaps four main points upon which tobacco users justify their position.

1.) God created tobacco, so He must have intended it to be used. Has man a right to pass judgment on the creation of God?

2.) Our forefathers used it. By condemning tobacco, we condemn them as well. Are we setting ourselves up as holier and better than they?

3.) Tobacco is nowhere mentioned in the Scriptures. If we set up rulings against it, are we not adding to the Word of God?

4.) Those who are against tobacco often go to "higher", more liberal churches. If this is the trend, we are afraid of it.

#### The Case Against Tobacco

In stating the case against the use of tobacco, the four objections above must be satisfactorily explained. In this we find a study of church history very helpful. Let us look at the four points, one by one.

1. "God created tobacco." Yes, undoubtedly He did, but He also created the burdock, the thistle, poisonous mushrooms, and other similar plants. And God had a reason for creating each one. Herbalists tell us that many of our common weeds do have value as medicines. Thus it may well be that tobacco has its worth — as a medicinal herb.

But are men using tobacco in the way God intended it to be used? That is really the question which is important. There certainly is nothing evil about the tobacco plant itself; the evil lies in the misuse to which men have put it.

Condemning the misuse of tobacco is not condemning God's creation any more than forbidding the eating of poisonous mushrooms would be con-

demning it.

2. "Our forefathers used tobacco." It is true that many of our immediate forefathers did use tobacco, but there probably was a reason. Some of our older people today tell us that in their youth tobacco was thought to kill disease germs in the mouth and digestive tract. Doctors sometimes prescribed it for certain ills. Today, though, hardly anyone lays claim to using tobacco for health's sake.

Using tobacco for health was the only exception made by our martyr forefathers. Otherwise, the use of tobacco was strictly forbidden. In an *Ordnungsbrief* of 1607 we read:

"Concerning the use of tobacco and strong drink, be it known that the open use of tobacco and strong drink, being offensive, is not to be allowed. If, however, the same are used for health, it shall be done at home." (Translated from the German)

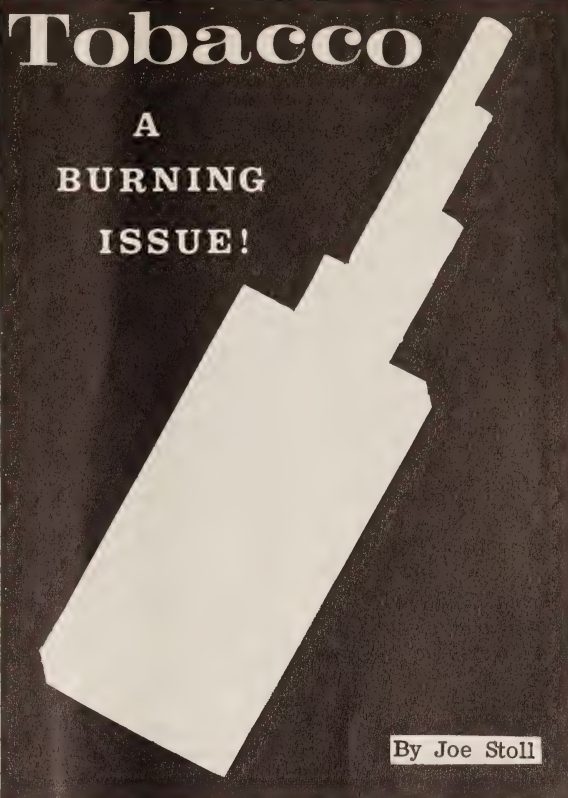
In the year 1639 the Frisian Menonites in Holland passed a church ruling concerning tobacco. This was only seven years after the Dortrecht Confession of Faith was drawn up, in which the Frisian group took an important part. In other words, the

same people who drew up our Eighteen Articles of Faith made this rule:

"No one shall use tobacco, because it is a bad habit whereby one wastes time and money and whereby one becomes a burden to others who do not use it, because of a bad odor and spitting. Yea, this evil is becoming so great that instead of getting out the Bible or the hymn-book, . . . the tobacco pipe is brought out . . ." (Article 9 of the 1639 Discipline; Translated from the Dutch.)

Later church rulings, dated 1752 and 1779, likewise prohibited the use of tobacco. So we see that tobacco was originally forbidden by our forefathers, and only more recently allowed.

There is a story of a merchant who died, leaving his business to his two sons. One day not long after his death, a customer returned angrily to the store, demanding to know why a piece of dry goods he had purchased was several inches short. The sons laid the material on the counter, brought out the yardstick which had always been used by their father in his business, and remeasured the piece. They had made no mistake;



the piece was the correct length.

But the customer was still not satisfied. He obtained a standard yardstick and laid it on the merchant's measuring stick. It was a fraction of an inch short. Long years of use had worn the ends off till the stick was no longer the standard thirty-six inches.

How would these sons have honored their respected parent more, by obtaining a new yardstick, or by continuing to use the old one because it was the one their father had always used, and if it was good enough for him it was good enough for them?

None of us is free from mistakes, and none of us would claim to be setting a perfect example for our children and grandchildren. It is our desire that they would copy our good points only, and shun our faults. Our forefathers probably felt the same way.

Let us see what Jacob Ammann, from whom the Amish get their name, had to say about building on customs of long standing if they were not in accord with the Word of God. He wrote in 1693, "We do not build on rulings of men, customs, or old practices, unless they are based on the Word of God. For our faith must be pure, clear, and steadfast, and be grounded solely on God's Word."

3. "The Bible does not even mention tobacco."

This is true. Neither does it mention the movies, television, lipstick, and other modern evils. Tobacco was unknown in Bible times, it being first discovered by white men when America was being explored. Like potatoes, tomatoes, beans, squash, and corn, tobacco is a native of the Americas.

4. "The 'higher' churches are against tobacco, and look where they're going."

What a mistake, this regrettable custom of denominations measuring themselves among themselves instead of with the Word of God! This must surely be one of Satan's most effective methods. Churches that have hardly any nonconformity to the world justify their position by saying, "Just look! The really plain churches use tobacco. We want nothing to do with plain clothes if that is what goes with it." Their minds eased, they keep in step with the latest fashions.

From the other side, our people see the worldly living and worldly dress of some churches that are opposed to tobacco, and decide they want nothing to do with the anti-tobacco

people, if that's what they're like.

In this way Satan is enjoying great success. He delights in playing the differing groups against each other so that each may justify his own inconsistencies by comparing them with the seemingly greater faults of the other. The strong points of each are then automatically canceled, and lost upon the other.

The Apostle Paul's words in 2 Cor. 10:12 fit today's conditions perfectly. "For we dare not make ourselves of the number . . . that commend themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves are not wise."

God's Word is the only true yardstick with which to measure our lives. Comparing ourselves with other groups is dangerous.

Of the four points listed in defense of tobacco, this fourth one is perhaps the most difficult. Our Amish churches are constantly being pressured and almost ridiculed by the "higher churches" on the tobacco question. Because of the tension that exists in many cases, this pressuring does more harm than good. Human nature being human nature, the common reaction to any writing from outside the church is one of resentment, and perhaps even a determination not to give in on the point in question.

This, of course, is not a true Christian approach to a problem. It is not proving everything (by the Bible) and holding fast to that which is good. It is not growing in grace and understanding, nor is it the solution to anyone's problem.

If our churches were free of tobacco and strong drink, and of certain worldly courtship standards (all of which were prohibited in years gone by), we would at once remove the stumbling blocks that are sincerely used by many as excuses to join more liberal churches. At the same time we would improve our witness to those churches as a whole, and they might better realize where worldly dress and worldly ways are leading them.

#### Some Questions Concerning the Use of Tobacco

1. Is it good stewardship? Our time, our talents, and our money aren't really our own, of course, for we are merely stewards or caretakers. A young man was admonished for spending freely for things he didn't need. His answer was, "I guess it's my money, isn't it?" If we are Christians, our attitude will be quite different from his.

Many a tobacco user wishes he had all the money he has spent for tobacco during his lifetime. Many a smoking church member spends more on tobacco in a week than he gives to the poor in a month. If two piles of money were laid on a table, the one representing the sum spent for tobacco by the members of a church district, and the other the sum given for all forms of charity, which pile would be the larger? Regardless of the answer, the charity pile would be larger if there were no tobacco pile, and no one would be any poorer for it except the tobacco industry.

Years ago the prophet Isaiah asked two questions, "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"

2. Is it not a form of slavery?

Hundreds of thousands of tobacco users have wanted to stop the habit, but the battle was too much for them. Others, after a long and hard struggle, have gained the victory and no longer use tobacco. One of these was heard to remark, "No one who has not himself gone through the struggle knows what a smoker is up against. If you haven't experienced it, you can't realize what it's like."

Do we want our young people to start a habit that is so hard to break?

A brother who at one time used tobacco told how he was led to stop. Confined to a hospital for several weeks, he saw patients there suffering from lung cancer who were so weak they could not light or hold their own smokes, yet they had to have their cigarettes. "Why should I be a slave like that?" he asked himself, and decided with God's help to quit right away.

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourself servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey."

— These are the words of the Apostle Paul in Romans 6:16.

3. Isn't it a worldly habit?

What do you think? Do a cigar or cigarette or a pipe look well with plain clothes, as if they belonged together? What else, except perhaps alcoholic beverages, is so often linked with crime, sin, and Hollywood-type living, as tobacco is? When we hear of a room filled with blue smoke, we think of bar rooms and gambling dens and youth hangouts.

Smoking has become very popular in the world. Social drinking is perhaps the only thing that can compare with it in popularity, and the two almost always go hand in hand. One

**Family Life**



writer has even said, "I defy anyone to show me a drunkard who doesn't smoke, or hasn't at one time in his life been a smoker."

"But it's the cigarette that is popular," some people will say. "The pipe and cigar aren't so worldly."

Actually, the pipe and cigar are often status symbols, and therefore just as "worldly" as the cigarette, which any poor laborer can afford to smoke.

A young Scotchman lived across the road from a young Amishman of about his own age. One morning he was surprised to see his new neighbor smoking a cigar. Another day he saw him smoking a pipe. The young Scotchman finally asked his neighbor, "Why don't you smoke cigarettes like the rest of us do?"

"Oh, but cigarettes are too worldly!" his neighbor replied.

If cigarettes are more worldly than cigars, pipes, and chewing, wouldn't these by comparison be more worldly than not using tobacco at all? If so, not being worldly at all would be a nobler goal than merely to not be "too worldly".

#### 4. Isn't it unclean and unhealthy?

Smoking, as we all know, taints the fingers and teeth with a stain that is not washed off with ordinary soap and water. The smoker's clothes and personal belongings carry the smell. The one who smokes may not be bothered as much by this as the non-smoker, to whom breathing in second-hand smoke is repulsive. The habit of chewing tobacco can be even more filthy than smoking, and there are very few people who would call it clean.

It has long been known that heavy smokers often develop a bothersome dry cough. The research of recent years has proven a definite connection between lung cancer and smoking, and between heart disease and smoking. It is now commonly accepted that heavy smokers are shortening their lives. When I was a boy I heard a smoker say as he was lighting a cigarette, "Well, I'm driving another coffin nail." Today's research and testing have proved this to be no idle joke.

The American Public Health Association said as long ago as 1959, "If present trends continue lung cancer will claim the lives of more than one million present school children in this country before they reach the age of seventy years."

From the Consumer's Union Report on Smoking, (1962) comes the following  
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ing: "The number of deaths in the U.S.A. from lung cancer — a rare disease when cigarette smoking first became popular — last year reached 40,000, about the same as the number of deaths from automobile accidents."

5. What does the world think of our smoking? Many people have been shocked and disgusted when they first saw an Amish person smoking; they no more expected it of the Amish than they did cheating or stealing. To most people who have read or heard of us, we are serious-minded Christians who have nothing to do with the luxuries and pleasures of the world.

A book dealer of the Christian Reformed Church was complaining to me of conditions in his congregation. His talk was mostly of their new minister. "He even smokes, can you imagine that? Of course I smoke, too, but I don't think a preacher should, any more than I'd expect you to."

A doctor near one of our new settlements was examining an Amish patient. "Your lungs and heart are perfectly sound. Of course, they have every reason to be, since you people don't do any of the crazy things the rest of us do." (meaning drinking and smoking).

Two of us were walking the streets of London, Ontario in search of an address. A man strolled down the sidewalk from a nearby house, so we asked him for directions.

"I'm new here myself," he said. "But my sister can tell you. Just knock on the door of that green house."

We did so and the lady opened the door. When she saw us she quickly jerked her right hand behind the door. For several minutes she stood there, pointing out directions with her left hand, all the while concealing her right hand behind the door. A thin blue wisp of smoke explained to us what she was hiding. Why did this lady hide her cigarette from us? Was it not because we wore plain clothes and she did not expect we would approve of smoking?

If the world considers it wrong for Christians to smoke, how can we expect to be a light to them if we do? If they see us smoke, they are likely to think, "If that's all their faith amounts to, I'm as good as they are."

#### A Summary

There have always been members of our churches with strong convictions against tobacco. At times they may have been overly zealous or were not as respectful as they should

have been toward those who disagreed with them. This is regretful, for men are seldom persuaded by heated words.

However, there are indeed many reasons to think our churches would be better off without tobacco. In this writing we have tried to explain these reasons.

In a number of Amish districts the use of tobacco is now wholly unknown. In other communities the practice is gradually being thinned out, and in the majority of churches it is discouraged. This reflects a trend that was not noticeable even a few years ago.

The putting away of tobacco, however, is not a magic cure-all or remedy for lukewarm spiritual conditions. No one really claims as much. But if our bodies are to be temples of the Holy Ghost, as Paul writes in his first letter to the Corinthians, then we will want to keep that temple clean, and not willfully harm it for what appears to be mere pleasure.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (I Cor. 3:16.) ■■

(This writing on tobacco is available in pamphlet form, at 5¢ each, 50¢ per dozen, \$4.00 per 100. New printing in preparation.)

#### SUNDAY OR FUNDAY?

We used to call it Sunday —  
The day of all the days,  
When old and young would gather  
For reverent prayer and praise.  
With daily cares forsaken,  
Tired hearts and souls were stirred  
As Jesus and his gospel  
Were preached and gladly heard.

But now it's more like Funday  
When Daddy always brings  
The paper with the funnies,  
Or other worldly things.  
Then comes the next diversions  
To entertain the thought —  
Joking, teasing, games, or chatter  
About livestock sold and bought.

When all the heart is crowded  
With ball games, fun and dance,  
The church is all forgotten,  
The Gospel gets no chance  
We used to call it Sunday —  
And it still is for a few,  
But to the most it's Funday,  
Now which is it to you? - adapted



Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

## The Spring Pump

When on a sultry summer day  
A child comes thirsty in from play,  
Gets the wooden pump in action  
Which brings to him much satisfaction.

Now here comes sister with a tub  
With things from the garden ready to scrub,  
The springhouse pump beckons the maid  
With the grape arbor's leafy shade.

Noontime comes, the dinner bell rings  
As clear, cool water mother brings —  
To serve upon the well-filled table  
Where all gather 'round, strong and able.

From fields the men come from their toil  
And pump to wash off sweat and soil.  
Clear, cool water — riches sublime  
To quell the thirst through years of time.

Generation comes and generation goes  
Still from the pump fresh water flows  
To quench, refresh, to cleanse; 'tis free  
This priceless blessing to our family.

There is a never-failing well  
More priceless e'en than tongue can tell;  
It purifies the soul of man —  
Drink of this and thirst ne'er again.

K.M., Pa.

I certainly enjoy the letters I've been receiving from the readers of the Windowsill. Someone advised me to try all the recipes that are sent in. Friends have tried a few of them but somehow I trust that no one would send in any that are not good. People are so different when it comes to liking things. Some are persnickety and others like 'most anything. It seems at times as if modern man's "taste-bud" has been ruined by too many sweets and arti-

ficiality.

A friend from New Jersey says she is sorry I didn't write how to make the old-fashioned soda water drink. She wrote that the older people like old recipes. She would like to have directions on how to make stick finger dumplings, cabbage pudding, and huggermugger cake. These, too, are undoubtedly old recipes.

I appreciated receiving the old recipe book from Mrs. Smith, a friend from a nearby town. It must be old, for one of the ads in the book features a large farm wagon selling at \$25.00.

One recipe calls for five cents chopped figs and five cents lemon peel. Mrs. Smith wrote: "You will notice that the recipes don't give temperature, length of cooking time, mixing instructions or anything. I'm sure the girls there (at Pathway) will laugh at me for saying this, but I find it really confusing to try to use, as I am more used to the kind of recipe that practically gives you the grains of salt required. My mother-in-law always said it was a great cook-book, but she cooked that way herself — a lump of butter, a little milk, some flour, cook until done."

## ELDERBERRY PIE

Mix 1 cup sugar with yolks of 2 eggs. Add 1 cup sour cream, 2 cups uncooked elderberries, 2 tablespoons corn starch. Cook on stove until thick. Pour into baked pie shell. Top with meringue of the two egg whites and brown in the oven.

## CREAM CHEESE

1 quart light cream of good flavour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fresh sour milk

Mix well in top of double boiler or stainless bowl. Cover and let stand at room temperature until thick.

Skim a thin layer off top if necessary. Cut in squares and heat slowly over warm water to  $110^{\circ}$ . This is a little hotter than desired temperature for cottage cheese. If by accident you get it hotter than  $110^{\circ}$  it drains much quicker but curd isn't as white and you may want to add a little sweet cream along with the salt.

Make a few strokes across the bottom of clabber several times during warming process. Handle carefully so cream doesn't get thin and drain off with the whey. Pour into cloth bag. After 15 minutes place bag on rack in refrigerator with bowl underneath to catch whey. Allow to drain 10 hours or so, then press the curd by placing a weight on top of bag. Continue pressing until curd is of pasty consistency.

Turn into shallow bowl and with fork or mixer work in salt to taste, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon. Mix thoroughly. We like it best mixed with a generous amount of crushed pineapple and served on drained pear chunks.

Weightwatchers — do be careful!

Mrs. James Knicey (Dayton, Va.)

(Continued on page 31)

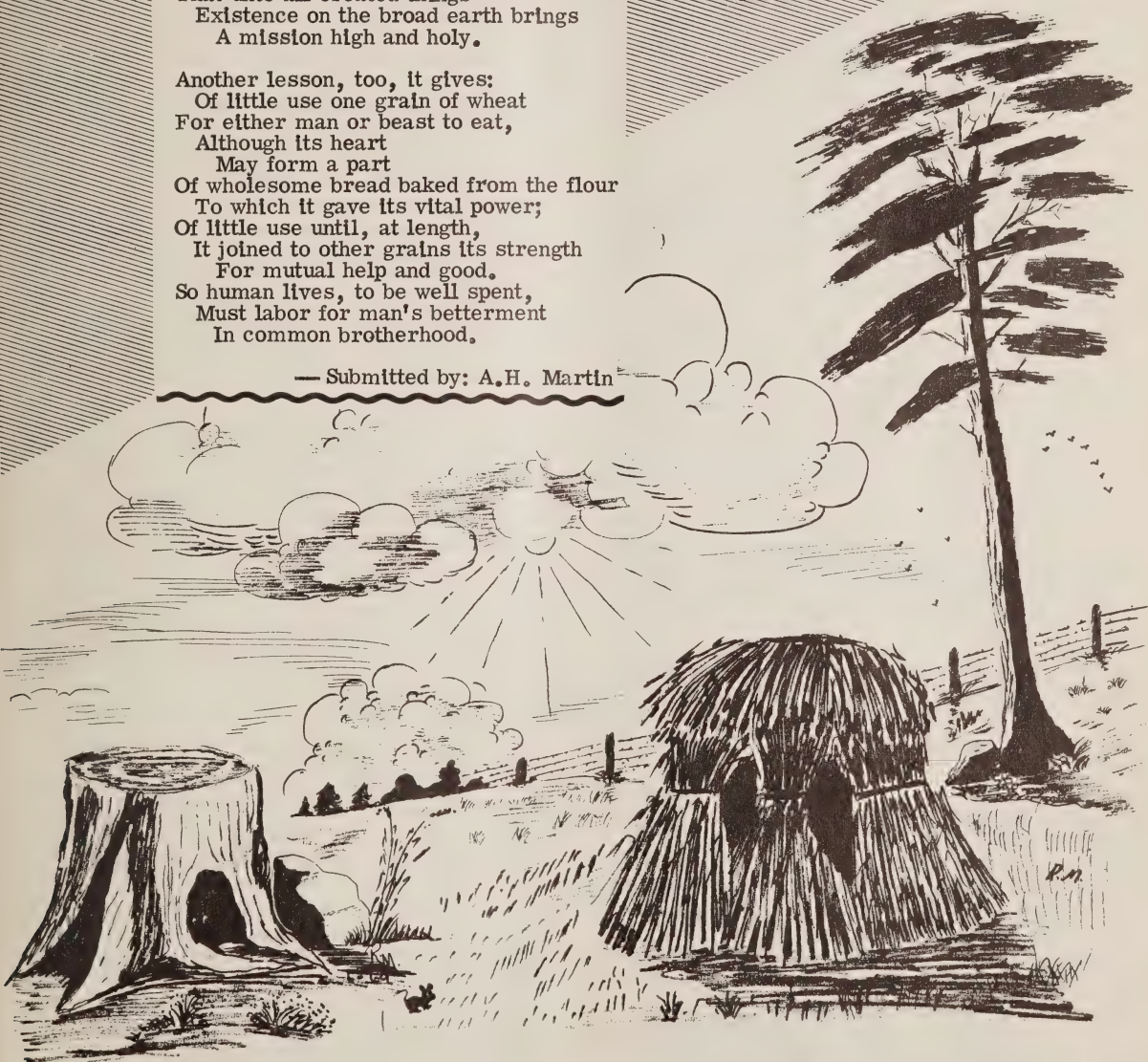
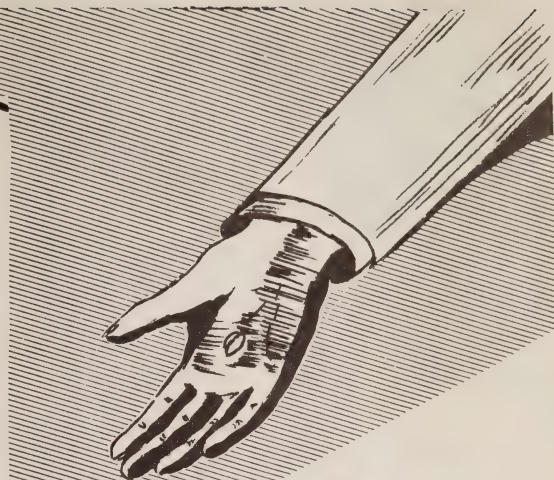


## A Grain of Wheat

I hold upon an open palm  
A grain of wheat so very small  
That if alone it chanced to fall  
Upon the ground  
Could scarce be found;  
Yet in its yellow husk reposes  
The "staff of life" which God encloses  
In this frail form prehaps to teach  
A lesson that will surely reach  
Alike the great and lowly;  
That unto all created things  
Existence on the broad earth brings  
A mission high and holy.

Another lesson, too, it gives:  
Of little use one grain of wheat  
For either man or beast to eat,  
Although its heart  
May form a part  
Of wholesome bread baked from the flour  
To which it gave its vital power;  
Of little use until, at length,  
It joined to other grains its strength  
For mutual help and good.  
So human lives, to be well spent,  
Must labor for man's betterment  
In common brotherhood.

— Submitted by: A.H. Martin —





Faith is needed all the way,  
 Faith to toil and faith to pray,  
 Faith to learn and faith to teach,  
 Faith to practice, faith to preach;  
 Faith to start each day anew,  
 Faith to do our duty, too;  
 Faith to help the weak along,  
 Faith to bear, in patience, wrong;  
 Faith to smile, though sad within,  
 Faith to conquer every sin,  
 Faith to ask Him for His care  
 While we earthly trials bear;  
 Faith to smother every sigh,  
 Faith to live and faith to die.

#### A DAY TO REMEMBER

It was quite a day, June 14, 1969. One we will not soon forget, nor wish to. This was the day the annual gathering for the handicapped was held at the Berlin School.

"I sure wonder what it will be like?" I said to my husband as we made the twelve mile trip by horse and buggy.

"So do I," he answered. "Who all do you suppose will be there?"

We thought of a few that we might see, not suspecting that we were in for a surprise.

We arrived about ten o'clock and by then people seemed to be coming from all directions.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "There are some people from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. You can tell the way they're dressed."

As we entered the hall I could not believe my eyes. Both sides of the large hall were lined with chairs and wheelchairs, with people seated on them as far as we could see — the maimed, crippled, blind, deaf, dwarfed, and those deformed from disease — come together to spend a day of fellowship.

Faces we had never seen before, and many familiar ones, too, were there. People we had not seen for years, yes, and had almost even forgotten they had physical afflictions. Among the group was even a boy from our own church district.

In the crowd were those who had met with accidents that left them maimed for life. Some were minus one arm or hand that had been caught in machinery; others were paralyzed due to an injury.

I was made to think if we were living in Christ's time He could have entered the room and with a wave of his hand have healed them all.

Everyone was dressed in their Sunday best. Faces were beaming with their brightest smiles as the friends shook hands and greeted each other.

A tug at my hand made me aware of my own daughter standing beside me. Startled, I noticed two shiny tear drops trickle down her cheeks and onto her navy blue

dress.

"What's wrong, Miriam?" I asked.

"Home," she said. "Let's go home."

She stiffened and drew back as I tried to lead her down the hallway. Then I realized the sight of all those wheelchairs upset her. Even though she will probably be on one in a few years, she insists she does not want one, that she can walk!

Finally, after watching the strangers for some time I felt her beginning to relax. Her eyes still wide with awe and wonder seemed to look in them a knowing look as if to say she understood.

In my own heart there is a very soft, tender spot for anyone that is handicapped or retarded. Behind every such person are days of trials, sorrow, and possibly tears.

First comes the shock of reality that it really is so, then the struggle to learn to live with it, and finally the joy in knowing it is God's will and next comes humble submission.

Dinner that day had a way of sticking in my throat even though the food was all deliciously prepared. One huge table, seating possibly two hundred people, was set up in the large gymnasium. Here the ones ate that were on wheelchairs and least able to help themselves. The rest took trays and filed past a well-laden table in the cafeteria.

An aged Amish bishop was asked to speak briefly before prayer, giving thanks for the noon meal.

"Friends," he began, before we all bowed our heads. "It is indeed a happy privilege to be here today. I cannot help but almost weep as I look over this crowd of handicapped people. I am encouraged to see everyone in such good spirits and would like to say one more thing: All of you that are physically crippled or sick are much better off than all those people out in the world who have healthy bodies and minds and don't use them to the honor and glory of God." How right he was!

Each one of the handicapped who lacked in one area of perfection sought to bestow his energy on the strength he had left. Each had his own talents.

The afternoon was spent in visiting and meeting new friends, and later in singing. After another meal was carefully prepared by helpful hands the group parted. Some left for their homes out of state. Others spent the weekend with newly-found friends, or with relatives.

We had the privilege of having a family from Ronks, Pennsylvania in our home for the night. Yes, it was a day well spent and may each and everyone who was there give all the honor and glory to God from whom all blessings flow.

— Mrs. Monroe Kuhns, Apple Creek, Ohio

Sing through the darkness and sing in the light  
 Sing with the morning and sing in the night;  
 Sing when your eyes have been clouded with pain;  
 Sing in the sunshine and sing through the rain;  
 Sing when it's autumn, or winter or spring —  
 Nothing can touch you so long as you sing!

What though the roads may be dark when you travel?  
 What though your hopes may grow snarled and unravel?  
 What though the hills you must climb will be steep?  
 What though life promises you little but sleep?  
 Sing to the future, and what it may bring —  
 Nothing can break you, so long as you sing.



## MY SOUP MIX

2 heads cabbage (large)  
1 bunch celery (large)  
2-3 large onions  
10-12 large tomatoes  
1 pound carrots  
a handful of fresh parsley

Chop all vegetables until fine — may be run through coarse grinder. Put vegetables in large pan. Add water to the top of the vegetables. Add salt to taste. Cook till carrots are almost tender. Put into jars. Cold pack for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about 6 quarts.

To serve: brown 1 quart hamburger, 1 quart tomato juice (or whole tomatoes) and 1 quart of soup mix. Cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Other cooked vegetables or noodles may be added for variation.

- Mrs. Harold Waldman (Nebraska.)

## Try A Terrarium

Agnes Ranney

If you would like something new in the way of plants for your window sill, try a terrarium!

Does terrarium sound like a long word? It simply means a place for live plants to grow indoors. A very interesting one can be made from an old glass vinegar jug or a large wide bottle and plants from your own back yard.

You will need enough loose light soil to make a layer from one to two inches deep on the bottom of the jug or bottle. If the soil from your flower beds seems too sticky or muddy, add a cupful of sand and some humus — rotted sawdust or crumbly dry leaves.

Mix the soil well and have it fairly dry when you put it into the jug. A large funnel will make it easier to get the soil into the bottom of the jug without having it stick onto the sides and spoil the appearance.

After the soil is in the jug, level it by shaking gently. Or leave it sloping a little for a hillside effect. Carefully pour in enough water to make the soil moist but not muddy.

Now you are ready for the plants. Very small ones are best, because they grow quickly, but the kind will vary according to what turns up in your yard or in the fields or woods near your home.

Try tiny wild flowers, new little ferns growing near the parent plant, seedling trees or shrubs, tiny plants of garden flowers, bits of moss. Gather them with as much root as you can, and keep them moist until you are ready to plant them.

How can you plant them in the narrow-necked bottle? Drop each plant in gently. Then, with a long slender stick, move it to the spot where you wish it to grow, push the roots carefully into the soft ground, and smooth the soil over them. Add a few interesting rocks or shells, if you like, and your terrarium is complete. It may look a bit ragged at first, but the plants will soon adjust to their new home and begin to grow.

Keep the terrarium near a window, but don't leave it for long in bright sunlight. The sun shining through the glass grows very hot, and may burn the leaves of your plants.

Your miniature garden will need very little water. The water from the soil and the plant leaves will condense on the inside of the jug and run down to water the soil once more, just as water vapor condenses into clouds and falls as rain outdoors. A teaspoonful a month should be plenty, unless you live where the climate is very dry.

August 1969

Watching your terrarium from day to day, you will almost be able to see the plants grow. I started one six months ago, with a wild strawberry plant, a fern with only one small leaf, some bits of moss, and two or three tiny cedar trees. Now the fern's half dozen fronds nearly fill the space in the jug, the trees have new branches, and the moss is like green velvet. The strawberry plant put out runners which developed into new plants. Then they put out runners, and they started new plants, the tiny leaves and hungry reaching roots seeming to grow while I watched them.

Perhaps most interesting were plants I didn't mean to grow at all. One day a tiny orange bump appeared on the soil. The next morning it had grown into a toad stool an inch high, swaying on a slender stalk. And by the next day it had crumpled and died. But others grew, later, from the spores, to live out their brief life in the small green world of the terrarium.

When you have finished your tiny garden, take it in your hand. How wonderful it is, this miniature world you hold! Here is life — something only God can make. Here are plants descended from those God made on that third day of creation, when He said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit trees yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth." Gen. 1:11.

"In any community organized on really healthy lines, the average woman will have quite enough to do in her own home, whether she is rich or poor. Nowhere else can she do work of such value to the nation."

- Theodore Roosevelt

## Some Mothers Write

I want to let you know how much that poem "Send Them Onward With a Smile" has touched me. I cut it out and put it where I can see it daily. I am fussy about dirt and things scattered around the house, but I know this poem will help me endure it better while the children are small.

- Mrs. R. Y., Ohio

When one of our boys was about three he saw it hail for the first time and said, "Maem, it's thundering glass!"

- V. M. (Iowa.)

From our 2 year old who was looking at a bird picture, "Mother, the birdie is getting ready to eat the potatoes (eggs) in the nest."

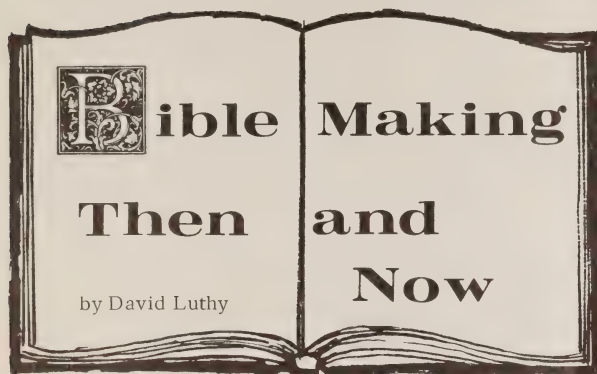
R. M., Indiana

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



Our true  
character  
usually shows  
itself when  
things  
go wrong.  
Aunt Becky

# CHILDREN'S SECTION



## Part I: Something To Write On

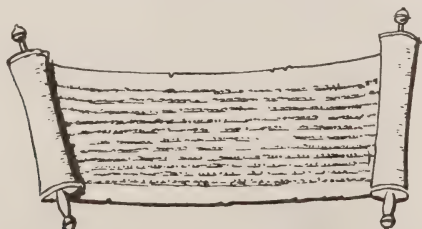
Children today have it very nice. Whenever they want to read a Bible story they merely walk to the living-room bookshelf and reach for the Bible-story book or the Bible itself. But thousands of years ago it wasn't that easy. There were no books. Bible stories were told from father to son, and in time he would pass them on to his son.

Gradually, however, the Israelites saw the need and benefits of writing the stories. They had no paper like we have today. What were they going to use? For a while they probably scribbled on tablets made from clay. But these were too heavy and bulky; and if one ever was dropped, well, it broke into many pieces.

No, clay tablets were not satisfactory to hold God's words to man. Before long it was discovered that a crude paper could be made from the papyrus (pah-PIE'-rus) plant. This plant-like reed grew in swamps both in Egypt and Palestine. Its stalk was triangle shaped and resembled celery, but it was much taller, reaching generally twelve feet high.

How did people make paper from this plant? They cut it into foot-long sections and then sliced the sections into thin strips. These strips were laid side by side to form a sheet about twelve inches by ten. Next a second layer of strips was added, but this time they were laid criss-cross. The two layers were pressed tightly together, their juice being used as glue. When the sheet was dried, scraped, and rubbed, it was ready to write on.

This papyrus paper was yellowish in color and about as thick as our modern wrapping paper. Pieces of papyrus



were glued end-to-end and rolled up on sticks to form scrolls. The width of the scroll might be three inches or maybe as much as twelve. And its length? That depended

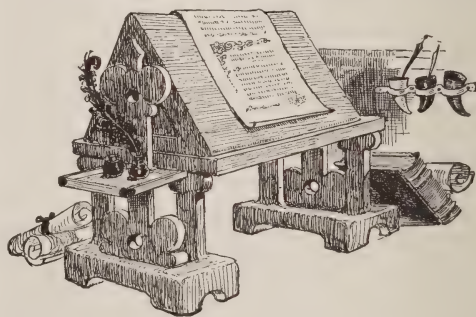
on how long the story or book was. A book like Psalms would reach nearly fifty feet if unrolled. But a book like Daniel would probably unroll to ten feet. And the book of Ruth would only need two sheets.

After a few hundred years, though, the Israelites began using a different type of paper. The papyrus scrolls became too brittle with age and pieces broke off. And if the scrolls became damp, the papyrus would decay. Even the turning on the sticks caused the scrolls to wear out. So, a new type of paper was needed. Someone suggested animal skins. This was tried and was found to work very well. It was smoother to write on than papyrus, and it would not wear out as soon. The Israelites called it parchment.

The scrolls containing the Bible accounts were kept at the synagogue. Here the people gathered to hear the stories and the law read by their religious leaders (rabbis). An interesting fact about reading the scroll is that the rabbi read from right to left — just the opposite of what we do in our Bible. As the story progressed, the rabbi would turn the stick in his right hand, pulling the roll to the right. I am sure if we saw him do this we would think it looked queer, since we would expect him to do just the opposite.

## Part II: Years of Copying

After Jesus had been on earth, twenty-seven more books were added to the Bible. These we call the New Testament. As centuries passed and the Christian religion spread over the continent of Europe, a definite need arose for Bibles. There were no bookstores in those days and no printers. Where were the different churches in many countries going to get copies of the Bible? The monks in the monasteries offered their assistance and began copy-



ing Bibles by hand. As you can imagine, it took one monk a long time to copy the entire Bible; when he was finished the Bible was very expensive. But since this was the only way, hundreds of monks spent years copying Bibles.

Bibles made by the monks were not rolled as scrolls. Rather, they were cut into individual sheets and sewn together to look pretty much like a modern book does. At least the shape was the same, but because the monks used parchment it made wavy thick pages. Also the whole Bible couldn't be bound in one volume.

The parchment used by monks was whiter than that of

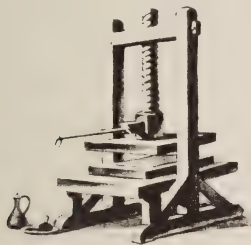


the Jews. And they found that skins from lamb and goat kids made even finer paper. This they called vellum. Its smooth quality made it easier to write on, but also more expensive. Bibles made with vellum pages were generally also decorated. The beginning letter of each chapter was large and very fancy — often different colored inks were used. (The title of this article contains an example of a decorated first letter.)

The patient efforts of the monks helped provide a quantity of Bibles when there otherwise wouldn't have been any. But soon an invention was to appear which would be able to do the work of many monks and provide Bibles not only for the rich but for others, too.

### Part III: A Wonderful Invention

You have probably heard of a cider press where the juice is squeezed out of apples. Back in the 1450's the people used a similar type press for making wine and cheese. It was entirely wooden and had a large screw which forced a block to squeeze whatever was placed beneath it. This type of press was copied by inventors when they developed the printing press. Words were carved on a wooden block and coated with ink; a piece of paper was placed by hand between the carved block and the squeez-



ing block, which was lowered by turning the wooden screw. When pressed tightly together, the blocks forced an impression onto the paper.

Because each block of words had to be hand carved, printing on a press wasn't much faster than the monks' copying. What really was needed was a way in which to use the same letters over and over. Johannes Gutenberg of Germany discovered a way — movable type. Each letter was carved on a separate small block, which could be rearranged to spell different words. But Johannes was not satisfied with his invention, for the blocks were made of wood and wore out too quickly. After years of patient trying he made a set of metal type which could last for years.



The invention of movable metal type made printing by press a much faster way than copying by hand. With his invention Johannes could print four hundred sheets a day. His first book printed was the Bible; it marks the beginning of the history of the modern book.

Gutenberg's invention made it very practical and profitable to print books. Soon other print shops opened all throughout Europe. With the increase of presses arose a demand for paper. Gutenberg had not used papyrus, parchment, or vellum to print the Bible; he had used paper. And now other printers wanted paper too.

About 105 A.D. the Chinese had invented paper by pounding the fibers of mulberry bark into a sheet. This

sort of paper making spread west to Turkey; and during the time of the Crusades it came to Europe. By now, though, it was common to make the paper from old rags. On such a kind of paper Gutenberg printed his Bibles.

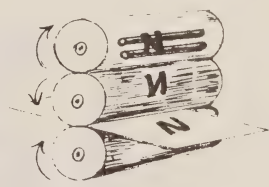
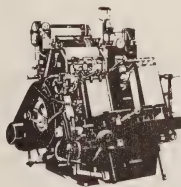
### Part IV: Printing Bibles Since 1800

From the day in the 1450's when Gutenberg invented movable type until 1800 there were few changes in printing presses or paper. But after that things changed rapidly. The Earl of Stanhope invented the first all metal press by 1800. And by 1814 a press could print 1,100 sheets an hour which was certainly a lot faster than Gutenberg's 400 per day. Paper making was also improved so that paper was cheaper and made in greater quantities. In 1840 a German discovered a process for grinding logs into pulp and thus making paper.

By 1865 a printing press could print 10,000 sheets an hour, and by 1882 scientists had improved the process of making paper from wood pulp; this process has remained basically unchanged till today.

The result of these inventions was that printing was no longer so expensive. Now nearly anyone could buy a book. And what was most people's choice? The Bible. Millions and millions of copies of the Bible were printed.

During the hundred years between 1865 and today, so many improvements were made in printing presses that it would take a book to tell it all. Everything is done by machine and very rapidly. One of the latest types of printing is known as offset. The page that you are reading was printed on an offset press. What does offset mean? It means that the inked type prints first on a rubber roller and then sets the imprint off onto a piece of paper.



Bible making has come a long ways from clay tablets and papyrus scrolls. How many Bibles are sold or distributed each day throughout the world? The encyclopedia says 47 per minute. They are found in every corner of the world and are written in 195 different languages. And they cost as little as \$1.00. Why? Because of the wonderful inventions and improvements in printing.

But no matter how wonderful it is that Bibles are spread throughout the world and that each of us has his own copy, one problem still remains. And that is living up to the teachings the Bible contains. It is not enough to own a Bible; we must live the Bible. Someone once remarked, "There are more Bibles in print today than at any other time in history; yet there are fewer people living up to its teachings." It does seem odd, doesn't it? ■■

### A DAY WITH GOD

He guides our feet, He guards our way,  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

—I. Watts.

## ANIMAL AGES

by Elmo Stoll

"Hey, look!" called seven-year-old Ruth Bender from where she stood at the window. "There's a cow coming down the road pulling a buggy."

"What?" cried Perry and Glen, her two older brothers. They had been sitting at the table waiting for their father to finish washing up and come for supper. But now they left their places at the table and raced to the window to see too.

"Oh, Ruth," said Perry. "That's not a cow. That's a horse. Who ever heard of hitching a cow to a buggy?"

"Well, it sure looks like a cow," insisted Ruth. "It's more like a cow than a horse — all spotted black and white."

Just then the bedroom door opened and Grandmother Bender stepped out, carrying a folded apron in her hand.

"Hey, Grandma," called the children. "Come and see this funny looking horse."

"Yes, Ruth thought it was a cow because it was spotted

black and white like a Holstein," said Perry, laughing to himself at the idea.

Walking slowly across the room, Grandmother joined the children at the window. "I don't blame Ruth too much for taking it for a cow at first glance," Grandmother said. "Not too often we see a horse so nearly the color of a cow. I wonder whose horse it is. I didn't know anyone around here had a horse like that."

"Oh, look, it's coming in here," said Ruth.

"It looks like Alvin Mast to me," Perry said. "They must have a new horse."

"Let's run out and see it," suggested Glen. The two boys raced outside, leaving Grandmother and Ruth at the window.

"Let's go outside too, Grandma," said Ruth.

"Oh, my," laughed Grandmother. "I don't feel like running out just to see a new horse. I'm too old for that."

"Are you really too old?" asked Ruth seriously.

Grandmother smiled. "Well, anyhow, I'm too old to run around like a little girl. But you run along if you want to."

"Then how old are you, Grandma?" asked Ruth.

"Me?" said Grandmother, her wrinkled face curving into a smile. "I'm 72 years old, and that's pretty old."

"But I'm not old, am I, Grandma?"

Grandmother laughed. "No, child, I should say you aren't. You're young — really young."

Ruth seemed to have forgotten about the new horse in



The earth all filled with people  
The road to ruin trod;  
For everyone was wicked,  
But Noah walked with God.

When all earth's wicked creatures  
Must die from off its face,  
Lo, there was none but Noah,  
Who in God's sight found grace.

And when the rains descended,  
And everything was dark,  
Brave Noah and his family  
Were safe within the ark.

## NOAH

By Fannie Herr Kreider

And I have often wondered  
Just how the creatures knew,  
As in the ark of safety  
They gathered, two by two.

The wild ones and the tame ones  
From many a distant land,  
All meekly came to Noah,  
Led by an unseen hand.

Who was it warned the eagle?  
He came and brought his mate;  
On tireless wing the swallows  
Hasted, and none were late.

There is an ark of safety  
In this dark world of sin;  
And all the righteous children  
Of God have entered in.

Come to this blessed haven  
Through Jesus Christ the Door;  
For here is peace and pardon,  
And joy forevermore.



her sudden interest in ages. "My sister Ella, she's fifteen — she's old, isn't she?"

Again Grandmother chuckled softly. "No, I would say Ella is still young — fifteen seems very young to me. But you'd better run if you want to see Alvin Mast's new horse. Looks like he's about ready to leave."

Ruth skipped out of the room, and through the kitchen where her mother and sister Ella were putting the supper on the table. Just as Ruth got outside, she heard her father say to Alvin Mast, "Hey, anyhow, you've got a new horse, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Alvin. "Seems to be a good dependable horse, too. I got her cheap because of her age."

"She looks all right," Father said. "How old is she?"

"She's fifteen," said Andy. Then he slapped her gently on the back with the reins and drove off.

"Fifteen," thought Ruth to herself. "Why, Alvin Mast's new horse is just the same age as Ella is."

"Come on in for supper, children," Father called as he turned and went up the walk toward the house.

A few minutes later the Bender family were all seated around the supper table — Father and Mother at one end, Grandmother at the other end, the four children at the two sides. They had barely started eating when Ruth said, "Grandma, you know what? That new horse is really young — just fifteen, the same age as Ella."

Father laughed when he heard what Ruth said. "I'm afraid you made a mistake, Ruth," he said. "Andy's horse is pretty old. She probably won't be able to work more than a couple of years anymore. Fifteen is old for a horse."

Ruth looked puzzled. "But Grandmother said fifteen is young — very young. She said Ella isn't old and she's fifteen."

Now Grandmother was smiling too. "I guess I did say that," she admitted.

"Ages are different for animals than for people," Father explained. "An age that may be young for a person might be old for a horse. Most horses do not live more than twenty or twenty-five years, so a horse that is fifteen has already lived most of its life."

"Are all animals old at fifteen?" asked Perry. He was becoming interested in the conversation now, too.

"Of course not," said Glen knowingly. "You know that not all animals live the same long. Why — why, an elephant would live a lot longer."

"Glen is right," Father said. "Some animals live much longer than others, but as far as elephants are concerned, I don't have much idea how old they get."

"How long do rabbits live?" asked Perry anxiously. He was thinking of his white rabbit, Wigglenose.

"I don't know exactly," Father answered.

"Do you think maybe about thirty years?" Perry wanted to know.

"No, hardly that long," Father said. "I would think that a four or five year old rabbit would be pretty old. But we should look it up somewhere and find out for sure."

"Where can we look it up?" asked Glen.

"I would guess the 'Information, Please' almanac lists the life span of most animals. As soon as we finish eating, I'll help you look."

Spoons clattered as the Bender children hurried with the meal.

After all the talk about animal ages, even Grandmother had a question she wondered about. "Are there any animals that live longer than people?" she asked.

The children looked at Father, interested to hear what

he would say.

"I sort of think I've read about some kind of turtle that lives more than a hundred years, but I can't tell for sure," Father said slowly.

"Whew," said Perry. "I never knew turtles lived that long."

After supper Father got the almanac from the bookshelf and looked up "animals" in the index. His finger moved slowly down the column of words. "Here it is," he said. "Animals, Facts on, page 670-671".

Father flipped the pages to 671. Here he found what he was looking for. At the top of the inside column page were the words, "Life Span of Animals". Below was a list of dozens of animals.

Glen was glancing over his father's shoulder and saw that the number on the top of the list was 180. "Wow!" he whistled. "Something lives 180 years. What is it, Dad?"

"Just a minute," said Father. "I was looking to see what the average life span of a rabbit is. Here we are — 'Rabbit, 6-8 years'."

"Hmmm," said Perry. "I've just had Wigglenose a year, so he should live another five years. But is there really some animal that lives 180 years? Or did Glen just dream that?"

"No, Glen was right," Father said. "The Giant Tortoise, which is a huge sea turtle, lives from 180 to 200 years."

"I never would have guessed that," said Perry. "I'm going to tell Grandmother. She'll be surprised."

"Does it list elephants?" asked Glen.

"Yes. The average life span of an elephant is from 30 to 40 years. There is quite a difference between it and a mouse. A mouse only lives 1 or 2 years."

Just then Perry came back, Mother, Ella, and Grandmother close behind him. "We decided to take time off from dishes to come in and listen," Mother said.

So Father started at the top of the list and read the life span of all the animals listed. When he finished, Grandmother said, "Well, well, from now on I'll have to be more careful when I say something is young or old. Makes a lot of difference whether it's a mouse or a turtle."

"I would say all of us learned something about the ages of animals," Father said. His eyes twinkled as he added, "Even Ruth learned a little bit."

■ ■

#### Average Life Span of Animals

Wolf	11 years
Bear	18 years
Cat	11 years
Chicken	7 years
Dog	10 years
Goat	12 years
Groundhog	5 years
Guinea Pig	3 years
Hippopotamus	30 years
Lion	10 years
Monkey	14 years
Pigeon	12 years
Rat	3 years
Sow	10 years
Squirrel	8 years
Fox	9 years
Kangaroo	11 years

## A GARDEN

My God and I a garden made  
The long, warm summer through;  
I did my part with hoe and spade  
And He with rain and dew.

I thought myself a needed part  
Of the flowers that we had grown;  
Until I saw wood violets  
That He had made alone.

—Reprinted.

## — Grandfather's Reading Lesson —

# PETER JOHNSON'S BOOTS

Peter Johnson was a very fortunate man. He had a good home, a good wife, and a good pair of boots. He had worn these boots for years, yet there was not a crack in them, and they were quite comfortable.

However, as time went on, Peter thought less and less of his boots. Sometimes they seemed to him too square at the toes, and sometimes they seemed too pointed. At one time they looked too large, and again they looked as if they were too small.

"I think I shall sell these boots," said Peter one morning.

"And why should you do that?" asked his wife.

"Do you not see that the tops are too short?" asked Peter in return.

"But you said that the tops were too long," said the woman.

"Did I? Well, then, they have shrunk. I shall go to the city and trade them for another pair."

So Peter took ten shining silver coins from his chest and set out for the city. He met a man carrying a pair of boots.

"How fortunate I am!" said Peter. "Shall we trade boots?"

The man looked at Peter's boots. "Yes, I will do it," said he, "but I must have three dollars besides."

So Peter paid him three dollars and put on his new boots; but when he had walked awhile, they hurt his feet very much. Soon he met another man with a pair of boots, and again he proposed a trade.

Peter knew very well that the boots he wore were worth little, so he cheerfully paid the three dollars, and took the new pair. But when he drew them on, they were worse than the others. He could scarcely walk in them.

"I shall be more careful when I trade again," thought Peter, as he limped slowly along.

Now he walked a long way before he met any one. The boots hurt him at every step, and poor Peter was almost wild with the pain. At last he met a man with a very fine pair of boots.

"Will you trade boots with me?" asked Peter.

"I will sell you these boots," said the man.

Then Peter took out his four dollars. "Here is all the money I have," said he, "but I must have a comfortable

pair of boots."

The man took the money, and Peter put on the boots. Now, indeed, he could walk. How delightful it was to walk without being in pain. It was like flying.

When he was at home again, he walked up and down the room until the floor creaked, and stuck out his feet as much as possible; but the old woman only sat and spun.

"Do you not see," said Peter Johnson, "that I have found a perfect pair of boots at last?"

"And they are not too narrow, or too square at the toes, or too short in the legs?" asked his wife.

"Oh, what questions!" said Peter. "It is as if they had grown on my feet! To be sure, they have cost me ten dollars, but they are worth every cent of it."

"Ten dollars!" cried the old woman. "You have paid ten dollars for your old pair of boots!"

Then she turned down the top of one of the boots, and there was Peter Johnson's name.

"H'm!" said Peter.

But since that day he has never found fault with his boots; and it is, indeed, a good bargain when one can buy contentment with ten dollars.

Jones Reader, Book Three, 1903

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## THE MAN WHO WRESTLED WITH GOD

After Laban left, and Jacob once more turned toward the land of Canaan, he suddenly thought of something. It was far from a pleasant thought. Jacob remembered how angry Esau his brother had been with him years before. At that time Esau had even said he was going to kill Jacob, and it had been necessary for Jacob to flee from home.

As Jacob thought again of those past years, he wondered uneasily how Esau felt toward him now. Was he still angry? Would he try to kill Jacob when he heard that he had returned to the land of Canaan?

At once Jacob decided to send a few men to take a friendly message to Esau. "Go to the land of Edom," Jacob instructed the men, "and tell Esau that I have been working for Laban, but am now returning home with wives and children, and herds of sheep and cattle. Tell him I hope there may be peace between us."

The messengers went as they were bidden, but very soon they returned. "We found your brother Esau," they reported. "And behold, he is coming to meet you — there are four hundred men with him."

Four hundred men! A great fear swept over Jacob. He knew now that Esau had not forgotten his anger. Such an army of men could only mean one thing — Esau was coming to fight against him and destroy him along with his wives and children. In great fear and distress, Jacob tried to think what to do.

First he divided the people, flocks, and herds that were with him into two groups. "At least we need not all die," Jacob thought. "If Esau comes to the first group and fights against it, the second group will have time to flee

Family Life



and escape with their lives."

In this time of deep trouble, Jacob did not forget to pray. He lifted up his voice to God and said, "Oh, God of my father Abraham and Isaac, the God who commanded me to return and promised to be with me, care for me at this time. Although I am not worthy of the least of thy mercies, yet deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother Esau."

Jacob was willing to do all that he could to turn his brother's anger into forgiveness. He made ready a valuable gift for Esau. Taking two hundred and twenty goats, Jacob sent them ahead of the main group. He told the servant who cared for the goats to speak humbly to Esau, and tell him, "Thy servant Jacob sends them as a present to my Lord Esau."

But Jacob was not satisfied to send only one gift. He sent another servant with two hundred and twenty of his finest sheep, and commanded him to speak in the same way to Esau. The third servant took a present of thirty camels and their young. The fourth took fifty head of cattle, and the fifth took thirty asses. The servants were commanded to keep a space between each group of animals, so that Esau would come to each one in turn and thus be impressed by their number. And also, all the servants were commanded to speak in the same way to Esau, saying, "Thy servant Jacob sends these animals as a present to my lord Esau."

Finally all the servants had been given careful instructions and sent out ahead to be the first to meet Esau when he arrived. Darkness came. Jacob and his family camped for the night.

Whether Jacob could not sleep, or what was wrong, the Bible does not tell us. It says only that in the night Jacob rose up, took his two wives, his servants, and his eleven sons and sent them ahead of him across a wide shallow

river named Jabbok.

Jacob was left alone in the darkness of the night. Suddenly an unexpected thing happened. A man stepped out of the shadows and grabbed hold of him. At once Jacob and the man started wrestling.

With all his strength and cunning, Jacob wrestled, but he could not seem to get the best of the man, nor could the man get the best of him. They seemed to be perfectly matched for each other. On and on, hour after hour they wrestled on the lonesome banks of the river Jabbok.

In the east, faint streaks of gray dawn tinged the sky. Morning was nearly upon them.

When the stranger saw that he could not overcome Jacob, he touched Jacob's thigh in such a way that it went out of joint. "Let me go now," the man said, "for the day is breaking."

By this time Jacob must have guessed that the man who had so strangely appeared out of the night to wrestle with him was not an ordinary human. "No," said Jacob, "I will not let you go until you have blessed me."

The man said, "What is your name?"

"Jacob."

"You shall no longer be called Jacob," came back the answer. "From now on you shall be called Israel, which means a prince, for as a prince you have power with both man and God."

"Please tell me what your name is," Jacob asked.

"Why do you ask about my name?" the man answered. Then without telling his name, he blessed Jacob and departed.

For a moment Jacob stood bewildered by all the strange things that had been happening to him. Then in a voice filled with awe, he said, "This place shall be called Peniel, 'the face of God', for I have seen God face to face, and yet I am still alive."

The sun rose. The bright friendly rays of morning lighted up the land, and for a moment the scenes of the past night seemed like a hazy dream. But as Jacob turned to leave, a sharp pain from his injured thigh shot through him. It reminded him that the heavenly visitor had indeed been more than a dream. Limping painfully, Jacob walked slowly to join his wife and children.

When he reached them, he lifted his eyes to scan the horizon. His heart sank as he saw what he least wanted to see — a large group of men approaching in the distance. He knew at once that it was Esau.

Quickly commanding his wives and children to stay in the background, Jacob went forward to be the first to meet Esau. Very humbly Jacob bowed to the ground before his brother Esau. Seven times Jacob bowed himself all the way to the earth.

His anger forgotten, Esau ran forward to meet Jacob. He had been moved by the sight of all the gifts sent to him, and now to see his brother bow so humbly before him was too much. Esau embraced his brother, kissing and weeping. Jacob too wept, warm tears of gladness that God had softened the heart of his brother Esau.

"Who are these women and children?" Esau asked presently.

Happily Jacob called his wives and children to come forward and meet his brother. "These are the children which God has graciously given me," Jacob explained.

"What did all those flocks of animals mean that I met on my way here?" Esau asked.

"Those were sent as presents for you," Jacob said.

"You would not need to do that," Esau said. "I have enough. Keep them for yourself."

### A GREEN HILL

There is a green hill far away,  
Without the city wall,  
Where our dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know; we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

O dearly, dearly has He loved  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

—Cecil Alexander

1. Was Jacob frightened when he heard Esau was coming to meet him?
2. How many men were with Esau?
3. When the man started wrestling with Jacob in the night, who turned out to be the stronger, the man or Jacob?
4. How long did they wrestle?
5. What did Jacob say the man should do before he would allow him to leave?

6. What new name did the man give to Jacob? ?
7. What did the name mean? ?
8. Why did Jacob limp the next morning? ?
9. How often did Jacob bow before his brother Esau? ?
10. Was Esau friendly to Jacob when they met? ?

ANSWERS: 1. Yes 2. 400 3. Neither could overcome the other 4. Until morning 5. Bless him 6. Israel 7. Prince 8. He had been hurt in the thigh 9. Seven times 10. Yes



of the group set out. It consisted of ten families, seventeen wagons, and forty horses. As these pilgrims traveled they chanted the well-known song, "Our journey is through the wilderness to the promised Canaan."

The journey was anything but easy. Twelve children were buried along the way, and an epidemic of typhoid fever took its toll of both children and adults. For fifteen weary weeks the travelers wound their way through the Ural Mountains, across vast barren plains, and through sterile deserts. After enduring many hardships, they stopped at Kaplan Bek and prepared to camp for the winter.

In the fall of 1880 two more sections of the group set out eastward. Fifty-six families from the Molotschna settlement and thirteen from the Trakt settlement endured similar hardships but finally joined the first section by late fall.

Where was Claasz Epp all this while? He had remained with the fourth section of the group at the Saratov settlement. And when word reached him that the first three sections had merged and chosen Elder Peters as their leader, he was provoked. "The Holy Spirit will guide all our decisions, not Elder Peters," he protested. "There must be a divine leadership, not human."

This breach in the group was never healed. Elder Peters' followers decided to accept a compromise plan presented by the government regarding military service. They decided to accept forestry service as noncombatant service. (Members in the home colonies who had not immigrated to America accepted the same program.) So the majority of Elder Peters' followers traveled no further east, but settled on a tract of land at Aulie Ata.

Claasz Epp, meanwhile, had set out with twenty-five families on an historic eastward journey. Since they were rather late in starting out, they encountered heavy snows and deep cold in the Ural Mountains. During their four month trek they experienced many mishaps but finally reached their destination of Turkestan around Christmas-time.

That following spring they were joined by some families who had left the saner leadership of Elder Peters. This brought the total to sixty families. The group stood united on their refusal to send young men into noncombatant service, which was required in Turkestan as well as in Russia proper. Because of this refusal, they were asked by the governor general of Turkestan to leave his area. They thought they could enter nearby Bokhara, but its prince said there was a food shortage and ordered the pious pilgrims out of his territory. Back and forth across the Turkestan-Bokhara border they went, finally living for months in their wagons in a sort of neutral zone between the two.

Claasz Epp had by no means forgotten his prophecy of the second coming of Christ occurring in 1889. Nor had he given up belief in the "open door" passage of Revelation. Soon he was able to tell his weary followers that God had once more opened a door for them; they had received an invitation from a Mohammedan khan (king) to settle in his territory. There they would be given the religious and political privileges they had been seeking. The offer seemed miraculous to Epp and daily he grew more certain that his small band was soon to witness the second coming of Christ and the establishment of His 1,000 year kingdom right in the territory of the khan.

But the promised land of the Mohammedan khan was not flowing with milk and honey. Rather it was a disease-infested low land. Moreover the Mohammedan tribesmen

soon discovered that they could easily take advantage of the non-resistant Christians. At first the night raiders plundered, but later they attempted to carry off young women. In one raid a settler was murdered. This caused quite a stir among Epp's group. The principle of non-resistance was compromised because of the demand by young men to protect themselves, their families, and their property. They received permission to remain up all night with sticks and clubs, but what good were such primitive weapons compared with the bandits' swords and guns?

In reference to this phase of Epp's pilgrimage, one Mennonite author writes:

Finally the weary and harrassed settlers were offered a refuge by the khan near the city of Khiva in a small place called Ak Metchedj where they would no longer be troubled by robbers. A traveler passing through this little colony in 1899 states that their population then included 37 families with 140 souls living in small adobe huts and 132 in the nearby cemetery.

### Part III: Doomsday Comes and Goes

As the year 1889 approached, Claasz Epp interpreted more of the Book of Revelation. He declared himself to be one of the two witnesses to the Last Day. The Red Dragon mentioned in Revelation was said to be a fellow minister with whom he had once quarreled and whom he had excommunicated. Soon Epp claimed he would be taken up into the heavens to meet Elijah in the sky. A day was actually set for this happening, and an altar was built. Behind it Claasz stood in long flowing robes ready for his predicted ascension. Some of his followers testified that he did actually disappear, but he must not have gone far for when March 8, 1889 arrived, Claasz was on hand. This was the date he had set for the Day of Judgment, the second coming of Christ.

Sunrise and sunset occurred on March 8, 1889, but Christ did not appear. Had the prophet Epp been wrong? "No," he said. "I have miscalculated." Then he explained to his disappointed flock how he had originally seen a clock with the hands pointing to 89. Now he realized that the clock had not been hung evenly on the wall and it really read 91. So the "great day" was postponed for two years.

Finally Claasz went one step too far in his fanaticism. Even the dullest-witted of his followers could not accept his latest claim. He said that he was the son of Christ, just as Christ was the son of God. Thus, he became the fourth person in the Trinity. From then on his followers were advised to say in religious ceremonies: "Father, Sons, and Holy Spirit."

At this stage of his career, Claasz Epp had but a handful of followers. Most others had either sailed for America or returned to Russia proper. Even the small remnant that clustered around Claasz finally reached their limit of believing his tales. They expelled him from their fellowship. And in 1913 he died. With his death ended one of the strangest chapters in Mennonite history.

### SOURCES:

1. Mennonite Encyclopedia, Volume II, page 234.
2. The Story of the Mennonites, C. H. Smith, pages 456-62.
3. "Fanaticism: Then and Now", John A. Hostetler, Christian Living (Sept. 1960), pp. 23-25.



## THE DOG STAR AND DOG DAYS

The hot sultry days of August have for centuries been known as dog days. To most people they are associated with certain things which happen at this time of the year.

No one is certain where or how the name started but apparently it derives from the fact that the sun and the dog star are close together at this time of the year. Sirius, the dog star, is the brightest true star of the heavens, and the ancients thought that the extra heat coming from this bright star, combined with the heat from the sun, caused the hot weather.

We now know that the stars make light for the earth but

they do not make any heat. Astronomers claim that Sirius, the dog star, is brighter and hotter than our sun, but it is so far away that the heat does not reach us. They say it takes the light from that star nine years to reach the earth.

Anyone who rises early on a fall morning has the privilege of seeing a number of bright star groups. During August, Orion the hunter is in the southeast, Sirius the dog star is at the heels of the hunter and by the last of August will be far enough from the sun to be seen in the morning.

August and September are excellent times of the year to rise early in the morning. The evening twilight may be all right for the spring but for late summer there is nothing like the dawn. After a hot day, the evening and the night may be muggy, but the dawn is always crisp and cool. That's something you don't forget, the smell of the dew as you drive home the cows. At this time of the year even the morning mists are welcome.

People used to think that dogs are more likely to go mad during dog days. There does not seem to be any foundation for this. A dog gets rabies when he is bitten by another dog and this can happen any time of the year.

August is the time for summer sores. These can be very unhandy in children, but prompt treatment with antibiotic salve keeps the infection in check. Apparently the germs that cause these sores are found in stale putrid water.

Hot weather also requires special care for meal planning. Upset stomach is very common during hot weather. The chief reason seems to be because the danger of spoiled food is greater. It is also thought that the heat itself exerts an unfavorable influence on the digestive system. Residents of tropical countries seem to have more trouble with intestinal disorders than those living in a cooler climate.

Lastly, August in the central states is watermelon time. A hot sun and dry weather during the summer may be hard on some crops but for watermelons, it is ideal. The dryer the season, the sweeter the melons.

All in all, August is not a bad month.

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## Reviving Drops

I love the sound of falling rain  
On bluegreen fields of corn;  
Like waves upon a rolling sea  
Reviving drops are borne.

I love the sound of gentle rain  
Upon a summer night —  
A lullaby for those at rest,  
A balm and solace quite.

I love the sound of God's own word  
Falling sweet upon my ear,  
His promises and His commands  
Inspiring us who hear.

Oh, may I then keep growing still  
Renewed by heavenly rain —  
Soul-cheering words like summer's dew  
Upon my window pane.

— Mrs. Willis E. Yoder



# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## KNICK-KNACKS BELONG IN PALACES

Often when reading in Family Life about our Anabaptist forefathers, I wonder what their daily lives were like. What did they work, how did they dress, and what did their homes look like? If we could walk into one of their houses, what would we see? What would they think if they could see our homes? What if they saw the shelves filled with knick-knacks which are pretty to look at but good for nothing else, the pictures on the wall, the ruffles and lace, the lovely costly furniture, all which would seem more fitting in a palace than in the home of one who is a "stranger and pilgrim on earth"? (Heb. 11:13-16) Would the person walking into such a house feel that here lives one who loves God above all else (Matt. 22:37) or would he have to wonder if the heart is on earthly treasures? (Matt. 6:21)

Couldn't our time, money, and talents be put to better use than spending so much on ourselves, our homes, and our farm? As one grandmother said recently, "We build ourselves homes as if we intended to stay here forever and it would be sad indeed if some of us would have to stay here with our houses when judgement day comes."

- Mrs. M. H., Ind.

## THE TRUTH HURTS

After reading "Hard to Forget" (July) I had to think how it is true that the truth hurts. We have heard reports about the loose living of some of the young folks, but this author makes it too realistic and brings it too close home for comfort. Are such wild parties not a stench in the nostrils of God?

Who has the greater sin, the young folks or the parents who shrug their shoulders and say, "They must sow their wild oats" or "we had our fun when we were young."

- D. H., Virginia

I felt moved to favorably comment on "Hard To Forget". It does seem to me, as the article said, that "for too long youth problems have been allowed to take second place while petty church misunderstandings get the most attention." I wonder also if too many times when new settlements are started that older people concern themselves more about how they want and should do things and kind of leave the young folks activities unsupervised and alone. Let's take care of them and protect them for the spiritual new birth as we do for the natural birth.

- Dewey Gingerich, Indiana

## TAKE A BOOK, OR TWO

In regards to the Pathway Pen Point in the July issue about the "Ruination of Children", true, the best thing for a misbehaving child is a spanking, and too much candy is bad for the teeth and shouldn't be used for bribing. All this lady would have had to do for her daughter would be

to take along to church a few books especially for her and she would most likely have been contented. I have learned, too, many toys make a child unruly, but I like to take for my two-year-old, perhaps a book or two, and a few playthings. I also have a small son on my lap to contend with. And my children aren't any of the quietest ones around who are used to holding still either. I don't think it hurts to take something along for the three-year-old to look at or play with.

- Joseph W. Byler, Ohio

## YES, WE NEED INSURANCE, IF ...

I think it is commendable and very profitable to have such articles as "Do We Need Insurance?" (July) The first of the kind you ever had in. Insurance is like putting half of our trust on God and the other half on man, so if God fails we are secure by man.

- J. T. W., Pennsylvania

Yes, we need insurance - if our worldly goods are not on the altar; if we would not sacrifice them for God's word; if we cannot accept His promises as surety; if we have more confidence in the pledge of a worldly organization that sues at law than we have in God.

As Christians we would not take our fellowmen to court but it is more noble to protect our interests in an organization of this world that has private lawyers to protect our and their interest? Can we be a nonresistant people and hire resistance and protection from unbelievers and thus bring glory to God?

- D. H., Virginia

I am very thankful that even though the world and many professing Christians say you need insurance to get by, we have many brethren and sisters, and especially the Word of God that tell us we don't need any insurance from the world, or even from a so-called insurance within the church to take care of the things we possess here below.

A while back I was talking with a friend who works in a buggy shop where many wrecked buggies come in and he said so many of them want a new paint job and a few extras here and there added while the insurance is paying it anyway. Let us, as the light of the world, search our heart if this is driven by covetousness or by the Spirit of God and see what the Bible has to say about such.

- Jacob S. Lapp, Pennsylvania

I can agree wholeheartedly with the article on insurance. I for one believe if our worldly goods should be confiscated, God, the brethren, and friends would supply the needed help.

- Harvey Zimmerman, Pa.

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I agree with the article about insurance. My father set the example for me, and taught me not to have insurance in a worldly company. I prefer the heavenly company to the whole world. The writer used the story of David and Goliath. David approached the giant in the name of the Lord of Hosts. I would like to ask the writer for his comments on why did David have four extra stones in his bag? (I Sam. 17:40) Was it unbelief as also probably is the case with the people who get insurance?

- Lester Sauder, Pennsylvania

ANSWER: The four extra stones were not unbelief. God wants us to do what we can do ourselves and He will do the rest. He does not want us to be reckless or take chances, so David had the stones in case he needed them. Sometimes God lets us get into close quarters to test our faith. If David would have missed the first time, he would not have been dismayed. Perhaps the second, or the third, or the fourth stone would have found its mark.

Sometimes when we have a loss we can take care of it ourselves, but at other times God wants us to work together to share the burden.

### A LESSON FOR ALL

"The Beautiful Black Balser" (June) was certainly a lesson to all who read it. Reading the experiences of other Amish folks helps to meet the tasks, both known and unknown, of life on earth. Also of special interest was, "I Came A Stranger." (June) This makes a very plain picture of how the world is ebbing into the church.

- Nate A. Wickey, Indiana

### TOO MUCH ARGUMENT

I am twenty years old and in I. W. service. My parents sent me a bunch of Family Life magazines, and now on a Sunday evening I just sat reading some of them. I believe we better ask if we are Christians or professing Christians. What I mean by this is the foolishness of arguing in F. L.

Of course, not all people's opinions are the same. Can a true, born-again Christian write some of the senseless arguments that we see in F. L.? If someone puts an article in that we don't agree with, can't we just forgive their shortcomings and pray for them — of course we can't forgive them, but I mean overlook them. Or at least write an answer that is in a pleading Christian way. I for myself don't believe that any Amish or Mennonite that is true to his forefathers can act so foolishly.

- B. S., Pennsylvania

ANSWER: If you really feel people should have the right to disagree, perhaps you should not be so harsh with those who feel that a healthy discussion of a subject can be profitable.

### CHILDREN IN CHURCH

We agree so much with some of the letters written to F. L., A. O. P. and B. B.. We can see there are still people that are deeply concerned about how things are going today right in our own churches, schools, and homes. It is sad when mothers are in church with children, while still on their laps with so much nice playthings and clothes put on them aus de ordnung. All this just so it looks nice, or

maybe because others do so. A child can be taught when very young to sit on the bench beside its mother or father in church. Why do we think they need so much to do or play with to pass the time?

How necessary it is for parents to try and raise their children in the ways of the Lord while they are still young. A twig can easily be bent when young, but if left till grown up, how shall it be done? It's surprising how a year-old baby can be taught or be made to listen if it wants its own way too much.

Why can't we have our children come to church in de ordnung? or in a way the preachers can have a good feeling toward them so that when the time comes for them to join church they can be willing to come under the rules of the church and be a good example to the younger ones. That surely takes an example from some. What might some day be our punishment if we are the fault of leading just one soul the wrong way? Don't understand me that ordnung takes care of everything, but I think ordnung in the church should be kept — things that can easily be kept in the way of dress, etc.

- J., Pennsylvania

NEW BOOKLET—

## SCHOOL BELLS RINGING

Uria R. Byler

In the last decade we have witnessed a remarkable thing—the strong movement among our Amish people toward parochial schools. The growth of the movement has been very rapid, from sixty schools in 1958 to two hundred and thirty schools in 1968.

New schools, new classrooms, new teachers, new pupils, new parents, new experiences. SCHOOL BELLS RINGING is an attempt to share with as many people as possible the lessons that have been learned by those for whom these things are no longer new.

The author, Uria R. Byler is no believer in half-way methods. Throughout the booklet he pleads for all-out complete devotion and dedication to make every effort toward high moral and scholastic standards.

We hope that not only teachers, but board members as well, will read this booklet and profit from it.

PRICE— \$ 1.50 each

# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## NO ANSWER FOR HARRY

One of my friends moved with his family into another county. The first time I went to visit him, he said he is surprised to see his very close neighbor work on Sunday. The neighbor hauled manure, baled hay, or what suited him he did.

That was in 1950 when my friend moved to this neighborhood. The neighbor's name was Harry. Their homes were so close together that it looked like one big farm.

Years passed, and while on another visit, my friend told me this story. "At first I thought the two farms were maybe too close. But I thought I will always use the Golden Rule, maybe we can get along. Which we did; each minded his own business. I just could not see how my neighbor, Harry, just kept on working on Sundays in rush seasons.

"We got along very good as Harry also belonged to a church, and wanted to do what is right. We got together more often as time went on. Harry was a very good man to reason with. He took us to faraway places with his car when we could not drive with the team. One day Harry and I were together, as it was raining and we were not too pushed with work. So I thought maybe I should talk about not working on Sunday, which I did.

"'Harry,' I said, 'I know we are good friends, and on my side I want to keep it so. There is one question I would like to ask you. If you want to answer me you can. If you do not want to, I still want to be your friend.'

"'Why, neighbor, you just go ahead,' said Harry.

"'Harry, it often wondered me if it does not bother you when you work on Sunday.'

"Harry hung his head a little, then said, 'My mother taught us not to work on Sunday when I was young and I never thought I would. But it came about so gradually and almost all the neighbors are doing it. I know maybe I should not. Since the day you moved here I saw that you do not work in fields on Sunday. That alone made me think. Since you get your work done in six days a week, I believe I will also try it.'

"'Well, Harry,' I said, 'maybe I can help you more sometimes as my boy will be fifteen till next week.'

"'Good,' said Harry. 'It will be tried.'

"So over the years Harry stopped working in the fields on Sundays and did no work more than look after his livestock and milk. He also got to church more often. Harry stopped farming then, and sold his farm to me, as his own children did not want to farm and he was up in years. After that I asked Harry more often to take me here and there with his car, also sometimes to take my teenagers away to distant places.

"By this time there was quite a church in the district, and Harry was asked quite often to do taxi service, more and more on Sunday and all by the plain people.

"One Sunday I asked Harry to take me to another county to visit, which he gladly did. When we were on the way, Harry said, 'There is a question on my mind for quite a while. I hope you maybe can help me. I sometimes

just don't know if I am doing the right thing.'

"'Go right ahead,' I said. 'I will help if I can.'

"'You know,' said Harry, 'when you first moved here I did field work, or any work on Sundays just as I suited. Then you reminded me of my mother's teaching — remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Now, what I want to get at is, almost every Sunday of late I am hauling people around on Sunday just like on week days. This I make my work on week days and get paid good money. Now I am almost forced to do it every Sunday, too. I know you people pay me good to work on Sunday. But is it right for me to work on Sunday just like any other day? I just do not have the heart to tell you I can't, and yet I do not get to my own church very often any more.'"

That is the end of the story about Harry as it was told to me by my friend. My friend said he did not know what to say to Harry at the time. Maybe someone could send an answer to Harry as my friend just could not answer at the time.

- Titus H. Nolt, Pennsylvania

## SO THIRSTY I COULD DIE

"Daddy, may I please go to the house for a drink of water?" begged nine-year-old Andy, who was helping his father sow wheat in one of those immense fields in North Dakota.

Planting wheat with horses was a long slow job and also a hot job on a hot afternoon. Andy was really very thirsty but his father thought that Andy could wait. The two-mile walk back to the house could waste valuable time that should be spent in planting, and knowing that Andy would be apt to get interested in something else and forget the job to be done, his father just stuck to his word. "No drink until the job's finished."

Andy thought it was mean of his daddy not to let him have a drink and although he didn't say so, Andy felt hurt almost as much as he was thirsty. It seemed to him the more he thought about it, the hotter it seemed, and the thirstier he got. He knew it was useless to ask again to go, because his father didn't usually change his mind, but just answered more forcefully.

As the afternoon lengthened and Andy's thirst increased, he told his father he was so thirsty he could die. After a while he wished he would die and teach his dad a lesson. He thought maybe then his dad would be sorry for not letting him have a drink.

Well, Andy never died of thirst that afternoon like he thought he would, and he lived to be a fine old grandpa and minister of the Gospel. And he never forgot how that instead of his father learning a lesson, he learned two himself — that work comes first, and that little boys often aren't as thirsty as they think.

-Eva Schrock, Wisconsin

"The error of youth is to believe that intelligence is a substitute for experience, while the error of age is to believe that experience is a substitute for intelligence."

- Lyman Bryson  
Family Life



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## WALKING CATFISH- MAN'S LATEST BLUNDER

The "walking catfish" may prove to be in ponds and lakes what the starling is in the air. The strange fish was imported as an oddity from Asia several years ago. It is able to flip itself along on its fins, much like a man would crawl on his elbows.

It has the power to survive out of the water for 24 hours and if its skin remains moist it can live for several days. It feeds on minnows and small fishes and can strip a pond in a few days. When the food supply is exhausted, it flips out of the pond and moves on in search of other bodies of water.

When first introduced to the U.S., a dealer in exotic fish in southern Florida decided to raise his own. As soon as they had established themselves in his pond, they ate up the other exotic fish and then leapt out and walked off to find other food.

When grown, these catfish are approximately a foot long and weigh about a pound. They have already infested a several thousand mile area in southern Florida and are spreading rapidly.

"Of course we are very much concerned about the spread of these fish," said an officer of the Florida game and fish commission. "So far we have been unable to find anything to control them."

Rotenone, a poison, was used to try to get rid of the fish. But the commission reported that it was not successful. The other fish in the pond died, but when the poison got too strong for them, the walking catfish simply hopped out onto the banks and walked away.

## TOBACCO ADVERTISING BANNED

Nine major U.S. tobacco companies have agreed to stop all advertising on T.V. within a year. The agreement came as a result of pressure from the Federal Communications Commission who have threatened to force them to quit.

Tobacco advertising on T.V. was banned in Britain four years ago.

The tobacco companies will use other means to advertise such as in magazines, newspapers and on billboard. They will also probably try to attract customers by the use of coupons and contests.

The reason the government is concerned to reduce the advertising is because evidence indicates that smoking is a national health hazard.

## BEWARE OF THE WIENER

Ralph Nader, a well known writer who has caused quite a bit of public uproar since 1964 when he accused the automobile manufacturers of making unsafe cars, is now investigating the food industry in the U.S.A.

"The silent violence of harmful food products ranges

from minor discomforts to erosion of bodily processes; shortening of life, and sudden death," he said recently.

He claims the food industry adds unnecessary and dangerous ingredients to foods, thus actually endangering public health. He accuses them of doctoring their products to make them taste and look better, regardless of the fact that they may be unfit for human use.

Mr. Nader says that many people's pets are eating better than their owners. Most of the food for human consumption bears no nutritional information on the label, but dog food makers stress the nutritional value of their products.

He says that the salt and monosodium glutamate which is added to baby foods constitutes a danger to infants. These ingredients are added in order to satisfy test-tasting parents, but can cause hypertension, headaches, and chest pains. In test animals these ingredients have caused brain and eye damage. A group of doctors have backed up these statements and are urging that these ingredients be banned from baby food.

But his strongest attacks are against hamburgers and hot dogs. He calls them "shamburgers" and "fatfurters". The fat content of the common wiener has risen from 18% in 1940 to 31% today. During the same period the protein content has dropped from 19% to 11%. In view of the fact that 15 billion hotdogs are consumed in the U.S. every year, Mr. Nader believes they are "America's deadliest missiles."

When Mr. Nader brought out his charges against the automobile industry in 1964, congress passed legislation requiring stricter safety standards in automobiles. When he testified against the meat industry, Congress passed the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967 and the Wholesome Poultry Products Act of 1968.

In the past, his charges have been proven to be well documented and there is every reason to believe that Congress will pay attention to his latest charges as well. People do not all drive cars, but all of them do eat.

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## EDITORIAL

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### HE CREATED IT TO BE INHABITED

"For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, God himself that formed the earth and made it, he hath established it, he created it to be inhabited; I am the Lord and there is none else," Isaiah 45:18.

Now that man has succeeded in reaching the moon we hear talk of sending some of the surplus population from the earth to live up there. Anyone who knows the facts (and the Bible), will recognize such talk for what it is — utterly ridiculous. The Bible tells us that the earth was created to be inhabited, but the moon was made to "rule the night". It was not made for people to live on.

Was it the will of God that man should reach the moon? We doubt it very much, even though He did permit it. He permitted it just the same as He permits man to build bombs big enough to destroy whole countries. Because of man's sinful nature, he is constantly seeking things he would be better off without. And God permits it just as He permitted Samson to go to see a Philistine woman named Delilah, even if in the end the visits cost him his life.

The cost of the moon trip is beyond our imagination. It is said that 20,000 factories are engaged in making parts needed for the program. Over 400,000 men are working on it and the ship itself in which the three men made the voyage cost 375 million dollars. Altogether the U.S. has spent 24 billion dollars on reaching the moon and it is estimated that Russia has also spent about this amount.

A billion dollars is a lot of money. If you could spend \$100,000 a day it would take you nearly 30 years to spend one billion dollars. If this amount of money had been spent on undeveloped portions of the earth, there would be room for many people to make a living.

Not only is space travel expensive, it is also dangerous. It is generally considered that the trip to the moon was much more dangerous than Columbus' journey to America. Had the engines failed to perform as expected, the bodies of the three men might easily now be hurtling

aimlessly through space.

It seems as though man is naturally adventurous. At the beginning of the century the North Pole had not yet been discovered. Then men could spend their energy at such jobs instead of going to the moon. But below the spirit of adventure there is nearly always the craving for honor and fame. It has been said that if Russia would suddenly drop out of the space race, then the U.S. would certainly slacken up in its efforts to explore space.

Thomas O. Paine, head of the U.S. space program, admitted that the purpose of the project is not just to go to the moon. He said that he hopes the success of the venture will "serve as incontrovertible proof to the world that America is pre-eminent in space technology." Or, in plain words, the purpose is the same as that of the men who built the tower of Babel — to reach the heavens and "make us a name".

The U.S. is already looking toward the planets of Mars and Venus. These belong to our solar system. Compared to the true stars in the heavens, they are like next door neighbors. It takes about five months for a rocket to reach Mars but traveling at the same rate of speed it would take 100,000 years to reach the nearest star.

It is very doubtful that men will ever be able to endure space travel long enough to reach Mars, let alone return.

Scientists have already conceded that there is no life on Mars or on any of the other planets. But now they say they want to find out if the conditions are such that it would be possible for life to survive on Mars. If they would believe the Bible they could save themselves a lot of work and billions of dollars. The second verse in the Bible tells us how the earth looked before God went to work to prepare it for people to live on. It was "without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the earth." There is every reason to believe that this description fits Mars and Venus and any of the other planets. The only way in which they will ever be fit for people to live on is if God would do like He did with the earth, take a week to fix them up so they would be fit for human life.

- D. W.

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### A GOOD TIME

**W**e hear occasionally of young people being together on Sunday having a good time. Now, whether this is always the best, so that God could say "Amen" to it, is a question to me.

It is so easy to do a lot of visiting about worldly things with our friends on Sunday, so that instead of hallowing the day, it ends up just like any other day.

The apostle Peter called it a good time to be with Jesus on the Mount of transfiguration. As they were praying, the face of Jesus shone as the sun, and his raiment was white as glittering snow.

Paul and Silas had a good time in prison at Phillippi with their feet in stocks. "And at midnight they prayed and sang praises unto God." The prisoners were astonished,

never having heard the like. But God heard also, and answered in a way that the heavy gates opened and all the bands were loosed. Then the jailor and his whole family were converted to God. A holy miracle and a good time. (Acts 16:23-24)

Peter and John had a good time before the Jewish council in defending the resurrected Christ with such power that the people were amazed, and seeing the boldness of the Apostles, many that heard believed.

A particular good time did the disciples of Jesus have at Pentecost where three thousand people were brought from darkness into light through the marvelous power of God from above.

Upon their knees the apostles commenced their labors, and so must we if we expect to have blessings. This, therefore, is having a good time.

- D. E. Mast — 1930

**Family Life**



# Views and Values



- By Elmo Sill

## I'LL DO AS I PLEASE

With a flash of whirling wheels and shiny black paint, the new buggy sped into the lane. The teenage boy on the seat waved proudly to a few of his friends standing on the lawn watching his coming. The buggy pulled up at the hitching post, and the heated horse snorted to a stop. The boy, whom we shall call Ben, waited on the seat while his friends gathered around him to admire his new buggy. This was the first Sunday evening Ben had driven it to the singing, and he had expected it to draw some attention.

"Say, you've really got it dolled up," said one of Ben's friends, as his eyes took in the glistening paint, the shiny chrome, the rows of decorative reflectors, and elaborate arrangement of fancy switches on the dashboard.

"It's pretty, all right," admitted another of Ben's friends. "Too pretty."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ben. "You mean you're jealous."

"No, you know what I mean. You'll never be allowed to have all that decoration."

"Won't be allowed? Ho, ho, and who's going to stop me?"

"There'll be plenty to stop you. Wait and see if the ministers don't come talk with you about it."

"Let them talk," said Ben boastfully. "Talk won't hurt." "You may change your mind about that."

"Well, the ministers better not try to tell me what to do," bragged Ben. "If they do, they'll find out pretty fast that I'm not going to be bossed around by anybody. I'll do as I please."

In the days that followed Ben set out to prove that he meant to "do as he pleased." And with that kind of attitude, he soon got into more trouble until he found himself put out of church. "Well, the church is way too strict, anyhow," he comforted himself. "I don't care to be a member of a church that tries to run everybody's business."

"I'll do just as I please," he said again, as he applied for a job. But in a couple of weeks, it seemed to Ben that his employer was trying to tell him what to do. In fact, he was literally bossing him around! That would never do, Ben decided, so he told his boss a few things. Ben got fired at once, but as he walked away he said he didn't care, and he murmured to himself, "I'll do just as I please."

After that, since he was doing as he pleased, Ben bought himself a car. He knew it was against the law to pass on curves, and the white lines on the pavement reminded him of it, but he was doing as he pleased, so he passed anyhow. Suddenly a car was coming straight in front of him and he had to crash into the ditch to avoid being hit. When the police came a little later they fined him for reckless driving, and he had to pay, whether he pleased or not.

So when it comes right down to it, in spite of his boast-

ful words, Ben couldn't do as he pleased. He couldn't do as he pleased at all.

But Ben wasn't the first person who thought he could do just as he pleased. That mistaken idea has been around for a long time, for thousands of years in fact. "You can do just as you please," was the lie that was first whispered into the ear of Eve, as she walked in the Garden. Satan told her God was too strict and that she shouldn't allow herself to be bossed around like that. Eve believed this lie, ate the forbidden fruit, and for the rest of her life lived with sin and toil and sweat and pain, whether she pleased or not. Samson was the strongest man, and he figured he could get by with doing as he pleased if anybody could, but he ended up with his eyes punched out and having to work like a horse. Jonah, the runaway prophet, had made up his mind he was going to do as he pleased, and it took a fearful storm and three nights in the whale's belly to bring him to his senses. Haman, the king's right hand man, felt himself an important fellow who should get to do as he pleased, but he died on the gallows he had built for another man. The prodigal son thought he was having a great time doing as he pleased, but when he had to eat the husks the pigs didn't want, he learned otherwise. Ananias and Sapphira decided they might as well keep some of the money, if they pleased, and they could still be thought generous, but God struck them dead.

It has been pretty much the same story ever since. History is full of the sad tales of men and women who died in misery because they wanted to do only as they pleased. Nobody likes to be told what to do. Submission is one of life's most difficult lessons to learn. If there is to be any kind of order among mankind, there must be submission to authority.

Where there is no authority and no submission, there can be only confusion. And since God "is not the author of confusion" (I Cor. 14:33) he has wisely ordained authority at every level. Children are commanded to submit to their parents, wives to their husbands, individual members to the congregation, citizens to the governments. And to talk of being submissive to God while we disobey and disrespect the authority he has ordained on the human level does not make any sense.

Without submission to authority, there can be no working relationship between human beings, whether in the family, the church, the community, or society at large.

To rebel against rightful authority is both immature and unchristian and can only lead to greater frustration. And when we really stop to think we will see how unreasonable it is to say, "I'll do as I please." We can't even do that in natural things.

For example, there are fixed laws in life that we take for granted, and never think of rebelling against. We can not even do a simple thing like correctly adding a column of figures unless we obey the laws of mathematics. We cannot grow plants unless we comply with the laws of nature. If we step off the top of a forty foot silo the law of gravity will kill us. These are fixed laws that we accept all the time, yet we rebel when we must grant to the church of Jesus Christ as much submission as we daily give the laws of life and nature.

It is easy for us to rebel against the requirements and rules of the church and complain that the church is too strict and unyielding. When, for example, the ministers say that we cannot live too close to the world without suffering spiritual harm, we are often quick to blame them for being unreasonable. Surely, there should be some exceptions to the rules, such as if a person's motives are

right in his contacts with the world. Yet the same kind of reasoning would sound foolish if applied to other areas of life. We have all learned to accept that we cannot hold our heads under water for a long time without drowning, and we know there are no exceptions to the rule. It matters little whether the person is a prince or a peasant, a Christian or a pagan, if his head is under water for a certain length of time he is going to drown. And he will drown regardless of how good his motives may have been when he entered the water.

"I'll do as I please." They are the words of a self-centered person who has never faced life honestly. They are the words of a person whose will has not been broken.

Christ came not to serve himself, but others. He came not to fulfil his own will but the will of His Father. His life was one of loving service, of meekness, and submission. And best of all, he calls each of us today to walk in his footsteps — footsteps that will lead us to a rewarding and rich life as we humbly submit to others, and learn to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Then none of us will want to say, "I'll do as I please." ■■

## **TALBEARERS**

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people: neither shalt thou stand against the blood of thy neighbor, I am the Lord." Lev. 19:16.

Talebearing, slander, hatred, and jealousy go hand in hand on the broad way to hell. They are so closely related that it is hard to tell one from another. They all spring from the same emotions and yield the same fruit. Hatred and jealousy are the roots of slander, and its bitter branches produce the sour fruit of bringing reproach on one who is not present to defend his good reputation. A talebearer seeks to exalt himself and belittle his fellow man without his victim knowing what is going on. He is a hypocrite because he misrepresents his own character as well as that of his victim. "A talebearer revealeth secrets; but he that is a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." Proverbs 11:13.

I once heard a bishop say that a talebearer is not just one who tells an untruth about someone else. We need only to reveal secret truths that tend to undermine his character. A talebearer is worse than a thief who gets our pocket book, because he seeks to destroy our reputation. He doesn't know he is making two black marks for himself each time he makes one for his neighbor.

"Where there is no talebearer the strife ceases." Proverbs 26:20. A talebearer causes strife wherever he is. In the neighborhood, in the church, or wherever one gives him attention, his highly esteemed "I" has much to say about all the good he has done, which in his opinion is very important news that should be told, but whatever he has to say of others whom he despises is designed to undermine their reputation. All that a talebearer needs is a genuine conversion to God and to have the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit, then the great man will become small in his own eyes. Then he can rejoice over his neighbor's good fortune, and can wish him good luck.

He can also see the good qualities in his neighbor's life and talk about them and thus fulfill the above remark. "Where there is no talebearer, the strife ceases."

- Sugar Creek, Ohio

## **SOME THOUGHTS**

### **ON SINGING**

What is the reason singing in parts is being accepted in some areas among our plain people? Some people shrug it off by saying, "We've always done that way." (Has it always been this way? History would hardly agree.)

Others say, "It sounds so much nicer that way." Is this then, why we sing spiritual songs, some of which came down to us through several centuries — to see how "nice" we can make them sound? "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." Colossians 3:17 This, of course, includes our singing. If we are singing just to see how nice we can sing, we aren't singing to His honor and glory.

When we have our minds on the tune to make sure every phrase works out just right, our mind can't very well concentrate on the words we are singing. Our minds are made in such a way that they can't fully dwell on several subjects at one time.

In Ephesians 5:19 we read, "...Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." When we sing, we should lift our hearts up to God, to honor, praise, and thank Him.

In order to sing in parts, some practicing often has to be done to be sure each can sing his part perfectly. It seems to me, in this way our singing would be more "fixed", and not from the heart as it should be.

Also we can see in many of our plain communities, where once the young folks (and older ones, too) start singing like this, they start drifting away from Scriptural standards in other areas, too. It may not be all at once, but more often than not, a gradual drifting can be seen over the years.

Another thing about singing like this, if someone has a better voice, he can be heard above the rest. Soon that person will be getting praise for the fine voice, forgetting Who gave the voice. When voices all blend in the same notes, it will not be so much this way.

Also, is this not the way so many of the worldly songs are sung? In Paul's letter to the Thessalonians, he wrote, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." I Thessalonians 5:22

- A Young Girl, Kentucky

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## **TWO BROTHERS**

### **AND**

## **THEIR SISTER**

There is much being said about King Alcohol and his little brother Tobacco, which are two great evils. This is an undeniable fact, but these two brothers have a monstrous sister who is leading more people the downward road than her two brothers combined. Her name is Fashion. She exhibits herself far above her brothers. She is more popular, claims no relation to them whatever, but is their full sister and is equally destructive or even

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more so. She is welcomed into homes where the two brothers find no admittance, while in some homes they all find their way. She has many victims who are not aware of it. She is one of Satan's most successful agents. Not only does she entice people with beautiful and good-tasting things, but really binds them down to things which make them miserable and look hideous. And our so-called plain people are rapidly following, conforming to the world in attire, which is as definitely forbidden as it is to conform in any other way, in lying, stealing, and such like.

This evil has gradually crept into the church until people at large are almost blind to its evil effects, thinking there is not much harm in it, which is one of the devil's sugar-coated lies.

Alcohol and tobacco appear more degrading in the eyes of men and women, but in the sight of God sin is sin, and the Word says all unrighteousness is sin. Not only is this evil seen on a few, but it is like a contagious disease, which is rapidly spreading. It has lowered the standards of the church; through it the church has lost much power.

Miss Fashion is very industrious. She usually makes her appearance when a new garment is to be made. She comes with some new cut, and says, "This is the way they make them now." She even teaches economy when it suits that way, but more frequently does she teach extravagance, and in many ways is immodest.

Fashion is intended for the world, but not for the Christian. Men and women who are open to conviction in every line, willing to walk in all the light they have, will lose their desire for the foolish enjoyments in this world, whatever they may be. They have new desires, new enjoyments, old things have passed away and behold, all things are become new.

It is amazing to see some of the ridiculous fashions our so-called plain sisters adopt, such as the tight-fitting skirts, parting the hair like men, combing them down over the ears and some spruce them up until the covering looks more like mockery than a sign of submission.

The hair and the covering is no longer a true sign. Not only is the covering worn in an improper way, but there is much room for improvement in the way of making them. They should be made to cover at least part of the ear so the hair would not need to be combed down over the ear, which is done only for fashion's sake, and is neither becoming or neat.

Some of our sisters dress so nearly like the world that they need only remove the bonnet and the prayer head-covering and there is nothing left by which they may be known from the world when we meet them on the street and elsewhere. We even see mothers on the streets in like manner, who should be an example to their own children and others. Not only do they set a bad example but put things on their children which are for no other purpose than to make them appear like the world and sometime, sooner or later, they will reap what they have sown.

A sister, in trying to justify herself in going without her bonnet, said, "Some people think we are proud with our bonnets," and without a doubt there is some truth in it. They have a right to think so. But if this is true, the style of the bonnet should be changed at once and made in a way that the world might have a better opinion of the bonnet and the wearer. If the world has such an opinion of the bonnet what will they say about some other things they see on our people and in many houses? Dollar upon dollar is spent for display and selfishness and foolishness. Then with all these inconsistent and foolish things in the church, we wonder why sinners are not converted. When will our

plain people cease to bow down before the idols of this world? Let the church rise above the world and live true to what she professes, to let her light shine that men may see her good works and she will regain her power and the self-righteous, moral man, the skeptic, and the infidel will at last be convinced that there is a reality in the Christian religion.

- N. J. S.

## GOD'S FLOWERS

by Louella Stauffer



"Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet,  
Beautiful flowers that will never decay,  
Gathered by angels and carried away,  
Forever to bloom in the Master's bouquet."  
(M. E. Baumgardner)

All the earth is God's garden. This is where he has planted his precious flowers.

God loves all the flowers and he has planted a great variety of them. Among these are the modest violets, beautiful rose, tall delphinium, creeping phlox, golden marigolds, and many others.

Each flower is different from any other but this matters not. You are exactly what God wanted at your place and no other can ever hope to fill it.

Perhaps you are a lowly creeping phlox. Do not despair, these make an otherwise stony and ugly spot very beautiful by spreading their flowers as far as they can reach.

Or you may have been chosen to make a pretty background for more beautiful flowers. But without you, their beauty would diminish.

Do not envy the lovely rose or the stately hollyhock. These have their own problems. The worm may attack the stem of the hollyhock and cause its downfall, and the beetle eat the heart of the rose.

Alas, there is a great variety of insects, worms, and diseases that attack God's flowers. The lies are like the aphids. These suck the sap out of the plants. So do lies. You think a few may not hurt you but a habit of telling lies can multiply as fast as those juice-sucking insects. Lies are just as destructive to your health as the aphids are to the health of a plant. You will lose the confidence of others and your own self-respect.

Then there are the bugs — jealousy, hatred, pride, smart talk, and a horde of others. If each takes a few bites, the health of the plant is at stake.

When these bugs and insects attack we must call for the help of the Master Gardener. We can not get rid of these pests alone. We must make a sincere plea to God for help so that we can keep growing. He will then help us to get rid of them temporarily, but they will be back as sure as the bugs to the garden. This is why prayer is so important to the health of his blossoms.

Then there are the diseases. The tempter will say, "Come, eat, drink and be merry, why work, tomorrow's another day." They who listen and allow diseases to start may find them almost impossible to get rid of.

God knows just how much sunlight and rain is good for

each individual plant to make it bloom at its prettiest. But He can not do it alone. Each of us must try very hard to grow more strong by trying to push his roots deeper into the ground (or faith) so we can receive the full benefit of the rain (trials). This will give us more healthy leaves so we can get full value from the heavenly sunlight.

Then, when God looks over his garden and decides He needs a few more blossoms for his bouquet, He will send his heavenly angels to gather them for him. Some will be tiny buds, others full-flowered, and all stages inbe-

tween.

Perhaps God will say to the modest and meek, "Since you have worked so well to fill your tiny corner with loveliness, you may have a place close by me." For these things are pleasing to his eyes.

Happy will be the plants that have flowers worthy of this great privilege. They will be placed in the Master's bouquet, where their beauty will bloom forever in his Holy presence. ■■



## RABIES

Isaac Martins had a nice black dog. He was a wonderful pet and very friendly with the children. But one morning there was something wrong. The dog had a wild look in his eyes, he shook violently and his head turned sideways. He seemed to be scared of everything and when anyone came near, he backed away. He frothed at the mouth and ground his teeth.

"Oh look how queer Rover is acting," the children cried.

When Isaac Martin and his wife came out to investigate, they soon decided the dog was mad. As anyone else would do under similar circumstances, Isaac went into the house and got his gun. Then he shot the dog in the head. The children mourned for their pet.

Everything went as usual until two weeks later. The Martins lived on a small farm and they had a calf tied in the yard to eat grass. Then one morning something was wrong with the calf. Instead of taking his morning feed he began going around in circles. Then he put his head to the ground, scooped up a mouthful of stones and started chewing them vigorously. Later in the day the calf ran about wildly and bawled. The next morning the veterinarian was called but before he arrived the calf was dead.

The brains of the calf were sent to the Department of Health laboratory for diagnosis. Some time later Isaac Martin received a letter saying that the results of the tests were positive, the calf had died of rabies. Then he began to wonder, how dangerous is the disease and what are the chances of people getting it? His children had played with the dog and the calf.

### WHAT IS IT?

Rabies is a disease which affects humans as well as any warm-blooded animal or fowl. It is caused by a virus so

small it can not be seen with the most powerful microscope. Presence of the disease is determined by small "negi bodies" in the brain of the affected animals.

The disease is usually spread through the bite of an infected animal, but infection can result if the saliva, blood, milk or any body fluid from an infected animal enters a cut or scratch in the body.

Animals that bite such as dogs, cats, foxes, skunks, coyotes, or bats usually keep the disease going. A rabid animal is extremely bold and has no fear of man or other animals. Oftimes they attack livestock in pastures or barns.

### SYMPTOMS

Symptoms of rabies usually appear from 3 to 6 weeks after a bite. However, the disease can start in 10 days. Because it travels through the nervous system toward the brain, the closer the bite is to the head, the sooner the symptoms will appear. If a child is bitten in the face, doctors will usually begin treatment at once.

There are two kinds of rabies. The most common kind is known as "violent" while the other is "dumb" rabies.

At the onset there is usually a wild staring look in the eyes. The animal may stand erect and alert with the ears pricked forward. Oftimes it is afraid of any approaching object.

Cattle may let out a loud, hoarse unnatural bellow and if they are tied they will pull back and push forward in the stall. Horses may kick or bite the manger savagely. Later they may smash the stall to pieces and escape from the barn.

Pigs will hide in the bedding and then suddenly without any apparent reason rush out wildly, grunting and squealing with their eyes sparkling.

Sheep will hold their heads erect, grind their teeth, and give frequent loud bleats. They are quarrelsome, turning and butting others and occasionally biting.

In all these cases there is nervousness and twitching of the muscles. The saliva increases, which results in frothing at the mouth. As the disease progresses, there are convulsions. The animals become thin and pale and are unable to swallow. The sight of water may cause convulsions and spasms of the neck muscles.

Rabies are sometimes known as "hydrophobia" which means "fear of water". It was formerly thought that they were afraid of water. But the real reason is that swallowing of liquids becomes painful and even the sight of water causes pain in the swallowing muscles.

In "Dumb rabies" the animals are not violent but only depressed. The breathing is heavy, the muscles twitch, and the animal may stagger and fall.

Rabies in animals is considered to be 100% fatal. Death

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comes in from 1 to 6 days after the first symptoms appear.

### TREATMENT

Once the disease has developed (usually three weeks after being bitten) there is no known cure. Scientists have not yet been able to isolate the virus which causes the disease.

In nearly any disease, it takes the body about 10 days to build up its defense mechanism to combat the infection. But in rabies, death usually comes in from 1 to 6 days after the first symptoms appear. This amount of time does not permit the body to build up its defense.

In case of humans becoming sick with the disease, a doctor should be called. Although there may be only a one in a million chance of recovery, the doctor can help to ease the pain and lessen the suffering.

### NOT A NEW DISEASE

The earliest known record of rabies being mentioned is in the Greek story, "The Illiad" written about three thousand years ago.

In I Samuel we read of David pretending to be a madman when brought before the king of Gath. The king thought he was a mad man but the description seems to indicate he was taken for either a lunatic or an epileptic.

In the year 100 A.D., a Roman physician named Celsus recognized the disease as being caused by the bite of a dog. He recommended cauterization, or burning the wound with a hot iron.

During the centuries since there have been outbreaks of the disease in many European countries. In England a law requiring muzzling of all dogs was passed in 1897, and since that time the disease is rare in that country.

In 1885 Louis Pasteur, a French scientist, produced a serum made from weakened virus. He believed this would be effective as a preventative of the disease. A short time later a 9 year-old boy was brought to him who had been badly bitten by a rabid dog. Treatment was begun at once and the boy's life was saved. Since that time the Pasteur treatment has been used successfully against rabies all over the world.

### WHEN RABIES IS SUSPECTED

When an animal is suspected of rabies, it should not be killed. Instead it should be confined in an isolated stall where it will not come in contact with any other animal or human. Special precautions should be taken in handling such animals to avoid bites or scratches.

If the animal recovers, it is safe to assume it did not have rabies. There are other diseases which cause symptoms similar to rabies. For example, intestinal worms in dogs can cause fits which are often mistaken for rabies.

It is unwise to take any chances. If a dog shows any signs of rabies, it should be confined until it clears up. If it is allowed to remain loose, it may run away from home, thus endangering the lives of others.

A suspected animal should be left to die naturally. But if he must be killed he should not be shot in the head. A bullet in the head will damage the brain, which makes diagnosis difficult.

When Isaac Martin shot his dog and disposed of him he lost the chance of knowing for sure whether he had rabies. Had the dog been allowed to die naturally and the brain sent in for diagnosis, steps could have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. A protective serum is available to administer to farm animals which have been

bitten by rabid dogs.

### WHEN A PERSON IS BITTEN

When a person is bitten by an animal the wound should be thoroughly washed with soap and warm water for ten minutes. Although most bites are by healthy animals, it is never safe to assume that the animal was not rabid. The animal should be confined immediately and kept under close observation. If the animal is rabid, symptoms will usually appear within ten days. If the animal is still healthy after two weeks, then it did not have rabies.

If the animal dies, the Department of Health should be notified and arrangements made to have the brain of the animal examined. A report should come back within a week.

If the animal showed the usual symptoms of rabies, then your doctor will probably recommend that treatment be begun within five days. Fourteen days are required to give the series of Pasteur shots. Sometimes these shots cause a reaction, but in view of the dangerous nature of the disease, it is important that the shots be given.

In all cases, it is important to determine which animal did the biting and to confine that animal for observation. (As an example of one who suffered shots because the animal could not be located see the story "The Cat Or The Needle" in March, 1969 Family Life).

Sometimes people care for sick animals unaware that they may have rabies. There is a danger of contracting the disease without being bitten or scratched. Your doctor should be consulted in cases of such exposure.

### PREVENTION

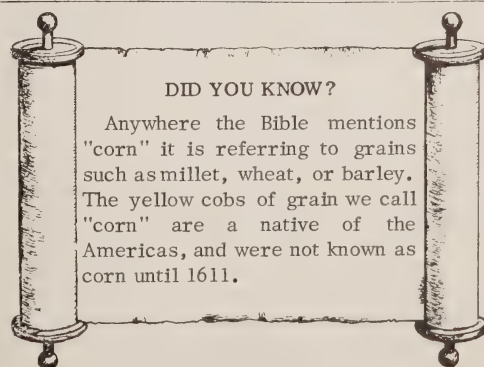
It is estimated that the dog is responsible for about 95% of rabies cases. For this reason it is urgent that the family dog be vaccinated. A vaccine is now available which is inexpensive and yet effective.

Cats are also dangerous as they oftentimes attack without warning. Since the discovery of warfarin and other rat and mouse killers, the cat has become of doubtful value on the farm. With the increase of rabies, many people feel that the need for cats on the farm no longer exists. If cats are kept, they should be vaccinated.

A new anti-rabies serum of duck origin has now been released which provides immunity to humans. Because of their frequent exposure to the disease, many veterinarians take these injections as a preventative. If these shots are given previous to exposure, they do provide protection against the disease.

"To him who is in fear, everything rustles."

- Sophocles



# STRESS

AND

# SICKNESS

YOUR

EMOTIONS CAN MAKE

YOU SICK. IT IS LIKELY

THAT YOUR HEALTH IS NOT HARMED

AS MUCH BY WHAT YOU EAT AS BY WHAT IS EATING YOU.

-by Elmo Stoll

## Fear and Fever

Ten-year-old Laura cheated on her spelling words one day in school; she copied them from a scrap of paper without the teacher noticing. It was very cleverly done, and the teacher was fooled. But what Laura didn't guess was that her brother sitting across the aisle from her saw what she had done. That evening he told Father and Mother all about it. Laura was in trouble. Not only did she get a spanking, but she was told, "Tomorrow in school you must tell the teacher that you cheated."

Laura turned pale at the thought, but her parents were firm. Teacher would need to know, and there was no reason why Laura shouldn't be the one to tell her.

When supper was served, Laura wasn't hungry. She went to bed early. The next morning she didn't feel well. She complained that her side hurt and her head ached.

Father and Mother looked at each other knowingly. They were pretty sure what was wrong. They had a little girl that didn't want to go to school.

But just to make sure that Laura wasn't really sick — starting with the flu or something — Mother said she would get the fever thermometer and check her temperature.

Mother got a surprise when she held the thermometer up to the window to see the mercury mark. Laura actually did have a fever. She had a temperature of 100, almost a degree and a half above normal.

At once Mother hurried with the news to Father. "We were wrong about Laura," she said. "She actually is sick. It's nothing to do with her not wanting to go to school."

Father was less sure of the last statement. "I agree that she's sick," he said. "But I still think it's caused by worrying about going to school."

"But she has fever," Mother said. "She couldn't have fever just because she doesn't want to go to school."

Here Father and Mother couldn't agree. Mother was sure the fever was proof that Laura's sickness wasn't brought on by the cheating incident. Father claimed the fever could be caused by Laura's fear of facing the teacher. Who was right, Father or Mother?

More and more it is being discovered that our emotions have much to do with our bodily health. Tests and experiments in this field during recent years have proven that it

is indeed very possible that Laura's fever was caused by her fear of returning to school.

## What Is An Emotion?

An emotion is, plainly speaking, a strong feeling. There are two kinds of emotions, pleasant and unpleasant. Some of the most common unpleasant emotions are such feelings as worry, hate, anger, disappointment, and envy. These emotions have a harmful effect on the body and the longer they continue, the greater the harm. On the other hand such pleasant emotions as joy, love, hope, courage, and trust have a healthful and reviving effect on the body.

Many people make the mistake that Laura's mother made. She thought that if the sickness was caused by unpleasant emotions, then it didn't really exist — it was just imaginary. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The well-known psychologist, William James, defined emotions as "a state of mind that manifests itself by changes in the body." And emotions do involve changes in the body, — greater changes than most of us realize. This should not be so hard for us to believe when we look at some of the common emotions we have all experienced and see what physical changes they cause. Take anger for instance.

All of us could list some of the changes that show up on the outside when a person loses his temper — his face gets red, his lips tighten, his jaws set, his fists clench, and often his voice trembles. But most people never guess that even greater changes are going on inside the body. When you become angry, your blood pressure zooms up from a normal of 130 to 230 or more. Your heart starts hammering away at three times its usual pace. The muscles at the outlet of the stomach squeeze down and all digestion stops completely. Millions of extra blood cells start circulating through your body. Your blood changes so fast that it clots much, much quicker.

These are only some of the real changes that are caused by one single emotion — anger.

For a second example of what emotions can do to your body, consider what happens when a person faints. The mere sight of a wound or of blood causes some people to faint, especially if an element of shock is involved. Why? Why does a person who is perfectly strong and healthy

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physically, suddenly lose consciousness and topple over? The person does not just imagine he is fainting — he really is blacking out in spite of however much he may not want to.

The loss of consciousness in fainting is the direct result of emotions. A feeling of shock and fear lowers the blood pressure so rapidly that not enough blood reaches the brain. The result is that the person faints.

The third common example of the power of unpleasant emotions is the person who vomits when faced with a nauseating sight. Nothing physical has damaged the stomach to cause it to reject the food, but something emotional has — a feeling of complete disgust.

We see then that emotions are able to cause some startling and real changes in our bodies. In the same way, Laura, the little girl who was scared to tell the teacher she had cheated didn't just imagine she was sick. She was sick, physically sick. But the sickness was triggered by a combination of intense emotions — fear, dread, and worry.

A nationally-known doctor, Robert H. Felix, wrote several years ago in an article called, "The High Cost of High Tension": "Physical illness brought on by stress is no less 'real' than any other kind. It can certainly cause real discomfort. It can, as in the case of serious ulcerative colitis, be disabling for long periods of time. So it can't be pooh-poohed as 'all in the mind.'"

### Emotions and Emergencies

Several years ago an Amish father watched one evening after supper as his fifteen-year-old daughter took the team and cultipacker to the field to work a few hours. To reach the field where the land was to be worked, the girl needed to guide the horses through a gate.

A cultipacker is a clumsy piece of machinery and awkward to steer. The girl was intent on driving the horses and balancing herself on top of the seat. The horses slowed suddenly and the cultipacker lurched forward, throwing the girl directly in front of the heavy rollers. "Whoa," she shouted. The horses heard the shout and jerked up their heads. They took another few steps, and then stopped — too late.

The father saw that something had gone wrong and he came running. Horrified, he saw his daughter lying directly beneath the crushing rollers of the cultipacker. Without even stopping to think whether he could do it or not, he grabbed one end of the packer, which must have weighed hundreds of pounds, heaved it into the air and to one side of the girl. Normally it would have required all the strength of several men to do this. Yet the desperate father did it singlehandedly. How could he do it?

To understand how the father could possibly lift a cultipacker which he normally couldn't have budged, we need to understand the amazing built-in equipment God has created in the human body to help it cope with stress and emergencies. Very simply explained, this is what took place when he was faced with the cultipacker accident. The shocking picture of the accident traveled from the eye to the brain. It took only a split second for the brain to interpret what the man saw. At once a message warning "emergency" flashed to the pea-sized organ at the base of the brain — the pituitary gland. The pituitary, as tiny as it is, is the headquarters from which the other endocrine glands scattered throughout the body take their orders. Upon receiving the emergency warning from the brain, the pituitary got busy. It rapidly secreted hormones which stimulated the adrenal glands into action.

The adrenal glands, a pair of thumb-nail-sized organs perched on top of the kidneys, then dumped hormones directly into the bloodstream. In much less time than it takes to describe it, the man's body made important changes. His whole body was alerted. His heart pounded faster and he breathed more quickly. His sweat pores turned wide open. Since the concentration of energy-rich sugar in his blood had been greatly increased, all signs of tiredness vanished. For several seconds his body was able to summon a tremendous surge of strength, and hence the feat of lifting the cultipacker was made possible.

Our body has been equipped with these emotionally-triggered responses for a good reason. They are for our protection, for our safety when circumstances require more energy than we normally possess. When a person gets into a tight spot, a few ounces of extra energy at the right time may be the difference between life and death.

It is easy to see, then, that our emotional reactions to stress serve a valuable purpose. But what has gone wrong when the emotional responses that were meant to keep us well, make us sick instead?

The same process that can save our life, can also endanger it if the emotional stress we are faced with continues for too long. The adrenal glands can not just go on dumping more and more hormones into the bloodstream. Not only will the body end up exhausted, but the delicate balance of hormones will soon be upset, increasing body tension. In the same way that a motor can not last long when it is raced at top speed, so the human body is bound to break down if the stress continues.

Nor does the stress we are faced with need to be as great as that of the farmer whose daughter was involved in the cultipacker incident. Our bodies are very sensitive to stress of any kind, and immediately start reacting to it. Feelings of worry, fear, and uneasiness cause actual biological changes in our body. And when a person goes right on living with these feelings, and either will not, or can not, solve his problems so that the source of stress is removed he is headed for trouble. At least, research has proved this to be the case with sheep.

### Shock and Sheep

A few years ago two doctors, H.S. Liddell and A.V. Moore, experimented to see what a state of continual stress and worry would do to the health of sheep. They reasoned that since sheep are rather stupid animals and not readily excited, any stress that would prove harmful to them could safely be assumed to be even more harmful to humans.

First the doctors tied a light wire around the leg of a sheep chosen at random. The wire was very light and the sheep could continue its grazing. After having worn the wire for a week, the sheep was as healthy as before.

Now the doctors took a second step in the experiment. They began to send light electrical shocks through the wire. The shocks were so light that the sheep merely twitched its leg slightly and continued eating. The shocks were repeated as often as the doctors wished during the week, and the sheep remained healthy and normal.

As soon as the doctors were satisfied that neither the shocks nor the wire in themselves were harming the sheep, they were ready to take the third step. They started ringing a bell each time a few seconds before sending the shock through the wire. Soon the sheep learned that the bell meant a shock was coming. After that, whenever the bell rang, the sheep stopped eating and stood nervously awaiting the shock. The shock didn't hurt the sheep, but

the worrying about its coming did. When the bell ringing and shock treatment was continued in a regular pattern of frequency, the sheep became sick.

Every sheep the experiment was tried on reacted in the same way. It would stop eating. Then if the shocks continued, it would lose interest in following the other sheep about the field. Soon it stopped walking. Finally it was too ill to stand up. At the end of each experiment, the emotionally-upset sheep had become so sick that it could hardly breathe. At this stage the experiment had to be stopped or the animal would have died. And each time when the shocks were discontinued, the animal soon recovered.

The experiment proved that sheep cannot live with emotional stress day after day and remain physically healthy. And neither can human beings, who unfortunately have a much greater natural tendency to worry than do sheep.

#### How Common Are Emotionally-Caused Illnesses?

Many people who have emotionally-caused illnesses keep reassuring themselves by saying, "But I really am sick." They forget that this does not in the least take away the possibility that their illness is caused by emotional stress. Of course they are sick. No one has been saying they aren't. As we have just pointed out, emotional stress can make a sheep so ill that it would die if the stress were continued. In the same way, those people who have emotionally-caused illnesses are sick with real physical ailments — not just imaginary ones.

Dr. William Sadler said, "No one can appreciate so fully as a doctor the amazingly large percentage of human disease and suffering which is directly traceable to worry, fear, conflict, immorality, dissipation and ignorance — to unwholesome thinking and unclean living."

Just how many people have illnesses that are a result of their emotions? It is impossible to get accurate figures on such a delicate subject, but one of the more conservative estimates is that of John A. Schindler. A widely-known physician and writer, he says, "If you become ill, the chances are a little better than 50-50 that you are ill with a disease caused by your emotions." Many doctors estimate the percentage higher. In 1951 the Yale University Out-Patient Medical Department stated that 76% of patients coming to that clinic were suffering from emotionally-caused illnesses.

In some types of complaints, the chances of their being triggered by unhealthy emotions are still greater. More than 99% of gas is caused emotionally. Headaches and dizziness both rate at 80%, constipation 70%, and a pain at the back of the neck at 75%.

Different people react differently to distressing emotions. Some experience a tightening of the stomach muscles which can be very painful and feel exactly like an ulcer. Emotions can also cause a severe pain in the right lower abdomen that will resemble appendicitis so much that even the doctor can not always be sure without operating.

Another favorite place for emotional spasms is in the colon. A doctor in Philadelphia is reported to have called the colon the "mirror of the mind", because, as he said, "When the mind gets tight, the colon gets tight, too."

Skin troubles and rashes of all kinds are high on the list of common emotionally-induced illnesses. Unpleasant emotions cause the small blood vessels below the skin to tighten and squeeze out a small amount of serum. This works its way up through the skin, causing it to become

inflamed and red, scaling, crusting, and itching. Many people with skin trouble of this type conclude that they are allergic to something they have touched or eaten, whereas the truth is that they are allergic to something they have experienced — emotional stress.

The list of common ailments that can stem from emotional upset is too long to explain each in detail. Besides the ones already mentioned, other common ones are ulcers, colitis, high blood pressure, diarrhea, constipation, painful or irregular menstruation, hay fever and asthma.

Life is filled with stress. Where there are people there are problems, and where there are problems there is stress. There is no end to the things people manage to worry about. Young people fear they aren't being accepted by the group. Girls worry if boys pass them by, and may start brooding over the prospect of becoming an "old maid". Young married people with fast-growing families go into debt, and worry about how they are going to make ends meet. Teachers can't get the pupils to behave and worry about holding their job and end up with a nervous breakdown. Worry, worry, worry, — the list goes on and on.

Everyone owes it to himself to find a solution to whatever problem is bringing stress into his life. Otherwise his problems are bound to increase — often in the form of an illness on the top of his other problems.

Many persons with illnesses caused by emotional stress reassure themselves that their doctor would surely tell them if their sickness were caused by something bothering them. This is hardly a reliable comfort.

Most doctors have long since learned that they don't get far by telling their patients, "You're sick because of your attitude toward life." Such a verdict, no matter how true, would usually only anger the patient and cause him to seek a less outspoken doctor.

To give the emotionally unhappy person the help he really needs, would require hours of counselling on the part of the doctor. Doctors are busy people, who even if they wanted to take this method of treatment wouldn't have the time. Therefore most doctors do the second best — they use what is called "substitution treatment".

This means the doctor will give the patient a disease that is less serious than the one he thought he had, then proceed to treat that disease. He gives the patient some shots, a bunch of pills, and tells him how often to take them. His aim is to build the person up mentally to believe that after the suggested amount of treatment and time he will be well. If the patient has confidence in his doctor, and believes what he is told, the treatment will be effective and appear to have worked — temporarily at least. In the long run few people are helped by this kind of doctoring because only the symptoms and not the root of the trouble is being treated. As long as the distressing emotions remain, the patient will soon be back with the old disease, or a new one starting.

A harmful side effect of the "substitution treatment" is that the emotionally upset tend to run from doctor to doctor. Each doctor, having no way of knowing what substitute disease the last doctor diagnosed, gives the patient a new one. Soon the patient is clinging to an appalling list of dire diseases he supposedly is afflicted with.

#### Too Health-Conscious

Perhaps only a person who is not well can truly appreciate what a great blessing it is to be healthy. Good health is something no man should ever cease to desire and be

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thankful for.

Yet it is possible to become overly-conscious of one's health. Some people have ruined their health seeking it. There seem to be as many conflicting opinions on health as there are on religion. While one person claims that good health lies wholly in what kind of exercise you get, others credit good health to the climate. Still others are convinced all poor health is the result of air pollution, poison sprays, or the wrong diet. Undoubtedly, all these things have their place. People should be encouraged to eat temperately and of a sensible diet. Yet it is possible that some of today's faddists are placing undue emphasis on one contributing factor of health, and neglecting the importance of the part that right living and emotional happiness play. As S.I. McMillin, M.D., writes in his book *None of These Diseases*, "What a person eats is not as important as the bitter spirit, the hates, and the feelings of guilt that eat at him. A dose of baking soda in the stomach will never reach these acids that destroy body, mind, and soul."

Modern doctors are only now rediscovering the sensibleness, even from a purely practical standpoint, of many of the precepts the Bible has been teaching for centuries. Anxiety is now recognized as one of the most wearing and harmful emotions. Realizing this, Jesus called his followers to a life of complete trust. "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink." Medical men are also telling us that people who hold grudges and refuse to for-

give, are doing themselves immeasurable harm. Here too, the Bible is clear, and commands us to "forgive seventy times seven", and as for grudges, they cannot last longer than a day — "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

When we "let the peace of God rule in our hearts" we have gone a long way toward removing the stress and tension that is so harmful to both body and soul.

#### Happiness and Health

Almost anyone can, and does, become sick at times. But some people, it seems, are much more susceptible to illness than others. Suppose you were asked to choose a person in your community whom you would consider the least likely to be sick a lot. Who would be your choice?

Very likely you would choose someone whom you know to be both happy and busy. As a rule, people who are radiantly happy and feel needed and accepted are seldom sick for long.

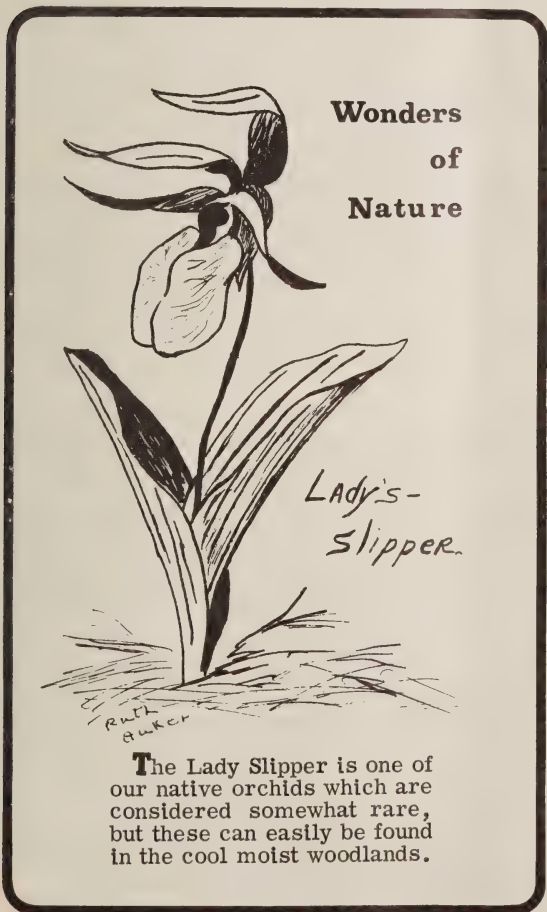
The person who is nagged by a constant feeling of dissatisfaction with his lot in life is the most likely candidate for becoming sickly. Everyone needs to find fulfilment and recognition in some area of life and there are always some people, failing to find it elsewhere, who turn to specializing in being sick. Such people are often moody and withdrawn, and tend to feel rejected and left out. Subconsciously they enjoy poor health. They wouldn't admit it to others, and probably don't realize it themselves, but they have come to the place where they need to be sick. It gives them a certain status and sense of importance, and at the least, an excuse for not becoming involved in life.

Every human being by his very nature longs to feel needed and useful. Everyone needs the confidence and security that comes from acceptance. Without this sense of fulfilment, people become unhappy and frustrated. And when a person is continually unhappy, it is almost sure to affect his health. For too long this close relationship between our emotions and our health has not been understood.

There is no better illustration of this than the need of infants. In the thirteenth century, the Emperor Frederick II tried an experiment that had an unexpected ending. He wanted to find out what language a child would speak if it grew up without hearing anyone else talk. Would the child know its mother tongue, or some other language, or would it not be able to talk at all? These were the questions Frederick II wanted answered, so he gave orders that a number of homeless babies should be taken and cared for by specially trained nurses. The nurses were commanded to take the very best care of the infants — to see that they were always kept warm and dry, and well fed. But under no circumstances were the nurses allowed to speak a single word to the babies, or show them any signs of affection. The nurses obeyed, but Emperor Frederick II never found out what he wanted to know. The babies all sickened and died — starved for affection.

Though the experiment failed to prove what the emperor wished to discover, it did prove that even a baby's needs are more than physical. Without the normal gestures of affection and love that a mother automatically gives her baby, they couldn't live.

This fact has been proven many times since. Fifty years ago the majority of babies under one year of age that entered children's institutions never came out alive. The death rate of infants in children's homes was simply shocking. The homes were often understaffed and the workers that were available did not realize that a child



needed to be fondled and loved in order to stay alive. In 1915 Dr. Henry Chapin reported on ten infant asylums in the United States in which, with only one exception, every infant under two years of age died! One institution even had the practice of entering the condition of every infant on the admission card as hopeless. Since the babies all died anyhow, this simplified any explanations that needed to be made later.

In view of these facts, in the late 1920's a Chicago hospital made a new ruling — every baby in the hospital must be picked up and held, amused and mothered several times a day. An immediate difference was noticed in the health of the infants as soon as the rule had gone into effect.

In 1962 a prominent scientist named Ashley Montague wrote, "We now know from the independent observations

of a number of physicians and investigators that love is an essential part of the nourishment of every baby."

We can only add that what is true for the infant is surely true for the adult. We need happiness and love if we would have health. ■■

For additional reading on this subject, the following three books are recommended.

<u>None of These Diseases</u>	pb.	\$ .60
<u>How To Live 365 Days A Year</u>	pb.	\$ .60
<u>Nervous Christians</u>	pb.	\$ .45

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## FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

### FARMERS NOT NEEDED

I got a rather rude shock the other day — not by touching an electric fence or by getting my hand against the spark plug on the washing machine motor — but by reading an editorial in the July, 1969 National Livestock Producer. I always figured the farmer was a pretty important fellow in a country's economy, and the Amish and Mennonites were doing a noble work helping to feed the masses. But now I've been told differently. Suddenly I learn that there are altogether too many farmers in the U.S.A. and Canada, and the government would be quite happy if some of them quit. In fact, the United States government is willing to pay a pretty good price to persuade American farmers to let their land go back to the Indians.

That's quite a letdown. Not being appreciated is bad enough, but plain not being wanted is really discouraging.

Ten or fifteen years ago there was a lot of talk about surpluses — huge elevators full of wheat growing moldy and bug-eaten, and with no market for it. But the last while we haven't heard much. Now I see why. The editorial in the Livestock Producer said the U.S. government paid almost  $3\frac{1}{2}$  billion dollars to farmers in 1966 — a typical year — to not farm their land. The program has been running since 1961, and the new Nixon government is taking a look at the results. They're not too happy with what they see.

It seems the farmers who are being paid to leave some of their fields idle are just working that much harder on the remaining fields, raising higher yields per acre. There is still an over-production of many farm products. Also, the program is outrageously expensive — it costs 95¢ to remove a bushel of feed grain from production — more than it would cost to raise it!

From 1961 to 1966 about sixty million acres of land in the United States has lain idle each year under the government programs. This is one-eighth of the total U.S. plowed land. Now, the Nixon team is planning something bigger, since it doesn't seem to work to close the gates of only a few fields. The new idea is to put whole farms on the shelf. This will have a double effect, for it will

not only put land out of production but farmers also.

We plain people have a reputation for being good farmers, especially in such areas as Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. We produce more than our share of food. I always thought this was a pretty good thing, but maybe it's not. If the country is plagued with over-production maybe it would be better off without us.

Seriously though, what has caused over-production? It seems to me the real culprit is the big-time operator, for he has set in motion the vicious circle that has cut the farmer's margin of profit narrower and narrower.

Twenty years ago the family farmer made a decent living farming his eighty acres and keeping a half dozen cows, ten sows, and several hundred hens. The big-time operator and his thousands of dollars worth of modern machinery have spoiled all this. His theory is simple: "With mass production I can produce eggs more cheaply, and get rich in a hurry. I should be able to make ten times as much money with 5000 hens as with 500, so I'll put in a big laying house and fill it up."

With 5000 hens he can indeed produce eggs more cheaply, but because of competition from other big-time operators the margin of profit becomes very small. He gets by with it because he is still only making a living for one family, even though he is producing ten times as much food and farming ten times as much land as his grandfather did. The big-time man has to produce large quantities to get a return on his huge investments. Thus we have over-production and low prices.

Take for instance the way large-scale corn growing has come into Ontario. A generation ago the farmers in our community grew corn only for ensilage. Today there are whole farms side by side, every acre growing corn. One young fellow, a neighbor of ours, grew several hundred acres last year, and averaged 100 bushels to the acre. But the price at harvest time was so low and the costs had been so high, that he claims he only broke even. (He's at it again this year; with a wet spring and slow weather, I don't know what he'll do with the lower yield he's sure to have.)

Family Life



I'm not a farm economist and I might be all wrong, but I think if farming was still done with horses and on a sensible scale as it was thirty and forty and fifty years ago, the country would be thriving today with family farms and a healthy agriculture.

#### Where Do the Plain People Fit In?

One thing for sure, if the family farm had not gotten lost along the way there would be fewer farming problems in our plain communities today. As it is, many church leaders are getting worried because it is getting harder and harder to keep our people on the farm, and more and more young men are turning to other work. This is by no means a problem limited to our plain people, but because we do want to be a rural people and don't want our youth running off to the cities, it is particularly critical to us.

Young people with good management and financial backing can still do well on a farm and pay off the mortgage. But it's not as easy as it used to be, and unless a person really wants to farm he may have a long difficult time of it.

I recently received a letter from an Amish brother in another community. His words are a pretty good summary of the way things are:

"Two young Amishmen in this community recently got married. The one bought a farm for \$35,000, since he came from a rich family and was able to pay for it. The other man was unable to get money to buy a farm, so he is working for a big English farm operator driving big combines, tractors, etc. Some are talking of working in factories; most of the unmarried girls work in cities and towns around here; all this is beginning to show effects.

"I understand that within twenty years there will be over 4000 young married couples looking for farms, among the Amish alone. The greatest part of this cannot take place in their own home communities, so those that do not want to become urbanized will have to settle elsewhere, either where there is cheaper land in the U.S.A. and Canada, or in other countries ..."

The past fifty years have seen the U.S.A. and Canada change from rural nations to lands of big cities. Today most of the people live along asphalt streets, and in some

areas the farmers that are still left out in the country are lonesome men.

This flocking to the cities hasn't caught the plain people yet, but another move in some communities is catching us more and more — the move of the cities out into the country. Many of our settlements are not the quiet rural areas they were ten or twenty years ago. Examples are Geauga and Stark Counties, Ohio, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and parts of Elkhart and LaGrange Counties, Indiana. Factories have sprung up, new houses are lined along the roads, and farm land has become expensive and hard to buy. Traffic on the roads is heavier every day, and the land is becoming crowded and noisy.

What effect does all this have on the plain churches? Are we riding the same train, going the same way, but just in the caboose? What happens when a people that once were all farmers or home craftsmen suddenly become factory workers doing an eight-hour shift? What becomes of their children at home; do they grow up without vocational training, without learning responsibility — city boys and girls?

These are questions for all of us to answer. Our concern should not be so much "Can we make a living on the farm?" as "Will our faith survive off the farm?" But of course the two go together.

There may be several solutions. One has been to move out of the larger crowded settlements to areas where farm land is lower-priced. The last fifteen years have seen many new settlements in Missouri, Wisconsin, and other states, and in Ontario.

Another answer is intensive farming — specializing in fruits and vegetables that require much labor but few acres. Strawberries, tomatoes, cucumbers — these are crops that are not easily mechanized, and therefore seldom over-produced. The competition is at least human, and not machines! I know a man who claims it is possible to make a good living on twenty acres by intensive farming. (But I wonder what he does in the winter time.)

Certainly, it would not be in keeping with our way of life to do as most ambitious young farmers are doing today — grow big, buy out the neighbors, plunge into debt for land and high-powered machinery, and end up making the same good living as their fathers did on only eighty acres. That is progress!

But it is not the answer for us. Perhaps, though, there is still another answer.

#### Look Abroad

In the sixteenth chapter of Luke we read of a certain rich man who was clothed in fine linen and dined on the dainties of the land. Really, that is about all we are told of this wealthy man's life — he dressed and ate well. We are not told that he was a great sinner or a wicked rogue. I suspect he had a pretty good opinion of himself, and so did his neighbors.

It appears, though, that this rich man wasn't very big-hearted with beggars. There was one Lazarus that lingered at his gate, a helpless and sick man full of sores. Lazarus must have been hungry as well as sick, for the Bible says he longed for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

But it doesn't sound as if the rich man paid any attention to the begging of Lazarus. He wiped his mouth and brushed the crumbs from his fat stomach.

Somehow, the way the United States government has been paying farmers not to farm (while people in other parts of the world are starving) seems to me a lot like the attitude

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## As I See It Now

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James 5:19-20

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

Are we to take this to mean that our sins will be hidden by our good works? Such a thought is hardly Scriptural. I believe it means that if through us an erring one is converted from his sins—his steps leading to the house of drink, adultery, false doctrine, worldliness, or what it may be, will be hid and covered so as not to be a stumbling block to others. His sins are forgiven and forgotten through the blood of Jesus.

-Ira Stoll, Honduras

of Lazarus. Maybe it's not a good comparison, but maybe it is.

Anyhow, what can we do about it? Just this. Surely there are lands that need hard-working farmers worse than the United States does. Or than Canada does. Shouldn't consideration be given, then, to having some of our young families that want to farm, and want to live their faith and raise their children away from the modern mad rush, go as immigrants to countries with undeveloped farm and hungry people?

That sounds like a funny combination — hungry people and undeveloped farm land. But it's a certain grim truth in many Latin American countries. There is already quite a bit of interest in Central and South America among our Amish and Mennonite people, and I think this interest may

have possibilities. At least it should be worth looking into further.

There will be trials and adjustments to make in such a move, but hardly much compared to what our great-grandparents endured in settling America. Farming will be different, too, and there will be much to learn, but it should be more satisfying than growing for a glutted market. Or getting paid for not growing crops.

Latin America has its own "soil banks" — natural ones — land that needs to be developed or brought into fuller production. The people eat black beans and rice and tortillas. Meanwhile, the U.S.A. is paying its farmers to quit farming and let the land lay idle, and the people are eating better than any people ever ate before.

Where, do you suppose, does the farmer count the most? ■■

## WOMEN'S VEILING

—by David Luthy

The past seventy-five years have brought many changes in the practice of Christian women wearing a prayer veiling. One needn't look long through pictures in old books to see numerous women wearing a white covering on their heads. Pictures of Puritan women in the 1600's show them wearing a quite large and modest devotional covering. But one needn't go that far back in American history to see pictures of women wearing a white covering; in the 1800's it was a common practice among such denominations as Methodist, Lutheran, Moravian, Church of the Brethren, and various other Protestant groups.

But today women of the above mentioned churches have discarded the prayer veiling and have even gone one step further — cut their hair. This flood of change has entered the Mennonite church and nearly swept the practice of a woman's veiling out of existence. In some areas the devotional covering is making a desperate attempt to remain, but it is becoming smaller with each generation and clinging so near the back of the head that it appears doomed to disappear before much longer.

Change never stops with one group; it passes on to the next in an attempt to undermine the principles the stricter group has so far managed to retain. But how long can a group retain its principles if the sea around it is raging with change? Already in some congregations leaks have sprung up in their dikes through compromise or disobedience. How long before the dikes break and the flood sweeps through the last of the plain churches? Ministers, parents, and teachers should double their efforts in explaining why the woman's veiling is scriptural.

### I. A Church Veiling

No one can make a study of the woman's veiling without seriously considering the Apostle Paul's admonition to the women in Corinth. In Chapter II of his first letter to the Corinthians, Paul treats the subject very thoroughly:

"But every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head: for that is even all one as if she were shaven.

"For if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn: but if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered." (v. 5, 6).

Why should a woman be veiled when a few verses earlier, Paul says a man should be unveiled? It is to symbolize the structure of the Church: "I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God", (v. 3). God has thus ordained that when a man prays, he pray with an uncovered head. When a woman prays, she is to pray with a covered head: "For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man. For

the man is not of the woman; but the woman is of the man." (v. 7, 8).

Thus, when men and women assemble for worship, they live in obedience to God's ordinance when the man is unveiled and the woman veiled.

### II. Only A Church Veiling?

In their trend away from conservatism, some churches argue that a woman must only be veiled while in public worship. They contend that if a woman must be veiled all the time, then a man must be unveiled all the time — never being allowed to wear a hat.

First we must decide whether the Apostle Paul was speaking about being veiled only in public worship. That he was not becomes obvious when we study what he says about a woman prophesying (which we would translate today as "speaking of or discussing Scripture"). In verse 5 as was already quoted, Paul states that a woman must be veiled when she "prophesieth". Did this mean while in public worship? Hardly, for three chapters later he forbids the women to prophesy in public worship:

"Let your women keep silence in the churches,

Family Life



for it is not permitted unto them to speak; they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." (1 Cor. 14:34, 35).

From this admonition, then, it can be seen that a woman must wear a veiling more than at public worship.

Paul tells women to be covered in public worship and to be covered at home when they discuss Scripture. Also they should be covered whenever they pray — either publicly or privately. It is easy for a woman to be prepared to cover her head for public worship, for she knows days in advance when this will occur. But how does a woman know when she will pray privately? As she sits at her sewing machine, often her thoughts change to prayers and her mind thinks upon spiritual matters. How inconvenient for her to be hunting every half hour for her veiling and to be continually putting it on and removing it. Why not wear the veiling all the time and thus be prepared at any moment in any part of the home to pray?

A man's procedure in praying or discussing Scripture is the opposite of the woman's. His head must be uncovered. And how easy this is for him; he need merely lift his hand and remove his hat, if he happens to be wearing one at the time.

### III. More Than A Prayer Veiling

In the previous paragraphs it has been shown that a woman's head must be covered in public worship and at home when she prays or discusses Scripture. It was also stated that it is reasonable for a woman to wear her covering all the time, since she never knows when she will want to pray privately, and trying to find her veiling would often be awkward, inconvenient, or even impossible depending upon circumstances.

There is, however, a weightier reason for women wearing their prayer veiling at all times. It might very simply be summed up in one phrase — subjection of women to men. Subjection does not mean slavery. Rather, it means taking a lower position. This principle did not originate with Paul; it stems from the very act of creation when God took a rib from Adam's side and formed his helpmate, Eve. Paul writes to the Corinthians: "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man," (1 Cor. 11:8, 9). Paul further writes in verse 10: "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head because of the angels." This seems hard to understand, perhaps, but a modern translation brings the meaning out more clearly. The American Bible Society's 1966 translation, verse 10, states: "On account of the angels, then, a woman should have a covering over her head to show that she is under her husband's authority."

Thus, we can see that the veiling is more than a prayer covering; it is also a Scriptural symbol of subordination. By wearing it a woman shows her awareness and acceptance of her proper role in life — a helpmate to man.

### IV. The Letter Killeth

It has now been shown for two reasons why a woman should wear a prayer covering all the time. Some young sister in the Church may wonder if this is a "hard and fast rule" to which there is no exception. As an older Amish bishop once advised a group of young people, "You have to use common sense when you apply Bible principles." This was good advice, for odd situations sometimes arise

in which the letter of the law may be broken but not the spirit. Many examples could be given to bring out this point, but perhaps the following two will be sufficient.

Can anyone imagine a young woman in a buggy wreck feeling that God would not want her to pray since her prayer veiling has become removed? Or would it be wrong for a woman who is having brain surgery to pray as she lies with her head shaved moments before the operation is to begin?

Would it be wrong for these two women to pray with their heads uncovered? No, it would not be wrong, for they are not unveiled through disobedience, rather by accident or necessity. If they had their choice in the matter, they would be veiled, but the circumstances are beyond their control.

### V. What Type of Veiling?

If you were to take a trip to Rome and visit the famous underground tunnels and chambers (catacombs) where the early Christians lived during persecution, you would see sketches on the walls made by the early Christians themselves. How do the women appear? They are shown wearing a veil which extended from the top of the head down past their shoulders. It was a covering, indeed!

At the time of the Anabaptists a similar covering was worn by all women; it is retained today among many Catholic nuns' veils. Just when the prayer veiling as we know it today developed is hard to say. But its history really isn't so important. What is important is whether or not the covering is really a covering.

No one can deny that a veil which reaches past the shoulders is a covering. The early Christian women let their hair hang loosely past their shoulders; so they wore a long veil to cover their hair. One can't help wondering what these humble Christian women would think if they saw some of the "coverings" of today. If they saw a girl with long hair to her shoulders and a saucer shaped piece of thin cloth perched on the crown of her head, they would probably correctly ask, "What is it covering?" To any unprejudiced person such a small piece of material could hardly be considered a covering. Not only does it miss the spirit of the ordinance, but the letter as well.

In a newspaper on June 23, 1969 appeared a piece concerning Catholic women. It was titled: Heads of Roman Catholic Women Must Be Covered. It was released by the Catholic Church to stop a rumor which said that women need no longer have their heads covered while in public worship. For 1,900 years, it stated, it has been the practice for women to be covered when in church; that such a ruling had been dropped was declared to be "absolutely untrue".

But we must wonder if the Catholic women are really covered when they attend church. For they wear expensive fur hats or colorful scarfs. Are these coverings? Here is a case where the letter of the law has been kept, for Catholic women do cover much of the head. But where is the spirit of the law? It is not sufficient that a covering be large, it must also be simple, plain, and humble. A stylish hat or a colorful scarf, then, is not a Scriptural prayer veiling.

One can easily see the difference between an early Christian woman's lengthy veiling and the Catholic woman's stylish hat (or the Mennonite girl's saucer-like "covering"). The difference is like black and white. But what about the gray area — those coverings which are borderline cases? An example of such is the covering which is pushed behind the ears and has the strings

dangling. To an outsider it looks like the woman is wearing her covering grudgingly, and then really only half wearing it, since the "covering" appears to be ready to fall off at the slightest quick turn of the head.

For a covering to qualify as a scriptural veiling, it would seem that certain requirements would have to be met:

- 1.) Does it cover as much of the hair as possible?
- 2.) Is it made of a plain material which is both inexpensive and practical?
- 3.) Is the texture of the material thick enough that it cannot be clearly seen through?
- 4.) Is the design in keeping with the rulings of the congregation?
- 5.) Does its design and appearance add to a woman's modesty and shamefacedness as mentioned in I Timothy 2:9?

#### VI. A Custom at Corinth?

Have you ever heard a woman who wears no veiling defend herself by saying, "That was just for the women at Corinth." Such an argument has no grounds at all for Paul concludes his discussion of the veiling in verse 16 by saying: "But if any man seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the churches of God." But perhaps the King James translation does not make it clear enough; let us see how this verse is translated elsewhere, namely the revised version: "If anyone is disposed to be contentious, we recognize no other practice nor do the churches of God." And the American Bible Society's 1966 edition states: "But if anyone wants to argue about it, all I have to say is that neither we nor the churches of God have any other habit." Does this sound like the devotional veiling was only practiced by the women at Corinth? And why do the drawings on the catacomb walls in Rome show a prayer veiling, if the custom were only at Corinth?

#### VII. The Veiling and the Hair

One verse in Chapter II of I Corinthians has caused confusion to some people and for others it is used as an excuse for not wearing a covering. The verse (verse 15) says: "Her hair is given her for a covering." Some will argue that this means a woman must wear long hair but no prayer veiling. That is queer, for Paul has just spent fourteen verses saying a woman should be veiled. Would he contradict himself and cancel out his teaching by a single statement? Isn't it more likely that verse 15 needs to be understood in line with the other fourteen verses rather than opposed to them?

Let us try and follow the reasoning all the way through. If verse 15 means a woman's hair is all she needs when she prays, then what is the poor man supposed to do? Paul said his head must be uncovered when he prays, thus following such a line of thinking, men would have to shave their heads each time they wished to pray.

If verse 15 means the hair is a woman's veiling then what about verse 6 which says: "For if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn"? To get the point we must translate it according to the idea that hair is the covering. "For if the woman not have hair let her also be shorn". Does that make sense? How can a woman not have hair and then have it shorn?

What does verse 15 mean then? It is perhaps very simply explained. In the previous verse Paul speaks about "nature itself" in reference to a man's hair. Verse 15 is a continuation of the subject and would mean that a woman's hair is given her by nature as her natural cover-

ing. But it isn't a prayer covering. A woman, then, has two coverings: 1) a natural covering — her hair; 2) a spiritual covering — her prayer veiling.

#### VIII. Who Should Wear the Prayer Veiling?

A concerned parent will instruct his children in practices and doctrines of the Church from babyhood up. The most consistent practice regarding the devotional covering for young girls is to have the veiling the same as that for women. A young girl should not be taught to pray for numerous years unveiled and then suddenly when she is in her teens be told to wear a covering.

Paul writes that every woman who prays or prophesies should be covered. In his writings he generally uses women to stand for females and men for males, not for wife and husband only.

Parents should not teach their daughters that they may break God's ordinance while young, just as long as they keep them when they are older. Out of such a practice few conversions would come. The Bible teaches: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22:6). A parent can do this by requiring his children to obey the Bible even though they are not church members. And he can do this by giving clear scriptural explanations to his children's questions regarding various ordinances.

Who should wear the veiling? One author answered this simply when he wrote: "How this ordinance applies to an individual is determined by one's birth — women veiled; men unveiled — and remains unchanged by the application of any religious rites." ■■

### *Would I*

Would I be called a Christian  
If everybody knew  
My secret thoughts and feelings  
And everything I do?  
Oh, could they see the likeness  
Of Christ in me each day;  
Oh, could they hear Him speaking  
In every word I say?

Would I be called a Christian  
If anyone could know  
That I am found in places  
Where Jesus would not go?  
Oh, could they hear Him echo  
In every song I sing;  
In eating, drinking, dressing,  
Could they see Christ my King?

Would I be called a Christian  
If judged by what I read?  
By all my recreations,  
And every thought and deed?  
Could I be counted Christ-like,  
As I now work and pray?  
Unselfish, kind and forgiving  
To others every day?

- Selected



## Mein plötzliche Anfall (Seizure)

An Freitag, den 29. März ging ich an die Arbeit wie gewöhnlich. Ich spürte aber das etwas les war. Meine Rücken und meine Hüfte taten mir so weh.

Da ich an das Zimmerwerk ging waren meine Schenkel so steif das ich nicht niederknien konnte um die Scheuer zu decken. Da mußte ich halb sitzen und halb liegen um die Shinglen zu nageln.

Dann sprach ich, „Das gehet nicht“, und ich ging heim und legte mich auf die Sofa und schlief ein.

Als ich erwachte dachte ich war ich am träumen. Ich sahe um mich und ward gewahr ich war in eine Stube mit venetian Blinds. Neben an meine Bette war ein Commode und ein Tuch wie ein Vorhang war am Bette rum.

Dann wollte ich mich verregen zu sehen wo ich jetz wäre. Aber meine oberen Schenkel und meine Arme taten mir so wehe das ich mich nicht verregen konnte.

Da vernahm ich das ich im Hospital war. Aber ich wußte nicht warum und darnum daß meine Beine so wehe taten glaubte ich daß ich gefallen war. Auch dachte ich vielleicht ist ein Auto in mich gerennt, aber ich konnte mich gar nichts erinnern.

Bald kam mein Weib herein und meine Schwester und ich fragte sie wo ich ware. Aber an diese Zeit kamen etliche Männer herein und luden mich auf ein Stretcher. Sie sagten sie wollen mich zu eine andere Hospital nehmen für Tests.

Als sie mich nahmen dachte ich daß es ein Ambulance service war gerade wie sie hätten in Cleveland da ich in J-W service war.

Sonst kann ich mich nicht viel erinnern was geschah an denselben Tag. Aber ich lernte daß es jetzt Montag war. Nun will ich erzählen warum ich in der Hospital war.

Es war Freitag da ich mich auf die Sofa legte. Es war ungefähr elf Uhr. Dann fiel ich in ein tiefer Schlaf. An halb zwei hörte mein Weib daß ich ein Geschrei machte und kam zu sehen was les war. Als sie mich wecken wollte sahe sie daß ich kein responce gab. Ich schnaubte hart und war blau im Angesicht. Dann ging sie zu die Nachbarn und rief die Ambulance. Die kamen und nahmen mich zu Dover an die Hospital.

Sie wollten mir Oxygen geben an die Ambulance aber ich stoß es von mir weg.

In die Hospital gaben sie mir spinal tests aber könnten davon nichts lernen. Dann schickten sie mich nach Wilmington an die Medical Center. Dort war ich unter die neuro-jurgcons die nahmen allerlei tests aber könnte auch davon nichts lernen.

An dieser zeit wußte ich nichts, aber mein Weib erzählte mir später daß ich sehr unruhig war. Mein Schwester von

Kentucky blieb auch an der Hospital mit mein Weib.

Samstag und Sonntag waren etliche von die Freundschaft und Nachbarn gekommen und ich antwortete ihnen etwas. Ich habe aber nicht viel geredet, nur den Kopf geschüttelt für ja und nein. Als meine Mutter kam und ihr Hand auf mein Kopf legte und mich fragte ob ich Kopfweh habe, antwortete ich Ja.

Ich kann nichts anders denken als daß ich große Schmerzen gehabt habe, aber als ich erwachte am Montag konnte ich die Schmerzen nicht mehr gedenken.

So werd der Himmel sein für denen die selig werden. Die Schmerzen die wir hie haben, ja das Trübsal, Angst, Not, Pestilenz und teure Zeiten werden wir nicht mehr gedenken. Und Gott der Herr wird abwischen alle Tränen von unsere Augen und wird Freude der fülle und liebliches Wesen sein.

Jesus sagte in der Bergpredigt, selig seid ihr die ihr hie weinet, denn ihr werdet lachen. Der Prophet Amos sagte, Eure Feiertagen sollen zu trauer Tagen werden.

Am Dienstag kamen etliche von meine Verwandte und ich war sehr erstaunt um sie zu sehen.

Am Montag und Dienstag habe ich das meistens geschlafen aber am Mittwoch war ich wieder schier wie gewöhnlich. Die Schmerzen in meine Armen und Schenkel waren bald weg. Sie wollten aber nicht daß ich aus dem Bette ging. Aber ich bin etliche mal, da niemand mich sahe, aus dem Bette gegangen. Einmal kam ein nurses aide und fand mich neben mein Bette stehen und sie gab mir etwas zu hören.

Sie nahmen noch weitere tests aber fanden nichts um die Ursache von meiner Krankheit. Der Doktor sagte mir nur daß ich hatte Seizure. Aber war es Herz Seizure, Brain Seizure oder Nerve Seizure? Er sagte mir nichts weiter.

Der Doktor sagte wenn ich heim kam ich könnte arbeiten in eine Woche aber ich sollte acht nehmen daß ich nicht zu hart arbeite. Es gingen etliche Wochen und ich fühlte als noch nicht zu arbeiten. Dann ging ich zum Chiropractor. Nach das dritte mal sagte er mir ich habe Spasms an die Herz Muscles und er kann mir nichts helfen.

Dann ging ich zum Nerve Doktor, der gab mir nerve Medicine. Ich konnte aber nicht vernehmen daß es mir hilf. Dann nahm ich ein food supplement (Eilcoa) und war bald besser. Dann hörte ich auf die nerve Medicine zu nehmen und dann war ich wieder nicht so gut. Als ich wieder beides das Nerve Medicine und die Vitamins nahm fühlte ich ziemlich gut.

Es dünkt mir ich hatte ein nervous breakdown. Es werd zeit nehmen bis ich wieder kann recht an die Arbeit gehen.

Die Nachbarn und Gefreunden waren sehr gut zu uns und halfen uns als ich in der Hospital war. Sie halfen auch das Hospital Bill bezahlen dafür wir sehr dankbar sind.

Darum daß das Besserung sehr langsam gehet gedenken wir jetz auf eine Reise zu gehen. Wir hatten etlich Säu mit Jungen und wir haben von diese verkauft und gedenken das Geld zu gebrauchen für auf die Reise zu gehen. So der Herr will wollen wir unsere Freunde besuchen.

Wir danken alle die uns geholfen haben und hoffen der Herr wird es ihnen vergelten

— Jessie Webber.



## *Things Don't Just Happen*

Things don't just happen to those who love God.  
They're planned by His own, dear hand,  
Then molded and shaped, and timed by His clock;  
Things don't just happen, they are planned.

We don't just guess on the issues of life,  
The Christians just rest in the Lord;  
They are directed by His sovereign will  
In the light of His holy Word.

Those who love Jesus are walking by faith,  
Not seeing one step that's ahead,  
Not doubting one minute what our lot might be  
But looking to Jesus instead.

We praise the dear Saviour for loving us so,  
For planning each care of our life;  
Then giving us faith to trust Him for all  
The blessings as well as the strife.

Things don't just happen to those who love God,  
To those who have taken their stand.  
No matter the lot, the course, or the price —  
Things don't just happen, they're planned.  
Sent in by Mrs. Elam S. Burkhart, Wallenstein



The following is a story of three diabetic children of one family. With their sickness there was much grief — but also many blessings. This story takes place in Holmes County, Ohio. It was written by the children's sister-in-law.

### THREE JEWELS "Eli"

Eli was born a healthy child. He lived normally until about the age of seven. At that time he caught a bad cold and sore throat. The sickness settled on his pancreas which left him a diabetic the remainder of his life. When a teenager his eyes became dim. Later he became totally blind.

A normal person which can see would think, "Oh, if I couldn't see I couldn't do any work — or at least not much."

With him it wasn't that way. When 10 o'clock in the morning came he went to the kitchen corner for his egg

basket. Calmly he made his way to the door, and opened it. So many steps down the walk, and then the slight drop onto the lane. He knew exactly where to halt. Then he headed for the chicken house door. No, he wouldn't miss it.

He refused to use a cane or stick for aid. He would have depended too much on that. This would have weakened his sense of feeling, he feared.

He cleaned out the horse stalls every day with the aid of a litter carrier. Throwing down hay and straw were two of his favorite chores. Although blind he would not sit and rest until the work was finished. (Wish we could all be that way spiritually.)

Eli had marvelous ideas about doing things. He often carried a few kernels of corn in his pocket for various purposes. Two kernels were used to put the buggy in. The shed was just wide enough for the buggy, with a few inches left on either side.

First he pulled the buggy to the opening. Next he would flick a kernel of corn against one side of the shed. Then to the other. By the sound of the corn he could sense where the middle of the shed was. Thus he could pull it in exactly at the right place.

His sense of hearing and smelling were also sharp. He knew the step of each of his brothers and sisters. (There were ten children in the family.) When I joined the family he soon recognized my step also.

Happy moments were when his brothers gathered around him to chat or to tell some lively experience. When company came he loved to hear the news. He had great compassion for other handicapped persons or invalids. No words of complaint came from his lips about his own affliction.

Eli had a certain place in the living room where he would sit during the winter time. Sometimes I'd take my hand sewing and go there and sit and talk with the three children. The favorite topic was the Scripture.

I can so easily remember how sincere and serious Eli would talk. I can hardly write about such moments without tears. At times he would pause, then turn his head toward me as if he could see. (He was blind, but yet he could see — spiritually.) Earnestly he would say, "Beware of people that are not true to the church. There will be many like that, and then the end is certainly very near."

Every day for about 30 years he had to take insulin shots. He died at the age of 35.

### "Clyde"

When Clyde was about 15 years of age the doctors diagnosed his ailment as diabetes. He was older when he started with the disease than Eli was when he started. Therefore he was more capable of doing harder work.

Although living an almost normal life, treatments by injection were necessary every day. With this sickness many physical complications appear like swollen legs and sores. He also developed cataracts.

Clyde worked one day a week at a public livestock auction. This was greatly enjoyed. He went along to bring in the cattle. One cow was difficult to load. She knocked him against a building and broke one of his arms and a leg. He was admitted to the hospital where he passed away due to a blood clot.

Clyde always had a smile for everybody. The memory of his kindness is treasured. If he overheard his Mother

(continued on page 26)

Send all contributions for this page to "Sarah", c/o Pathway, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



## Das Kraut und Die Kinder

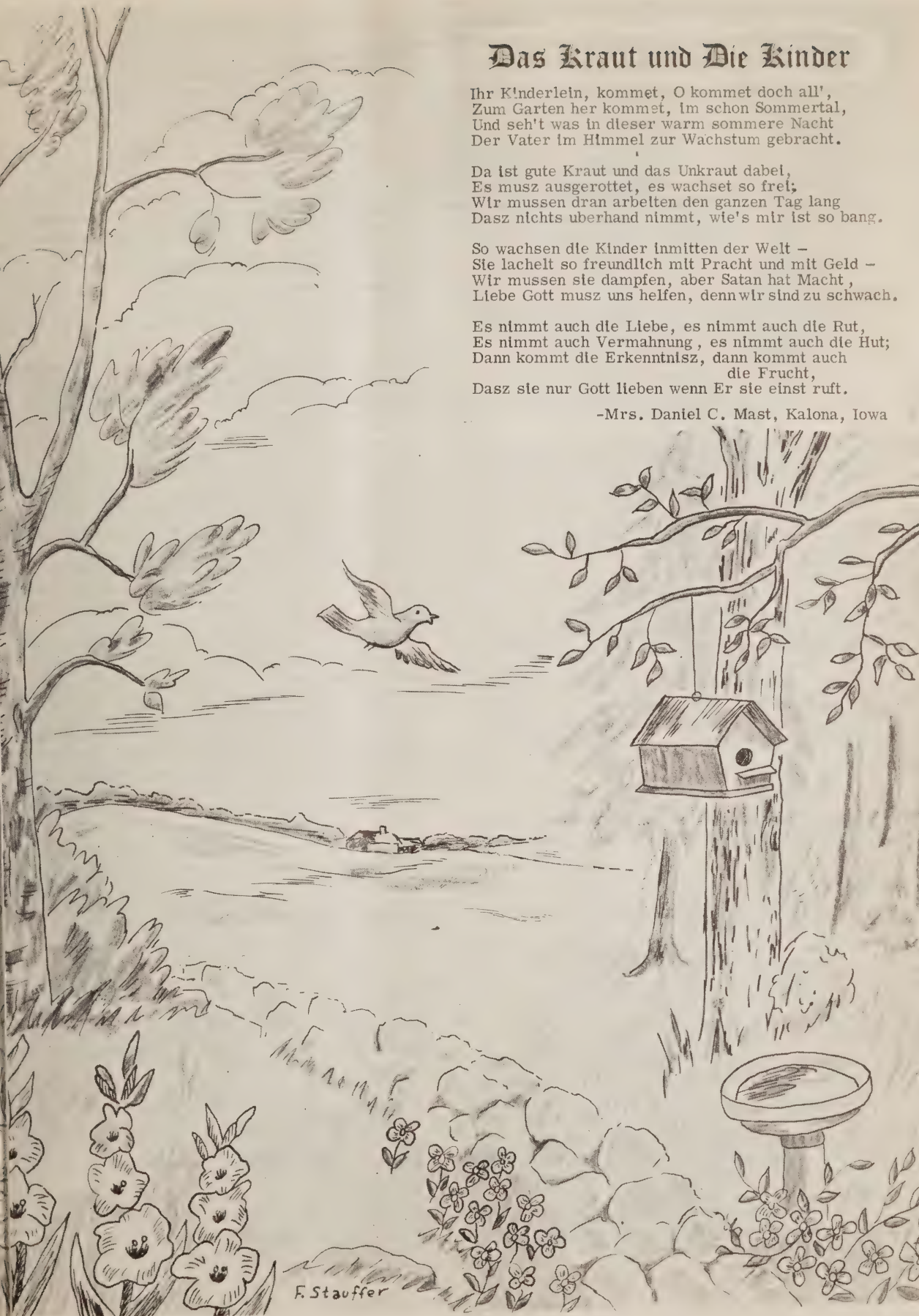
Ihr K'nderlein, kommet, O kommet doch all',  
Zum Garten her kommet, im schon Sommertal,  
Und seh't was in dieser warm sommere Nacht  
Der Vater im Himmel zur Wachstum gebracht.

Da ist gute Kraut und das Unkraut dabel,  
Es musz ausgerottet, es wachset so frei;  
Wir müssen dran arbelten den ganzen Tag lang  
Dasz nichts uberhand nimmt, wie's mir ist so bang.

So wachsen die Kinder inmitten der Welt –  
Sie lachelt so freundlich mit Pracht und mit Geld –  
Wir müssen sie dampfen, aber Satan hat Macht,  
Liebe Gott musz uns helfen, denn wir sind zu schwach.

Es nimmt auch die Liebe, es nimmt auch die Rut,  
Es nimmt auch Vermahnung, es nimmt auch die Hut;  
Dann kommt die Erkenntnis, dann kommt auch  
die Frucht,  
Dasz sie nur Gott lieben wenn Er sie einst ruft.

-Mrs. Daniel C. Mast, Kalona, Iowa





Contributions of original ideas, items of interest, etc. are welcome. Send them to: "Aunt Becky", in care of Family Life, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

## Speak Gently

- by David Gates

Speak gently; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;  
Its love is sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart,  
Whose sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring, know  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy that it may bring  
Eternity shall tell.

I suppose many of the readers remember well the days of the Depression. Those were difficult times, but often trials tend to enrich the lives of those who suffer.

At that time many homes and furnishings were foreclosed. Sheriff's sales were held. In some areas the people went to the sale but they didn't bid on things. This was one way to show their sympathy.

A few months ago I had in my column about people who ate sparrows. Since then I learned that during the Depression more than one family ate sparrows and other

things that the generation of today would think absurd.

The following is a letter that a grandmother from Pennsylvania wrote for her children. It is interesting advice that she wishes to leave for the coming generations.

### When A Depression Comes

First thank God for your health and for what you have. Don't try to hang on to property or earthly things. The sooner you give up and feel small, the easier it will be for you.

You can always raise a big garden. Use little seasoning. Save all you can of your own seeds. On a farm you can easily raise all kinds of meat — cows, pigs and chickens. Raise grain to feed them.

Stay honest. Don't go in debt. Sometimes it will be really necessary to go for a doctor. We paid the doctor once with ham. Make your own soap. If you don't have enough lard, there are coons and groundhogs around. They are very fat. I used this many times. Never had whiter soap. No smell. Fry the lard on the outside of the house. There is a smell when it is hot.

You long to buy things. Forget it as long as you are not hungry or cold. We had so many good years. It won't hurt to have a few lean ones. We patched and patched. Made underwear out of outing flannel.

I often wonder if there was a family as poor as we were, and did with so little. The bank failed and our money was gone. We still had God. He never fails. With Him we are richer than a millionaire. If we don't have God we are poorer than the poorest person that ever lived.

Many people committed suicide to get out of their debts and troubles. Couldn't face it. Big business men did this mostly and drank bootlegger stuff to drown their troubles. Some died from it, some went blind. The bootleggers didn't have anything good to make it of so they used whatever they could get their hands on.

Most people didn't bother to carry a pocketbook. A lot of trading was done. Chicken and eggs, or whatever you happened to have.

For a house deodorizer use a page of a magazine on a hot stove. Let it burn (but not Family Life).

For scouring powder use sifted woodashes. Works fine.

For chlorox spread the white clothes on the grass. Let it bleach in the sun.

If you have sore throat take off your stocking. Turn it inside out. Put it around your neck. The dirtier the better. It works. Try it anytime. Don't need to wait for a Depression. (Note: Some of the editors have reservations about this remedy.)

For a chore ball we used our fingernails if we couldn't find a mussel shell by the creek. A zinc lid will do.

When we didn't have any money for brooms we raised our own broom corn and made our own. They were crude looking. If you scrubbed too hard they would fly all to pieces.

Many, many times I wrote a grocery list of things we needed badly. Then we didn't have money or not enough. Erased most of it off again.

We went to the store with a dozen eggs to trade for some

Family Life



little thing we needed. The chickens had only grain so it took a long time to lay a dozen eggs. The only time eggs were eaten is when someone was sick. The eggs were our money.

A nonAmish friend of ours came and spent the night with us. All I had for breakfast was potatoes. My husband and I both came from a family that had plenty so we had to learn the hard way. If we get into another depression there will be some more young people that will have to learn the same way.

In grandmother's day lard was often used on vegetables instead of butter. Those were the days when there was usually plenty of lard on hand. Many hogs were butchered for each large family. There are still some who put a bit of lard on their vegetables, such as on cooked cabbage and on beans. It is at times good for a change.

My favorite way of making cooked cabbage is to grate it very fine. Cook with a bit of water. When soft add a little flour to thicken, salt, pepper and one or two tablespoons of sour cream. Cook for about one minute or till it thickens.

#### Wonderful Plum Crunch

3 pounds fresh prune plums, quartered and pitted  
( 5 cups)

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar  
1 cup sifted flour  
1 cup granulated sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon  
1 beaten egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, melted

Combine prunes and brown sugar. Put into  $11\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inch baking dish. Sift dry ingredients. Add egg, tossing with fork till mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle over plums. Drizzle with butter. Bake in  $375^{\circ}$  oven about 45 minutes or till lightly browned. Serve warm with ice cream or whipped cream.

- Mrs. Melvin Hochstetler, Indiana

#### RED BEET RECIPE

2 quarts cooked (then sliced) beets  
3 small onions  
3 green mangoes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup horse radish  
2 cups vinegar  
3 cups white sugar  
3 teaspoons salt

Put altogether and simmer 20 minutes. Heat juice and cook 20 minutes before canning.

- Mrs. Menno Troyer, Orrville, Ohio

#### GREEN TOMATO PIE

3 cups green tomatoes (finely cut)  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white sugar  
1 tablespoon minute tapioca  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup water

Cut green tomatoes over slaw cutter. Add remaining ingredients and mix. Put in a 9 inch pastry shell. Cover with pie dough and brush the top with beaten egg. Bake at 400 degrees for 40 minutes or until done.

#### Blueberry Crunch Cake

1 cup butter or oleo  
2 cups granulated sugar  
4 eggs, separated  
3 cups sifted flour  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar or baking powder  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond flavoring  
1 cup buttermilk  
1 pint or more of fresh blueberries, dusted with flour

Topping:  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, 1 tsp. cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut,  $\frac{3}{4}$  stick butter.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg yolks. Beat until light. Add sifted dry ingredients and buttermilk alternately. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Add floured berries and carefully fold in evenly. Pour into  $10 \times 15$  greased and floured pan. Sprinkle mixed topping evenly over batter and bake at  $350^{\circ}$  for 55 minutes.

- Martha Helmuth, Indiana

When I open a can of fruit for school lunches, (this I like to do the first thing) I pour the fruit, juice and all in a pan and heat to a boil. Then add a thickening to it of either flour, corn starch or klee-jell and some sugar. Add enough water to make a thin paste. Add to your fruit and boil a little. Cool. This makes the fruit go further and it is not so messy for the children to take to school.

- S. M., Milford, Ind.

A mother read in the June issue what a teen-ager wrote about fathers, so she submitted a poem that her thirteen-year-old daughter wrote.

#### JUST A HOUSEWIFE

When you see the spotless kitchen  
Everything just in its place,  
Do you think Mom's just a housewife  
Or a keeper of the place?

When you see her soothing gently  
The crying child by her side  
Do you think she's just a housewife  
Or a comforter besides?

When you smell the freshly baked pie  
Sitting on the windowsill  
Do you think she's just a housewife  
With all those tummys to fill?

When you see the fresh ironed dresses  
Hanging in the shadow dim

Do you think she's just a housewife  
Or one who cares for him?

How can you think, my dear one,  
That is quite all she is?  
I'm sure she's much, much more than that —  
Even a companion of his!

Lois Ann Hilty (13)  
Conrath, Wisconsin



## Some Mothers Write

One evening little brother had burned his hand. After much crying, and our loving care and answered prayers, he finally fell asleep. The next morning I told our two-year-old daughter that Jesus made it well. Surprised, she remarked, "Wara dir nuf Himmel ganga?" (Did you go up to heaven?)

Mrs. E. S., Ohio.

"Mother, give brother a kiss, too." Such were the words of a three-year-old twin as I tucked them to bed.

It thrilled me anew to think I was the mother of twins. How dear they are when their happy faces are washed and they're ready for Slumberland. What attracts me most is the willingness to share everything and depend on each other the way they do. Not that I think each as an individual is more precious than other children (for I love my little girls as much) but the close companionship is what is so very dear to my heart. Only you mothers of twins know what I mean.

Although they are not identical it still means so much to me that God gave us such a double blessing. How unworthy I feel but hope and pray that He will help us to bring them up in His ways.

- Mrs. C. L., Pennsylvania  
P. S. They often take time to fight, too.

Yesterday I canned quite a number of red beets. I hoped they would all seal. This morning I found one that didn't seal — so it can't go on the shelf with the rest. I was wondering if that's how this life is going to be. You work and you pray that all your children will be ready on that great resurrection morning. But oh, how sad if one could not go on with the rest.

- A. S., Pennsylvania



Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



When a child  
starts to school  
he's trying his  
wings — only  
a few years  
and he leaves  
the nest.

Aunt Becky

## (SHUT-IN'S, cont. from page 22)

or Dad wishing for something he would purchase the item, whenever possible, and give it to them. He did the same for me, too. The Lord rewards for giving only a cup of water in His Name. We feel Clyde had many rewards waiting for him. He died at the age of 29.

"Susan"

"Oh Lord, our load is almost too heavy to bear," could have been said by the parents of these three children. They never complained though, and took it patiently when they learned that Susan also had diabetes. Now they had three diabetics. The daily medications were a financial load.

Susan was about seven when this was first discovered. Like her brothers she had her chores around the house she could do. When the healthy brothers and sisters began to leave the home she proved to be a great help for her mother.

In the lonely evenings these three children sat in the living room. While Mother was in the kitchen working they would often discuss in low tones what would become of them someday. Their future looked dark. The conversation usually ended, "May the Lord's will be done."

Susan's eyes also became dim with cataracts. With hopes of improving her eyesight she underwent an operation. One cataract was removed. Later the other was removed. She suffered much during these operations, for she did not have her mother by her side to guard her against receiving too much or too little insulin.

Strong specs were purchased and she was again able to read — and read she did. The Bible was her favorite book. Her knowledge of the Scripture grew.

In later years she talked much of things that would happen to the church. For hours she could explain and tell why the world is doing like it is. She said, "The people of the church reach out and grab little handfuls of the world at a time. This can be easily consumed, without choking."

At one time she looked into my eyes, raised a finger and said quietly, but sternly, "What God said He will do, He will do, unless the people who are called by His Name turn and go the other way. Never has so much preaching been done. Never was the cry so great for the people to repent. The people are loudly boasting of salvation but vainly following their hearts' desires."

She told me many times, referring to herself, "I am but a small being and am nothing."

One day she threw her little images of birds and animals away. She told her mother, "If I want Jesus to be with me I must not have such things. I do not bow down to them, but I look at them and think they are pretty. I wouldn't let the children even play with them."

Susan was very concerned about the church. She had also foreseen her death although she did not know when she would be taken away. Her end was like she said it would be.

"Dad, please ask the bishop and the preachers to be more steadfast in the Ordnung of the church," were the last words she said. She was 31 years old at the time. Her parents didn't realize that in about fifteen minutes she would take her last breath.

She stepped up into the buggy and started for church with her father and mother. When they drove out the lane Susan suddenly said, "I faint." Then her soul departed.

Surely the "Lord's will was done", and they no more had to wonder what would become of them in the future.



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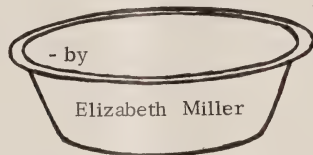
# CHILDREN'S SECTION

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## CANNING

## and

## COMPLAINING



THE

KEIM GIRLS

COMPLAINED ABOUT

HAVING TO HELP WITH

THE SUMMER CANNING.

THE

GRUMBLING

STOPPED WHEN

GRANDMOTHER BROUGHT

THEM A REASON FOR

BEING THANKFUL.

"Mother, I'm ready for more," said Lydia Keim, scraping the apple pulp from the colander into the garbage pail by the door.

Mother slid from the high kitchen chair where she was quartering apples to stir the steaming kettle on the stove. "Good," she said. "This kettle is ready now. Do be careful that you don't scald yourself. This is boiling hot."

"Yes," answered Lydia a little impatiently. Why did Mother have to warn her each time? Couldn't a twelve-year-old sense that a steaming kettle was hot?

"My, it's warm in here," complained Lydia's ten-year-old sister Mary. She stopped washing jars to play with the suds that floated on top of the dishpan.

"Huh, you shouldn't complain about the heat. What would you do if you had to do my job?" asked Lydia, stepping back from the steaming colander to get her breath.

"I'd rather do that than wash jars. I always have to do the work no one else wants to do," complained Mary with a pout.

"You should talk. You get to care for the baby. Now hurry and wash your jars before he wakes up," retorted Lydia.

Mary looked at Mother who was busily at work. Then she whispered to her sister, "You're not my boss."

"Mother, Mary is just poking around hoping David will wake up. Then she won't have to wash jars," complained Lydia.

"Now, girls," chided Mother. "Don't start your fussing this early in the morning. 'Mary, you know we need your help in order to get done with these apples by noon.' She looked at the two well-filled baskets at her side.

Lydia set to work again with a sigh. Canning was such tiresome work. Yesterday it had been tomatoes. Lydia couldn't decide which she liked to press through the colander the least, apples or tomatoes. Tomatoes were

seedy and made a scratchy sound as you pressed the wooden masher around and around the cone-shaped colander. Apples, on the other hand, were thicker and harder to press through. Both were steaming hot — steaming hot and messy. Lydia pushed the pulp down with the masher and gave it a final whirl. Then once more she emptied the pulp into the bucket and set it aside. She dumped two cups of sugar into the applesauce and watched as it sank from sight. Then she stirred vigorously.

"I'm ready for some jars," she announced.

"Well, here they are. Can't you come over here and get them yourself?" By the tone of Mary's voice Lydia knew that she could easily start an argument, but for once she decided against it. She took a long cake pan over to the sink and filled it with quart jars. Placing the canning funnel on the nearest jar, she ladled the golden yellow applesauce into it. After a minute she said, "All right, Mary, these are ready for lids."

Before Mary could answer, a cry from the bedroom sent her scurrying. Mary was in a hurry, but she had time to throw a triumphant glance at Lydia.

"Now you hurry back," called Lydia after her sister. She filled the colander and went back to work again. Mary just didn't know how nice she had it. She always got out of work by caring for their baby brother. Lydia almost wished she were the younger of the two girls, but quickly changed her mind. She knew that Mary often envied her because she had the privileges of doing grown-up work while Mary washed dishes, swept, and did other things ten-year-olds didn't like to do. No, Lydia wasn't ready to exchange places with her sister, but she wished she didn't have to work all day long. They had canned some-

thing every day this week except Tuesday and then they had to help Mother with the washing. There wasn't any time to read or do any other things she liked to do.

"Mother, will we can peaches this week, too?" asked Lydia suddenly.

"No, I hope not. Tomorrow is Friday and we have some sweet corn to can. I am hoping next week we can make vegetable soup and also can peaches.

Mary sighed. Oh, well, sweet corn wasn't too bad. You could sit out under the shade tree to husk it and pick off the tiny fibers. There was none of this warm tiresome kitchen work. Lydia was thankful she didn't have to squeeze sweet corn through the colander.

"But just wait and see," thought Lydia to herself. "Mary is going to decide that it is my turn to wash the jars. And it would be just my luck to have Mother side with her, since she can husk and clean corn just as well as I can." The thought made her turn the masher just a little too fast, and some pulp spilled over the top and dropped down into the applesauce.

"Oh, well," she scolded, trying to fish it out with a long-handled spoon.

"What?" asked Mother, looking up to see what was the matter.

"Nothing," answered Lydia. "Say, Mother, aren't our peas ready yet?"

"No, the late ones aren't. What makes you ask?"

"Well, how are we going to make vegetable soup. We always put in peas, don't we?"

"Oh, yes we do. But we'll just open a jar of those we canned a while ago."

Lydia's heart sank. Of all the tiresome canning tasks, vegetable soup was the worst. It seemed you had to gather some of everything that grew in the garden. Lydia could imagine herself scraping carrots, chopping celery, peeling potatoes, and running out after a half dozen onions. And oh, yes, vegetable soup took a lot of tomatoes, too.

"Vegetable soup is such a lot of work," she complained out loud.

"Yes, it is, but think of all the evenings we can have vegetable soup for supper next winter," answered Mother.

Lydia had had a feeling that was what Mother would say. She scolded herself for even mentioning it. She got the last of the clean jars from the sink.

"Come on, Mary, I'll soon need some more jars," she called.

"Put the baby into the wagon and let Eli and Ben play with him. He will enjoy being outside this morning," said Mother. "Then you come and help again."

Reluctantly Mary came back into the kitchen and resumed her task. Suddenly she stopped. Looking at the calendar, she announced, "Only two more days this week, all of next week, and Monday of the next, then school will start. Let's see, that makes nine more working days."

"You could have figured that in an easier way," said Lydia.

"How?" asked Mary.

"Well, you counted the days yesterday and said there were ten. So today there would be one less, which makes nine."

"Oh, you think you're smart. You're just as glad as I am when school starts, only you think you're too big to admit it," retorted Mary with a glare in Lydia's direction.

"But I don't talk about it every day like you do," answered Lydia.

"No," said Mother mildly, "but you were hoping since

the peas aren't ready I'd wait until after school has started to make vegetable soup."

Lydia's face, already red from the heat, turned even redder. All she could do was turn her back and try to ignore Mary's laughing. How did Mother guess the reason why she had asked about the peas? Several minutes passed in silence. Then Mother spoke again.

"I know canning is hard work, especially when you would rather be doing something else. But we wouldn't want to do without food, would we? I think we should be thankful that we have an abundance of fruits and vegetables to put away so our family has something to eat next winter." She paused a minute, then continued, "It does not seem very long ago that I was washing jars and helping my mother like you are today. Now I'm glad that I had to, because how else would I have learned to can food for my family?"

Both girls were quiet for a while, pondering on the new thought. "Maybe someday I will be a mother and have girls helping me," stated Mary, playing with a handful of suds again.

"You'd better teach them right, so they can teach their girls," added Lydia.

"Say, Mother, did you and your sisters ever have arguments like we do?" asked Mary.

Mother emptied her dish of peelings into the garbage pail and refilled it with apples without answering.

"I know what," whispered Lydia as she went to the sink to fill her pan with jars again. "We'll ask Grandma sometime."

"Mother, Grandma hasn't been here for a long time, has she?" asked Mary.

"The week before last she was here, or was it the week before that?" Lydia wrinkled her brow, trying to remember. "Anyway, we haven't seen her since she and Grandpa came back from Indiana."

"Maybe we can ask her to come help peel peaches," suggested Mother. "She told me to let her know when we get our peaches."

The girls were on better terms now and worked with a will. By 11:30 the baskets were empty and the last apples were on the stove. "It's a little late, but I'm glad we could finish," said Mother. "Now while Lydia finishes the apples and washes the dishes, Mary and I will get a quick dinner on the table. I'll send Ben to the field to tell Dad that dinner will be ready by the time he gets here."

Tiresome work was forgotten when the Keim family sat down to dinner that day. Even the dish of smooth honey-colored applesauce did not remind Lydia of the hot, unpleasant work connected with preparing it. They were still at the table when the sound of buggy wheels on the gravel jerked them to attention.

"It's Grandma," squeaked Ben in delight.

"Just when we were talking about her this forenoon," added Mary happily. Dad went out to help Grandma unhitch.

"Why, Mother, they are just tying the horse," said Lydia, disappointed. "I wonder if she isn't going to stay long."

Mother greeted Grandma at the door. "Come in," she invited. "The girls were talking about you this forenoon, trying to figure out when you were here last. It has been a long time."

Grandma smiled at the girls. Then she explained, "Well, Dan broke a piece of his manure spreader this morning. He wanted Grandpa to go get it welded at the blacksmith shop. I thought the chance, was too good not to come along



and drive over, even if it was only for a few minutes."

"Where is Grandpa now?" asked little Eli looking to see if he could see him coming up the walk.

Grandma smiled down at Eli. "He's at John Shetler's shop. I have to be back there in a little over an hour. My, but that baby is growing." She stooped to play with David, who was asking for his share of attention from his blanket on the floor. "Oh, yes, I forgot. Benny, you run out to the buggy and bring me the brown bag under the seat, please."

Ben left in a hurry and soon returned, standing hopefully nearby as Grandma reached into the bag. "I brought these back," she said handing Mother three little shirts. "I finally got the buttons and buttonholes finished. And here is something I thought I'd bring along to show to you." She handed a large magazine to Dad, and explained, "While on our Indiana trip, we were waiting in the depot, and Grandpa saw this magazine and bought it. We both thought it would be good for our grandchildren to see some of the pictures in there."

Lydia came eagerly, wiping her hands on her apron. She stopped short when she saw the picture on the front cover. It showed small skinny children with dark skin, large eyes, and oversized tummies. The little bit of clothing they wore were nothing more than dirty rags. Lydia had never seen such sad, hungry-looking children.

Grandmother was passing candy to the children, but for once Lydia was not hungry. She and Mary spread the magazine on the table. With Dad looking over their shoulders, they looked at the picture on the cover.

Lydia pointed to the title on the cover. "What's that word, Dad?" she asked.

Dad studied the word, "Be-aff-ra, I guess," he answered. "Biafra. Where's Biafra, Dad?" asked Mary.

"Read here," Dad pointed to the middle of the first paragraph. "Biafra is a country in Western Africa."

"Look here," exclaimed Lydia, pointing to a paragraph farther down. "Here it says that last summer 20,000 people a day were dying. Now the rate is somewhat lower. Approximately 700 to 1000 die daily."

"Listen to this," Mary's voice was shocked. "In January 40% of the children between two and four years old are believed to have died of starvation."

"What does starvation mean?" asked Ben, trying to stretch his first-grade education.

"That means they die because they don't have enough to eat," answered Mary.

"Do those children live far, far away?" asked Eli, his eyes wide with fright.

Grandma gathered the little boy close. "Yes, they live far away. But we must always be thankful that we have enough to eat, and not waste any of our food just because we don't like it," she said.

Lydia turned the page. Both girls caught their breath. There was a picture of a long line of women and children waiting to be served in a feeding center. Some were sad-looking mothers with sick babies. Others were girls about their own ages with a smaller child hanging onto their backs. All of them were skinny and looked very, very hungry.

Lydia turned away. She had seen all she could take. She looked at her little brothers still sucking candy. What if they had to go to bed hungry every night? She looked at the baby on the floor. Dear Baby David. Suppose in the evening when he was put to bed, he would have to cry himself to sleep because there was no milk, no cereal, no baby food. What if she had to hear him cry for hunger

and see him grow thinner and thinner until he looked like the children in the picture?

Lydia remembered the good dinner she had just eaten. Yes, she had felt very hungry because it was a little later than usual when they ate dinner. But she had had breakfast. The magazine had said people in Biafra were lucky to get one meal a day!

Mary was reading again, "Each new day is a struggle against the lack of food, normal sickness, and sickness from starvation. Thousands of people are without homes, without hope for tomorrow..."

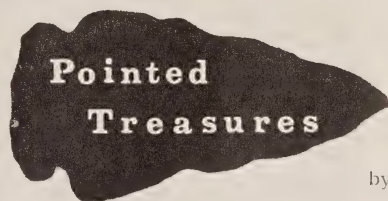
"Mary, let's finish the dishes," interrupted Lydia. "We'll finish looking at that some other time." Thoughtfully she washed the outsides of the applesauce jars and set them in a neat row.

"And to think," she thought, "that this morning I was grumbling to myself because I had to help with the canning." She looked at Mother, who had been watching her. Mother smiled knowingly. Lydia knew that Mother had been reading her mind again. ■■

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## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

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by David Luthy

"Dad, where's Franklin County?" asked Crist Lapp. He looked up from his seventh-grade reader, which he had brought home from school.

"It's over a couple of counties west from Lancaster County," answered Mr. Lapp. "Why?"

"Oh, I was just reading a story in Growth In Reading about a man who had an arrowhead collection. It said he lived in Franklin County."

Mr. Lapp put down the book he was reading. "What does it say about arrowheads?" He pulled his rocking chair closer to his son, who was sprawled on the floor by the stove.

"It says lots of things," said Crist. Sitting up he put the book on his father's lap. "Here's the man's name." His finger pointed at a rather long, strange looking name.

"Archibald Rutledge," said Mr. Lapp.

"He found forty thousand arrowheads and other Indian stuff," stated Crist.

"He must have done a lot of traveling and had lots of time," remarked Mr. Lapp.

Crist ran his finger over a section in the story. "He says here that most of them he found were within three miles of his farm. And he really gives some good clues on where to look." The thirteen-year-old looked up at his father. "Dad, do you think there would be many arrowheads around our neighborhood?"

"Sure, we've found some while plowing; so there are probably more, if someone took the time to hunt." He turned the page in the book. "Where does Archibald Rutledge say is a good place to hunt?"

"In a plowed field after a rain," answered Crist. "But he found some in caves, and in old Indian camping grounds, and in streams near springs."

"Near springs?" repeated Mr. Lapp. "That's something we've got a lot of around here. There isn't much plowed

ground this time of year, and I don't know where any old camping grounds are. But we sure have some springs."

"That's an idea," thought Crist to himself. "I'd like to have a collection of arrowheads. Maybe there'd be some in our spring."

The next day at school Crist told Andy Petersheim about what he had been reading the evening before. Andy was a classmate in the seventh grade and lived on the farm directly behind the Lapp farm.

"Where is it in our reader?" asked Andy. "I'll take my book home tonight and read it too. It sounds great."

"It's about three stories ahead of where we are reading in class," said Crist. "You read it tonight and see if you can come over tomorrow afternoon. Maybe we can do a little hunting on our farm."

"Yeh, I'll ask Dad. It's Saturday afternoon and he'll probably let me come over. Especially when I tell him what our hobby is."

Andy had guessed right. When he asked his father that evening for permission to hunt arrowheads with Crist the next afternoon, Mr. Petersheim said, "That's something I wouldn't mind doing myself. I've often wondered what we'd find around here if we really went at it and hunted."

So on Saturday afternoon Andy took the shortcut through the woods behind the cow pasture. Crossing a few fields and climbing some fences, he headed straight for the Lapp farm. Crist was just coming out of the house when he arrived.

"Good, you're here," Crist exclaimed. "I was just coming out to see if I could spot you crossing the fields."

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#### INDIAN NAMES OF THE MONTHS

The Indian names of the months tell us a good deal about Indian life. Their name for month was moon. They noticed that the moon is always changing.

A new moon grows into a full moon and shrinks again into a new moon. The time it takes to make this change is about twenty-eight days. We call this time a month. The Indians called it a moon.

They gave each moon a name which told something about Indian life during that moon. They called January the Snow Moon or the Cold Moon.

February was called the Hunger Moon. That was the month when the Indians found little food in the forest.

March was the Crow Moon. Some called it the Wild Goose Moon. The return of the birds brought happiness because it meant that spring had come.

April was the Grass Moon; May the Planting Moon; and June the Rose or Strawberry Moon.

July was the Thunder Moon; some called it the Heat Moon. August was the Green Corn Moon.

September was the Hunting Moon. This, too, was a happy moon; for game was plentiful in the forest.

October was the Falling Leaf Moon.

November was the Beaver Moon. That is the time when the beaver is busy cutting down trees. He gnaws the trunks and branches into pieces small enough for him to store away. When winter comes, he eats the bark. Some Indians called November the Frosty Moon.

December was the Long Night Moon.

In which month is your birthday?

What is the Indian name for your birthday month?

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He sat down on the grass, his legs folded Indian style. "Did you read the story?"

"I sure did," answered Andy, squatting down, too. "I'm ready to get started hunting."

"Okay, so am I," said Crist. "But first let's think of what we should take along."

"Where are we going to hunt?" wondered Andy.

"At our spring," said Crist.

"We'll need a shovel and a screen, then," suggested Andy.

"There's a shovel with a broken-off handle in the shop," said Crist. "And I think there is a screen in there that Dad uses when he makes concrete."

Ten minutes later the two boys were crossing the field behind the barn. Andy carried the shovel with the broken-off handle, while Crist carried the screen. They headed for the spring at the east side of the farm.

"The story said Indians liked good water and knew where all the springs were," commented Crist as they walked along. "It said something about the Indians dropping their best arrowheads into the springs as gifts to their gods."

"Dad thought of another reason why there would be arrowheads at a spring," said Andy.

"What was that?" wondered Crist.

"He said a spring was where many animals came to drink, and Indians probably shot at them there."

It was not long before the eager hunters arrived at the spring. It was at the bottom of a rocky slope and had cut out a small trough in the ground. Into this trickled clear, cool water. At the edge of the trough a stream had formed and flowed west until it joined the creek which wound through the cow pasture.

Taking off their shoes and rolling up their pants, the boys jumped into the shallow trough. Crist lifted two nearby rocks into the water. He leaned one edge of the screen on these and the other on the side of the slope.

"Okay, shovel some mud into it," said Crist.

Andy dug into the loose soil at the bottom of the spring. He flipped the mixture of mud and sand on top of the screen. It landed with a thud and sat there in one solid mound. "Now what?" he asked.

"Hmmm," said Crist studying the screen and the streambed. "I either have to pour water into the screen all the time or let the slow moving stream do it for me. Give me a hand, Andy. Let's set the screen lower on top of some rocks. Then the water can pass over it and I can sift through the mud with my hands."

The boys moved the screen to a lower position and moved their hands back and forth in the mud and water. Slowly it filtered through the screen, leaving only some small rocks which were too large to slip through.

"Nothing in this batch," said Crist. "Scoop out some more."

Andy went back toward the spring and brought up another shovelful. This time he shook it into the screen spreading it out more evenly. It passed through much quicker.

Crist swished his hands about repeatedly. Then all at once he stopped.

"What is it? Find something?" asked Andy.

"I don't know," said Crist. "I'm not sure." He studied the small lump in his hand and then was about to throw it away.

"Wait," exclaimed Andy. "Maybe it's a small bird arrowhead."

Crist washed the clinging mud from it and saw at once that it was indeed shaped like an arrowhead. "Look, it's



almost as clear as glass when I rub all the dirt off."

"Must be the kind they used to shoot at game birds," said Andy.

"Or the kind they wore around their necks," added Crist. "Remember the story we read said they often wore necklaces made of tiny arrowheads."

"It's a small one," said Andy. "But it's a start. Let's keep hunting."

But after searching through a half dozen more shovelful and finding nothing, the boys began to wonder if they had found the only arrowhead there. "And a pretty small one at that," Crist thought to himself. His fingers splashed the mud around.

"Should we give up and try our spring?" asked Andy.

"I don't know," said Crist. "Maybe we aren't patient enough. When you think how long ago the Indians lived here, it will take quite a lot of stirring around in this spring —"

"What is it?" asked Andy. Crist hadn't finished his sentence and was bending over the screen.

"Plain as day it's an arrowhead," laughed Crist. He held it up from the screen. "Just when we were about to give up."

Andy took it with excited fingers. "It's a real one this time," he smiled. "Must be two inches long." He wiped it against his pants leg. "And it's the same kind of clear stone like the little one. Maybe it belonged to the same Indian."

But that evening back at the farm, Mr. Lapp didn't think that the same Indian owned the two arrowheads. On his palm he held the large clear arrowhead with the small one close beside it. "No, boys, these are made out of a very common stone — quartz. There's a lot of it here in Pennsylvania. It's usually glassy looking like these two, but sometimes it is a pretty rose-pink." He rubbed his fingers along the edge of the large arrowhead. "Pretty nice ar-

rowhead." He smiled at the two young hunters. "You boys found some pointed treasures today. And I'll bet you could find dozens more." He winked at the boys. "Maybe even forty thousand."

### Meaning of State Names

**The names of twenty-six of the fifty states are of Indian origin. They are:**

Alabama, meaning, "Here we rest."  
Arizona, meaning, "Sand hills."  
Arkansas, meaning, "Bow of smoky water."  
Connecticut, meaning, "Long river."  
Idaho, meaning, "Gem of the mountains."  
Illinois, meaning, "Tribe of men."  
Indiana, meaning, "Indians' ground."  
Iowa, meaning, "Beautiful land."  
Kansas, meaning, "Smoky water."  
Kentucky, meaning, "Dark and bloody ground."  
Massachusetts, meaning, "Land of great hills."  
Michigan, meaning, "Great Lake."  
Minnesota, meaning, "Sky-tinted water."  
Mississippi, meaning, "Father of Waters."  
Missouri, meaning, "Muddy."  
Nebraska, meaning, "Shallow water."  
North and South Dakota, meaning, "Allied."  
Ohio, meaning, "Beautiful River."  
Oklahoma, meaning, "Red people."  
Oregon, meaning, "River of the West."  
Tennessee, meaning, "River of the great bend."  
Texas, named from a tribe of Indians.  
Utah, named from a tribe of Indians.  
Wisconsin, meaning, "Wild rushing channel."  
Wyoming, meaning, "Large plain."

### Grandfather's Reading Lesson

#### MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED

"Shall I reach Tournay to-night before the gates are shut?" asked a wagoner, who was driving an empty cart drawn by a pair of horses at great speed, of another whom he passed driving a similar vehicle slowly along a high-road of France. "Shall I be able to get there to-night before they shut the gates?" he repeated impatiently.

"Yes, you'll be in plenty of time if you drive slowly," replied the second wagoner; and he proceeded on his way, while the first drove rapidly by, exclaiming: —

"A pretty way to get to one's destination — to drive slowly and waste time on the road! No, no, that won't suit me! I'll go as fast as my horses can lay legs to the ground." And he shook the reins and urged his horses to still greater speed.

Meanwhile the driver who had given him the good advice proceeded slowly on his way. Presently he noticed that one of his horses had lost a nail from one of its shoes.

"This won't do," said the driver; "best remedy a small evil at once."

So he drove on as carefully as possible, lest the shoe that was clapping in a loose manner on the road should fall off altogether. And at the next smithy he halted, and unharnessed the good old horse from the wagon. The smith brought out his tools, and in a few minutes honest Ball's shoe was fixed on as tight as ever.

"Only a quarter of an hour lost," he said, "but we can

move all the more briskly for the delay; so here we start again."

Thus he went on steadily and perseveringly, and arrived at Tournay a full quarter-hour before the gates were shut.

And how fared it with the other wagoner, who could not afford to go steadily, lest he should arrive too late? Listen, and you shall hear.

He drove on, increasing his speed as the time wore on. Presently, he noticed that one of his horses began to limp.

"Foolish beast!" he said, "who is to get down now, I wonder, to look after your ailments? If you've a stone in your foot, you may shake it out as best you can. I cannot afford to wait for you to-day."

And he gave the poor horse a loud crack with the whip on his back, so that it gave a plunge, and stumbled on faster than before.

The horse began to limp more than ever. The stone was still there, and the hoof was becoming bruised and sore; but now the wagoner would not stop a moment. But now a rough piece of road is to be traversed, surely our driver will check his speed here, and proceed slowly?

But no; he only thinks of getting to his destination as quickly as possible. He urges on his horses; the poor beast who has fallen lame gives a desperate plunge, and falling down, breaks the pole of the wagon asunder.

No thought of reaching Tournay that night. The best thing to be done is to seek assistance at the next farm-

house, and go in quest of a carpenter or wheelwright to mend the broken pole.

And the wheelwright, when he comes, says that the necessary repairs will occupy at least twenty-four hours, and that he cannot drive his wagon into Tournay until the second day after the accident.

Then the driver wished he had taken the advice of his comrade, and made less haste in the first instance to get on; and he understood how much truth there is in the saying, THE MORE HASTE, THE LESS SPEED.

- Monroe's Fourth,  
1872



## SOLD INTO SLAVERY

Jacob was thankful that God had brought him safely on the long journey from Haran back to the land of Canaan.

Years passed swiftly as Jacob moved his tents from place to place, always seeking fresh grazing land for his growing herds of sheep and cattle.

But then one day a great sorrow came into Jacob's life — Rachel, the wife he loved so dearly suddenly died. Jacob's one comfort in this time of great grief was the little boy that had just been born — Benjamin.

Very soon after Rachel died and Benjamin was born, Isaac, Jacob's father, also died. Isaac was 180 years old when he died. Esau came to help Jacob, and together they buried their father.

With the birth of little Benjamin, Jacob now had twelve sons in all. And out of the twelve, Jacob loved his son Joseph the best.

Joseph was seventeen years old — almost a young man. Sometimes he went out to the fields to help his brothers care for the sheep. Here young Joseph saw things that saddened him. He learned that his older brothers were not good men who tried to do what was right — instead they did wrong things, then tried to keep hidden what they

had done.

Troubled about the things he had seen, Joseph brought the report of his brothers' wrongdoings to his father. This angered the brothers. Ill feelings sprang up in their hearts toward Joseph.

The ill feeling grew day by day.

One day Jacob made a special coat and gave it to his favorite son — Joseph. It was not an ordinary coat, but more like a robe, long and flowing, like the garment of a prince. It was very beautiful. Now the brothers were sure that Joseph was their father's favorite. They hated him so much they could no longer speak to him in a friendly way.

Then one night Joseph dreamed a dream. He awoke in the morning, but somehow the dream seemed to stay in his mind. The dream seemed so real — almost as though it had a special meaning.

"Do you know what I dreamed last night?" Joseph said to his brothers.

"What?" they demanded crossly. They were still angry with Joseph because he had told their father about the wrong they had done.

"What did you dream, tattletale?" one of them mocked.

But Joseph only smiled pleasantly and pretended he did not notice their angry looks. "I dreamed we were all setting up sheaves of grain in the field," Joseph said. "And the sheaves I made stood up straight. But all of your sheaves bowed down to mine."

"Ho," shouted the brothers, "do you mean that we will someday bow down to you? Never!" And the brothers hated Joseph even more than before.

Soon Joseph dreamed again. This time his father heard Joseph tell about the dream. "I dreamed that the sun and moon, and eleven stars were bowing down to me," Joseph said.

His father understood the meaning, and he did not think it was quite proper for his son to have such ideas. "Surely you do not mean that someday your father and mother and all your brothers will bow down to you, do you, Joseph?" Jacob rebuked gently.

"Oh, he is always dreaming about how great he is," the brothers shouted angrily. They hated Joseph more than ever.

After that Joseph said no more about his dreams.

One day Jacob called to Joseph. "Son, come here," he said.

Quickly Joseph hurried to see what his father wanted.

"Your brothers have taken the sheep to Shechem to find pasture there," Jacob said. "I wonder how they are getting along, and whether they are well. I want you to go and see, then come back and tell me."

Shechem. Nodding his head, Joseph said he was willing to go. But it was a long journey that would take several days of walking. At once Joseph prepared some food to take with him.

Early the next morning he set off, wearing his beautiful long coat. The warm wind fanned his youthful face as he walked mile after mile, crossing small gurgling streams and climbing rolling hills. Finally he reached Shechem, and his bright eyes scanned the valleys eagerly for some sign of his brothers. But nowhere could he find them.

Anxious that perhaps something had happened to his brothers, Joseph wandered back and forth in the fields, looking everywhere for the missing brothers.

Joseph looked up and saw a man coming near. But in disappointment he saw that it was a stranger and not one of his brothers.

### for EVERY DAY

I shall give praise for the morning,  
For the stars that come with the night;  
Give praise for the velvety darkness,  
For the sun and its warmth and light.

I shall give praise for the harvest,  
For the grain rich grown from the sod.  
I shall give praise from my soul depths,  
I shall give praise to God.

By ENOLA CHAMBERLIN



The man had noticed that Joseph kept wandering around, seeking for something. "What are you looking for?" the man asked kindly.

"I am looking for my brothers, the sons of Jacob. Can you tell me where they are with the flocks of sheep?"

"Yes," said the man, "they were here, but now they have gone. Before they left, I heard them say to each other, 'Let us go to Dothan'. Perhaps that is where they have gone."

Joseph was glad for some word of his brothers, even though he had already walked sixty miles and this meant he would have to walk ten more to Dothan. He thanked the man and turned northward.

Before Joseph was even near to Dothan, he saw ahead of him, far in the distance, the white backs of a great flock of sheep. Eagerly he hurried on, glad to be so near his journey's end.

The brothers were resting quietly while the sheep grazed. Suddenly one of them glanced up and spied a figure in the distance. The brothers watched as the figure grew larger and closer.

One of the brothers gasped. The figure looked familiar. And that coat. Could it possibly be Joseph. It was.

The sun-tanned faces of the brothers darkened with hate. "Look," one of them shouted, "here comes the dreamer!"

"He's probably come to spy on us so he can go tattle to his father again."

"Let's kill him, and throw him into a pit and everyone will think some wild beast tore him to pieces."

"Yes, let's kill him and see what comes of all his dreams!"

Joseph ran the last few steps, then stopped short when he saw the scowls on his brothers' faces. Their eyes glared at him, sharp with hate. Joseph felt a shiver of fear, but it was too late to run.

With rough fingers the brothers reached out and grabbed him. They flung his coat open, then jerked it off of him. It was useless to struggle, with ten against one, and all his brothers strong, work-hardened men.

"Let's kill him," one of them hissed.

"No, let's not kill him," said Reuben. He was the oldest, so the others listened to his plan. "There is no point in shedding his blood. Let's just throw him into the deep pit there, and he will die soon enough."

Reuben did not tell his brothers that later he planned to come back and pull Joseph out of the pit and send him home to his father.

"All right, we'll throw him into the pit," the brothers agreed. They dragged him to the pit, and shoved him in. The pit was empty of water but damp and cold and dark. Joseph crouched alone in a corner, bruised and shaken. Was this gloomy pit to be his grave? Surely his brothers could not be so heartless.

Then the brothers, unmoved by the misery and suffering of Joseph, sat down to eat. Perhaps Reuben wasn't hungry and didn't feel like eating. At least he didn't stay with the others, but wandered away to another part of the field. Reuben had just left, when the other brothers looked up and saw a long line of camels coming in the distance. It was a caravan of Midianite merchants taking spices and slaves to Egypt to sell.

Suddenly Judah got an idea. "What good does it do us to let Joseph die in that old pit?" he cried. "I have just the idea. Let's pull Joseph out and sell him to these merchants as a slave."

The brothers agreed with the suggestion. Quickly the caravan was stopped, and Joseph was drawn from the pit.

No doubt Joseph's hopes rose, thinking his brothers intended to free him, but his hopes were soon dashed to the ground. His brothers planned to sell him!

With practiced eyes the merchants looked him over. Ah, a good strong, healthy slave, indeed. Such a fine looking young lad would bring a high price in Egypt.

The sons of Jacob bargained with the Midianite merchants until they agreed on a price. The merchants would pay twenty pieces of silver for Jacob.

The coins jingled, and the deal was made. The merchants mounted the camels. At a signal the heavy beasts moved forward, and Joseph was led away — a captive in the hands of strangers.

The line of camels disappeared in the distance, and Reuben, not knowing what had happened, returned to the pit. He looked anxiously into the gloomy depth, but could see nothing of Joseph. "Joseph, Joseph," Reuben called. The echo shouting back from the empty pit seemed to mock him. Again and again Reuben called. The pit was silent. Joseph, his brother, was not there.

With a moan of distress Reuben rent his clothes, and hastened to find his brothers. "Alas," he cried, his voice hollow with despair, "the child is not there, and I, where shall I go?"

Bit by bit Reuben learned from his brothers what had happened to Joseph. "What shall we tell our father?" the brothers worried.

At last they thought of a way to hide their wicked deed. They took a young goat and killed it. Next they dipped the beautiful coat of Joseph into the warm red blood. Then they carried the coat to Jacob.

Handing the coat to their father, they said, "Look, here is a coat we found. We don't know if it is your son's or not."

Jacob knew the coat at once. "It is Joseph's coat," he cried. "Some wild beast has killed him."

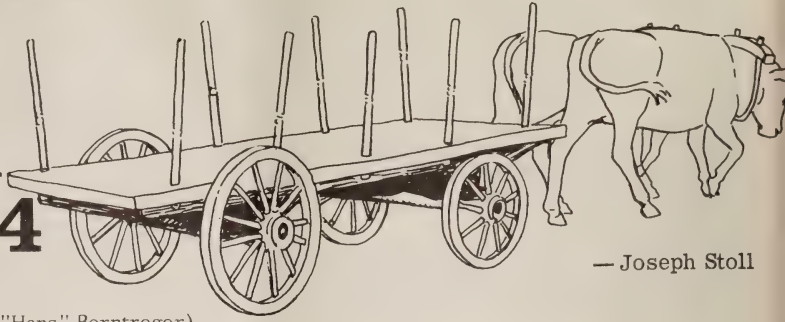
Overcome with grief, Jacob rent his clothes and sat in sackcloth and ashes for many days, mourning for the son he loved so dearly. The brothers tried to comfort Jacob, but he only replied, "Surely I go down to the grave mourning."

- E. S.

??  
?  
? HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND? ?  
?  
? 1. How many sons did Jacob have in all? ?  
? 2. What was the name of the youngest son? ?  
? 3. What did Joseph tell his father about his brothers ?  
? that angered them? ?  
? 4. Why did the brothers not like to hear about the ?  
? dreams Joseph had? ?  
? 5. What did Jacob give to Joseph that caused the other ?  
? other brothers to be more jealous than before? ?  
? 6. Why did Reuben want to throw Joseph into a pit ?  
? rather than kill him? ?  
? 7. How much did the merchants pay for Joseph? ?  
? 8. Did Reuben help sell Joseph? ?  
? 9. What did the brothers do with Joseph's coat? ?  
? 10. What did Jacob believe happened to Joseph? ?  
?  
? ?  
? silver 8. No 9. Dipped it in blood and took it to Jacob ?  
? to come back later and pull him out 7. 20 pieces of ?  
? day bow down before Joseph 5. A coat 6. He planned ?  
? they did 4. They did not like to think they would some- ?  
? ANSWERS: 1. 12 2. Benjamin 3. The wrong things ?  
? ?  
? ???

## AN AMISHMAN'S DIARY—

# 1864



— Joseph Stoll

(Notes from the diary of John E. "Hans" Borntrreger)

On New Year's Day, 1864, a young Amishman in his mid-twenties pulled his chair closer to the stove, and in the light of the dim coal oil lamp, wrote in his diary, "This was the coldest day I ever seen. I been at David Kauffmans all day. I wasn't right well. It was 20 degrees below zero."

Thus began one of the most unforgettable years in the life of John E. Borntrreger. During 1864 John married, bought a farm, built a house and stable, cleared land, and began tilling the soil much as any other Amish farmer of his day.

John was the second son of pioneer Joseph Borntrreger and Barbara (Yoder) Borntrreger. He had been only three years old at the time his parents, with three other families, loaded their wagons and made the long trip overland from Somerset County, Pennsylvania to found a new Amish settlement in Indiana.

That had been in 1841, twenty-three years before. John obviously could not remember much of the journey, but he heard his father and mother talk of it many times. Some years later John was to write it all down in a booklet called, "The First Settlement of Amish Mennonites in Indiana".<sup>1</sup>

The little caravan of Amish settlers had arrived in Goshen on June 29, 1841, almost a month after leaving Somerset County. There were twenty-four persons in the four families—eight adults and sixteen children. Besides the Joseph Borntrreger family, there were Preacher Joseph Millers, Daniel S. Millers, and Christian Borntrregers.

For several months the immigrants lived in small huts three miles southeast of Goshen on the edge of the Elkhart Prairie. Here Joseph Borntrreger bought eighty acres of land, and young John and his brothers and sisters grew up as pioneer children. But in 1852, when John was fifteen, his parents moved about ten miles northeast into LaGrange County, and located four miles east of Middlebury.

It was at this place that John E. Borntrreger sat down to write in his newly-bought diary on the first day of January, 1864. Diary-keeping was a new experience for him. (If John kept diaries before 1864, or in the years following, they have been lost.) Perhaps it was because he knew 1864 would be a special year in his life, that John Borntrreger wanted to keep a daily record.

John had been of age for more than five years and had managed to accumulate a little money and learn a few things. He had a fair education for his day, much more than most of the Amish young men that were his com-

panions. Because of this he had taken an examination before the LaGrange County school superintendent, and had been licenced to teach. John had taught three terms of public school. At that time German was taught in some public schools, and John Borntrreger had a special fondness for German.<sup>2</sup>

The Amish settlement in LaGrange and Elkhart Counties had grown rapidly since its founding some twenty years before. Among the young folks in the church was one girl whose heart young John had won. Her name was Barbara Mishler.

### Mr. and Mrs. Borntrreger

Although January started out to be a cold month, the weather soon turned milder. On five days the diary entry reads, "It was a very warm day". John spent most of his time working in the woods, clearing land and cutting saw logs. Though the plans for his wedding in February must have been complete by then, he gives no indication of it in his diary. It is likely the wedding plans were kept secret in the traditional way until the date the couple was published and only the immediate family knew about it earlier. This may explain why John spent most of January working for other people instead of cutting saw logs for his own house.

During the month of January, John worked quite frequently for his older brother, Christian E. Borntrreger. For four days he "hewed timber", then helped hauling hay, and hauling sawlogs. For two days John worked for his father at home, splitting "suger wood", then he returned to his brother to hew timber for another eight days.

On a rainy afternoon John "went home and mad a few ax handels". As later entries in the diary show, this was a frequent rainy day job. The axes were in daily use and it must have taken a large number of handles.

Winter was the season for weddings among the Indiana Amish. On January 24th, two couples were published. One was John's sister Susanna who was to marry Jacob Mast (sometimes Maust in the diary), and Joseph Stutzman and Gerti Keim.

Jacob and Susanna chose Thursday, February 4, as their wedding date. John wrote in his diary,

"Today Jacob Maust and Susanna Borntrreger married. Me and Barbra Mishler and Eli Maust and Polly Yoder been their waiters."

The forenoon following his sister's wedding, John helped wash the dishes. But in the afternoon he was back in his brother Christian's woods hewing timber again.

Family Life



Three days after the above wedding, the second couple were married. Their wedding was on a Sunday, the most popular day of the week for weddings among the Indiana Amish of that time. (Of the four Amish marriages during 1864, three were held on Sunday.)

The February 7 entry reads,

"I been to meeting at John Hostetlers. Joseph Stutzman and Gerdi Keim got married. Then me and Barbra Mishler got Published."

The secret was out! Now there was no longer any need to keep quiet, and on Monday morning John and Barbara went to Middlebury together to buy their wedding clothes. The day was stormy and snowy, but the young couple managed to buy the clothes they needed. In the cash book at the back of the diary, John wrote for February 8: "wedding clothes - \$17.40."

Mysteriously, John's diary has a number of days in January and February marked with a small penciled X. After his wedding, these marks ceased. A study of the marks shows that they occurred twice on Saturdays, three times on Sundays, three times when John had written, "Went to D. S. Millers", and three times miscellaneous. Now, Barbara Mishler's mother had been a widow and was married the second time to Daniel S. Miller, so whenever John went to D. S. Millers, he went to Barbara's house.

From this evidence, it is safe to say that John Born-treger kept a record of the times he saw his fiancée, and marked those dates with an "x" in his diary.

During the two weeks just before the wedding, John made another business trip to Middlebury, made sawlogs (for himself now!), and went to a sale where he likely was on the lookout for items that a young married couple might need to set up housekeeping.

Sunday, February 21, was the wedding day. When John wrote about it in his diary, he used a much smaller handwriting than usual so there would be room to write it all.

"This were my wedding day at Daniel S. Millers. John E. Born-treger and Barbra Mishler Married. My age is 26 years 4 month 12 days, her age is 17 years 9 months 21 days. Valentine D. Yoder and Martha Miller, Joseph E. Born-treger and Elisabeth Yoder been our waiters."

By Monday noon the wedding excitement was all over, and John was back at work in the woods, chopping down trees. No mention is made in the diary where the young couple were to live, and work on their new house did not begin for another two weeks. Instead, John seems to have promised his brother-in-law Jake Mast to help him clear some land at Amos Born-tregers. The entries for the two days following the wedding read,

"This forenoon I helpt at D. S. Millers, washing the dishes, carrying home the dishes, etc. Then I went home. Then me and J. Mast went to Amos Born-tregers and commenced jopping (chopping) on our jop (job).

"Today we jopt (chopped) on our partnership jop (job). The day was very warm."

The partnership job was finished in ten days, and then John helped "gather suger water" one day, and to "make suger" a second day. Then at last, on March 8, John was ready to begin in earnest to build his house. And not only a house, for the farm he had bought from his father had no buildings at all, and he needed a complete set. The site chosen was in the woods and had to be cleared of trees before the building could begin.

### Farm Home in the Woods

For two months John Born-treger spent most of his time putting up the new house. The diary does not give the dimensions, but the day-by-day account of the progress being made indicates that the house was not very large.

John's right-hand man during the building and throughout the summer was his brother-in-law, Jacob Mast.

The first task was to hew the timbers with which the house was to be made. This meant squaring the logs with a broad-ax, a task that required a good deal of skill and a good deal of swinging.

On March 10 and 11 several loads of sawlogs were taken to Leib's sawmill. On the 12th, John wrote, "We jopt (chopped) the stutons (studdings) and rafters for my house." On the following Monday John borrowed his brother's oxen and hauled his hewed timber up to the chosen site.

Two days later he wrote, "Me and J. J. Mast made shingle lumber for me." These logs were then hauled to the mill, and while John was gone, Jacob cleaned off the place where the house was to stand.

When the boards had been sawed and brought back from the mill, they were planed by hand — a job which took a number of days. When at last a neat pile of planed lumber was stacked beside the hewed timbers, John went to Middlebury with his father to buy nails, window sash, and window glass. The bill for these supplies came to \$18.50.

John called on an experienced carpenter, Steven Kauffman, to help him and Jake Mast commence framing the house. For this service Mr. Kauffman was paid \$1.25.

Early in April the two builders took several days vacation from house building. John wrote on a Monday evening,

"Me and Pap and J. J. Mast went and washed out the tamarack house at the Cass Lake. It was a rainy day."

The next day Jacob Mast moved into the tamarack house. This may have been an old house that was not warm enough for winter use, for the diary states that the Masts moved out again in the fall.

The day following the moving, Jacob Mast had an accident. John wrote, "Today Mast helpt me framing at my house, then he cut his knee with the foot ax." For two days Jonathan Yoder helped John with the framing until Jacob was able to help once more.

The roof was put on, then the siding nailed fast. The windows were placed in position, and the flooring nailed down. The house was almost completed.

On May 4 John and his bride went to Goshen to buy the furnishings they would need for housekeeping. They bought a stove for \$39.50, a clock for \$4.75, some crocks for \$1.62, a wooden bowl for \$.40, and other smaller items. John wrote, "I spendet \$46.80."

A week later when the house was ready for occupancy, John stated simply,

"Today we moved in the new house. It was a nice and pleasant day."

### Summer Is For Farming

The new house had meant neglecting farming. But now in mid-May, John Born-treger turned his full attention to planting crops. True, the house was not completely finished, but it would do nicely during the summer months. There was even no chimney yet, but that and the interior trimming could be completed on rainy days and in spare time.

The day after he and Barbara moved into their new

home, John was cleaning the brush and twigs from a newly cleared field. He wrote,

"Today I was burning and picking brush in the field. Me and Jacob made a brick (bridge) across the beaver dam."

As soon as the roots and branches had been cleared away from the field, it was ready for plowing. The season was late, and so three boys, Joseph and Daniel Borntrager and Joseph Nisly, came to help plow the cornfield. Daniel stayed the next day to harrow, while John "runed out" the field and planted about two-thirds of it to corn. "Running out" probably referred to a marking rig which was dragged across the field to mark out the rows, first one way, then again at right angles to form squares. Where the marks crossed, the hills of corn were planted — by hand, of course. In this way the corn could be cultivated two ways, lengthwise one time and across the field the second time.

After the corn had been planted, some potatoes and beans were also put in. Then John had time to split some rails and build a fence around the house. So far John had not mentioned owning any livestock, though it is likely he did. Perhaps, though, the fence was to keep other people's livestock out.

The first few weeks in June also accorded an opportunity to dig a well. Jacob Mast helped. The diary gives a running commentary of the progress being made: June 2 - "I commenced digging my well..." June 4 - "I made a scafle (scaffold) over my well. In the afternoon Mast helpt. We finished 11 feet." June 7 - "Jacob helpt me diging at my well. We dig 7 feet." June 8 - "We workon the well till we reached the sand." June 9 - "This morn- ing we took butter to Middlebury and bought a rope. In the afternoon we workt in the well." June 10 - "Today we helpt Jonathan Yoder raising his staple (stable), and then dug the well till we reached water, near 28 feet."

A hundred years ago haymaking in northern Indiana did not start in early June as it does today. Instead, it was July before the hay was cut. So John had time during June to line his well with bricks, build a little stable, and even work in the woods a few days.

On the last day of June the wheat harvest started. Wheat was the farmer's cash crop, and also one of the main food crops. The price was very high, perhaps because of the Civil War then being fought, and a bushel of wheat was worth nearly \$2.00. This was at a time when a man worked a long day for a dollar. In today's money the farmer of 1864 was being paid the equivalent of \$20.00 a bushel for his wheat!

John Borntrager had ten acres of wheat that had been seeded the previous fall when the farm still belonged to his father. The field was new ground and the surface of it was littered with broken pieces of roots and the occasional stump too tough to pull.

The harvest crew, made up of neighboring farmers, moved from field to field cradling the ripe wheat. An entry made on July 4 tells us how many workers were in the crew:

"This forenoon we cradled at Masts, in the afternoon for me — Jacob and Beam and Moses and Daniel and Henry and Christian and Reuben and Joseph, till supper."

Counting John, this made a work force of nine men, moving steadily across the wheat field. We can imagine the social value of this number of men working together day after day in the harvest field.

By July 11 the wheat had all been cut, and haymaking started. Here again the work was mostly done by hand.

The diary reads on July 19, "J.J. Mast and S. Beam and Daniel helpt me mowing in father's meadow." The hay was allowed to dry, then it was stacked and later loaded on wagons to take to the barn.

On July 23 threshing started. On that day John helped his father thresh, then took a load of hay home as pay. The next place to thresh was at John's farm. This is the report,

"Today we thrashed our wheat here. 5 acres 68 bushels. 10 acres 140 bushels."

By today's standards the yield was small, but in 1864 many improved farming practices were still unknown and the varieties did not yield so well. Also, the first crops on new land were often spotty because of the uneven ground and the presence of stumps in the field.

Barely a week after threshing, John and his wife made a trip to Ligonier to sell some of their wheat. The load contained twenty-one bushels and ten pounds and was sold for \$45.00.

Soon after the wheat had been threshed and the hot August sun had dried the fields, John burned the stubble. This burning helped keep the brush and weeds down which otherwise grew back so fast and easily on newly cleared soil, and also made the field easier to plow. The fire destroyed some of the humus however, and really was not good for the soil. But nineteenth century farmers had not been told this. While John was burning the stubble and roots from his fields, an unattended fire got into a new rail fence and burned  $8\frac{1}{2}$  rods of it.

As soon as the field had been burnt over, it was ready for plowing. On August 19 John wrote, "I commenced plowing in the ten acre field." A few days earlier he had bought a new plow point, but it seems the point did not last. After only two days of plowing John "went to Middlebury and got a plow point." This point was not much better than the first had been, though it did last for five days. On September 1 John wrote,

"I plowed some, then I went to Middlebury and bought two plow points, then I plowed again."

Four plow points vanquished the ten acre field and all its roots and stones, and by the 12th. of September John was ready to sow his wheat for the next season's harvest. He had bought ten bushels of seed wheat from his father. The seed was broadcast by hand, and then the field was harrowed to cover the seed.

The corn harvest was next. September 26 has this entry, "Today I cut off corn. I got 60 shocks." This must have been a hard day's work, unless the shocks were small. The following day Jacob Mast helped John cut corn until rain stopped them.

Fall was the season for many odd jobs. John helped "on the road" for two half days. Each farmer was required to work on the roads — leveling, grading, ditching, and planking — as necessary. Another day John borrowed his



neighbor's oxen and "pulled the snacks (snags) round the house." Oxen were slower and steadier than horses, and were therefore preferred for pulling logs or tearing out roots.

Also, it was a common practice for farmers to stack

**Family Life**



some of their grain into their barns where it had a chance to dry thoroughly. Then they threshed in their spare time, often not until winter. Threshing in the barn was dusty, dirty work, but it was a method that had its advantages. On October 5, John wrote, "I helpt. C. E. Bornrtreger threshing. It was a rainy day."

Before October had come to a close, John Bornrtreger had harvested his pumpkins (four wagon loads), dug his potatoes, shocked his corn, and built a porch to the house. He was almost ready for winter. On the fourth day of November five inches of snow fell, and on that day John set out for White Pigeon, Michigan with two wagons. He recorded,

"We tookt two loads of wheat, 40bu. to Pigeon Mill. Then I went and got my fruit tress - 42 apples, 6 pears, 2 cherry - for \$16.80."

These trees had been ordered earlier from a nursery salesman, and they came almost too late for planting that fall. Among the varieties of apple trees listed are Early Harvest, Fall Pippin, Sweet Russett, Maiden Blush, Greening, and Willson's Strawberry. John waited four days until the weather was nice enough to begin planting. His brother Christian came to help. But they did not finish in one day, and the following day according to John, "was an awful rainy day. The weather got very high." After the rain the weather turned sharply colder and more snow fell.

The cold weather brought other problems. The new house still had no chimney! The unplanted fruit trees that remained were placed in a trench in a sheltered spot and the roots covered with dirt, and then John turned his attention to building a chimney.

This is how the account reads: Friday, Nov. 11 - "I finished the stairs so fur that she got passable, then I made a box to build the chimney on." Saturday - "I went to Middlebury and got me a box stove and pipe. It cost \$18.45. Then I went home and commenced the chimney." Sunday - "I been at home all day, and Barbra went home to her mother. It was a midelen cold day. The meeting is at Valentine C. Yoders." Monday - "I made a chimney on the house up to the roof." Tuesday - "I finished the chimney." Thursday - "I fetcht Barbra home."

With the house warm enough for his wife, John turned back to planting trees. The remaining eighteen apple trees and two cherry trees were set out the following day.

After a week of nice weather in December, winter arrived. On December 8 John commented, "This was an awful cold stormy and snowy day." He was working inside that day, finishing the stairs. Perhaps the new house was not as warm as he had hoped.

Dollars and Cents

John Bornrtreger was a hard-working young man who saved his money. A month before his marriage the township assessor called at his home, and that evening he wrote in his diary, "The sessor was here today, my valuation is \$602.00."

That was on January 25. During the remaining months of 1864, John got married, and he and his bride set up housekeeping, built a new house, put up a stable for the cattle, dug a well, and bought livestock and whatever supplies were needed - all for a total cost of \$487.67.

These expenses used up much of John's savings, for his income during the year was only a little over half of his expenses. His actual income came from the following:

Sale of wheat -	\$187.70
Clearing land for Amos Bornrtreger -	48.00
Sale of butter -	6.88
Working (before his marriage) -	4.93

Beef hide -	2.57
Sale of homemade ax handle -	.15
Total -	\$250.03

From the above list it is easy to see that wheat was the mainstay on John Bornrtreger's farm. Other sources of income, especially the first year, were strictly limited; during March and April there was no income at all. For hewing timber and cutting logs in January, John earned less than five dollars in wages. For helping Christian W. Miller thresh on the forenoon of January 7, John was paid thirty-eight cents.

One of the first expenses John lists for the year 1864 is the purchase of the diary itself. The little black book with leather clasps was really a diary for the year 1860, and the days of the week were all wrong for 1864. John paid thirty cents for the book, and every day he marked out the incorrect matching of day and date, and wrote the right day of the week to match 1864.

On the same day that John bought the diary, he had new horseshoes put on his mare. He wrote, "I wrote a letter to Joel Bender. Then I went to Middlebury and got my mare shot (shod). 2 shoes 87 cents."

The largest expense item of the year, of course, was the building of the new house. It is difficult to figure just what the actual cash outlay was for the house - there are so many small entries, some of which are barely legible after 105 years. A fairly regular expense item was the wages paid to John's brother-in-law, Jacob Mast.

On June 15 John attended a sale at John Leibs. There he bought two chairs for \$1.60 and one steer for \$10.25. The steer was to cause John a great deal of headache. A month after he had bought it, John wrote in his diary, "I went up in the marsh to hunt my steer, but ditent find it." On the 12th. of August John took another day off to look for the missing animal. The diary report that evening was the same, "I went hunting my steer but ditent find it." There is no record in the diary that the steer was ever found, but likely it was.

The hand-dug well did not cost John much money. The first load of 100 well bricks are listed at \$3.50. Later, when the well had to be dug deeper, a second trip to White Pigeon was made for 80 additional bricks. These again cost 3½ cents each. John also made two trips to Waterford, south of Goshen, to get a new pump for the well. The first day he bought the pump and the following day he went after it. The price was \$11.00.

During the year John made perhaps thirty trips to town on business. Most of these were short drives to Middlebury, but occasionally it was necessary to go to more distant towns - Goshen, White Pigeon, or Ligonier. Because he was building a new house and starting up in farming and homemaking, it is likely that the number of trips that John made to town in 1864 was greater than in an average year.

John's young wife seldom accompanied him to town. When she did, the occasion called for buying gingham and calico and muslin, and other materials a pioneer wife needed. On August 3 John took his first load of newly-harvested wheat to Ligonier, and Barbara went along. The wheat brought \$45.00, and the Bornrtregers spent \$32.00 of the money before setting out for home again.

The wagon was well loaded for the trip back home. There were two barrels of salt (one for Jacob Masts) which had cost \$4.75 each. Barbara had bargained for eight yards of dress material at 45 cents a yard, three yards of muslin at 37½ cents, one yard calico at 40¢, nine yards of denim at 57¢, and a handkerchief for 36¢.

In a day when supermarkets were unknown, a family's

diet had very little variety, and the grocery bills weren't very large. John Borntrreger and his wife ate a lot of wheat, though in what form is not known. During 1864 they had no less than fourteen bushels of wheat ground at the mill, but at least two bushels of this were for Jacob Masts. The ground wheat flour was apparently used for baking bread and as a cereal — the perennial "mush" that in some pioneer homes was present at every meal.

November was butchering time for the Amish families of LaGrange County. This was still another occasion for the neighbors to work together, helping each other by turn. On a Tuesday Jacob Masts butchered, and Barbara helped while John stayed home to put a ceiling in the new house. On Thursday Jonathan Yoders butchered, and the Borntrregers helped again. On Friday they went to C. E. Borntrregers to butcher. The following week the neighbors and relatives came to John's, and butchered three hogs. John wrote that "they weight about 500 lbs."

The young couple bought surprisingly few household utensils, considering that they were furnishing a house. Some of the items they did buy were: a wash rope - 40¢; ash pail, candle snuffer and molder - \$2.22; ribbon - 20¢; four needles - 9¢; flesh "barl" - \$3.25; canister - \$2.00; box stove - \$12.00; 1 dozen smokepipes (stovepipes) - \$1.80; one-half gallon oil 60¢ and oil can - 75¢; 1½ pint whiskey - 60¢; butter cag (keg) - 55¢; hoe - 75¢; wooden bowl - 40¢; crocks - \$1.62; butcher knife - 60¢.

John Borntrreger did not spend much money for machinery, for most of the work on the farm was done by hand. The plow points he wore out so quickly cost him 60¢ each. In July he found it needful to fix his wagon, and paid \$2.65 for the repairs. At the same time he had a new fellow made, price 35¢.

The only major purchase John made during 1864 for farm machinery was a new set of bob sleighs, purchased on December 28 and costing him \$30.00. By comparison, the cow he bought to milk cost him only \$20.00.

There is no mention of taxes having been paid. However, John made three entries in the cashbook labeled, "bounty". These were January 9 - \$5.00; March 12 - \$10.00; and September 24 - \$27.12.

By way of explanation, the diary entry for September 4 reads,

"After night we went to the war meeting to raise bounty to buy recruits."

The "bounty" must have been a cooperative attempt by the Amish church to raise money to hire substitutes. During 1864 the fee required of conscientious objectors (in lieu of service) was raised from \$200 to \$300.<sup>3</sup> John Borntrreger was himself of draft age, and if the church had not as a brotherhood raised the fee, he might well have had to pay \$300 instead of \$42.12.

#### Religious and Social Life

The settlement of Amish in Elkhart and LaGrange Counties had grown rapidly since its founding in 1841. About the year 1847 the church had been divided into two congregations, the Clinton district and the LaGrange district.<sup>4</sup> By 1864, the LaGrange district where John Borntrreger was building his new home had grown to a size where there was talk of dividing again. This came to pass in 1866 when the LaGrange church was divided to form the Forks District and the Yoder District.<sup>5</sup>

By studying John Borntrreger's diary, we note that there were at least twenty-six Amish families in the LaGrange district in 1864; likely there were even more. As was the common practice in most Amish communities, church

services were held every two weeks, interchangeably from one home to another until each family in the church had been host to the services.

The diary records where the meeting was held on each church Sunday. On January 10 services were held at John Hershbergers, and on the last Sunday of 1864 — Christmas Day — the meeting was at David Millers. The round had not been completed in a year's time, so we can know there were twenty-six or more families.

The family names of the homes in which church services were held during 1864 are as follows: Borntrreger, Eash, Hershberger, Hostetler, Johns, Lehman, Miller, Nisly, Schrock, Weirich, and Yoder. Other names mentioned in the diary which were obviously Amish are: Beam, Gringlesberger, Kauffman, Keim, Mast, Mishler, Plank, Stutzman, and Yost. (Of the names listed, perhaps four are no longer Amish names — Yost, Gringlesberger, Beam, and Johns.)

Usually the Sunday between church services was a day for visiting. During the winter season John and his wife often stayed at home, but when the weather was nice they either visited someone else or had company come in to their home. On two Sundays (one of them Easter) John and his bride attended services in the Clinton district. On two other Sundays, they attended services with the more progressive Amish group who worshiped in a church house.

The diary entry for August 14 reads: "Went to the Waldencers meeting house." The name Waldentz Church appears to have been given to the newly-built (1863) Amish meeting house in Clinton Township. Closer to the Borntrreger home was a second congregation of "meeting house Amish" — the Forks Church, organized about 1857, but with services held in private homes, until the fall of 1864, when a meeting house was built.<sup>6</sup> It is likely in this new meeting house that the Borntrregers attended services on September 25, when John wrote, "Today been to meeting in the meeting house."

During the year John attended four weddings — one of them his own. These occurred in February and March. Two additional couples were published on Christmas Day, namely Daniel Nisley and Anna Yoder, and John Yost and Susan Eash. As no diary for 1865 has been found, the account of these weddings is missing. Their marriages probably took place the first week in January of 1865.

John Borntrreger mentions only two funerals during the year. Both of the deceased persons were near relatives. The first death was on May 16. On the day of the funeral John wrote,

"Today we went to the funeral at brother Eli's; their Barbara died. Her age was 1 year, 10 months, 5 days."

Strangely, the second death was also a Barbara Borntrreger, John's sister, age 28 years and married to David Kauffman. She died in childbirth and was buried on December 14. (John had four sisters and three of them died at childbirth, one of them only seventeen years old.)<sup>7</sup>

John writes that on June 19 there was a meeting "in our schoolhouse". There is no explanation what kind of meeting this was, nor who was in charge. However, there is reason to believe that special church services were held for certain of the many visiting ministers in the community at that time.

For, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the preceding week, June 16-18, 1864, the third annual Amish Dienerversammlung had been held near Goshen, Indiana. This large meeting had been attended by seventy-one Amish



bishops, ministers, and deacons from five states. Among them was John Borntrreger's father,<sup>8</sup> a deacon, John himself, at that time still a lay member, was busy digging his well deeper and lining it with bricks.

A month later, on July 24, regular church services were held at the home of John's parents. A special note is made in the diary that "Old Schwartzendruber was the Preacher." This undoubtedly was Bishop Jacob J. Schwartzendruber, the first Amish bishop of Johnson County, Iowa.<sup>9</sup> He had attended the *Dienerversammlungen* in June and evidently had spent a month visiting through Ohio and Pennsylvania, returning through Indiana on his homeward way. At that time he would have been 64 years old.

During 1864 John Borntrreger attended spelling school twice, once before his marriage and once after it. These classes were in German and were held in the evening at the schoolhouse. John does not state whether he was a student or the teacher, or merely a spectator. With his experience having taught for three years, it is quite possible he was the instructor.

The social life of the Amish families included more than the regular church services and visiting. The neighbors worked together much of the time, doing the various farm jobs — threshing, clearing land, raising buildings, butchering, and making hay. This neighborhood sharing of work had much social value, and helped to keep the families close and intimate.

Acquaintanceships were not limited to the immediate community. During the closing months of the previous year, 1863, John Borntrreger had made an extended trip to Johnstown, Pennsylvania Amish settlement, where many of his relatives lived, and where his girlfriend, Barbara Mishler, had spent her childhood. He also had visited friends and relatives near Springs, Pennsylvania and then stopped off in Holmes County, Ohio on his way home.<sup>10</sup> In this way he had made the friendship of many young men in other communities.

This fact is reflected in the wide correspondence John kept up, especially the first few months of 1864, just prior to his marriage. He wrote nine letters during January, four in February, and four in March. After that his letter writing activities slackened considerably, and he ended the year with a total of twenty-three. During the year he also received twenty-three letters. (Each letter he received and each one he wrote is carefully recorded at the back of his diary.)

It is interesting to note that his letter-writing record, which continued two years beyond the diary, showed that he wrote fewer and fewer letters, perhaps because his wife and children (their first child, Katie, was born January 1, 1865)<sup>11</sup> took more and more of John's time and interest. The year 1865 ended with only eight letters having been written, and the following year John Borntrreger wrote only two!

### Summary

The year 1864 was an eventful one.

For almost three years the Civil War had been draining the lifeblood of the nation's fittest men — a terrible conflict that was to cost more American lives than any other war, even the two World Wars that were to follow. During 1864 the tide of war swung heavily in favor of the Northern forces: General Grant was appointed Chief of the northern armies, and General Sherman marched from Tennessee down through Georgia and to the Sea. On this turn of events, Abraham Lincoln was elected to his second term as president.

Not all was peace at home in Indiana, either. The

Amish churches in LaGrange and Elkhart Counties had for a number of years been torn by a conflict of ideas. Some of the ministers dropped the old forms and ways of doing things, and accepted worldly ideas and standards. Among these were fashionable clothing, holding of political offices, and membership in merchants' guilds.<sup>12</sup>

Those leaders and lay members who were not satisfied with the old standards formed a congregation of their own as early as 1854, drawing their members from both the Clinton and LaGrange districts. Ten years later conditions were still not settled, and one of the items discussed at the *Dienerversammlung* was the lack of peace and unity in the Elkhart and Clinton churches.<sup>13</sup>

During 1864, also, a young Mennonite in Chicago, John F. Funk, began to publish two new church papers, "The Herald of Truth" and its German equivalent, "Herold der Wahrheit". When three years later Funk moved his offices to Elkhart, Indiana, John Borntrreger often went there to buy books, including *The Martyrs' Mirror* and *The Complete Works of Menno Simon*, which Funk had published. The two men became lifelong friends, and died in the same year.

Throughout the year 1864, however, John Borntrreger was quite taken up with his marriage and the building of a home. He makes little mention in his diary of the larger world beyond his farm. He was merely a young lay member who wielded little influence in the church, and who fortunately had but to pay a bounty to keep from going to war.

The influential years of his life were still in the future — the almost sixty years he would serve in the ministry of the Amish church; the writing of many religious articles for John F. Funk's "Herold der Wahrheit" and its Amish successor in 1912, the "Glory Herald" (the "little" Herold der Wahrheit); and the rearing of a family of nine children, among whom was the well-known Amish bishop, Eli J. Borntrreger (1868-1958).

During the many years between 1864 and his death in 1930, John E. Borntrreger filled his place well in the family, the home congregation, and the larger church community. To many friends he was fondly known as "Hansi" Borntrreger.<sup>14</sup> His death at the age of 93 occurred at the old home place where sixty-six years earlier he had built a house for his bride, cleared the forests for farming and kept a diary. ■■

### Footnotes:

<sup>1</sup> See "Eine Geschichte der ersten Ansiedlung der Amischen Mennoniten . . . im Staate Indiana", by Hans E. Borntrreger, 1907; reprinted by Enos H. Miller, 1961

<sup>2</sup> Borntrreger, Eli J., "My Life Story", Shipshewana, Indiana, 1960, p. 3

<sup>3</sup> Wright, Edward N., *Conscientious Objectors in the Civil War*, A. S. Barnes and Company, 1931; pp. 82-83

<sup>4</sup> "Eine Geschichte der ersten Ansiedlung . . .", p. 11

<sup>5</sup> Ibid, p. 16

<sup>6</sup> Wenger, John C., *The Mennonites in Indiana and Michigan*, Herald Press, 1961, p. 167

<sup>7</sup> "My Life Story", p. 2

<sup>8</sup> "Verhandlungen der dritten jährlichen Diener-Versammlung", Johann Bär's Söhne, Lancaster, 1864

<sup>9</sup> Guengerich, Samuel D., "Brief History of the Amish Settlement in Johnson County, Iowa", *Mennonite Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1929, p. 246

<sup>10</sup> From a small notebook purchased by John E. Borntrreger, October 13, 1863, and used as a trip diary of his journey to Ohio and Pennsylvania, Oct. 15, 1863 - Dec. 3, 1863

<sup>11</sup> Stutzman, Leon K., "Descendants of John E. Borntrreger", Millersburg, Indiana, 1953; p. 7

<sup>12</sup> "Eine Geschichte der ersten Ansiedlung", p. 14-15

<sup>13</sup> "Verhandlungen . . .", p. 2 ff.

<sup>14</sup> "Descendants of John E. Borntrreger", p. 3



## SEEDTIME

AND

## HARVEST



When God promised Noah after the flood that as long as the earth remained, there would be day and night, seed-time and harvest, He was inferring that there would never again be a world wide flood. The laws which govern day and night, seedtime and harvest, the seasons and the years, were put in effect when God created the world.

In four days God created order out of disorder and put the rules of the universe into effect. During the centuries since, man has been exploring and learning more all the time as to what these laws are and how they work.

Long ago man measured time by months, which were from one full moon until the next. This was approximately 29 days. We now know that the lunar month, from new moon to new moon, is 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, and 2.8 seconds. In Bible times the Israelites had a watchman on the walls of Jerusalem whose business it was to watch for the appearance of the new moon. When it became visible, he would blow a trumpet to announce throughout the land the Sabbath and the beginning of the month.

Astronomers learned to determine the beginning of summer by observing the farthest north point of sunrise or sunset. Likewise winter began when the sun reached its farthest south point. Spring and fall began when the sun rose and set due east and west.

At the time the pyramids of Egypt were built the Egyptian astronomers had mapped the path of the sun. One of the pyramids was so constructed that on three days of April the rising sun would shine deeply into the rooms in the middle of the pyramid. This happens every year on the three days which the Egyptians observed as feast days to the sun god.

Such methods of determining the month may seem crude to us, but they actually worked very well in that they did not change the pattern of the year. For the Hebrews the year began with the first ripening of the barley in the spring. Thus the beginning of the year may have varied a few weeks from year to year but basically it remained the same. It was only with the invention of the first calendar that the year was soon out of season.

The first crude calendar was made several centuries before the time of Christ. But because the year was about one day short, it happened that after ninety years, spring came in the middle of winter.

When this was discovered, a correction was made, which helped some. But the calendar was still not accurate so finally leap year was invented which added one day every four years. Yet even this is not quite accurate, so every hundred years a leap year is skipped — thus 1700, 1800, and 1900 were not leap years, though they can be evenly divided by four. Nor does that rule hold out completely — every century year that can be evenly divided by 400 is a leap year. The year 1600 was a leap year and the year 2000 will also be.

Astronomy today is a very exacting science. By the use of computers the path and the timing of the earth and the heavenly bodies can be determined accurately for years in advance.

It is now known that the exact length of our year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds long.

Of course, to the average farmer the exact length of the year down to the second is not important. But it is important to know that the whole universe is set in an orderly motion and that behind it all is an all-powerful Creator who created it that way. ■■

"Nothing is easier than faultfinding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains are required to set up in the grumbling business."

- Robert West

### Return Addresses :

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# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## SCHABAB IS OFF-SCOURINGS

I have an old German-English dictionary which gives the meaning of "Schabab" as "scrapings or refuse". I was reminded of the verse in I Cor. 4:13, "offscourings of all things."

I looked it up in various German translations and to my surprise I found the word used in the Froschauer translation (Wiedertäufer Bibel). It gives that verse as "Wir sind als ein Auskehr der Welt und jedermans schabab worden."

- Lester R. Sauder, Pa.

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## ONE THING YOU CAN TAKE ALONG

Please more stories like "Susie's Seeds" (July issue). Parents should be alert in raising children. Seems money means more to some than honest Christian children. After all there is only one thing you can take along to heaven, and that is your children, if they follow the footsteps of Jesus.

- Mrs. L. H., Iowa.

\*\*\*

## WHO WILL STAND IN THE GAP?

The article, "Only Yesterday" (August) was very much needed. Not long ago there was a funeral and we saw a group of supposed-to-be Amish girls with the length of the dresses just a little below the knee instead of 8 inches close to the floor where they should have been. Yes, you can see them in church with the length of the dresses coming even with the top of the church benches.

Shame on us! Who will stand in the gap?

- L. L., Indiana

\*\*\*

## IS THERE STILL HOPE?

In the June issue in the article "The Unforgiveable Sin," there is a question to me. In the next to the last paragraph it says that if there is a spark of repentance there is hope. But the ten virgins who went to meet the bridegroom all had a spark of repentance, but only five were accepted.

- Mrs. E. M., Indiana

ANSWER:—What the article says is that as long as we feel a spark of repentance or a desire to return to God, we have not sinned against the Holy Ghost. This means there is still forgiveness available. But if we do not repent and obtain forgiveness for our sins, then we are still in a lost condition.

\*\*\*

## DON'T STAND IN THE MIDDLE

We liked the article "Tobacco, A Burning Issue", August issue. This kind of teaching based on Bible principles and accurate facts of the church's position in former years is more accurate in showing our people the error

of the tobacco issue than rash uncharitable statements.

Although my position on tobacco is negative in all shapes or forms, I do sympathize with those who have convictions and are wondering what is right. I went through this same experience trying to decide. I was like the soldier in World War I who tried to stay neutral by going out with U.S. coat and German pants. Instead of no one shooting at him he had both sides shooting at him.

This unscriptural practice has enslaved many people and I am sorry it ever took root in our plain churches. I would like to encourage those who want to take their stand against it.

\*\*\*

## TIME TO ADJUST

Very likely you will think that because we raise tobacco is the reason we did not like the article, "Tobacco, A Burning Issue" (August), but this is not the only reason.

First of all I'm not especially in favor of tobacco, but I do not wish to condemn it either.

I believe the time may come though, that we plain people must stop raising it if we wish to keep the respect of the public. Now may be the time to think of the change. But people need time to adjust and should not be bombarded with too much pressure. I believe there is a better way.

- Maryland

\*\*\*

## WHAT TO DO?

We heartily agree with all you have said but what can we do, we grow the dirty stuff! It's like this, — we live on a small farm in Lancaster County and I'm sure you know the price of land here. We have no dairy nor the money to put one in. Our lane is too long and washed out for a milkman to come in and we have no money to pave it.

Shall we buy another farm? Where? With what? Go to another state? We have six small children and want them to attend church with us regularly. We do not want to go away from our church.

What shall we do, go on farming it against our conscience? No. But that's what we are doing. To us it is not only a bad habit but it is bread and shoes. Even with the tobacco check we only broke even in our first year of farming. What can we do?

\*\*\*

## TOO MUCH AND TOO STRONG

I feel that the August issue mostly has a depressing effect on your readers. If you think they need information on the subjects you have covered, then why insist on an overdose, so as to kill the patient.

In the article about insecticides you feel people spray

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too much. In some cases I'm sure they do but we can't do anything on the national level since we don't help run the government. In truck farming spraying is necessary, or nobody is going to buy. The public wants perfect fruit and vegetables. Either we supply them with what they want or we have no sale.

If we wouldn't spray our trees, we wouldn't have any saleable fruit and very little for ourselves.

I'm sorry if this letter seems to just criticize as it's meant to be constructive. If you are too rough on people's feelings then your magazine will suffer. I don't mean you should give up your convictions, only don't give such big doses at one time. It can do more harm than good.

- L., Maryland

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## THE DOCTOR IS IN!

I was glad for the article on quacks ("Is The Doctor In?" August issue). The other day a lady was here selling mineral water. I told her about this article. "Yes, I know she answered. "Someone else showed it to me."

- S.P., Pa.

\*\*\*

About the report of a certain doctor using a ouija board, I have been there several times and I have reason to question that report. He does retire to another room and uses some kind of machine as I heard him turn on knobs. It sounded just like what Dr. Nehls of near Mt. Eaton uses to make his diagnosis, but Dr. Nehls has his machine where the patient can see it. I understand it works like an electro-cardiogram.

- E.M.Y., Ohio

ANSWER. An electro-cardiogram is recognized as a machine to check on the heart. To the best of our knowledge there is no machine able to ascertain if and where anyone got an unknown bump on the head 40 years ago.

\*\*\*

I agree with you 100% about the quack doctors. I think a lot of people go for the ride—the farther the better. My neighbor takes people from here up to \_\_\_\_\_; she told me she hates to drive them up there to get cheated, but it's her business to drive taxi. She said the next load she takes she's going to see if he has a diploma.

A.H.—Pa.

\*\*\*

I thought the article about the quack doctors was a good one. I wish some of them would read it but of course they'd probably have a story against it.

- H.R.M., Lanc., Pa.

\*\*\*

All I can say is Amen to the quack doctor article. I've known a station wagon of people (mostly women) go from Ohio to Pa. to a wonderful doctor, and like as not had we known it, a load from Pa. were in Ohio to just as wonderful a doctor.

- A.H., Ontario

\*\*\*

The article "Is The Doctor In?" was disappointing. I wish you could have presented a more balanced view, for as it is, it represents the extreme view of the dominant elements in the American Medical Society. This is about like it would be to depend on information from the American Legion to write an article on the position of the Amish

and Mennonites on participation in war.

- G.R.C., Indiana.

ANSWER: We do not agree with the American Medical Society in their fight against chiropractors and certain other medical men (which they do not recognize). We do agree with them that quacks should not be patronized. We tried to present a balanced view of the subject in the referred-to article.

\*\*\*

Congratulations on the quack article. I felt as if you had written down my very thoughts. At one time it was mostly our own people who would run so fast to such places but I've learned that many other people are just as bad. We are all human and the lure of a quick cure is hard to resist.

\*\*\*

- P.B., Pa.

I do not agree with the statements about food supplements. The writer of the article says that for those people who have a well-balanced diet, fresh air and exercise, it is a waste of money to buy expensive food supplements. Who has a balanced diet? Certainly not the people eating refined foods.

For centuries bread has been known to be the staff of life. But what do we get out of our bread today? The bran is removed taking with it much of the Vitamin B, minerals and proteins. The wheat germ is removed containing iron proteins, Vitamin B complex, Vitamin E, and 24 other vitamins, minerals or food elements.

What is left is the endosperm or bulk of the kernel where cellulose, starch and gluten are abundant. Endosperm contains no vitamins and hardly any minerals. The bread of today is a far cry from the bread in Bible times where it was known as the staff of life.

Then as a cover for a very poor product, synthetic iron and three synthetic vitamins are added and it is called "enriched bread". Is it really enriched? The use of synthetic vitamins can upset chemical balance with body cells. Tests with animals showed that where there was a survival rate of 54% with white bread, when "enriched" bread was fed, the survival dropped to 49%. When the tests were run with whole wheat bread there were no survivors. The reason for this is that 4 times as much bleach is used in whole wheat flour as in white, to keep the bugs out and as a preservative.

A noted Harvard chemist said that every admission to a hospital should be considered as a failure in preventive medicine. I feel that the health food salesman should not be out to make money, but because he is interested in helping his customers. The average doctor has had very little time to study nutrition. (Recently I talked to a county health nurse who also admitted she had practically no training in nutrition.) The doctor's business is to cure diseases, not to prevent them. His whole business is based on drugs and there is more money in that than in prevention.

Research shows that the only wholesome bread is that which is made from wheat high in protein, grown without irrigation on soil that has not been depleted, preferably organically fertilized. The flour should be ground by a stone type mill within a few hours of the conversion to bread. You can no more build or rebuild your body with white flour, white sugar, glucose or corn syrup than you can repair your automobile with gasoline, or build a locomotive out of coal.

Dr. Francis Pottenger, a child specialist, says that

even the telephone tells the story of man's malnutrition. He says that the new telephone has been designed three-fourths inch shorter because of the shortening of man's jaw and lower face in the last generation. He says this is the result of malnutrition which has become universal among the American people. The shortening of the jaw also brings a corresponding shortening of the lower part of the brain and a lengthening of the limbs, the fingers, and an increase in the size of the feet in today's generation. He thinks malnutrition is also the chief cause of juvenile delinquency and the growing crime rate.

Dr. C. W. Cavananaugh, Cornell University, says there is only one major disease and that is malnutrition. All ailments and afflictions are directly traceable to this major disease. It was reported to President Johnson in 1965 that the U.S. is the richest and unhealthiest nation in the world.

We have two choices. We could do like the people of Hunza or the Ecuador Valley of which you mentioned in August Family Life, or we can take a complete balanced food supplement made from organic sources. Are we willing to do something for our family or will we be overfed and undernourished? Supplementation has long been accepted as necessary for the livestock, even though their feed is not refined. Which is the most important to you, your family or your livestock?

- Levi Eicher, Ontario

**ANSWER** There may be several questions which your letter leave unanswered. By what standard is the U.S. the unhealthiest nation in the world? Secondly, how did the ancients manage to grind their flour and bake their bread within several hours' time? Thirdly, how can the telephone prove that man's jaw is getting shorter, considering that 50 years ago the telephones had a separate mouthpiece and speaker?

\*\*\*

"Why is it that so many of our people are being caught in the trap of a quack? How can we believe that a woman who had been under medical care for a long time should have her body very full of poison, as the next doctor reported. Doesn't that sound like a quack? Or if a doctor in the east claims that a person got a bump on the head a long time ago, that should make us so suspicious that we wouldn't even go.

- L. L., Indiana.

## WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

What is wrong with public schools? What do parochial schools offer? What can we learn from history? What are the duties of Christian parents? How does someone go about starting a parochial school?

This booklet can give you some of the answers to the above questions. It is a reprint from the "Blackboard Bulletin" and was written by the editor, Joseph Stoll.

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## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### ORGANIZED CRIME-BIG BUSINESS

Few people realize that organized crime in the U.S. today is larger, in terms of net profit, than U.S. Steel, General Motors, Standard Oil, General Electric, Ford Motor Co., IBM, Chrysler and RCA all put together. Formerly called the Mafia, it's now more commonly known as Cosa Nostra.

The organization has an estimated 4,000 members in the U.S. and Canada divided into "families" located in large cities. At the head of each of these families is a boss and a number of underbosses.

The Mafia operated for several hundred years in Sicily before coming to the U.S. in the early part of the twentieth century. During prohibition days it thrived on bootlegging but now it lives mostly on gambling, narcotics, prostitution, trade union relations and usury.

In order to gain protection from the law, they engage in legitimate businesses and depend on bribing police officials with regular payments of large sums of money. It is reported that in Newark, New Jersey, the sum of \$12,000 per month is accepted by the heads of the police department from the gangsters. The recent riots in that city are said to have been caused by black resentment against corrupt law enforcement officials.

According to a report in TIME magazine, New York City and Chicago are two cities where the gangsters have considerable influence on city politics. When a FBI indictment charged twenty-nine Chicago policemen with graft, the Mayor scoffed at the charges and the policemen were never brought to trial. Some of them were shortly promoted.

When lie detector tests were given to five men suspected of robbing a Chicago bank, it was not to find the guilty man but to determine who had informed the FBI. The man who had tipped off the law officers was murdered a short time later.

In order to join the Mafia, a man must be of Italian descent and must take an oath to hold the organization above his religion, his country, his wife and his children. After taking the oath, the new member mixes blood by pricking his finger and mixing it with the blood of a member of the gang.

Up to 1952, no one was accepted into the gang who had not killed at least one man. A New Jersey man lamented the fact that today they have members who "never broke an egg".

The members are under oath to abide by the organization's code of ethics. The penalty for breach of promise is death. If a boss becomes too powerful or is in any other way unacceptable to the gang he is removed, usually by assassination.

Until recently when members of the mob met, they would greet each other with a kiss. But this has been dropped and changed to a handshake so as not to be so obvious in public.

Since the organization is the world's largest business, **Family Life**



there is money available for investment. Sometimes it is lent out to business men who do not have bank credit but must have money right away. The common arrangement is a 6 for 5 set-up whereby for every \$5 lent on Monday, \$6 must be returned by Saturday noon. If they are unable to do this, the gang takes over the business.

In New York gangsters got control of a large detergent manufacturing plant. When they came out with Brand X detergent, A & P officials refused to sell it because it was an inferior product. The gangsters insisted and finally

resorted to violence to accomplish their ends. Four A & P employees died suddenly, and six stores were fire-bombed. Then the Unions threatened to go on strike. Rather than submit to a federal investigation the gangsters sold their plant and got out of the business.

There is also constant feuding between rival gangs. The worst gangland war was in 1931 when the over-all leader plus forty of his helpers in various cities throughout the U.S. were murdered in one day.

## PATHWAY PEN POINTS

### HOW DID HE KNOW?

The bus rolled to a stop in a small western town. My wife and I got off and went into a filling station which served as the bus station.

"Where is a restaurant where we could buy a lunch?" I asked the man who was running the station.

"There is one down the street a short distance, and there are also two down in the main part of town," he replied.

We started walking toward the nearest one. When we got close enough to see it more plainly, we saw a large liquor sign in front of it. So we turned off the street and walked toward the main part of town.

Soon we met a man walking along the sidewalk. "Could you tell us where the two restaurants are down in the main part of town?" I asked him.

"There is one right back here," he said, motioning to the one we had just passed by.

"Yes, we saw that one, but decided to go down into town," I answered.

"I'm sorry to say, but they serve liquor down there, too," he replied.

How did he know that was the reason we didn't want to go into the first one?

- J. E., Ontario

### A LIGHT TO THE WORLD

Our neighbor lady who claims to be a Christian but does not attend any church asked me the other day if I had seen what was in the papers. Several miles from here was a gathering of about two hundred and fifty young people. Quite a few of the young people had been drinking and making noise and someone called the police. Two youths were arrested when one of them kicked in the window of a police cruiser. These two young men had come home from Colorado where they were in I-W service.

Our neighbor lady said she thinks it is a disgrace to the plain people who want to live godly lives. She said she thinks these young men ought to be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. She seemed to be saying, "Why, look at these people, they are worse than we are."

She also talked about another occasion when two youths in I-W service came home to visit. They brought a young man along from the place where they worked. The I-W men drove their car at a reckless speed which resulted in an accident in which the young man was killed.

Our neighbor lady said that these youths were just as bad as if they had killed a person in war and aren't fit to

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be in I-W. Incidents like this make her feel that she is "just as good or better than they are."

I was made to think of the words of the prophet Nathan when he talked to David of the sin he had committed. "By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." 2 Sam. 2:14.

We as Christians should be shining "as lights in a crooked and perverse nation." May the Lord have mercy on those who think they can "sow wild oats" while they are young regardless of the effect on themselves and others.

Even the world must be disappointed in us as they watch us, (and they do) if they see we are inconsistent. If we are the salt of the earth then let us live up to our high calling.

- Mabel Auker, Pa.

### DO OTHERS DO SUCH THINGS?

I wonder if there are people who never cheated or stole or told a lie or done mean things? When age comes on us we remember. I don't remember I ever stole or cheated while I was a school girl, but once I was sent to a country store and when I got there, there was no one in. A big pile of jelly egg candy was on the counter and I took one and ate it. I was sorry later that I had done it.

I once played a mean trick on my sister. I put my hand in water, then in red pepper and sneaked up and put my hand across her mouth. She jumped and spit and carried on. I thought it was funny the way she acted. Later she got it back on me — she did the same thing. It was awful, but I didn't make a move so that she couldn't laugh at me.

Once when I lived on my Grandpa's farm I found a good match in the outhouse. I should have taken it in, but I struck it and threw it down. Some paper started to burn and the smoke rolled out of the shanty. This was such a dumb place to have a fire. The men were resting and hired help was in the yard. I wanted to go after a bucket of water to make it out but was afraid the men would see me. So I went away and thought someone will make it out.

The smoke got bigger and bigger so I said, "Oh look at that smoke." All the men jumped up and someone got a pail of water and went into the outhouse and made it out. My mother came up to me and said, "You know something about that fire."

I was ashamed and lied to her and said I didn't know anything about it. But later when I got older I said how it was. I wonder, do such things happen to other people too?

- C. M., Lancaster County, Pa.



It was encouraging to see so much interest among our people in the parochial school movement. The annual teachers' meeting was held near LaGrange, Indiana on Aug. 7th and 8th, with a good attendance. There were busloads from Pennsylvania, Geauga County, Ohio and Illinois, and smaller groups from many different states. The total number of teachers and ex-teachers present was 140.

Two states were outstanding, Illinois and Iowa, as they were well represented this year by teachers, board members and ministers. These two states are getting into the school movement in earnest and they may soon be in the same class as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana.

Twelve years ago when the Blackboard Bulletin was started there were only a handful of schools. Since 1959 the increase has been astounding and there is still no sign of a let-up.

The Blackboard Bulletin, too, has grown both in size and circulation. The last several issues have been especially interesting. The subscription price is \$2.00 per year.

The Ambassador of Peace also has a new look. It might be in order to mention that instead of only a I-W paper, it is now a young people's magazine. There is a surprising amount of interesting and worthwhile reading material in it. The subscription price is \$2.50 per year, but if you wish to go on the 3-in-1 plan and get all of Pathway's magazines, send in \$7.50 and you will be given credit for the unexpired portion of your present subscription.

In looking over some old issues of The Blackboard Bulletin of 8 or 9 years ago, one thing stands out. Some of the best writers who contributed articles regularly are seldom heard from now. This is hard to understand as most of them are still actively interested in schools.

We wonder, will the same thing happen to Family Life writers? We hope not. Although new writers will be growing up and starting in all the time, yet we can not afford to lose the excellent writers who have been sending in articles during the past two years.

Summer months are busy months, and for this reason it seems as though there have been fewer outside articles in Family Life the last while. When this happens, then the editors have to get busy and do more of the work themselves.

But as the evenings get longer, we will be looking for more material from those of our readers who do have the ability to write interesting articles.

Mailing the Family Life copies for the States from Detroit seems to be working out very well. Where it formerly took a week to 10 days, they are now going through to Ohio and Indiana in two days. Pennsylvania and other states take from 3 days to a week. There is also a considerable savings in postage.

We do not have many subscribers in Central and South America. Those we do have say that mail service to these countries is very slow. Recently we received an interest-

ing letter from Henry Hertzler of the Chaco in Paraguay, of which the following excerpts may be of interest to our readers.

"The June issue of Family Life arrived here on August 16th. (Editor's note: It was on the road for 76 days.) There is not much English reading material available here so Family Life makes a round to all the English speaking residents of the village. The June Ambassador came several days later and it also goes around the village.

"It is winter time now and the weather is cool today. The temperature was down to 54 degrees this morning which is cooler than average. It's been a long time since it was up to 100 degrees during the day but it goes to the mid-nineties about every week. Our coldest reading this winter was 28 degrees on the porch and 24 in the grass. Those who keep records say it was the coldest they have had for 9 years.

"Last November it was 118 in the shade, which is the warmest they have had for 40 years. We have had only  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch of rain since May 28th. The frost killed everything, but the grass is growing out again. Soon we will have to start pumping water for the cattle as water holes are getting low.

"Yesterday we helped several Mennonites round up cattle on a 1,000 acre ranch. We branded, vaccinated, and cut horns as needed. One old bull got tired of the nonsense and in no time we were out of the corral. He hit the fence just inches below Elmer Detweiler's feet.

"I saw in the Blackboard Bulletin where someone made the suggestion that on certain days only High German should be spoken on the school grounds. I don't think there is an Amish teacher anywhere who could conduct a class discussion or playground session strictly in High German.

"That's the only language we can use to do business or even visit with our neighbors. It goes a lot better now than when I came here but there are still times when I can't get through without explaining instead of just saying it.

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### The Plan of Salvation

One frequently hears the charge brought against the plain churches, "Yes, they have many goodpoints, but they just don't preach the plan of salvation."

Only the other day I heard it, and I decided to do a little thinking on the subject. Just what do the people who say this mean by the "plan of salvation"? What is the "plan of salvation" anyhow?

If it is true that the plain churches do not teach the plan of salvation, there is plenty of reason to be concerned. But before we accept such a charge as true, it is only right that we find out what the people who are making it mean by "the plan of salvation."

About six months ago I came across a magazine write-up about a popular evangelist from Ohio. The magazine told in glowing terms of the man's great success in drawing crowds to his meetings and of the many conversions under his preaching. I was less than impressed, for the same article told how this man said he does not have time to discuss doctrine. He said he would let others argue about doctrine if they wished; he intended to stay busy preaching "salvation."

This man's statement sums up many people's thinking about salvation. It implies that salvation can be separated from doctrine. It implies that a person can have salvation while disobeying the many commandments of the Bible that are doctrinal in nature. This is a misleading concept of salvation which is far from Scriptural. It ignores the words of Jesus when he said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15

Many of these people who are doing the most talking about the "plan of salvation" have what might be called the ABC religion. They have been reading Billy Graham, Billy Sunday, D.L. Moody, and a lot of other false teachers more than they have been reading the Bible and the teachings of our Anabaptist forefathers.

To these people who are mixed up in some brand of the "ABC" religion, life is very simple. These are the people who have everything down on a formula basis so that it could almost be taught to a kindergarten class. To them it is as simple and easy to follow as a recipe for baking a cake. Their concept of the plan of salvation is: STEP ONE: Fall on your knees, say you are a sinner and in need of God. STEP TWO: Ask Jesus to come and live in your heart. STEP THREE: Summon a sudden burst of faith and thank God loudly for having so gloriously saved you. STEP FOUR: Go out repeating your testimony, which seems to mean, talk about yourself in religious terms. (There may be a number of slight variations in the formula, but the over-simplified, step-by-step, bake-a-cake approach remains the same.)

A, B, C. One, two, three. There. As simple as that. It's done. You were a sinner and now you are a saint. It doesn't matter that you did it on the spur of the moment under a strong emotional appeal. It doesn't matter that you know nothing of the doctrines and commandments of the Bible. It doesn't matter that your will isn't broken. It doesn't matter that you are not united with a Bible-believing, disciplining church. Why should it matter, for now you are "saved."

Saved. For those in the "ABC" religion, it's almost a magic word. When someone mentions the worldliness in

their lives, they don't worry. They just say how glad they are those things are secondary, and that now, at last, they are saved. It's a word that is often used as an automatic exemption from following those unhandy Bible teachings on non-conformity, self-denial, and discipleship.

This is a false concept of the "plan of salvation". If we look honestly at it we will see that it is closely connected with the mass-meeting, altar-calling type of conversion. It has more in common with the teachings of present-day evangelists than with the blood-steeped writings of our martyred forefathers. It is too bad that we have allowed people who disregard such basic Bible principles as non-resistance and church discipline to influence us in our concept of what the plan of salvation actually is.

The plan of salvation is not just several verses from John and one from Romans. The plan of salvation is the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

The plan of salvation is not something that happens to us in one "experience" and lasts the rest of our life. The plan of salvation is something we need every day as long as we live. Our salvation dare never be in the past tense, or it will only be pretense.

The plan of salvation is so many things. It is a daily walk on the narrow way. It is a broken and a contrite spirit. It is a teachable attitude. It is love for our fellowmen. It is faith in the promises of God. It is repentance. It is purity. It is compassion. It is being honest with ourselves, our fellowmen, and God. It is accepting responsibility. It is submitting to authority. It is being a part of a Bible-based fellowship where saints are encouraged and sinners admonished. It is all these and a thousand more. Above all, it is a humble dependence on the grace of God, realizing that we have deserved and still do deserve only eternal condemnation.

If the plan of salvation could be summed up in a half dozen verses, the Bible would not need to be so long. For the Bible is given for no other purpose than for the salvation of men.

The plan of salvation is not just a commitment that we make in one half hour. It is true that we all must come to the place where we realize that we are lost and need a Saviour. But that is not the plan of salvation. It is only the beginning. The plan of salvation the Bible teaches includes our whole lives. Our commitment to God will avail us nothing unless it is followed up by daily cross-bearing. I believe that many times John 3:16 has been quoted when it would have been well to quote alongside of it the words of Jesus when he also said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

For the plan of salvation is more than the atonement. It is also discipleship. Without discipleship the atonement is of no value to us, regardless of how many words we make to the contrary. The Apostle James says it is easier to prove we have a saving faith by how we live than by what we say. (James 2:14-18)

Closely connected with the over-simplification of the plan of salvation is a wrong concept of the new birth. Too many think of the new birth as the same thing as a decision. A decision can be made with ease. To be born is a painful process. A birth involves struggle, suffering, and agony. Our forefathers taught that even as the natural birth is not accomplished without much sighing and pain and travail, so it is with the spiritual birth.

We should indeed be concerned that our churches do teach what the Bible teaches. We all know there is much

work to be done. There are conditions among us that are not as they should be. But to say that the plain churches do not teach the plan of salvation is hardly fair. It would be fairer to say that they do not believe that merely to talk about one's salvation is enough. It must also be lived.

Undoubtedly the plain churches should teach the plan of salvation more — the whole plan. But I am thankful that it is taught as fully as it is. For every time we teach that the way to heaven is narrow, we teach a part of it. Every time we teach that the grace of God is calling men to repentance, we teach a part of it. Every time we teach that men must love God and forgive each other, we teach a part of it. Every time we teach that religion without self-

denial and discipleship is a mockery, we teach a part of it.

We could go on for hours. The list is as long as the sermons our ministers preach with such earnestness every Sunday. The list is as long as the pages of *Family Life*, which are devoted to "Christian living" (another term for the plan of salvation). Last of all, and most important, the list is as long as the line of dedicated fathers and mothers, school teachers, and young people in every community who radiate the Gospel message of hope and love in their daily lives.

- E. S.

## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

### KNOW THYSELF

The man sat in a dark corner of the room, his face buried in his arms. His mind throbbed with the bitter pain of disappointment — disappointment in himself. Guilt stricken by a recent failure, he kept repeating in a dazed tone, — "I can't understand what made me do it. I can't understand what made me do it."

Only a few days before the distressed man had been quite pleased with himself. He wasn't proud, oh, of course not — he would never have admitted such a thing. But he liked to think he had a fairly good record, and had never been caught in anything very disgraceful. He had always considered himself, well, how would you say it — a pretty good man. And that was why the shame of failure was so hard to accept.

In short, though the man had many praiseworthy points, he had never learned to know himself. He did not know what a sinful nature was within him. He had never learned the truth about human nature. Thus it followed that he had quite the wrong opinion of himself — he believed himself to be basically a good person who was incapable of doing anything very wrong or sinful. No wonder he was due for a shock.

I have been told that on the other side of the world stands a pagan temple, and that above the doorway of the temple is carved an inscription in stone letters. The inscription is placed in such a position that it is almost impossible to enter the temple without seeing it. The message is short, only two words — KNOW THYSELF. If even the heathen recognize self-knowledge as an important lesson for all to learn, surely it is even more so for us who profess to be followers of the true God.

But what does it take to learn to rightfully know one's self? What do we mean by self-knowledge? We live in an age when knowledge has become the god of millions. We have been led to believe that knowledge and learning are the answer to the ills of mankind. Society today has made education a must. Education has been put on a pedestal, and everyone is pressured to bow down before it. It is the god that is going to deliver mankind from poverty, prejudice, and the population explosion. Yet in the midst of this mad race after knowledge, it appears that the most

necessary kind of knowledge is still lacking — self-knowledge. For without self-knowledge, all other knowledge is but an empty sound.

It is not that men and women don't think about themselves, for most of us seem to think of little else. Yet the mere thinking about one's self is not self-knowledge. Fifty years ago a writer explained it this way, "We think of what we shall be, what we shall get, how we appear, what we shall do, now and then, perhaps what we shall be, but rarely if ever, what we are."

Self-knowledge consists in facing the truth about what we are. That is why it is such a painful kind of knowledge.

We have such an abundance of other kinds of knowledge today that we can send a man up to the moon and bring him back. Yet despite the glamor of this achievement, the rising crime rate, the riots, the unrest of youth, the unwed mothers, the victims of dope, and the thousands of broken homes prove that man has not yet learned to know himself. It is sad that man has learned to explore the moon and has not the wisdom to conquer self.

One reason self-knowledge is so rare is undoubtedly due to the fact that few men are humble enough to face the truth of what man really amounts to, aside from the grace of God. I know of no place where this is illustrated more clearly than in the well-known allegory, *Pilgrim's Progress*. In this book, Christian and Hopeful are on their way to the Celestial City when one day they meet with a lad from the country of Conceit. Christian and Hopeful soon discover that the lad's name is Ignorance. As they walk and talk together, Christian asks Ignorance what reason he has to think he will be allowed to enter once he reaches the Celestial City. Ignorance answers, "Because my heart tells me so."

Christian: The Bible says, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

Ignorance: That was spoken of an evil heart, but mine is a good one.

Christian: How dost thou prove that?

Ignorance: It comforts me in the hope of heaven.

Christian: That may be through its deceitfulness; for a man's heart may comfort him in something for which he has no grounds to hope.

Ignorance: But my heart and life agree together; and therefore my hope is well grounded.

Christian: Who told thee that thy heart and life agree together?

Ignorance: My heart tells me so.

Christian: That's like asking a thief if he is honest. Thy heart tells thee so! Except the Word of God beareth witness in this matter, other testimony is of no value.

Ignorance: But is it not a good heart that hath good

**Family Life**



thoughts?

Christian: Yes, that is a good heart that hath good thoughts, but it is one thing, indeed, to have good thoughts, and another thing only to think so.

Ignorance: Pray, what count you good thoughts?

Christian: There are many different kinds of good thoughts: some about ourselves, some of God, and some of other things.

Ignorance: What are good thoughts respecting ourselves?

Christian: When we pass the same judgement upon ourselves which the Word passes. To explain myself: the Word of God saith of persons in a natural condition, "There is none righteous, there is none that doeth good." It saith also that "every imagination of man's heart is only evil, and that continually." And again, "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." Now, then, when we think thus of ourselves, then are our thoughts good ones, because they are according to the Word of God.

Ignorance: I will never believe that my heart is that bad.

Christian: Therefore thou never hadst one good thought concerning thyself in thy life.

Too many of us have been the companions of Ignorance, and like him have refused to believe what the Bible says about the true nature of our inner selves. Few like to think that outside of the grace of God their "heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." (Jer. 17:9) That is why self-knowledge has never been a popular course in any school.

The New Testament church was yet young when the apostles met face to face with a man who was completely lacking in self-knowledge. For a long time this man had been "bewitching the people ... giving out that himself was some great one." With such an exalted opinion of himself, it is no wonder that Simon the Sorcerer found it hard to believe when Peter told him bluntly, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity."

Peter's words should have been plain enough for anyone to understand. Yet Simon's answer shows that they hadn't soaked in. "Pray for me," he said, "that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me."

Poor Simon. The truth was just too much for him to face. Peter had told him frankly that those things already were upon him, that already his heart was not right. But it was almost impossible for Simon to think of himself as wicked. That is why a true evaluation of ourselves is so hard to come by. Our thinking is too apt to be flavored by what we want to think. And very few people want to think bad things about themselves.

This tendency to think of ourselves "more highly than we ought to think" is something that is not reserved to only a few individuals. The last book of the Bible gives us an account of not one person, but a whole congregation who were thinking completely the wrong thing about themselves. They did not seem to have much true self-knowledge. For a long time they had been used to thinking, "We are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." They had a very smug opinion of themselves. It must have come as a crushing blow indeed to receive a message from heaven charging them with being "wretched,

and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked." (Rev. 3:18)

The counsel the Spirit of God gave to the lukewarm and proud church at Laodicea is still good for us today who have similar trouble. "Anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." We need God's eyesalve in order to see that everything we have — our health, our strength, our talents, our possessions, and our hope of heaven — is but an undeserved gift. We need this eyesalve in order to see our true condition, our complete helplessness, our empty-handedness, our utter unworthiness and sinfulness. For it is only when we see ourselves as God sees us that we have come to know ourselves.



## THE LIVER

**THE** liver is one of the least understood and most complicated organs of the body. It is virtually a factory, a storehouse, and a control center all combined. It takes partly digested raw material and turns it into substances the body can use. It takes sugar from the blood, stores it and turns it back into the blood stream when needed. It manufactures proteins the body needs for blood making, and also converts fats into usable form. Thus it controls the intake and absorption of the three major classes of food materials. In addition to this it also makes and stores vitamins, minerals, and other needed body substances. Truly, the liver is a miracle in itself, surpassing the most complicated man made machine.

The liver is the largest gland in the body and lies just below the diaphragm which is the partition between the chest cavity and the abdomen. It measures about twelve inches from tip to tip and weighs approximately five pounds. It consists of two lobes, the right lobe is about three times as large as the left. Consequently the main part of the liver is on your right side just below the heart and above the intestines.

### WHAT IT DOES

The liver has at least a dozen different jobs to do, some of which are not at all related. One of its most important jobs is the storage of sugars. A large vein called the portal vein goes from the intestines to the liver. Carbohydrates in the form of sugar are picked up by the capillaries (small blood vessels) around the intestines, and carried to the liver. Here it is changed into glycogen which is a complex carbohydrate, and is stored in the liver for later use. During the course of a day's activities, more energy is needed and then the liver turns this glycogen back into the blood stream. The amount of sugar in

the blood is delicately regulated by the adrenal glands and the pancreas. Both of these are located in the abdomen. The adrenal glands secrete a hormone, and the pancreas makes insulin (also a hormone) and dumps it into the blood stream when the body is high in sugar.

If a person is on a diet containing too much carbohydrates like sugar, and not taking enough exercise, then the storage power of the liver may become overtaxed. If the diet is too low on carbohydrates then the liver must manufacture its needed glycogen out of proteins. Either way you are headed for trouble. The ideal diet is one in which the stored up carbohydrates are needed during the course of the day's activities.

The liver also plays an important part in furnishing proteins. The amino acids which pass through the liver are broken up into proteins which the body can use. The remainder is turned into urea and sent to the kidneys where it is excreted from the body as waste.

The liver is essential in converting fats into a form which can be used by the body. In this process certain substances called "ketone bodies" are manufactured. In the case of diabetes, the body has trouble in using carbohydrates so it relies too heavily on the use of fats. An excessive amount of these "ketone bodies" in the blood stream will upset the acid-base balance of the body.

The liver manufactures a protein called prothrombin which is necessary in the blood to make it clot. Warfarin the well known rat killer, contains a chemical which interferes with the liver so that it can not make this prothrombin. Any animal (or person also for that matter) which is fed warfarin for several days at a time will bleed to death.

The liver also manufactures fibrinogen, which are the tiny fibers in the blood which form the base of a blood clot. In case of injury and bleeding it takes the blood about three minutes to clot. Without the fibrinogen it would not clot at all.

The liver serves as a valuable storehouse for vitamins and minerals. It contains an abundance of vitamin A and D as well as B12. The B vitamins are essential in the production of red blood cells as well as in the prevention of anemia. It also stores iron needed to make hemoglobin, the pigments of the red blood cells. The liver makes globulin, a part of the blood needed for resistance against disease.

The red corpuscles of the blood streams are constantly dying. The liver takes these dead cells and manufactures bile out of them, but saves most of the iron for more hemoglobin. This fluid has a greenish or yellowish color and is stored in the gall bladder. From here it is carried by means of a small duct to the small intestines where it helps to digest the food, especially fats. In case of inflammation of the liver, the flow of this bile is hindered, and the body finds it impossible to digest fats. That is the reason why a person suffering from liver sickness should not eat any fatty foods. If the bile is not able to make its way to the intestines, then part of it is absorbed back into the blood streams, giving a yellowish or jaundice color to the skin.

This secretion of bile also gives the brownish color of the stool in a normal person.


The last major function of the liver is to take out any poison from the blood streams. If people or animals eat food contaminated with weed killer or insecticides, the poison generally ends up in the liver, oftentimes with damaging results. If a person inhales poison gas, it is picked up by the blood streams and also ends up in the liver. There are many cases on record of gases such

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as silo gas or cyanamide used against weevil, being inhaled and causing complete deterioration of the liver. Sometimes the effects are not felt until weeks or months

#### HEPATITIS

Because of its many different functions, abnormalities and diseases of the liver are rather common. Perhaps the one found most often among the plain people is infectious hepatitis.

The Latin word for liver is hepatica, therefore anything connected with the liver is oftentimes called by some form of the word. Thus hepatitis is an inflammation of the hepatica or liver, the same as colitis is an inflammation of the colon.

In recent years there have been epidemics of this disease. It is similar to the ordinary jaundice except that it is thought to be caused by a virus. It is often spread by close contact to someone who is ill.

The symptoms are listlessness, loss of appetite, nausea, and a slight fever. There is tenderness in the upper part of the abdomen and within four to six days a jaundice or yellowing of the skin will appear.

There is no cure for hepatitis but complete rest for six to eight weeks is recommended. Patients who go back to work too soon are in danger of suffering a relapse. With proper rest and diet there should be no permanent liver damage.

#### CIRRHOSIS

There seems to be a definite connection between heavy drinking of alcohol and cirrhosis of the liver. Cirrhosis is a hardening of the liver cells into a fibrous mass which is unable to do the work which the liver normally does. It is thought that this damage is caused by the toxic action of the alcohol in the blood stream plus the fact that heavy drinkers do not ordinarily have a balanced diet.

If detected in the early stages, this disease may be checked with proper diet, plus the removal of the cause. Otherwise it is considered fatal.

#### OTHER ABNORMALITIES

Cancer of the liver is common in patients which have had previous liver damage or who have cancer elsewhere in their bodies.

A fatty liver is one which becomes enlarged and contains much more than the normal amount of fat. It can be caused by malnutrition, alcoholism, anemia, diabetes or chemical poisoning.

Weed sprays, insecticides, poisonous fumes, gases, paint remover or other strong chemicals or drugs can cause a toxic hepatitis. This may result either from taking a large dose, or from continued intake of small amounts.

Damage to the liver from accidents or gunshot are oftentimes treated by surgery. If there is a continued bleeding



of this organ or if pus develops, then parts of the liver may need to be removed.

DIAGNOSES

Liver disease or abnormalities may not always be easy to see. People can have a condition for years and not be aware of it. But hospitals are now equipped to do tests which will show the condition of the liver almost as well as if it could be seen. There are at least eight different tests which can be given to determine the condition of the liver.

The liver is a preferred target of quacks who tell the patient that this organ is in a very bad condition. With all the tests that are now available to anyone there is little excuse for being misled by such questionable doctors.

PREVENTION

Following a sensible program of proper living, eating,

exercise, fresh air and sunshine should go a long way in preventing serious liver disease. Special precautions should be taken against eating contaminated foods or inhaling poisonous gases.

The taking of little liver pills is of doubtful value unless you know what condition the liver is in and what the pills are made of. Any medicine which is supposed to be a cure-all immediately comes under suspicion.

Remember that your liver is so important to your body that if it should stop working you would die within eight to twenty-four hours. But on the other hand, it has a big reserve. There are cases on record where as much as four-fifths of the liver was removed and the patient was the patient was still able to live a normal life. If this is the case, then there is, as far as the liver is concerned, anyone who is born with a healthy liver and takes care of it should be able to live a normal life.



# Jealousy – A Sickness of the Soul

By Elizabeth Miller

Jealousy, like anger, is an emotion which all of us possess but it is not always so noticeable. Its root is hidden deep within us—inside our very "self".

**THE** teacher smiled at her pupils. "I know you are anxious to know your test scores," she said. "I am well pleased with all of you . . . And in the fourth grade arithmetic Susan had the highest score. Her score was 92%; Anna 88%; John, 85% . . ."

Anna scowled deeply. She always had good scores in school and until this year she had made the highest scores in her class. But now since Susan's family had moved into the neighborhood, Anna often had to take second place.

"It's not fair," grumbled Anna to herself, "I try just as hard as Susan does. But she always has a higher score than I do." She waited until the teacher turned her back, then she turned around and sneered at the girl behind her, "You think you're smart!"

I'm sure all of us know how Anna felt that day. We have all had times when others threatened to take from us that 'firstplace' which meant so much to us. Our selfishness and resentment mingled to arouse one of the strongest emotions – jealousy.

Children do not need to reach school age before they show evidence of jealousy. Infants show their jealousy long before they are old enough to tell us about it. Some babies cry when they see their mother hold another baby. We have all seen the reactions of young Johnnie when suddenly little Katie appears and forces him to share that place on Mother's lap, sleeps in his crib, and robs him of his parents' attention. Johnnie becomes jealous because he realizes that he is no longer the most important person in the family.

We may smile when we see evidence of jealousy in children and think this is something all of us have to go through and surely will grow out of. But we are mistaken in more ways than one. Jealousy is not a small matter, nor is it a

child's condition that will eventually pass as he becomes older. Unless it is recognized and treated properly, jealousy will develop into a sickness of the soul that is an obstacle to a useful and happy life.

What is Jealousy?

Jealousy, like anger, is an emotion which all of us possess but it is not always so noticeable. Its root is hidden deep within us – inside our very "self"; for its foundation is selfishness. Jealousy is that emotion which springs up in us when we see someone (or thing) who is a threat to our present position. We are selfish and do not want to give up our high position to someone else. Remember the examples of jealousy in the first paragraphs of this article? The children discussed there had once held a high position but that position was now being threatened – one by a companion in the fourth grade, the other by a newborn sister.

Jealousy is one sin which has no momentary pleasures. No one has ever gained any joy by harboring jealous feelings. It makes us unhappy and miserable. It makes us do things we really did not want to do. Jealousy is a cruel weapon that always hurts two people – the jealous person and his victim. A good example to illustrate this fact can be taken from the story of the first two brothers.

Cain was the oldest son; therefore he held the highest position. When his high position was threatened by his brother Abel, Cain's jealousy grew into hatred and in spite of God's warning, he killed his brother – a rash deed he was to regret the rest of his life. In the first-born son of Adam there was a desire to succeed. This spirit of rivalry caused the first murder, and there is reason to believe that jealousy is still one of the leading causes of

violent deaths in the world today.

In the story just related, Cain was jealous of Abel because he saw his younger brother as a threat to the position of the first born son — that of Cain. So Cain removed the threat to his position by slaying Abel. This was not a case of envy on Cain's part — he was jealous.

There is a difference between being jealous and being envious. The dictionary says that to be jealous a person has to be "fearful of being replaced" by someone else. Such was the case with Anna in the fourth grade, such was the case with the child who no longer was the "baby" of the family, and such was the case of the first born son — Cain. But to be envious means "to long for that which another person has". When we are afraid someone will get more than we already have (go above us) we are jealous; but when we would like to have something which another person has, we are envious. In other words, we are jealous of what we already have and envious of what another person has.

A perfect example of jealousy is recorded in I Samuel 18:6-9.

"And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.

"And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.

"And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?

"And Saul eyed David from that day and forward."

From the above quotation we can see that Saul considered David a threat to his position as leader and to his fame as a warrior. Saul became jealous for his own position, which he saw David taking from him.

Another instance in the Bible where jealousy is shown is the account of the ten sons of Israel and their half-brother Joseph. Joseph told them of his dream — that the sheaves of grain bowed to his sheaf. The ten sons took this as an indication that their younger half-brother would someday surpass them and rule over them. They didn't like this thought and jealousy filled their hearts. Their jealousy made them so unmerciful that they were able to sit down and enjoy a meal while Joseph lay bound in a pit nearby. It made them ignore his pleadings and allowed them to sell their brother to the strangers of a far country. But while Joseph was suffering from loneliness and the hardships of prison life, his brothers were not enjoying a life of ease. They were suffering the agony of a guilty conscience and the presence of a grieved father whom they could not comfort. Many years later this deed of jealousy was still vivid in their minds. When a famine had driven them into Egypt to buy food and they were innocently accused of being spies they said, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

#### What Does Jealousy Do?

Maybe we feel that since we would not think of killing anyone or selling our brother as a slave we are free of jealousy. Are we? When we see others succeed, what makes us suspicious of their accomplishments? What makes us talk about other people's mistakes until we are sure everyone knows about them? What makes us pass on

bits of gossip that could ruin the reputation of our neighbor?

Jesus himself taught us to love our neighbor. Trying to love our neighbor when we are jealous of him is like trying to mix darkness with light. It can not be done.

Jealousy causes strife between nations, stirs up ill feelings in communities, and destroys unity in churches and homes. It causes us to feel that we have been cheated.

One of my favorite stories in the New Testament teaches a lesson on this very subject. It tells us about two brothers who grew up together. The older one stayed home and worked faithfully for his father while the younger one wasted his time and money living in sin. The day came when the younger son made the decision to return to his father and home with the intentions to become one of his father's servants. When the father showed his joy by planning a feast for the long-lost son, the older brother refused to join the merriment.

In our language the excuse might have been, "But, Father, it's not fair. All this time I have been serving you and not once did you give a feast in my honor. But when my brother, who has caused you all this grief, returns, you honor him more than you honor me."

How often have we been guilty of thinking similar thoughts when we saw people praised. So often we are tempted to think, "I've done the same thing more than once, and I don't remember anyone ever bragging on me for it." It might be true and we can't help it if such thoughts do come to our minds. But we must not harbor such thoughts because they make us bitter and miserable inside. Before we know it this bitterness shows in our words and actions and we are victims of a dreadful disease — jealousy.

#### Is There A Cure For Jealousy?

Asking for a cure for jealousy is like asking for a cure for anger, fear, grief, or any other unpleasant emotions. Pampering a quick-tempered person to keep him from becoming angry is not helping him overcome his weakness. Likewise, if we gave a jealous person everything that he wished for until he had much more than anyone else, he would still not be happy. Jealousy is not caused by the conditions surrounding us; it is caused by the condition within us. Jealousy, like loneliness and unhappiness, is a state of mind. In other words, it is the way we accept things and make the best of circumstances that helps us avoid jealousy.

The first step in overcoming any sickness is recognizing it. A physician can not help us until we realize that we are sick and need his help. When we see a doctor he will ask a lot of questions and give us an examination, trying to get to the cause of our trouble. Even then he can not help us unless we really want to get well.

That's just the way it is with jealousy. First we must realize that we are jealous. Second, we must admit it to ourselves and realize that we are in the need of help. Third, we must pray earnestly for help to overcome it.

It was stated before that selfishness is the root of jealousy. As long as we are living a self-centered life, jealousy will be a problem because we will want to keep the best of everything for ourselves. But when we live for Christ "others" become more important than "self" and we want to share our best with those about us. That's the whole secret that enables us to overcome jealousy — to learn to love others more than we love ourselves. And that is possible only through the grace of God and the help of the Great Physician.



# The

# Wasted

# Years

Drink is a hard master. Those who play his game find they are playing with fire. But this is no ordinary fire. There is no quenching it with liquids, for the faster the liquor is poured into the belly, the hotter the flames leap forth.

Who can count the heartaches, the tears, and the wasted years that follow in the wake of the liquor fiend? Following are two stories of men who tasted to their sorrow that "wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging."

.....

When I was sixteen I started going with a lively gang of boys. We meant no harm, but we did like a good time. Confident in our ability to take care of ourselves, we resented our mothers' apron strings. We needed no one's advice.

My older brothers and sisters had been generally obedient, and were no discipline problem. Dad and Mom expected me to be the same, but in this they were to be disappointed. My father was a quiet and serious man. He did not say much, but when he spoke it was with authority.

During my school years I had delighted in any kind of competition, such as running, jumping, or games of endurance. My teacher was proud of my athletic performance. I also gave a good account of myself in such games as checkers.

We spent hours designing and flying kites, and when they arose toward the heavens, seldom were any of them higher than mine.

I was also a skillful worker and on the farm there were few who could keep up with me. My parents were pleased with the work I did. I was healthy and took an active interest in nature. But I had one fault which caused me much trouble.

My skill and quick wit took me into a lot of mischief, but I managed to squeeze through the tight spots without being blamed. It was all just harmless fun, I told myself, when we tormented the teacher. Usually I managed to drop out just before the plot was discovered and thereby escape punishment.

I learned to use my tongue very well. As long as I did not tell an outright lie, it was all right, I felt. Consequently, I congratulated myself on my ability to give my parents a false impression.

But occasionally I was caught. My father did not believe in sparing the rod. I would take the punishment bravely and stubbornly, and resolve to not get caught next time. I found it increasingly harder to submit my will to anyone. Why could not others attend to their business and I would take care of mine.

Soon after I was sixteen I had my first experience with beer. One of the older boys brought some along one evening. I certainly didn't like the stuff, but if the other boys could drink it, so could I.

The next time it didn't taste so bad. After awhile I got to liking the stuff, especially the way it made me feel. Surely a few bottles would not hurt anyone.

After that things began changing pretty fast. One even-

ing one of the boys brought a bottle of whiskey. As we sampled it, we all agreed it was far worse than anything we had ever tasted. But we liked the feeling it gave us. Besides, you had to be a man to take that stuff, and that's what we thought we were.

My parents suspected what was happening and warned me and pleaded with me to change my course, but to no avail. The will of a wayward son is the hardest thing in the world to bend.

Of course, I really meant no harm. I did love and respect my parents and intended to listen to them someday, for I knew they were right. But first I would have a little fun.

Usually when I awoke in the morning with a headache, I would firmly resolve never to touch the stuff again. But when I got back with the gang, the temptation was too great and I would let go of myself for one more good old time.

But things got worse fast. The noose was tightening around my neck. Instead of a good time, each ordeal was beginning to be a nightmare. More and more I resolved to break away from the serpent but without success. Instead of drinking less I drank more. My proud will which would not be bent for no man was rapidly being bent by the craving for strong drink. The stack of empty whiskey bottles grew higher and higher and I became wretched and unhappy.

Father warned me constantly and pleaded with me. I was no longer happy in his presence, though I still loved and respected him. I tried to force myself to live a better life but my heart was not in it. I still looked and yearned for the pleasures of the world.

My heart would leap to hear the strains of an accordion playing, or a guitar, or a phonograph. But I had no pleasure in the Word of God. It condemned me and I wanted to flee from it.

In my misery I realized I could not long remain in this condition, so I prayed to God as I had never prayed before. He heard me and gave me a partial victory. I could not yet fully surrender my own will. I wanted to be a child of God but I kept looking back.

But I did give myself up so far as to become a member of the church. I knew the church was right and my parents were right, but I could not find the peace I was looking for. I decided that life consists of doubts and fears and misgivings.

And at times I fell back into the sins of my former life. I constantly resolved to do better, and in this state I entered marriage. But I knew that I could not so stand before God, and confessed myself a sinner and sought peace with God and the church. Then I resolved to settle down and to live a Christian life.

But my self-will was not yet broken. I looked first one way, then another. With one hand I tried to serve God, and with the other I was enjoying the pleasures of this life.

My old habits kept pulling me backwards. I had conquered the drink habit, but I took pleasure in seeing others have a "good time" and invited them to spend their evenings at our house.

How long this would have continued had not God intervened, I do not know. Without warning, the one whom I had respected and loved from childhood, was taken away. Suddenly I was brought face to face with death and reality and eternity.

When I saw my father's body, cold and still in the coffin, my heart and will broke within me. I thought of how patiently he had tried to help me so many years. Not once had I allowed him the satisfaction of feeling that his labors had borne fruit. True, I had reluctantly submitted my will, to a certain extent, but never with all my heart. Always a barrier had been there. An invisible barrier it was, but just as real as wood or barbed wire!

Now when it was forever too late, I yearned to walk with him as I had in the innocence of childhood. I would give all I owned to show him my heart and my will were both broken. Oh, to meet his gaze just once to show that now I would be true to the faith he cherished so greatly, the faith which he had labored so long to implant in his wayward child.

But now his labors would not be in vain. A quiet peace came over me as I yielded myself to the One who holds the power of life and death in His hand.

I have one regret — the many years I spent seeking the pleasures of this world. The Bible says the friendship of this world is enmity with God. No man's heart can contain both the pleasures of this world and the peace of God. I learned this lesson, the hard way.

---

**L**et me tell you my story, too. I was a quiet boy who liked to be told what to do, rather than to tell others. I preferred to be pushed around by others than to take advantage of them. My parents and I got along well together, and I rarely got into mischief.

But when I reached sixteen, I got into bad company. They told me it was all right to do things behind my parents' backs. We would get together in the evening someplace and practice playing musical instruments.

Sometimes we stole out to a free picture show in our local town. It was fun to watch the cowboys riding their horses, carrying guns, and playing their banjos. I admired them greatly and got myself a cowboy hat, western breeches and a guitar. But I didn't ride a horse. That was something anyone could do, even at home.

Quite often we had beer, too, and some of the boys made real fools of themselves. I still can't see why they wanted to drink till they didn't know what they were doing, and looked like bums of the gutter. I always knew enough to quit when I had enough to make me feel good. Sometimes we had quite a time.

My parents found out what was going on and they complained loudly, especially when there were other people around. That was so no one would think they were taking my part. But when we were alone they congratulated me for not getting drunk, and said they were sure I didn't mean to be bad. They said they knew that someday I would straighten up and settle down. Of course, that's just what I planned to do.

In a few years I left home and went to work at a camp where there were a number of boys employed. We had spare time in the evening, so we would often go to town. Two nice girls lived a few miles down the road, and sometimes we went to visit them.

I never cared much for girls myself, although of course I expected someday to find a sweet little girl who was looking for a nice husband, and then we would settle down to-



A collection of 120 short stories and poems dealing with strong drink and the liquor problem.

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gether and live happily ever after.

Apparently, the girls thought I was attractive and some of them became quite friendly. Even some married women, so the rumors got around, said they would be pleased to have me stop in for a chat occasionally.

But this was all nonsense to me. I liked a good time, and dressed in the styles and fashion of the world, but it was not to attract the women. It was just to make myself feel good, the same as the cowboy clothes had when I was younger.

My mother died suddenly and unexpectedly. It was quite a shock to me, but I got over it again. Older people will die. I wanted a good time, and there was lots of time before I got old myself.

All this time I was gradually and unconsciously slipping away from the church of my parents and my childhood. I had been baptized when I was nineteen. I didn't understand everything, but I did the best I knew at the time and felt sure I would understand more later.

But I didn't. Instead of gaining a greater interest in spiritual matters, I gradually lost what I had. I found companions from all kinds of denominations, and decided there were good people in all churches.

When I got home again after three years, I was still a member of the church, but I had no interest. I knew I was not living in a way that was acceptable to my brethren. Then my Dad became alarmed and admonished me in earnest. I didn't talk back to him, but I thought to myself, if he had talked that way when I started on my wayward course, it might have done some good. Now I no longer had any desire to change my ways. I was enjoying a life of doing what I pleased.

About this time I went home with one of my buddies and he introduced me to his sister. She was a talkative girl and from the start she claimed me and would not let me go.

After awhile we were married. We kept on having a



## Two Kinds of Drinking

**IS** drinking your weakness? Then awake to the truth;  
You may drink all you wish at the Fountain of Youth,  
This drinking becomes a more honorable man  
Than anything you get from beer in a can.  
Oh, the Fountain of Youth is irradiated health;  
It's a God-given gift with its wisdom and wealth  
So treasure and keep it whatever you do,  
Like the kingdom of heaven it's inside of you.  
It's your greatest glory when you're an old man  
And it can't be obtained from beer in a can.

Oh, youth of today, your life is too dear  
To be wasted away with a sly can of beer;  
Are you trying to get used to that horrible stuff  
Thinking it will make you manly and tough?  
It'll make you a weakling with each little sip, —  
The beer-loving demon is getting his grip;  
He knows that it burns, and he knows full well  
If he keeps you drinking you will end in hell.  
Why, Oh, why should poor mortal man  
Bother at all with beer in a can?

If you keep on drinking you are only one  
But you're representing the beer-loving throng;  
You love to drink — if only you knew  
Of the best place to drink. We'll share it with you.

Come, let us take the climb supreme  
To a glorious place you never have seen;  
It's an upward climb to the great plateaus  
To the "River of Life" that eternally flows;  
Come, quench your thirst again and again  
Be freed from the craving for beer in a can.  
In the Book of Revelation, written by John,  
The Bride and the Spirit both say, "Come,"  
The water of life here freely is given  
Which leads to the eternal throne in heaven;  
(Ezekiel, four thousand cubits took he;)  
It comes from the desert and flows to the sea.  
On the uphill road we need not tire,  
Each morning God says, "Friend, come higher;"  
It's the way to keep going till this life has gone,  
Or Christ returns to claim His own.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear  
as a crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of  
the Lamb."

"And the Spirit and the bride say, come: And let him  
that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come  
and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."  
Rev. 22:1, 17.

—Anna J. Miller

Arthur, Illinois

good time and enjoying ourselves. She had been raised in  
the same faith as I, but we decided to join another church  
where we could have more liberty.

Before we knew it the years slipped by and we had no in-  
clination to "settle down". We kept on drinking a little  
beer whenever things went wrong and we needed a lift.  
We needed a lift quite often, for the pleasure we were  
seeking was hard to find. Soon children joined the family  
and they took a lot of care, which left us less time for  
ourselves.

But even with the beer to keep up our spirits, things be-  
gan to go very badly. We quarreled, and were nervous and  
could not understand each other. We moved to another  
locality and I took a different job, but nothing helped.

Many times I became so discouraged I thought of going  
back and living the peaceful life my parents had. But that  
was out of the question. My wife was not interested, so  
we had to think of something else.

We were living in a distant state when the message came  
that my father had passed away. We went to the funeral,  
but how things had changed! I could hardly believe it how  
much I felt out of place. This was my old home where I  
had spent a happy childhood, but now everything was like  
a dream. All the people I used to know looked so different!

There was something between us. It used to be I could  
sit and visit with them for hours and really enjoy myself,  
but not any more. Right after the funeral we left. I wanted  
to get back home to the comforts and pleasures people  
have today.

Sometimes I stop and think and ask myself, "What would  
I give for that peaceful feeling I used to have as a boy? Is  
there anything in the world today to take the place of going  
to church with Mom and Dad and the rest of the family and  
seeing all the folks?"

October 1969

Sometimes I think of Mother. It seems like only a few  
years since that night when she left this world. I thought  
she was old then, but when I count my summers I find that  
I am already older than she was!

Sometimes at night I dream that I have flown across the  
years to the time that might have been. But when morning  
comes I wake and know it is only a dream. Those years  
were gone — forever.

— Selections from THE BROKEN BOTTLE

## the Bible

by John Greenleaf Whittier

We search the world for truth. We cull  
The good, the true, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
And all old flower-fields of the soul;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mothers read.



THE mother in the following story is a typical mother who readily notices when her young child has done something wrong. But she learns that she really hasn't noticed everything.

## ROSEMARY REALLY TRIED

BY DAVID LUTHY

### Tuesday

"Mother," called six-year-old Rosemary as she came in the front door.

No answer.

"Mother," she repeated a little louder.

The room was silent.

"M-o-t-h-e-r," she practically shouted.

"Eee-ooo-oww," a baby's wail sounded from the living room.

Mother appeared in the living room doorway. She held the crying baby in her arms. "Rosemary Miller," scolded Mother, "how many times have I told you not to come into the house and yell for me!" She reached down and slapped her daughter on the back of the legs. "I was rocking the baby to sleep and couldn't answer you or he'd have awakened. I've told you before to come all the way into the house and look for me and not to yell. You know this is baby's nap time."

Rosemary rubbed her wet eyes and went and slumped into the big chair under the kitchen wall clock. The baby in Mother's arms was still whimpering.

"Hush, hush, baby," said Mother soothingly, as she bounced the baby lightly. "There is nothing to be afraid of." She walked quietly back to the living room and sang softly as she rocked the baby to sleep.

### Wednesday

It was suppertime. Mother was busy making tuna-salad sandwiches. The door to the summer kitchen opened and Rosemary entered. In her arm was her doll, Malinda.

"Did you and Malinda have a nice walk?" asked Mother. She smiled at her young daughter who was climbing onto the stool close to the work-counter.

"Yes," said Rosemary. "And we saw four ducks."

"Four ducks?" wondered Mother. "Where did you see four ducks? I didn't know any of our neighbors had ducks." She lifted her spoon from the tuna-salad she was mixing and tasted it.

"They were over..." Then Rosemary suddenly stopped, as if she had just remembered something. She barely whispered the rest of the sentence. "... over on the creek."

"Not over on the creek, surely not," exclaimed Mother. "I've told you not to go over there alone and especially not in the evening. You have to cross the blacktop, and it's so busy this time of day."

Rosemary held Malinda closer to her and stared at the kitchen floor.

"Well, from now on I guess I will have to say you and Malinda are not allowed to go on walks," said Mother. "You'll have to play in the yard."

### Thursday

"Rosemary!" called Mother eagerly from the kitchen window. "Don't pick any flowers from that flower bed. You know better than that. Come in the house right away."

### Friday

"Here, Malinda, here is your dinner," said Rosemary. She scooped a large spoonful of sand from one corner of the sandbox and dumped it in front of her doll. "Do you want some gravy on it?" She lifted her toy pail and poured some water on the lump of sand.

The back door slammed. Mother came into the yard to hang up some of the baby's clothing on the washline.

The make-believe dinner in the sandbox continued. Mother took a glance toward it as she turned to go back into the house.

"Rosemary," she questioned. "Where did you get that spoon you're playing with?" Mother stood beside the sandbox and removed the large spoon from Rosemary's hand. "One of my kitchen spoons. Who gave this to you to play with?"

The little girl bit her lip to keep from crying. "I... I found it."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the springhouse."

Mother thought for a moment. "I must have left it there when I took the pudding out to cool." She looked seriously at her daughter. "Rosemary, you know better than to play with one of these shiny spoons, no matter where you find one. Look at all the scratches the sand has made on it."

Rosemary looked at it. Mother turned and went into the house. The little girl picked up her doll and placed it on her lap. She didn't feel much like playing "dinner" anymore.

### Saturday

"Oh, Rosemary, not on my clean windows," sighed Mother.

She took her daughter by the arm and lifted her down from the living room couch.

"Look at those smudges you made on the clean window." She slapped her hands. "You must remember not to press against the windows with your fingers."

### Sunday

"All ready to go?" asked Father on Sunday after church services. "I've tied the horse by the windmill."

"I'm ready, but where's Rosemary?" asked Mother. "Is she already on the buggy?"

"No," answered Father. "But she can't be far off. I saw her a few minutes ago with a group of girls her age."

Five little girls came around the corner of the washhouse just as Father was speaking. With their arms linked together they were walking and laughing.

"Rosemary," called Mother. "Come, Father's waiting. It's time to go home."

Rosemary let go of Edna Bontrager's arm and ran toward Mother. They walked together toward the buggy. As Mother helped her daughter onto the buggy she noticed the little girl's shoes.



# Question Mart

## DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

Most English bibles have a pronunciation key for difficult proper nouns, showing accent marks and vowel sounds. Does anyone know of a German bible which gives the correct pronunciation for German proper nouns?

— J. L., Ohio

Send answers to: **FAMILY LIFE**  
Question Market  
R. 4, Aylmer,  
Ontario, Canada

Readers are invited to send in puzzling questions that some of our readers may perhaps be able to answer for them.

"Oh, Rosemary, where did you get all that mud on your Sunday shoes? You should be more careful not to get your good shoes so dirty."

### Monday

"I hear a buggy on the blacktop. I wonder who it is?" said Mother as she sat feeding the baby his cereal.

Rosemary ran to the window. Her hands were reaching up as high as her shoulders when she thought to herself, "Oops, I mustn't press my hands against the window." She gazed out toward the blacktop which angled past the house. "It's a woman and a girl," she told her mother.

"Can you see who it is?"

"Yes, now I can. It's Abner Katie and Mary."

"They're probably on their way to town," said Mother. Katie told me yesterday at church that Mary has a dentist appointment this morning."

Rosemary came away from the window. "May I take Malinda out to the sandbox and play?" she asked, picking up her doll from a chair.

"Yes," answered Mother.

Rosemary left the summer kitchen. As she passed through the springhouse, she picked up her toy pail.

"I'm going to get some water, Malinda, to make your cereal with," she told her doll.

Rosemary dipped the pail into the cooling tank and brought it out half full. "Now, I mustn't spill this water on my dress," she told Malinda. "And I don't want to get it dirty in the sandbox, for Mother told me this morning to try and keep it clean."

Fifteen minutes later Rosemary and Malinda had finished their make-believe breakfast in the sandbox and were walking around the yard. They came to the lovely flowerbed of marigolds and zinnias next to the white-picket fence.

"I'd like to pick one for you, Malinda," said the little girl. "But Mother has told me not to, so we'll just have to pretend you have one." She picked a leaf off a young maple tree and tucked it between Malinda's arm and dress.

A car pulled into the farm lane. Rosemary ran to the house to tell her mother. She entered the summer kitchen but her mother was no longer there. She was excited and was just about to call "Mother" real loud, when she re-

membered what had happened the week before. So instead of calling, she went to look for her. She didn't have far to go, for Mother was in the living room rocking the baby.

"There's a car outside," said Rosemary. Her breathing was heavy.

"Probably a salesman to see your father," answered Mother with a quiet voice and a quick glance at the nearly sleeping baby in her arms. "Your father said he would be working in the granary this morning. Run out there and tell him someone is here."

Rosemary hurried back through the house and out the springhouse door. Reaching the yard she saw the car parked near the picket fence. Her father was leaning against the car and talking with the man. Rosemary and Malinda went back to playing.

All day Monday, Rosemary really tried to be a thoughtful girl. But when bedtime came that evening and Mother was tucking her into bed, something was the matter. Rosemary was crying.

"Why, Rosemary," said Mother soothingly. "What's wrong? Don't you feel well?" She placed her hand on the little girl's forehead. "I don't feel any fever."

Rosemary turned her face away from Mother's and hid it in the pillow.

Mother sat closer on the bed and lifted her daughter gently toward her. "Tell Mother what's wrong."

Rosemary was silent except for a weak little sob now and then.

"Can't you tell me?" Mother coaxed.

Rosemary shook her head sideways.

"Yes, you can tell Mother. She'll understand."

Mother took Rosemary's hand in hers and held it.

The little girl began to speak, "Was ..." but faltered and remained silent.

"That's right," encouraged Mother. "You can tell me."

"Was ... was I a good girl today?" mumbled Rosemary. There the sentence was out. But Mother was puzzled. Why did her daughter ask her that?

"Yes, you were a good girl today, Rosemary," said Mother. "Why do you ask?"

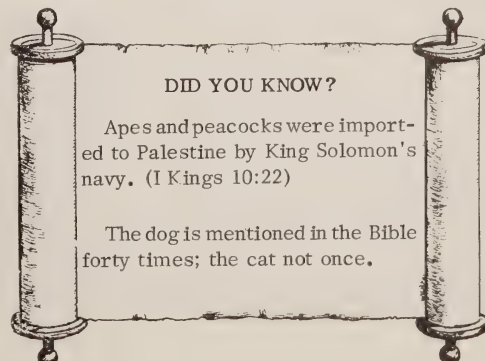
"Well, I ... I wasn't last week," stammered the little girl. "Every day you had to scold me. But today I tried real hard to do things right and ... and ... you ..."

"And I didn't notice it or praise you," Mother finished Rosemary's sentence. "I'm very sorry. I guess Mother too often only notices when you do something wrong and forgets about the many many times you do things right."

Mother and Rosemary talked a few minutes longer. Mother rose to leave and kissed her daughter's cheek lightly. As she walked toward the bedroom door, she paused beside the chair on which Rosemary's dress was hanging. "And thank you, dear, for keeping your dress so clean today."

Rosemary smiled.

■ ■



# FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

## ONE DAY IN SEVEN

Way back in the year 1656, a man named Captain Kemble got in trouble with the law. He was a big man in the community, but that did not excuse his crime — kissing his wife on Sunday! The stern Puritan judge made an example of the captain. He had him placed in the public stocks for two hours — his hands and his feet clamped fast between blocks of wood. There he stood, shamed by the passersby, who shook their heads at what the judge had called "lewd and unseemly behavior".

But don't get the wrong impression. The people of New England had no conscience against a man kissing his wife — as long as he did it on weekdays. But on Sunday, never! Sunday was to be a holy day, spent in solemn worship to the Lord.

Times have certainly changed in three hundred years, just a few months ago the minister of St. Bartholomew's Anglican church in Sarnia, Ontario made an announcement that would have horrified his Puritan ancestors. "During July and August this summer," said the minister, "there will be no church services on Sunday. Instead, we will meet at 7:30 on Thursday evenings."

I really can't blame the minister, though. His church has 500 members, but each summer when the fine weather comes, off go his parishioners for weekend trips to the beaches or far places. Attendance drops to 40 or less. Under such circumstances, it's no wonder the minister tried something new. But I'm afraid changing the schedule of church services to Thursday evening won't correct what is really wrong in his church.

It seems what a man makes of Sunday is a pretty good indication of his spiritual state. If his work or his fun comes first in his life, ahead of God, it will show on Sunday. If God comes first, this will also show, but in quite a different way.

The Russians have a proverb that I like. I like it because it reveals human nature true to form, and brings out a truth in a way not easily forgotten. The proverb must be an old one, dating back to the days when Russians still went to church — or thought they should. This is it: "The church is near but the road is all ice; the tavern is far but I'll walk carefully."

I think the Puritans overplayed their point when they punished Captain Kemble for showing his affection toward his wife on Sunday. But the Puritans were hardly as far out as the multitudes today who have time for everything except God.

Last Sunday evening while our daughter was in a hospital in London, Ontario, I had the opportunity to observe a big city on Sunday. I was surprised how many stores had signs in the window, "OPEN ON SUNDAY" and how many people were going in and out of these stores. It used to be that only stores selling "essential items" were open on Sunday (there is still a law about it in Ontario, ) but nowadays it's getting to be essential to do a lot of things on Sunday — including doing your shopping.

The storekeepers have no trouble attracting people on

Sunday. I wonder why the churches do. There must surely be something funny somewhere. Churches say they have to close on Sundays and open on Thursday evenings so the people can come, and stores say they have to open on Sundays so the people who are so busy on week-days can come to shop.

### Sunday Blue Laws

Years ago the governments of our states and provinces tried to keep Sundays peaceful by passing laws. These were commonly known as blue laws and of course aren't very popular today. About forty of the states in the U.S.A. and most of the Canadian provinces still have blue laws on their books, even though they are not being enforced very strictly.

An example of a Sunday law is the following one, passed in 1909 in the state of Washington. It is quite long, so I will quote only a part of it:

"9.76.010. Defined. Every person who, on the first day of the week, shall promote any noisy or boisterous sport or amusement, disturbing the peace of the day; or who shall conduct or carry on, or perform or employ any labor about any trade or manufacture, except livery stables, garages and works of necessity or charity conducted in an orderly manner so as not to interfere with the repose and religious liberty of the community; or who shall open any drinking saloon, or sell, offer or expose for sale, any personal property, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The above law, in tune with the times, was repealed by a vote of the people in 1966. Similar laws in other states have been tried out to test them, and a few of the cases have been carried right up to the Supreme Court. About eight or ten years ago there were quite a few cases, and there was a big fuss in the news about Sunday laws. Surprisingly enough, the Supreme Court, a liberal-minded body if there ever was one, ruled that the Sunday laws were quite in keeping with the Constitution and shouldn't be hurting anyone's religious conscience.

Chief Justice Earl Warren said, "There is ample secular justification for a state's requiring a weekly day of rest, for relaxation, recreation, and togetherness."

Another surprise to me was to learn that the Communist countries keep Sunday as a day of rest, though not for religious reasons. According to a report in TIME magazine, Jan. 14, 1966; Sundays in Communist lands are as peaceful as in the so-called Christian countries of the United States and Canada, if not more peaceful. The article in TIME reads:

"Red China keeps Sunday as a day of rest. Russia in 1929 undertook the grand secular experiment of staggered days off during an uninterrupted work week, so that one-sixth of the workers were off on any given day. The law was hated so much that Stalin quietly buried it in 1940. Now, the general rule in the Soviet Union is the five-day week, which means Saturday and Sunday off. It all goes to show that even



people who don't hold that man was made for the Sabbath can readily believe that the Sabbath was made for man."

In a way the keeping of Sunday in Communist countries is amazing. But it is more than amazing. It is revealing. It shows that resting on Sunday is no proof of one's faith in God.

But for that matter, keeping the Sabbath outwardly was never a proof of inward piety. If there was ever any doubt, the Pharisees removed it. Their fussy keeping of the Sabbath made a mockery of the whole law of Moses, for inwardly they were as worldly and corrupt as the despised tax gatherers. They insisted on the letter of the law and in their selfishness tramped down the spirit of it.

No, outward obedience is no proof of inward purity. Outward disobedience, however, is proof — proof that something is wrong inwardly. When people who know better disregard Sunday, and go about their business or pleasure as if Sunday did not exist, then we need no further proof that they have lost out spiritually.

Of course, people have an excuse for everything. It's easy to persuade oneself that this doesn't matter, or that doesn't matter very much. In rush-rush America the common excuse for doing things on Sunday is that it is the only time left to do a lot of things that need to be done. The little chores around the house that have been pushed aside all week were just made for Sunday. Or Sunday was made for them.

In a factory-gear world, Saturday and Sunday are the only days that Dad and Mom and the children are at home. For that reason, Sunday is the day to go to the beach together, it is the day to fix up the playroom in the basement, it is the day to go shopping.

Sunday is even the best day to have a health clinic. Last fall I picked up a daily paper published in Detroit and was surprised to find the following announcement:

#### STOP MEASLES SUNDAY!

WHAT - Measles immunization clinics for ages one through 12.

WHERE - At centers in Wayne, Macomb and Oakland Counties.

WHEN - Sunday, October 23, between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

#### How Should Sunday Be Kept?

A day of rest in seven is a principle that God introduced at Creation. It is first recorded in the second chapter of the Bible, "And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." (Genesis 2:2, 3.)

Among the Ten Commandments, the fourth one is the longest — there are more words commanding the observance of the seventh day than there are in any of the other commands. The full text (as recorded in Exodus 20) reads as follows:

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it."

It is true that we as Christians are no longer under the Mosaic law. We are not required to keep the Jewish sabbath, with its many little details and restrictions. But the principle of one day's rest in seven did not begin at Mount Sinai, and it did not end with the New Covenant. It began at Creation and carries right on through to our day.

The early Christians left many examples of having met on Sunday, the first day of the week. Perhaps they chose this day because Christ rose from the dead on Sunday. Christ met with his disciples on the first day of the week; Pentecost was on the first day of the week; the early disciples met on the first day.

Also, the Christian martyr, Ignatius, who was torn to pieces by wild beasts at Rome only fifteen years after the death of the Apostle John, wrote, "Every lover of Christ celebrated the Lord's day, consecrated to the resurrection of Christ as the queen and chief of all the days ... Let every friend of Christ keep the Lord's day."

One writer has stated, "The Sabbath looks back to creation. The Lord's day looks back to the resurrection of Christ from the dead." Although the day is changed from the seventh day to the first day, from Saturday to Sunday — the principle of one day in seven set aside for special rest remains.

What, really, is fitting for a Christian to do on Sunday? Attending church services is one thing, of course, but what about the rest of the time? Sunday is a good time for the family to read and study together, to sing, to visit the sick, to pray.

Any work that can easily be done the previous day, or can wait till the following day, should not be done on Sunday. We need not carry this to an extreme, but should all be on the alert to any trends or habits we may be forming that destroy the sacredness and purpose of the day. It seems to me anything which wears one out physically or mentally should not be done on a Sunday, especially if it crowds out spiritual activities.

It is quite possible to keep Sunday from the wrong motives, or to keep it wrongly with the right motives. Sunday is not a sponge to wipe out the sins of the week. Sunday is not the only day in the week in which God wants us to have a conscience. Some people, it seems, wear a Sunday conscience the way they wear a Sunday coat, and carefully put both away on Monday morning.

The Pharisees made a mockery of the Sabbath by insisting on the letter of the law and ignoring the spirit of it. We, too, can mar our keeping of Sundays by wrong attitudes, inconsistencies, or selfish desires. We owe all our days to the Lord, not just Sundays — but Sunday is a special day, a day in which to lay aside our worldly cares and labors and worship God. Such a worship and such a rest from toil will indeed benefit us physically, mentally, and spiritually.

God in his all-wise foresight knew that man needed the Sabbath.

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The article "NOT GUILTY—BY LAW" which was advertised in the Budget was not included in this issue of "Family Life" because of lack of space. We plan to include it in the NOVEMBER issue.

# Decided

## By Lot

— MONROE BEACHY

Ezra Troyer awoke with a start. He looked for the alarm clock on the bedside stand. In the darkness the luminous hands stood out sharply. It was only ten minutes after four. When would this night end? It seemed as though he had been awake twenty times already during the night. This was not the first night he had felt like this, but it seemed as if the closer October 10th came, the less sleep he got.

October the tenth was the day when the Middle South District was to have communion. Ezra Troyer had always looked forward to communion, but this time there was something else. Old Mart Hershberger had died last fall and their bishop, Andy Hostetler, had said it is not good for a church to wait too long to ordain a man in his place.

The whole church thought so, and Ezra had agreed too, yet somehow he very much wished that Mart were still here. Ezra was thirty-one years old and as he lay on his bed this morning many thoughts went through his head. Finally he dropped off to sleep again.

When the alarm went off at 5:00 A. M., Esther Troyer quickly shut it off. "Ezra, are you awake?" she asked softly. "It's time to get up if we want to get started for church at 8:15."

As Ezra got up and dressed himself and went out to do his chores he thought of the admonitions which he had often heard their bishop give. "If you have to rush around on Sunday morning you are not in a proper frame of mind to worship the Lord. Saturday afternoon and evening should be a time of preparation for Sunday."

When breakfast was over, the family went into the living room. Ezra picked up the Christenpflicht and they knelt in prayer. The first prayer in the book entitled "ein Schoenes Morgengebet" included petitions for many things and yet Ezra's heart felt full this morning. At the end of the prayer he spoke these words directly to the Lord: "Dear Father in Heaven, we pray that you will be in our midst this day as we partake of communion. Be with all our members and give us reverent hearts so we might have oneness of hearts and minds as we partake of these sacred emblems. Be with our ministers so they can preach thy word to us. Let thy Spirit guide and direct us as we choose a minister so that a man will be chosen who will be faithful in Thy service. In all these things, let Thy will be done. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

Ezra finished the chores and got the buggy ready. By eight o'clock he was in the bedroom changing clothes when the children called, "Here comes Mary."

Mary was Ezra's youngest sister and she had agreed to come and stay with the children. When she came into the house, Ezra asked, "How is Mom this morning?"

"She seems to be real good the last while," his sister

answered. "In fact she's so good Dad kind of plans on coming over to your church this afternoon."

"I suppose he is just as curious as the rest of us," Esther sighed, "to find out who the new minister will be."

Ezra looked at his wife and she looked at him. Each could see what was on the other's mind. Would it be Ezra?

As they were getting ready to go, several buggies passed. The Troyers had about two miles to church and it was a quiet peaceful Sunday morning. Most of the journey to Melvin Hershbergers was made in silence. Ezra and Esther were content to be together. When Ezra looked back he saw that Roy Beachys were following them. Roy was a cousin to Ezra and his best friend. They were about the same age and the two families visited back and forth a lot.

As they turned into the Hershberger's lane, Ezra said, "Well we made it just about right. We are not the first but then, we are not the last either."

They both laughed as their minds went back to nine years earlier. On the first Sunday after they were married they had been nervous about getting to church on time. So much so that they left home way too early. Not seeing any other buggies on the way they began to think they were late. Ezra soon had his horse going at a lively trot. When they came to the place where church was to be they turned in with a flourish. Only then did they discover that they were the only buggy there, and no one else came for fifteen minutes. They still teased each other about that.

Ezra unhitched his horse and put him into the barn and then made his rounds shaking hands. Then he visited with Roy.

"Several strange faces here this morning," Ezra said.

"Yes, I was just trying to figure out a few of them myself," Roy answered.

Steve Byler had joined them and now he spoke up. "Those two over there standing beside our bishop are Titus Yoder and Elmer Detweiler. They're from Kansas. Andy Amanda was over this morning to borrow a loaf of bread and she told us they were there last night. One of them's a bishop and the other is a minister. I don't know which is which but we'll find out today."

Ezra noticed several other visiting bishops and ministers. Ervin Schlabach, Menno Hershberger and others. "I like to see visiting ministers," he said. "A lot of times they will bring out points that I never noticed before."

Just then Andy Hostetler looked at his watch. Since he was the home bishop, he said, "I think we will go to the house. It is time to start."

After the ministers had gone to the house, Melvin Schlabach, the head singer, also started for the house, followed by the other men and boys. The women were seated already.

Looking at the singers, the bishop said, "You may announce a song and in the name of the Lord we will begin our worship."

"Page 449 in the thick books and 141 in the little ones," Melvin Hershberger announced. Then looking at the singers he said, "Paul, will you lead this hymn?"

Paul Miller was a good singer and his voice rang out clear and strong.

"See how nice and agreeable it is

When brethren live together in peace."

Ezra liked this song and he was sorry it had only three verses.

The next song did not have to be announced. It was the "Lob Lied" and everyone knew that it was on page 770 in the Ausbund and page 1 in the Liedersammlung. Melvin nodded his head toward Roy and said, "Sing it."



"Oh, God Father, we worship Thee,  
And praise thy loving goodness."

Ezra liked the words in verse three:

"Give our hearts understanding  
Enlightenment here on earth,  
That we may come to know thy Word,  
That we may have salvation."

The next song was on page 302. Melvin nodded toward Peter Miller. "Sing the first five verses," he said. "Then Ezra, perhaps you can sing the next five."

Peter's voice rang out:

"Oh, God Father, on Heaven's Throne  
You have prepared for us a crown."

Ezra didn't like this song so well. Perhaps it was because they always sang so many verses. He had never been asked to lead this song before. When his time came he was a bit shaky.

"God to himself us reconciled  
That we can serve Him through His Son;  
He is the rock and cornerstone  
At the head of His church enthroned."

Before the sixth verse was finished, the ministers filed back into the room. This was the signal to quit that song. Then Melvin announced, "Let us sing page 411, verses 8 and 9." Because it was a difficult tune, Melvin led it himself.

"Oh, gracious Father stand by us,  
We are in direst need,  
That our lives may be consistent  
To the end us safely lead."

At the close of the hymn one of the visiting bishops gave a short outline of the Christian faith and reminded the group that they were gathered to partake of the bread and wine in remembrance of Christ's death on the cross.

Ervin Schlabach, a minister from a neighboring district, then stood to make the "Anfang". He started with the Garden of Eden, and of the main stream which divided itself into four parts and watered the garden. He said this is like the four gospels which water the earth with the living Word.

The next minister was Elmer Detweiler of Kansas. He told of the forefathers, of Abraham sacrificing Isaac, a foreshadowing of the sacrifice of Christ. Joseph was a type and picture of Christ. The lamb of the first passover was a picture of the perfect Lamb of God.

Now the time was here for the visiting bishop, Yoder of Kansas to preach of the life and death of Christ. He gave various prophecies of the coming of Christ from the Psalms and Isaiah and the other books of the Old Testament. Then starting with Luke 2, he outlined the birth of Christ. Next he started with the Gospel of Matthew giving several instances from each chapter to show the power and grace of Jesus. When he came to Matthew 26 he went into the details of the last days of Christ on this earth. Using the four Gospels he gave the complete story of the sufferings and death of the Saviour. After this he read several scriptures dealing with communion, the last being John 6 starting at verse 47. As he read the words, "I am the bread of Life", two of the ministers went out to get the bread and wine for the communion service.

Asking everyone to stand the bishop took a slice of bread in his hands, lifted his eyes to Heaven and said, "So saith the Apostle, Jesus Christ in the night he was betrayed, took a loaf of bread, gave thanks, brake the bread and said, 'Take, eat, this is my body that is broken for you. Do this in remembrance of me.' So we hope and believe that His body, of which this bread is a symbol, was the perfect sacrifice on the cross for our sins. We also hope and be-

lieve He will through His grace and mercy at the last day awaken us and intercede for His children and will lead us into His heavenly kingdom if we remain faithful to His teachings to the end. For those His favors we thank Him from the bottom of our hearts. We hope and believe that not only us but our children and children's children will thank Him throughout all eternity. Amen. Whoever has the same hope in these things as I have can come and partake of this bread as I now take the first morsel."

A bit of this bread was now given to each person. When all had been served, everyone stood again and the bishop offered a short prayer of thanksgiving. (Page 121, Christenpflicht)

Taking the cup of wine, the bishop again offered a prayer much like the first one. Then the cup was passed to all the members. Minister Detweiler passed the cup of wine from person to person. When he had finished he again asked everyone to stand, and a short prayer of thanksgiving was offered once more.

Then he reminded the people of two commandments that were still to be observed, namely foot washing and the giving of alms.

Now it was time for the home bishop, Andy Hostetler. He said, "The time is now at hand. We all know that we have before us the task of ordaining a minister. What we are about to do is not child's play. The future of our church depends on what we do here today. Let us vote for a man whom we feel is qualified for the ministry. All those who have three or more votes will be in the lot. As many books will be taken as there are men in the lot. A slip of paper will be put into one of the books and they will all be shuffled. This will be as far as we mere humans can go. The rest will be in the Lord's hands. Each man will take a book. We see only what is on the outside but the Lord sees into the heart."

As Ezra listened his hands were wet and slippery. He opened the top button of his shirt. Something told him that he would be the man who would be ordained that day. Surely everyone must be able to see how nervous he was. But then he thought about it that probably others were feeling the same way. Maybe he wouldn't even be in the lot.

Ezra listened again to what the bishop was saying. "Now let us see what the Scriptures say about the qualifications of a minister. Just what kind of a person should we vote for? In I Timothy 3 we find that Paul writes, 'This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of Bishop he desireth a good work.' Here it says a bishop, but in the Bible times there was no difference between a bishop or a minister. We must also consider that I am no longer young and some time a man must be chosen to take my place. Perhaps the man who is chosen here today will some time take my place."

"He goes on to say that a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach. This means he should be blameless, and the husband of one wife. Not only should he be with his first wife but he should not have a roving eye. Vigilant is one who is awake and quick to see danger, spiritual danger. Sober, not one who tells stories with loud bursts of laughter. Modest in words, deeds and dress, he should be given to hospitality. He must be friendly and kind and able to teach others."

"Verse 3 tells us 'Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient, not a brawler, not covetous, not given to wine. This means anyone who has a liking for strong drink. He must not be quick to get angry or like to argue. He should not be one who will

read indecent literature or tell off-color stories. He should be long-suffering, content with his lot. He must not want to have his neighbor's home, or his neighbor's wife or anything else that belongs to someone else. A man should work at a job which no Christian needs to be ashamed of. Neither will he want to sell his things for the highest price and try to buy his neighbor's things at the lowest prices.

"Verses 4 and 5 tell us that he should be one who rules well in his own house, having his children under subjection with all gravity. If a man does not know how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God? A man who can not even look after his own affairs should not be asked to look after the affairs of others.

"Verse 6 tells us that he should not be a novice, one who has just recently been converted or has just lately moved into the community. We should not vote for a man until we know him well. He should not be lifted up with pride for he will surely fall into the condemnation of the devil."

As Ezra considered what the bishop was saying he thought to himself, "Surely I am not qualified for I am far from perfect in some of these things which the bishop has mentioned."

Now the bishop was going on, "Verse 7 tells us that he must have a good report from those who are without, lest he fall into the reproach and snares of the devil. This is very important. If we were to ordain a man here today who does not have a good reputation among the people about us and in town, how could we be the light of the world or the salt of the earth?

"He goes on to say that the wives should be earnest, serious and solemn. They should not be slanderers or like to repeat gossip. They must be faithful in all things, good housekeepers, good wives and good Christians.

"This would cover just about everything I have in mind to say. Perhaps as I stand here the thought has occurred to some of you, why am I standing here saying all these things, for I am not perfect myself. That is true. I have shortcomings in some of these things. But if we will consider all these points we may easily find that we all fall short in some of them. It is only by the grace of God and with His help that we can be found worthy of being even followers of Christ, let alone ministers.

"I know that you often go to the Lord in prayer. I hope that you have asked the Lord to be with us today in choosing a minister. I hope that you have asked the Lord for help to show you who to vote for today. We do not want to vote for just anyone whose name comes up. We want to vote for a man whom God can choose as his messenger here on earth to bring us His word.

"In a few minutes we will cast our votes. Let us do so with prayerful hearts and a sober mind. You may now sing the last song."

Page 692 is sung while the members wash each other's feet. John Keim leads this song:

"From our hearts we sing  
In peace and unity . . ."

In verse 9 and 10 the hymn speaks of Jesus washing the disciples' feet to show His love for them. He tells them to fulfill this command and do unto each other even as He has done unto them.

When all had washed their feet, the song was discontinued. All went out of the house, past the deacon who took their alms offerings.

While the ministers were preparing to take the votes the people stood around in small groups. Everyone was quiet and sober. Then they filed past a doorway and cast their votes. While the votes were being counted the people

took their seats. This was a hard time for Ezra and the other men in that age group. Would they be in the lot, and if so, would the paper be found in their book?

At last the bishop came in. Everyone watched. Here came one with four books! Would that be all that were in the lot! No! The next man also had four books. These eight books were put on a table.

The bishop rose to his feet and now he was speaking. "We have counted the votes and the number of brethren in the lot is eight. This is as far as we can go, now it is in the hands of the Lord. These are the names of the eight brethren: Roy Beachy, Ezra Troyer, Steve Byler, Paul Miller, John Keim, Levi Bontrager, Jacob Schlabach, and Emanuel Miller."

There was a short pause as some eyes misted and shoulders shook. "Let us kneel in prayer and ask the Lord that He will direct these brethren's hands as they come to get their books."

All knelt in silent prayer.

"Now you eight brethren come to the table, as you feel so, and take a book. May the Lord be with you." The bishop sat down.

There was deep silence. No one moved. Finally John Keim stepped to the table and took a book. A bench had been left empty facing the ministers. John seated himself there. Then the others each took a book and seated themselves beside John. As Ezra went to get his book his eyes were misty and his hands shook. Later when he was asked which book he chose, he could not remember.

When the last book was taken, the bishop stood up. Slowly he reached down for the book in John Keim's hand. Turning the pages he saw that the paper was not there. Now came Roy Beachy. The pages were turned but the paper was not there either.

As the book was returned to Roy the load on Ezra's shoulders became almost unbearable for he was next. As Andy faced him and took his book, he turned it around before opening it. Although it took only a moment, it seemed like a very long time. The pages were slowly turned. The paper was not there! Andy moved on.

Although the load was off his shoulders, yet he could not relax. It was too much to cast aside in a moment, and it would take weeks before he would feel like himself again. He also realized that for the others who were still holding their books, the load must be almost unbearable.

Steve Byler was next. The pages were turned. There was a long pause and then, — the paper had been found. It was in Steve Byler's book.

There was a hush in the room as the import of what was taking place sank into the heart and mind of thirty-year old Steve. The bishop stood before him. "If you can accept this service, you may rise to your feet. I give you my hand, stand up."

After a pause, Steve rose to his feet. The bishop put his hand on Steve's shoulder. "In the name of the Lord and the church is this ministry given to you. You shall preach the Word of the Lord to the people, encourage and admonish them to the full extent of your ability. You shall be a servant for the Church, you shall help to work with the ordinances of the Lord. You shall preach of the forefathers at the required times and help to preach at funerals where it is fitting and you are asked to help. When anyone wishes to join church you shall teach them the ordinances of God and the rules of the church until such time as they become members of the Church. Our Almighty God will strengthen you in this work with His good and Holy Spirit for we ask it in the name of our Lord and

( CONTINUED on page 24 )



October has come, Thanksgiving's here,  
The harvest time of the year;  
We all give thanks to our dear God,  
Who made things grow in the earthen sod.

Grain is stored high in the barn,  
Straw keeps cows and horses warm,  
Steers and calves chew on the hay—  
Let's all give thanks on Thanksgiving Day.

Ripe watermelons in the garden lie,  
Wagons of grain are loaded high,  
And over the fields the cornstalks sway—  
Let's all give thanks on Thanksgiving Day.

In cellars stored for winter use  
Are apple sauce and apple juice;  
Fruits and vegetables are stored away—  
Let's all give thanks on Thanksgiving Day.

Leaves turn orange, and yellow, and red;  
There is food for people to be fed.  
God cares for all in many a way—  
Let's all give thanks on Thanksgiving Day.

— by Leona Weber (11 years old)  
Heidleberg, Ontario

(Editor's Note: In Canada, Thanksgiving comes  
on the second Monday of October.)

## AMBASSADOR OF PEACE

Now it's not only a I-W paper but it's also a magazine especially for the young people. And we have discovered that a lot of older people (who are young at heart) like to read it just as much as the youngfolks.

In the October issue you can read what happened when the Nissley brothers caught a carload of pranksters who were raiding their melon patch. Or read how teenaged John was frightened, later on, when he realized how close he had been to running away from home to join his buddy in I-W. How Simon and Susie managed to get done husking corn before the Troyers. Who it was that was pounding on the door in the middle of the night; why the German-Baptist boy was not ashamed to wear his beard and plain clothes in the hospital. And why a I-W boy could not hear his dad calling him at 3:00 AM.

If you subscribe to the Ambassador now, your subscription will begin with the October issue.

Send check or money-order to:

\$2<sup>50</sup>

PATHWAY PUBLISHERS  
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## "Maybe It Won't And Maybe It Will!"

- By a I. W. worker

When I read the story, "Tobacco, A Burning Issue" (August), I was reminded of when I worked in a general hospital in the surgery department.

I can tell you another side of the story about smoking. Maybe smoking isn't a sin, (and maybe it is) but my smoking friends, let me tell you what I had to see many a time.

I usually met the patients for the first time when they were scheduled for an operation called a bronchoscopy. (Which is just an operation which they do to look down the throat and check the two Bronchus tubes and the lung. They then take some long forceps and take out little "bites" of tissue to send over to the lab. Some doctors put the patient to sleep for this, while others don't. My job is to hold the patient's head in the right angle for the doctor. Lots of times the doctor will say he thinks it is cancer as the patient said he was smoking since he was sixteen or so.)

When I go up to the floor to pick up a patient he is usually smoking a cigaret and would like to have just one more

"drag" (as they call it) before I take him. Some have even asked to take a cigaret along with them. I let them take it until we come to the elevator, but have them put it out there. This part is usually not too bad and the patient seems rather confident, but their family is usually kind of worried.

There must be a lot of things that happen that I don't find anything out about in the next few days. The lab tests usually clarify the doctor's prediction of cancer. Then the doctor has the job of telling the patient about the next part, which is very serious and far from always successful. He must also tell the wife and the rest of the family and make preparations for the operation known as a pneumectomy, which means removal of part of the lung.

The next time I see this patient he is usually in quite a different mood. He has had a stronger dose of "pre op" medication, which makes him quite groggy. And by now there is no doubt that he has whatever smoker fears the most — cancer.

When I enter the room the whole family is there, all with

grim, sad faces and speaking is hard for them, especially for the wife. As I push her husband out of the room, she sees him on a cart covered with a white blanket. She may start to cry and try to keep her husband from seeing the tears.

In less serious cases you can tell the family that they don't have to worry, that they have a good doctor and everything should be all right. But what can you tell this family; the truth is by far too true.

When we come to surgery it is my most dreaded job to tell the family that they have to leave and wait with a special surgical hostess who will keep them informed until the doctor comes out to talk to them.

Now I take the patient to his surgery room where everything is sterile and draped in green and everybody only talks in whispers. The anesthesiologist puts the patient to sleep and they turn his affected side up and the nurse scrubs and paints him with a special solution. The doctors get all of their many instruments ready and then make a cut from the middle of the patient's back to the middle of his chest. In a couple of minutes the doctors are in the chest cavity and the lung. Here they find the lung a black-blue color and the affected part is such an ugly mass of tissues that it could never be recognized as the same lung this man had before he started smoking. Then his lung was a nice pink color and filled with air. A healthy lung looks as if you could take it and bounce it up in the air like a balloon.

But now after years of smoking this man's lung became black spotted until cancer made one lobe an ugly mass, not even recognizable as a lung.

After surgery is over the doctors put a tube in the chest cavity to hook up with a vacuum bottle that will keep his lung from collapsing. After the doctors "close him up" we take him on a cart to the recovery room where the long, hard, and maybe hopeless, road to recovery starts.

There are a lot of other things that sometimes happen in surgery and recovery; and some of the things the patients groan while waking up wouldn't be good to write.

When we take the patient up to his room he is kind of sleepy from the drugs. His wife looks starry-eyed at how pale he is and all those tubes and bottles.

From there I don't find out what happens, but statistics show that many never recover.

Let me quote what one man wrote just before he died in a hospital with lung cancer. This was how he ended his story, "Whether this story will stop anyone from smoking, I don't know. I doubt it. Not a soul I've preached to has quit smoking — not a single soul. You always think it will happen to the other guy, never to me. But when you get lung cancer, God help you. All you need to see is that shadow on your chest X-ray. It's a real shocker. You can't do a thing.

"At this point I'm comfortable. The nurse gives me something whenever there is pain.

"I'm very short of breath. I can't take five steps without having to sit. The cancer has gone to my liver and I don't know where else.

"I don't have a ghost of a chance.

"It's too late for me. It may not be for you."

This man died the next day.

Maybe smoking doesn't kill everybody, but I tell you, when that man in green comes to take you down and your wife drops a tear on your cheek when she kisses you goodbye, it may well be too late for you to back out. I can think of a lot of better ways to leave this world. Maybe smoking won't kill you, and maybe it will. But I know of a way to be on the safe side.

"Do not worry what people are thinking about you — for they are not thinking about you. They are wondering what you are thinking about them."

"That which is often asked of God is not so much His will and way as His approval of our way."

(CONTINUED from page 22)

Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

The bishop then kissed him with an Holy Kiss. The seven brethren who were in the lot with him did the same and gave him a few words of encouragement. Then all the bishops, deacons and ministers present did the same, and spoke a few words of encouragement from their own experiences. Each one of them had gone through this same experience.

With this the service came to a close.

On the way home Esther laid her hand on Ezra's arm. "Did it seem so close to you as it did to me?"

"It seemed very close to me," Ezra replied, "but the Lord has chosen the best one in the lot. Steve is a good man and I believe he will fill the place well."

"And Mary is a fine companion to him," Esther added. "I've seldom heard anyone say an unkind word about Mary."

Slowly the Troys made their way home with grateful hearts.

(CONTINUED from the back cover)

acre of lush meadow grass will release about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  tons of water into the air every day. A large elm tree may release as much as a ton of water in a day.

#### WHY LEAVES CHANGE COLOR

The leaf of a tree is connected to the twig by a slender stem called a petiole. During the summer the leaf turns a deep green and as fall approaches a small layer of cork forms between the petiole and the twig. This retards the flow of sap to the leaf and its activity slows down. As this layer of cork increases, it finally shuts off the flow of sap altogether. When this happens the chlorophyll vanishes and with it the green color.

During the summer certain pigments were being carried to the leaf, but because of the dark green color of the chlorophyll, they could not be seen. Xanthophyll is a pigment which is bright yellow. Carotene is red or orange and it is found in many common plants (especially carrots). Anthoxyanin is a purple substance that is formed when the chlorophyll disappears.

The result is that when the green color goes away you see a combination of these three coloring materials. Most of the color was there before but it could not be seen because of the dark green.

Although the leaves are now cut off from contact with the tree by the layer of cork, they still have a few days, or a week. But all they need is a rain or a strong wind and they break off and tumble toward the earth. Here they form a mulch and a compost until the time when they are again incorporated into the soil to furnish nutrients for making more leaves. But before the leaf falls, yes, even before the cork begins to form on the petiole, a new leaf bud has already formed on the twig. This new bud will be there all winter just waiting to burst forth at the coming of another spring.



Hier ist noch ein

## Sammy story



-By Sarah M. Weaver

### Sammy und der Porky

Der Sammy und der Andy sitzen auf der lange Holsboog hinten der Stub'-Ofen. Der Vater war am Lesen und sie waren gelernt still zu sein wann er leset. Die kleine Anna sitzt auf einen Stuhl neben ihre Mutter. Als sie müde ward, legte sie ihre Kopf auf die Mutter ihren Schooß. Der Amos saß auf ein Stuhl bei seinem Vater.

Der Vater, der John Miller, liebt, „Denn all Natur der Tiere und der Vögel und der Schlangen und der Meerwunder werden gezähmt, und sind gezähmet von der menschlichen Natur; aber die Zunge kann kein Mensch zähmen, das unruhige Hebel voll tödliches Giftes.“

Der Vater zieht sein Schnupftuch aus seiner Sack und reibt der Schweiß ab von sein Gesicht. Es war Summer und warm. Da fing er an weiter zu lesen, bis zum End von der Kapitel im Buch Jacobi.

Wo der Vater das Buch auf der Tisch neben sich gelegt hat, fragt der Sammy: „Warum kann der Mensch sein Zung' net zähmen?“

Der Amos antwortete, „Hast du noch nie gesehen wie die Zung net still ist? Guck' a'mal.“ Der Amos steckt sein Zung 'raus. Er kann es nicht still' heben.

„Ach, of course hab ich sell gewüßt, aber des ist net was selli Verse meint, ist es, Vater?“

„Sammy,“ sagte der Vater, „der Mensch kann sein Zunge nicht zähmen, weil es schafft mit sein Herz.“

„Schafft mit sein Herz? Wie daß?“

„Die Bibel sagt, was das Herz voll ist gehet den Mund über,“ antwortete der Vater.

„Ja, aber was hat daß zu tun mit der Zung' zähmen?“ fragte der Sammy weiter.

„Wann wir böses ins Herz haben, kommen böse Worten auf unsere Zunge. Wir können net selber unser Herz rein machen, aber Gott kann. Und wann unser Herz rein ist, ist unser Zunge auch gezähmt.“

„Ein Mensch kann ein groß Wallfisch besser zähmen als sein Zung,“ dachte der Amos.

„Er kann die Vögel und all die Tieren zähmen.“ Der Andy schlenkerte seine Hände weit 'raus wo er das sagte.

Nun antwortete der Sammy in ein trübenes Mut, „Anderem wäre es leichter ein Wallfisch zähmen als mein kleines schwarz und weiß Säule.“

Die andere lachten. Sammy hat sein Säule net lang davor g'riegt von der Nachbar Dan Hosteler. Sammy hat der Dan seine Pferde g'fahren für Hen laden. Der Säule

wiegt bald fünf-und-zwanzig Pund, und war sehr wild.

„Du kannst es zähmen wann du willst,“ sagte der Vater.

„Gib es Korn zu fressen, dann kommt es zu dir.“

„Das will ich tun auf der Morgen,“ sprach Sammy, fröhlich.

„Dann will ich mein Has' auch zähmen,“ sagte der Andy.

Wo das Abend-Gebet gesagt war, standen die Buben auf mit Freunden für in das Vet' zu gehen.

„Habt ihr eure Füße gewaschen?“ fragte die Mutter.

„Ja, wir haben,“ antworteten die Buben.

Am Morgenstunde wann das Morgenarbeit getan war, sagte der Andy zum Sammy, „Ich will nun gehen mein Has' füttern. Er wird glei' aus mei' Hand fressen.“

„Und ich will der Porky zähmen,“ sagte der Sammy.

„So, du kannst daß net tun,“ lachte der Andy.

„Wart und siehe, ich kann aber,“ ruft der Sammy zurück als er im Scheuer ging. Er war ein wenig verdrossen über der Andy diezeit er so schwächt.

„Ich will Welschkorn zu der Porky geben,“ denkt der Sammy. „Die Säule gleichen Welschkorn.“

Er ging in die Krippe und suchte ein schönes Kalb. Dann ging er in der Scheuerhof wo die Säule waren. Gleit findet er das scheckige Säule. Aber der Porky war nicht hungrig genug und springt davon. Dann jagt der Sammy es nach hie und her an der Strohtack herum.

„Dinf! Dinf!“ gehet das Säule, als der Sammy nachfolgt, an schreien und rufen, „Komm, Porky. Komm, Porky.“

Wo er bald zehn Minuten der Säule gejagt hat, ging es in ein Eck von der Scheuerhof. „Nun hab ich dich,“ lacht der Sammy. Der Porky klettert und klettert unten seine Ohren heraus gegen sein Nachjager, als wenn es sagen wird, „Was willst du mit mir, anyhow?“

Der Sammy sprang und griffte der Porky bei ein hinter Bein.

„Wee, wee!“ greifste der Porky, und kletterte und kletterte für weg zu kommen.

„Hier! Greffe das Welschkorn!“ Der Sammy hebte das Korn an der Säule sein Maul, aber der Porky greifste nach lauter, „Wee! Wee!“

„Du stöckiges Tier!“ Da ward der Sammy böse und reißt es herum und zankt noch mehr.

„Woof! Woof!“

Die große Mutter-Säule kamen zu springen. Der Sammy klettert zurück. Sie lauten zornig. Er ließ der Porky gehen und springt für die Fence.

„Was ist da los?“ höret er sein Vater fragen.

„Das dumme Säule . . .“ zankte der Sammy als er über die Fence steigt.

„Now, Sammy,“ ermahnte der Vater. „Es wird besser wann du deine Zunge im Zaum halten täfst. Vergiß nicht was wir gelesen haben gester Abend.“

„Der Porky ist zu dumm! Er freisset nicht.“

„Vielleicht ist er nicht hungrig. Wann du willst ihn zähmen, darfst du net böse werden. Du mußt allezeit freundlich sein. Jag' der Porky allein in der Schaffstall, dann kannst du ihn zähmen.“

Am Abend fangte Sammy der Säule wieder, und tut es einsperren in der Schaffstall. Aber der Porky war nicht willig. Er suchte ein Loch und brach bald 'raus der Stall. Dann suchte er sein weg zurück zu die andere Säule in der Scheuerhof.

Wann Sammy zu der Schaffstall kam, war der Porky nimmer darin. Der Sammy ward sehr verdroffen.

Dann kommt der Andy. „Ich habe schon mein Has gezähmt,“ sagte er fröhlich, „Sie freßt aus mein Hand.“

„Dein Has war zahm am ersten,“ antwortete der Sammy bitterlich. „Ein Sau hat ein böse Natur.“

„Ich will dir helfen,“ sagte der Andy, freundlich. „Wir machen das Loch im Schaffstall zu.“ Da ward der Sammy besser Mut. Die zwei Buben haben das Loch zu genagelt, und der Stall bereit für der Porky.

In eine kurze zeit war der Porky froh gewesen wann der Sammy kommen ist ihn zu füttern. Der Sammy hat öfters ein Krutze genommen und über der Porky sein Seit gerieben. Da legte der Säule sich herunter auf dem Stroh und grunzte.

Bis der Porky vierzig Pfund g'wogen hat, war er sehr zahm. Aber er war nicht zufrieden in der Schaffstall. Er brach heraus und laufte der Sammy nach. Bald kommt er in dem Hof, in den Garten, und auf die Porch.

Die Mutter ward mutlos. „Sammy, nimm du dein Säule und tue es zu die andere in der Scheuerhof.“

„Ja, Maem, aber ich habe bang er bleibt net. Er will bei mir sein.“

„Du kannst die Fence stark machen daß er nimmer 'raus kann. Er kann doch noch bei dir sein wenn du dein Arbeit geschafft hast, und zeit hast ihn zu hüten.“

Dann hat Sammy der Porky in der Scheuerhof gesperrt mit die andere Säue. Der Porky war aber nicht zufrieden. Er brach als wieder heraus und nimmt die andere kleine Säue mit sich. Sie haben gewählt in der Garten und in der Hof.

Da ward die Mutter sehr drieflich. „Komm, Shep, komm. Hiß, si'e'm! Hiß, si'e'm,“ rufte sie als sie ihre Schak schlankerte.

Der Shep kam zu springen und jagte die Säu aus dem Hof und Garten. Alle als wie der Porky. Der Porky haltet an zu wühlen, und gab kein G'hör zu die Mutter oder der Hund. Der Shep, wie der Sammy war sein Freund.

„Was können wir tun mit der Porky?“ fragte der Mutter der folgende Tag da sie und ihren Mann und die kleine Anna zum Stadt gingen. „Wir können ihn nicht jagen ohne wir schlagen unbarmerziglich mit ein Rute. And das will ich nicht tun.“

Als der Vater nicht gerade antwortete, sagt die Anna, „Ja, er ist auf der Porch gestiegen und hat Heffen abgeschoben mit seiner Nase.“

„Was können wir tun?“ fragte der Vater. „Der Amos sagt es hat nichts schtöcker als ein zahme Sau. Wann der Amos die Säue füttern will, kommt der Porky und stößt sein Nas in dem Eimer und er kann ihn nicht wehren.“

„Der Porky ist noch zu klein für schlachten,“ spricht die Mutter.

„Ach, das darfen wir net tun,“ sagt der Vater. „Wir können vielleicht . . .“

„Sammy,“ ruft der Vater von wo er die Pferde an striegeln ward der nächste Morgen. Es regnete, und sie kannten nicht ins Feld schaffen.

„Ja, Vater,“ antwortete der Bube.

„Wir müssen eppis tun mit dein Porky. Wir können ihn nicht in den Hof haben, und in der Garten. Er bleibt net bei die andere Säue, und ich will net der Schaffstall ein Säustall machen.“

„O, Vater, was willst du tun mit der Porky?“ fragt der Sammy, recht erschrocken. „Ach, nein, du meinst net daß du ihn schlachten wirst.“

„Nein, aber er muß verkauft werden wann er net darin bleibt.“

Tränen kamen bald zu der Sammy's seine Augen. Er dachte wie er mit der Porky gespielt hat, und wie der Säule ihn nachgelaufen ist. Der Porky war öfters mit ihn in die Wald gegangen, und auch wenn er die Kuh heimholte. Nein, nein, der Porky soll net verkauft werden.

Wo der Morgenarbeit fertig war, ging der Vater und der Amos in der Keller. Sie baueten Laden für die Mutter.

„Wo sind der Andy und der Sammy?“ fragte der Vater wenn es Mittag war.

„Ich weiß nicht,“ antwortete der kleine Anna,

„Ich habe sie auch net gesehen seit der Morgenessen,“ spricht der Amos.

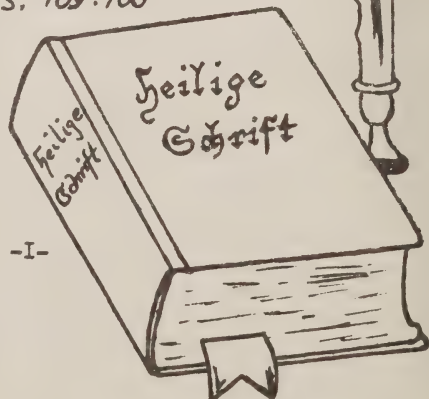
„Ich will in der Scheuer gehen. Dann suche ich für sie. Ich komm bald wieder,“ sprach der Vater. Er ging durch der Tür hinaus.

Wo er in der Scheuer gekommen war, höret er ein Klopfen. Da sah er seine zwei Söhnen an hart schaffen in der Regen. Sie hatten ein alte Fence gefunden und richteten es auf in ein verborgnen Eck von der Hof. Der Shep und der Porky stunden nahe dabei. Die Buben ihre Kleider waren ganz naß.

Die Buben höreten net ihren Vater. Als er da stand und sah wie ernstlich sie waren, war sein Vaterherz weich. Er denkt zu sich selber, „Wahrlich, sie haben der Säue verdient.“

„Komm, Sammy und Andy,“ ruft der Vater. „Wir wollen gehen essen.“

Dein wort ist...  
ein licht auf  
meinem wege  
Ps. 109:105





## „Suchet in der Schrift“

(Von Peter Doder)

„Suchet in der Schrift, denn ihr meint, ihr habt das ewige Leben drinnen, und sie ist die von mir zeugt.“ Joh. 5, 39.

Die Juden vermeinten wohl an Gott zu glauben, aber Jesus sagte zu ihnen: „Sein Wort habt ihr nicht in euch wohnend, denn ihr glaubet dem nicht, den Er gesandt hat.“ Weiters sagt Er auch: „Und ihr wollt nicht zu mir kommen, daß ihr das Leben haben möchtet.“

Wir wollen alle uns selbst fragen: Haben wir richtig sein Wort in uns wohnend? Oder sind wir vielleicht von solche Menschen die nur vorgeben an Jesus zu glauben, und haben doch sein Wort gar nicht in uns wohnend. Wollen wir das Leben haben? Jesus sagt Er ist gekommen es zu geben. „Ich bin gekommen, daß sie das Leben und volle Genüge haben sollen.“ Joh. 10, 10.

Warum wollten diese Menschen nicht zu Jesus kommen? Es war gerade weil sie nicht an Ihn glaubten, wie Er klar gab zu verstehen: „Ihr glaubet dem nicht, den Er gesandt hat.“ Was fehlt anders heute daß nicht mehr Menschen zu Jesus kommen wollen als wie das eine Wort „Unglaube“. Aber wie viel Menschen wollen es einlassen daß sie ungläubig sind? Wenn man fragt von wegen der Religion: Ja, ich gehöre zu diese oder jene Kirche. Glaubst du an Gott und an Jesus? Ja wohl, ich bin kein Ungläubiger. Das ist wohl leicht gesagt, aber Jesus sagte einst: „Es sind nicht alle die Herr, Herr sagen, ins Himmelreich kommen, sondern die den Willen tun meines Vaters im Himmel.“

Wir lesen in der Schrift von einem Vater der einen Mondlichtigen Sohn hatte, und er schrieb zu Jesus: „Kannst du aber was, so erbarme dich unser, und hilf uns.“ Jesus aber sprach zu ihm: „Wenn du könntest glauben, alle Dinge sind möglich dem, der da glaubet.“ Da schrieb der Vater mit Tränen in seine Augen: „Ich glaube, lieber Herr, hilf meinem Unglauben!“ Es scheint dieser Mensch vermeinte zu glauben, doch fühlte er daß noch etwas mangelte an seinem Glauben. Nun wollte er daß Jesus ihm helfen würde und lehren noch völliger und fester zu glauben. Ja sehr notwendig ist es daß wir zu Gott beten, daß Er uns der Glaube stärke.

Der Apostel lehrt uns von einem Glauben der durch die Liebe tätig ist. Zu der obige Klasse von Menschen wozu Jesus redete in unserm Text, heißt es: „Aber Ich kenne euch, daß ihr nicht Gottes Liebe in euch habt.“ So lange wir nicht Gottes Liebe in uns haben, können wir Ihm nicht recht dienen. Ein rechtschaffener Glaube der durch diese Liebe tätig ist verursacht der Mensch von ganzem Herzen Gott zu dienen. Er will sich auf dem engen und schmalen Weg begeben.

Wir wenden uns auch zum Spruch des Ebräer Schreibers, da Er sagt: „Aber ohne Glauben ist unmöglich Gott zu gefallen, denn wer zu Gott kommen will, der muß glauben, daß Er sei, und denen, die Ihn suchen, ein Vergelter sein werde.“ Ebr. 11, 6.

Menschen wenden viel Fleiß an das natürliche Leben zu erhalten. Wenn wir krank werden nehmen wir Medizin, wir besuchen der Arzt, und wenn er so sagt, gehen wir zum Spital, aber zu Zeiten fehlt alles, der Mensch stirbt. Wir als Hinterlassene meinen aber, wir haben alles getan daß wir tun konnten das Leben zu erhalten. Wie ist es nun

mit dem geistlichen Leben der Menschen? Wenn jemand krank ist in der Gemeinde, tun wir alles daß wir können um ihn gesund zu machen? Wenn wir sehen daß wir selbst krank sind geistlicher Weise, denken wir daran daß wir einen Arzt haben der niemals fehlt, wenn wir gerade tun nach seine Anweisung, das Medizin nehmen nach seiner Richtung so wird es niemals fehlen.

O wie köstlich ist es diese Gnadenzeit nicht zu versäumen. Wenn wir uns zu Christus bekehrt haben, so laßt uns ansharren bis ans Ende. Es ist wie ein Schreiber es einst gestellt hat: Was würde es uns helfen wenn wir heute leben für Christus, und Morgen dem Satan dienen. Was hatte es Saulus geholfen daß er mit Bittern und Jagen fragte: „Herr, was willst du daß ich tun soll?“ Und sich ließ taufen, ja sich so gänzlich aufgegeben, wenn Er nachgehens wieder in seine alte Sünden fortgemacht hätte? Was würde es helfen wenn wir heute glauben aber morgen abfallen, heute keusch, morgen unzüchtig, heute demütig, morgen hochmütig, heute nüchtern, morgen trunken, heute bekennen, morgen verleugnen. Dieses alles wird ja wohl durchaus nichts helfen, denn der Mensch wird nicht gekrönt, er kämpfte denn recht. Wir wollen uns nicht verlassen oder trösten auf wie viel Gutes wir getan haben gestern, aber in was wir ansharren bis ans Ende, das ist was vor Gott gilt.

Hilf uns, O Herr Jesu! daß wir nicht sind von denen die da weichen oder verdammt werden, sondern von denen, die da glauben und die Seele erretten.

Unser Text sagt: „Suchet in der Schrift“. Die Juden vermeinten das Leben zu haben durch Glauben an Gott aus dem alten Testament, aber sie wollten nicht glauben an Jesus. Daher suchte Er ihnen zu verstehen geben daß diese alte Schriften zeugen von Ihm. O wie blind daß solche Leute waren, aber wie viel besser ist es heute? Wir haben es deutlich geschrieben daß Er gekrenzt ist worden, begraben, auferstanden vom Grabe am dritten Tage und dann gen Himmel gefahren. Und O so viele Menschen die doch nicht recht an Ihn glauben daß sie das Kreuz auf sich nehmen wollen und Ihm nachfolgen.

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## ER THUT NICHTS SPAREN

Nun laszt uns Gott dem Herrn  
Danksagen, und ihm ehren  
Von wegen seine Gaben  
Die wir empfangen haben  
Der Leib, die Seel, das Leben  
Er hat es alles geben  
Denselben zu ernahren  
Thut er nicht etwas sparen  
Ein artz ist uns gegeben  
Derselbig ist das Laben  
Christus fuer uns gestorben  
Hat uns das Heil erworben  
Er halt uns in die Wahrheit  
Giebt ewigliche Freiheit  
Zu prelsen selnem Namen  
Durch Jesum Christum Amen.

-Dietrich Fehr



## *She Scattered Sunshine*

- Mildred Kauffman

She always seemed so happy, gay, and free —  
Some thought that she knew naught of pain or woe.  
Her joyful manner and the words she spoke  
Made others think her heart no grief could know.  
Yet many were the dark days that she saw,  
And she knew longing for dreams unfulfilled.  
She felt the wounds, the sting, the blows life dealt;  
She knew the peace that comes when storms are stilled.  
But she could hide her cares from those she met.  
She would be happy, and she would forget.

She often wished that she could better serve  
The Lord she loved; her labors seemed so small.  
She could not see how great her service was,  
Nor how she glorified the God of all;  
For as she bravely did her humble work  
She scattered sunshine on the way she trod;  
And many, catching up a ray that fell,  
Walked on with more sure steps the path to God.

—————

One thing the shut-ins can be thankful for is that the mind can roam at will even though we are cooped in by four walls. Thoughts can travel into every nook and cranny and peek at the first violets in the spring and again hear the soft rustle of the fallen leaves as we imagine ourselves wading through them in the fall.

Maybe many of our readers won't agree with me but I don't think anyone enjoys the outdoors more than the shut-ins. I remember one day on our way to church. It was a bleak fall day and the vegetation along the small country road we were traveling was deadened by the frost. Nevertheless there was something extremely beautiful in the brown and black "weeds" along the wayside. Its loveliness was retained in my memory.

Then there was the time that a neighbor took me to a friend's house for a few days' stay. When we arrived, there was no one at home, so I told him to just let me sit beside the lane. It was rather difficult for such an elderly man to do much pushing.

The home was located in a lane and no neighbors lived nearby. He was finally persuaded that I would be all right and so he left me. I can still recall the lovely different colored gravel stones in the lane and the beauties of nature around me. A buggy blanket was hanging over the fence. I decided if a storm would arise I could pull that over me.

There are many lovely scenes of the past that we can bring into our room. Yes, memory is a wonderful thing.

Lately I received a letter from Phoebe Byler, of New Wilmington, Pa. Because of polio she has been confined to

a wheelchair for many years — but her mind has been active and there are many things she can still enjoy. She writes —

"The article on terrariums in the last issue of Family Life was right in my line. I've been playing with some myself since early spring. My sister brought in some moss and planted it in jars and brought it over for me. Some did real well, others not so good. Must be at least three if not four different kinds and some chicken berry.

"One kind grew out of a piece of decayed wood and so far there's been no soil added. Several times tiny mushrooms sprung up in it. It's been a constant source of wonder to me.

"Lately I've taken the best out of one jar and transplanted it into others. One in a small fish bowl. Now I'm waiting to see how it will work out. It's real fine and spreading and reminds me somewhat of the sweat plants some folks have.

Perhaps if I can get someone interested to take me, we'll make an excursion into the woods yet before cold weather gets here again. Maybe I wouldn't do as much of it as it seems to me now, but I often keep thinking how interesting it would be to delve into the woodlands to see what is to see. That was a favorite pastime of mine in years gone by.

"There is a fifty acre piece near us that's as near to a primitive wilderness as you'll find around now-a-days. We don't know the owner and there is only a barn and a shed there. The house has gone to ruins long ago. Raspberries and blackberries and a fruit that looks like apricots grow there. Berry bushes as tall as a man's head and so thick as to be impenetrable.

"How I'd love to go wading through there and see what is to be found in plant life. My sister says, "OOO, think of all the snakes you might find!"

"Ah, well, they are but creatures put there by the same Maker that put us here. With proper precautions no harm should come to either. Many folks who have the privilege to do so, do not realize what they are missing by by-passing nature's trails."

## *To Grandma*

As you sit upon your wheelchair —  
The days may seem so long;  
Remember others think of you  
Tho' from you they are gone.

It's nice you still do knitting,  
Helping to pass the time;  
Others are glad for things you make  
Which pleases them just fine.

Think of your many blessings —  
A visit from a friend,  
Warm home, good food, your children;  
The list would hardly end.

You must miss Grandpa very much;  
You hope to meet him some day,  
In the mansion God has prepared  
In that home far away.

—Elizabeth Burkholder  
Wakarusa, Ind.





For this month's full page feature we have a poem by an elderly grandmother who cares for her sick husband.

The illustration was made by fifteen year old Katie Stutzman, Millersburg, O.

## Modern Housekeeping

Housekeeping is easier in so many ways  
 Than it used to be in the "good old days"  
 With new inventions — gadgets and such,  
 Lightens the labor of a housewife much.  
 She doesn't have to cook, nor sweat and stew  
 Like in olden days we had to do.  
 She goes to the store and buys things cold  
 Where all kinds of ready-made food is sold;  
 She takes them home and applies some heat  
 And presto! A whole meal is ready to eat.  
 No fires to start in the kitchen range,  
 A cooler kitchen, what a pleasant change!  
 An oven controlled with steady heat  
 Bakes, roasts and broils good things to eat.  
 Automatic washers and dryers for clothes,  
 With electric irons every wrinkle goes.  
 With electric machines to sweep and sew,  
 All these lighten her labors, we know.  
 Automatics furnish both heat and cold;  
 They start and stop — very well controlled.

Radio and television to entertain —  
 A housewife's life just isn't the same.  
 No horses to hitch, they're much too slow,  
 She jumps in the car and away they go.  
 Many women work more money to earn  
 To buy things of the world for which they yearn.  
 So many activities in church and school  
 It's hard for a mother to keep her head cool.  
 It used to be in the days of old  
 Sometimes we'd have to go out in the cold;  
 Now they can stay in the house where it's warm,  
 No need at all to go out in the storm.  
 But with all these modern inventions today  
 It seems there's less time to read and to pray.  
 Take time for the Lord, dear lady friend,  
 Or your soul in horror must make amend.  
 Praise Him, there are still women treading the sod  
 Who have time each day for the things of God.

- Ella A. Hostetler

Send all contributions for this page to "Sarah", c/o Pathway, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



In the spring seeds were planted in hopes of the harvest. By now many a homemaker can view the fruits of her hopes and labors, as she goes into the cellar. There are rows and rows of well filled jars and the many other good things to eat. There were many hours of heavy work — and often by evening the body was weary. Yet few women would change places with the city mothers who do not plant and toil, and live instead, "out of the store". Labor brings satisfaction to a person.

Wise Solomon said, "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God." Ecc. 2:24.

. . . . .

The fall is also the time of year when little boys continue to go out in their bare feet to bring in the cows on those brisk mornings. They like to put their cold feet on the warm ground where the cows have been lying.

This is also the time of year when we would hunt sticks and whatever we could find to throw at that last juicy apple on the tree. The lovely autumn scene is of short duration and soon we look into the black forests again. The weary days of winter shall soon be with us.

. . . . .

For a rich, but delicious, banana or cream pie, mix 1/3 cup peanut butter and 3/4 cup powder sugar together. Spread it in the bottom of a baked pie shell. Pour filling on top, and serve.

## Windowsill Woodland

—Agnes Ranney

Of all God's gifts in the world of nature, perhaps none are more beautiful or more useful than trees. A dozen uses for the products of trees must be on the tip of your tongue. We build homes and barns and fences and furniture from the wood of trees. We enjoy the blossoms and the fruit of apple and cherry and pear and plum. Wide-spreading maples and oaks and tall dark firs give us shade. Walnuts and filberts, hickory nuts and butternuts come from trees as food for us and for wild animals.

The very word tree makes us think of something tall

and strong. Did you ever see a tree begin to grow? With patience and imagination, you can soon have a miniature woodland right on your own windowsill!

If your part of the country has many trees, and if the climate is damp and mild, you can probably find tiny seedling trees right in your own yard. Looking over our flower beds here on the outskirts of Portland, Oregon, I have found small seedlings of Douglas fir, maple, mountain ash, dogwood, red cedar, hawthorne, locust, filbert, holly, flowering plum, and a tiny pine whose variety I haven't yet learned. All of these have grown naturally, from seeds dropped by birds or squirrels, or carried on the wind.

If you do find seedlings in your yard, you can make a planter large enough for several little trees. A long, narrow one is convenient because it can be placed on a window sill where it will get plenty of light. An old bread pan would be just right. You can paint the outside, or cover it with aluminum foil or bright paper.

It would be best to punch several holes in the bottom for drainage, and set the planter in a tray to catch the water that may drain out. If you find a planter in which you can't make holes, put a layer of fine gravel an inch or more deep in the bottom. Fill to about half an inch from the top with good garden soil, adding a little sand if you have it to keep the soil from packing. When the planter is filled and watered so as to be moist but not muddy, you are ready to plant your trees.

Six or eight small seedlings could be set out in a planter the size of a bread pan. As they grow, you will want to separate them; but they will not grow very fast for the first year or two. Evergreens like cedar and fir will be only five or six inches high after three or four years. When they do outgrow the planter, you can either move them to a larger pot or plant them outside. In a few years, they will be taller than you are!

Growing your own trees from seed is even more interesting than finding seedlings, for you can watch them grow from the moment they push up through the earth. Use the same kind of planter as for seedlings.

Where do you find tree seeds? This is where the imagination comes in. Your own kitchen is the place to start. Do you eat apples? Plant the seeds! My son David found some apple seeds already sprouting. That gave him the idea of planting them. In a few weeks tiny plants were poking through the soil, each with two small oval leaves that might have been the first leaves of radishes, beans — almost anything. But the next little leaves were perfect miniatures of the leaves on our big apple tree. Now he has three little apple trees, about four inches high, to add to his tree nursery.

Orange, lemon, and grapefruit seeds will sprout and make glossy leaved plants. Be patient — it may take several weeks for the tiny plants to poke their heads up. Keep the soil damp, and remember that not every seed will grow. If none of them sprout after a month, try again.

Save the seeds from fresh apricots, peaches, plums and cherries. Our baby apricot tree grew quite by accident, when someone put an apricot seed in the Christmas cactus pot! Now the little tree, less than a year old, is ten inches high, towering over the cedars three times its age.

Look for seeds in cones. The seeds have thin wings which would have carried them through the forest on the

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Send all contributions for this page to —  
Aunt Becky,  
c/o Family Life.

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breeze if you had not found them. You can shake the seeds from between the scales of the cones and experiment with growing your own pine or fir trees. You will recognize a pine at once if it comes up, for the curved bundle of pine needles pushes through the ground and spreads apart, looking like nothing but what it is — a miniature pine tree.

A little thought will give you many other ideas for gathering seeds. Try the seeds from the berries of holly and mountain ash. Keep your eyes open for any new fruit or nut that appears on the table — maybe you can grow a new tree for your collection.

On walks in the woods, especially in the fall, keep your eyes open for nuts, acorns, ripe maple seeds, interesting cones. When the bundle of gray-green needles from your ponderosa pine seed pushes through the ground and opens to the light, it will thrill you to know that this tree may grow to be 150 feet tall and may live for 400 years! Truly, in trees, God has given us a wonderful gift.

### *It's Applebutter Time*

The cider mill is humming  
'Cause it's applebutter time;  
Best fallen apples we're gathering,  
It will make the cider fine.  
It's hurry here and hurry there  
To get everything prepared;  
The apples which were picked with care  
Deftly are snitzed and pared.

Now everything is ready best  
To start in early morn;  
After a welcome night of rest  
The new full day is born.  
The cider is in the kettle now,  
'Tis filled nigh to the brim;  
The heat brings a sweaty brow  
While you skim, and skim, and skim.

Hurry! the cider is on the rise,  
Bring the butter quick!  
To have it ready is wise  
Or it'll flow over the brink.  
The butter does the settling  
Lest it overflow;  
Now keep the cider boiling —  
The fire is getting low.

It's time now for the apple snitz —  
Put them in the cider;  
It'll take lots and lots of stirring  
Before it's applebutter.  
Let me stir, it's now my time,  
We'll have to take our turns;  
The smoky fire smarts your eyes  
As the heavy hewn log burns.

Many hours there is of this  
Till the applebutter is fine;  
The smoky odor of aromatic bliss —  
A tarty taste sublime.  
Will you partake of the finished butter?  
A taste that's unsurpassed,  
Children love it; they're all in a flutter —  
A homely product it's classed.

- B. E. S.

### LARD CAN APPLEBUTTER

4 gallon apple snitz, need not be peeled  
1 gallon Karo syrup  
6 pounds sugar

Wash snitz, put in 50 pound lard can. Pour sugar and syrup over snitz and let stand overnight. Put on stove with cover on tight and bring to boil on medium heat. Then reduce heat just enough so it keeps on boiling. Cook 3 hours. Remove from stove. Run through sieve. Add spices if you wish.

If the cover is not removed during cooking it will not burn on the bottom. It will appear plenty juicy at first, but turns out just right. We prefer banana apples.

- Mrs. Chris L. Miller, White Pigeon, Mich.

### BAKED BEANS

1 lb. navy beans  
1/2 lb. bacon (cut fine)  
1 med. onion  
1 1/2 tblsp. salt  
1 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup white sugar  
1/2 cup catsup  
1 pint tomato juice

Soak beans overnight. Then boil till tender. Drain off most of water and put in rest of ingredients. Bake 2-3 hours at 350 degrees. Do not cover.

- Mrs. W. K., Ohio

### *Some Mothers Write*

Sometime ago I read that three-fourths of the people in the world have never had at one meal what many Americans consider a balanced meal — a beverage (tea, coffee) bread, butter, meat, potatoes, a vegetable and a dessert.

- M. Burkholder (Penna.)

In making preparations to attend church service our six year-old wanted to know, "Why do the ministers say, 'die Gnade Gottes'?" (the grace of God). I tried to explain to him what the grace of God is, and learned that he had mistaken "gnade" for "naughty". He thought the ministers might have made a mistake. The same day he again took notice when a minister spoke of "die Gnade Gottes".

- Mrs. E. Y., Georgia

*Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair*



*One do not  
like to see  
Halloween coming.  
But at the close  
of each day we  
should have a  
Hallowe'en —  
a hallowed  
evening.  
Aunt Becky*

## SAY UGH FOR SLUGS

"Ugh!" I said to myself, "now what can this thing be?"

We had just moved into our new home and I was cleaning the cellar when I discovered it. "It" was about three inches long and looked like a worm. But no worm I had ever seen before looked like this. And what would it want in my cellar?

This was a new neighborhood for me, as I moved here after marrying my husband. So the first chance I got I asked my husband, "What was that strange creature I met in the cellar?"

After I had described it he was not at all alarmed. "Oh," he said, off-handedly, "that was only a snail."

It was my first meeting with what is now an old foe. Later I learned that they call these particular snails "slugs". The name fits them perfectly. When you say slug, you say ugh right along with it.

One summer evening when I went outside barefoot I stepped on something squishy. Mr. Snail had been out for his evening meal, and then I had come along. I tried to wipe the slime off with a cloth. This didn't work so I tried soap and water with but little better success. Finally I learned that an easier way to get rid of it is to rub the slime with sand or soil.

I also learned to take a flashlight when walking around after dark.

I've seen plenty of these slugs since. Some of them measure nearly 6 inches in length.

They feed at night and I have often wondered how they manage to get home by sunrise. They must have a built-in alarm clock. By flashing around after dark sometimes you can see an amazing number of these gastropods (this

is their family name). By the time we get done with them they don't all get home.

We bought some poison bait for them and put it at an old oak tree which has a hole at the bottom. When I checked next morning, what a sight to behold. Dead slugs were all around the hole. It must have been a favorite gathering place.

The encyclopedia says, "The common slug feeds on fungi, decaying plants, and occasionally the leaves of living plants." It seems to me the latter occasion happens



pretty often. They like to crawl into the lettuce heads, even though there are plenty of rotting leaves outside. Apples and tomatoes are favorite foods, and their trails of slime can be seen everywhere they have been.

I often find them under the foliage of my peas. Here the sun can't reach them and they probably eat both day and night. At these times I wish for some of the stones which were so plentiful in my home state.

Guinea fowl and hens eat the snails but must get them in the early morning or on a cloudy day. But there is another predator which is fond of slugs, which surprised me very much. The proof is there on the cat's face in the morning. However, it seems that not all cats are fond of such a messy breakfast.  
- L.S., Maryland

## CHILDREN'S SECTION

"O JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM . . . HOW OFTEN WOULD I HAVE GATHERED THY CHILDREN TOGETHER, EVEN AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS UNDER HER WINGS, AND YE WOULD NOT!" MATTHEW 23:37

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF JESUS. THEY EXPRESS HIS SORROW AT BEING REJECTED BY HIS OWN PEOPLE WHOM HE CAME TO SAVE.



THE PROTECTING CARE OF A MOTHER HEN FOR HER BROOD IS A SPLENDID SYMBOL OF GOD'S LOVE AND CARE FOR ALL WHO ACCEPT HIS SON AS THEIR SAVIOUR—EVEN TODAY!

## MY SISTER BETTY

—By Elmo Stoll

For a long time my sister Betty has had a bad habit. No one is sure just when it started, but I know when I first noticed it. It was the Sunday afternoon about a year ago when we were at Milo Yoders. Five or six of us school-age girls had walked over to Milo's after church. We sat out on the lawn in a half circle, enjoying a shade tree and talking girl chatter. One of the girls moved over to one side, trying to find a more comfortable position in which to sit. All of a sudden she jumped to her feet and let out a scream, "A snake! A snake! I sat right on a snake!"

Well, you know how girls act when they think a snake is near. The rest of us jumped up pretty fast too. But then Betty saw what it was that had scared us. She laughed and walked over and picked up a short piece of jumping rope. That was all the snake there was!

The girl that had done the screaming must have felt foolish, because I know the rest of us did. My sister Betty said, "This little bit of rope shouldn't have scared us. Even if it had been a snake, it's so tiny. You should have seen the snake my brother killed yesterday right up close to our house."



"Ooooooh," the girls shivered. "Don't even talk about it."

Betty just laughed and went on. "I believe it must have been the biggest snake around. It was real thick, and — and — and terribly long. My brother had to hit it a couple of times before he could finally get it to die."

"Oh my," said another of the girls. "What if it had gone into your cellar and —"

"It could have, too," said Betty. "It was close to the house. I wish you could have seen it. It was about as thick as — as — my arm."

I sat with the other girls, listening to my sister Betty tell about the snake. I couldn't say a word, I was so surprised. The reason I was surprised was because I had seen that snake, too. And I knew how big it was. It wasn't nearly as thick as Betty's arm. I doubt whether it was much thicker than her finger.

And close to the house? I wouldn't have thought to call it close. It was on the other side of the washline, quite a ways from the house.

So you can see why I was surprised. I couldn't understand why Betty thought the snake had been so big. I started to say something, but then I stopped. Betty is older than I am, and I hated to act like I knew more about the snake. Then too, maybe it had been larger than I thought. I made up my mind to ask my brother Harvey about it and see if he thought the snake had been as thick as Betty's arm.

That evening I did ask Harvey. "As big as her arm?" he laughed. "Betty's eyes must have magnifying glasses in them or something. Unless she has very thin arms. Why, I killed the snake with one whack of the hoe, and Betty knows that."

I didn't think too much about it at the time. In fact, I tried to push the whole thing out of my mind. I guess I didn't like to think that my sister Betty had on purpose stretched the truth a bit just to make a more exciting story.

The next time the same kind of thing happened, I really began to wonder. One afternoon my parents were in town and Harvey was out in the field raking hay. Betty and I were alone in the house. We heard a car drive in. Betty flew to the window and peeped around the blind to see who it was. I heard her give a little gasp of surprise.

"Who is it?" I called.

"It's a police car," she said. "And there are two policemen in it."

"What — what do you think they want?" I asked, more worried than I cared to admit.

"I wonder too," Betty said. "Oh my, one of them is coming up the walk toward the house. What if they stick us both in the jail, and the rest of the family won't know what happened to us."

Betty pretended to be awfully scared, but I wonder if she was, because she went to the door the first time the policeman knocked.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," he said. "Is your father at home?"

"No, he went to town."

"Is your mother at home?"

"No. She's in town, too."

"Hmmm," he said. He stood thinking a little bit. "Well," he said. "I'll tell you why I came, and you can tell your father. I notice he put up a sign down here at the highway to say that he has potatoes for sale. He probably didn't know it, but that is against the law. All signs have to be at least a hundred feet from the road. He'll have to take it down or move it farther away from the road. It should be done right away. Okay?"

I was watching, half hidden behind Betty. I saw him sort of smile before he left, and I felt better.

But Betty seemed to have gotten a different impression of the policeman. "Oh my," she said. "He sure didn't like it that that sign is down there. Did you hear him say that Dad should take it down right away?"

"Yes," I said. "I heard him. But I thought he was really nice about it."

"Wow," said Betty. "You just didn't see him. He really looked stern. He said the sign is against the law, and that means he could arrest Dad. Maybe it was just as well Dad wasn't at home."

That evening when Dad and Mom drove in the lane, both of us girls rushed out to tell the policeman story. Only I didn't get a chance to say much. The first thing Betty said was, "Oh, Dad, a policeman was here to arrest you. He asked first thing if you were at home. It's because you put that sign down on the highway. He said it is against the law and that you have to take it down right away."

"Oh, surely he wasn't going to arrest me, do you think?" Dad smiled. "He probably just wanted to tell me it was against the law."

"Well, I don't know," Betty said. "He sounded terribly strict."

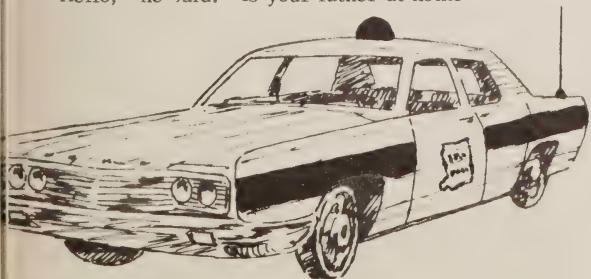
"If it's against the law we should do something about it right away," Dad said. Instead of unhitching the horse, he left at once to get the sign.

As I helped Mom get supper that evening, I couldn't forget how Betty had tried to make the happening more exciting than it actually was. This time I was pretty sure that she had stretched the truth on purpose.

It began to happen more and more often. Pretty soon it seemed that Betty couldn't tell anything without adding a little bit to the story to make it more interesting. If it was an extra warm day, she would say that "it was at least 110 in the shade." If a flock of geese flew overhead, she would come running into the house and report that she had seen the largest flock she ever saw, "at least a thousand, for the line stretched clear across the sky." When she went to the dentist to pull a tooth, she came home and told how the dentist "strained and strained to get the tooth to budge, and had to put in more and more freezing," even though she came home with her jaw barely swollen.

More than once Dad and Mom tried to talk to Betty about the way she had gotten into the habit of stretching the truth. But most of the time it was hard to prove, and it seemed that Betty just thought it was funny.

Now, I don't want you to think that my sister Betty was all bad. She was really very nice, and was good to me and everything, but it just seemed she couldn't resist the temptation to make the story a little more exciting. Dad told her many times about the little boy in his reading book who liked to cry "Wolf, wolf," while he was caring for his sheep. The boy learned that when he shouted, "Wolf, wolf," all the men came puffing and running with big sticks, and it was a lot of fun to have fooled them so.



Then one day a real wolf did come, and when the boy shouted, "wolf, wolf," none of the men came running to chase it away because they were about tired of being tricked all the time. So the story ended with the wolf gobbling up the sheep and the little boy, too.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of a wolf eating me," Betty laughed. "There aren't any wolves around here."

"No, a wolf won't eat you," Dad admitted. "But if you always make things worse than they are, pretty soon no one will believe you, even if you aren't stretching it."

But Betty only laughed and shook her head and claimed she didn't stretch the truth — not very much, at least.

All this was before Fido, our dog, got caught in the fence. After that, Betty didn't laugh about her bad habit of stretching the truth.

It was a strange accident, and something that probably only happens once in a lifetime — at least only once in a dog's lifetime. One evening after supper Betty took a notion she didn't want to wash the dishes. "All I do is wash, wash, wash, dishes. Seems like I do it day and night. I believe I wash more dishes than — than anybody else in the whole world!"

"Now, Betty," Mother said. "You know you don't have it as rough as you let on. There are a lot of girls that are the oldest in a large family, and they have to wash many more dishes than you do."

"Come on, Betty," I said. "You know I have to dry them all the time, too. It doesn't take so long if we go at it."

Just then Harvey got an idea. "I know what," he said. "I'll wash the dishes for you, Betty, if you take the cows down the lane for me."

"Okay," Betty said quickly. "It's a deal. That's just fun, compared with washing dishes. Especially if I can take Fido along."

"If you take Fido," Harvey said, "you'd better put him on the chain. Otherwise he chases the cows too fast."

"Don't worry," Betty said. "I know how to handle Fido. You worry about washing dishes, or I'll be back before you get started."

She waved gaily and hurried out the door.

A few minutes later, as Harvey and I were just getting started with the dishes, we suddenly heard the sound of running feet outside. The door flung open and Betty burst in. "Come quickly," she shouted. "Fido's being — being killed."

"Being killed, is he?" Harvey said calmly, going right ahead with his dishes. "Probably just a bumblebee after him, or something like that. I'm not going to get all excited as long as it's just Betty shouting. I know how she stretches things."

"Come quick," Betty said. "I mean it. It isn't funny."

"You'd better go, Harvey," Dad called from the living room. "Betty probably found a tick on Fido, and that's what she's excited about."

It was plain to hear that Dad wasn't worried either, or he wouldn't have been teasing like that.

"Please believe me," Betty said, and I thought that her voice sounded funny — almost as if she were trying to keep from crying. "Fido is being killed," Betty choked. "The Jersey cow is — is bucking him."

All at once all of us realized that Betty wasn't stretching the truth this time. With a leap Dad left his chair. The book he had been reading flopped to the floor. "Can't Fido run away?" Dad asked.

"N — no," Betty half sobbed. "He's caught in the fence — and — and —"

Dad didn't wait to hear more. Harvey was right behind

him as they raced out the door and toward the barnyard.

Betty and I ran after them. All the way out to the barnyard I was hoping it wasn't as bad as Betty thought. It would be terrible if Fido was really being killed. Before we even got close, we could hear the cow mooing angrily.

As we rounded the barn, the cow was pacing nervously around her wobbly-legged calf, all the while glancing over to the fence where Fido lay limp and still.

"You loosen the dog," Dad shouted to Harvey. "I'll get the cow away before someone gets hurt." Dad chased the cow and her calf down the lane a little way, and then came back to see how Fido was.

Betty and I stood back a little, watching and hoping — hoping and hoping Fido wasn't dead.

Harvey loosened the snap where it had caught on the woven wire fence. "He's still breathing," Harvey said. We could see the dog's sides rising and falling but he didn't move otherwise. Fido seemed to have been knocked unconscious. Dad knelt beside him and felt for broken bones.

After what seemed a long time to us girls, Dad said, "I don't think there is anything broken, but he's pretty badly bruised. Betty was right. He could easily have been killed. With the horns that cow has, she must have given him a rough treatment. How come you snapped Fido to the fence to start with, Betty?"

"I didn't," Betty explained, more calm now that she saw Fido was probably going to be all right. "When the cow came after him, he ran to get through the fence and I let go of the chain because I was scared, too. Then the snap where the chain fastened to his collar caught on the fence and he couldn't get away. And I — I was afraid the cow would buck me if I tried to help, and — and — and —"

Fido moved and tried to lift his head. Harvey patted him, all the while talking to him in a soothing voice. In a few minutes the dog got unsteadily to his feet. He staggered as he tried to walk. His eyes were bloodshot and glazed. Fido started toward the house, limping painfully.

"He's pretty sore, there's no doubt about that," Dad said. "But I think he'll be all right in a day or two."

"Poor Fido," Betty murmured. "He's lucky to be alive at all."

"I'll say he is," Harvey said, and he glanced meaningfully down the lane where the Jersey cow stood with her long curved horns.

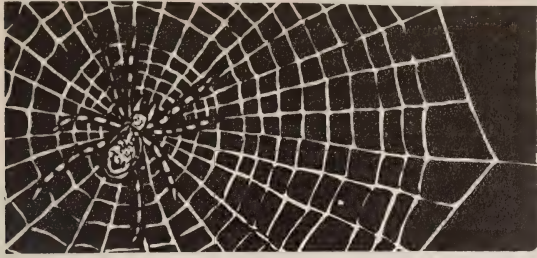
For the rest of the evening, I thought Betty was unusually quiet. It was not until bedtime, and Betty and I were upstairs in our room that we started talking about Fido's narrow escape again. "You'll never know how I felt," Betty said, "when everybody just laughed when I said Fido was being killed. It had never dawned on me that maybe you wouldn't believe me. I felt just terrible all over."

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't help but think about what Dad had tried to tell Betty many times. She had stretched things so often that when something bad did happen we had no way of knowing she wasn't stretching it again. Even though I knew it was Betty's own fault, I still felt sorry for her, but I didn't know what to say to make her feel better. So I didn't say anything.

We sat for a while, each thinking her own thoughts. Pretty soon Betty said, "I guess I learned my lesson. I won't stretch the truth again — not ever, ever again, not if I live for a hundred years —" Suddenly she stopped. "— Er — uh, I mean, I'm at least going to try to break the habit — if — if — others help me and remind me."

I still didn't say anything, but inside I felt glad, real glad that Betty hadn't left it at a hundred years. I thought it proved that in a way she had learned a lesson.





### The Spider-Master Engineer

—Agnes Ranney

Of all God's amazing creatures, none is more fascinating than the spider. There are hundreds of kinds of spiders. The smallest are tiny garden spiders, hardly larger than the period at the end of this sentence. Largest are the fierce-looking hairy tarantulas, which may measure three inches across.

Tarantulas are not nearly so dangerous as they look. Their bite is no worse than a pinprick, but if the stiff hairs that cover the spider's body get into your skin they can be quite irritating.

The only spider that is dangerous is the black widow. Fortunately, she is rare. She is usually found in dark damp places in basements or under porches or old boards. She can be identified by a mark on her underside shaped like a red hour-glass.

All other spiders are our friends, for they catch gnats, flies, mosquitoes, and dozens of other harmful insects. And they are most interesting, as well.

All spiders can spin silk, but those making the most lovely webs are the garden spiders. On almost any summer morning you can find a web, the threads radiating from the center like the spokes of a wheel, the spiral of threads circling the center perhaps sparkling with dew. You will notice that several straight threads anchor the web firmly to tree branches or grass stalks. Touch one, and you will find it dry and rigid. But if you touch one of the circular threads, you will feel that it is elastic and sticky.

The spider cannot see very well, and when you gently

touch her web she may think she has caught a careless fly or moth. She will rush out to catch her prey, then scuttle back out of sight close to the edge of her web.

If a fly does get caught the spider wastes no time in taking care of it. If she is not hungry at the moment, she will wrap it up in silk, winding it in strand after strand until she has a neat package of food.

Silk is of several kinds. It may be spun in a twisted strand or a filmy ribbon. It may be dry for the spider to walk on, sticky to catch her prey, gummy to cement the parts of the web together, or filmy to catch the breeze and carry the spider miles away.

The web of a spider is the strongest material for its size in the world — stronger than a steel wire of the same size. A thousand threads lying side by side would take only an inch of space, and enough to go around the world would weigh no more than two pounds.

People have made many attempts to use this strong silk. In Australia, some spiders make webs nearly six feet across of silk as thick as darning wool. The natives set up tall bamboo poles with a loop at the end near where the webs are found. Soon a spider finds the convenient pole and spins her web in the loop. Then the native has a ready-made fishing net, strong enough to withstand the rush of the water and the struggles of small fish.

But the spiders themselves make the most interesting uses of their webs. Besides catching and preserving food, webs are used to travel. If the spider wants to cross a small stream or pass from one tree branch to another, she spins out a strand of silk and lets the breeze carry it out until it catches on a rock or twig, making a bridge for her to travel over.

Baby spiders spin silk parachutes and travel on the breeze to new homes. Trap-door spiders make a hole in the ground in which to catch their prey, and fasten the door of the trap with a hinge made of silk. Many spiders make silken bags in which to carry their eggs.

Spiders travel great distances in the air, and are found in all parts of the world. When the island of Krakatoa erupted in 1883, making an explosion heard 2,250 miles away, the island was almost destroyed. The part that was left was covered with lava and ashes. When scientists visited it after the lava had cooled, they found only one living thing — a tiny spider, busily spinning its web!

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## Grandfather's Reading Lesson

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### STOOP!

Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, visited Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the minister showed him out of the house by a back way. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the minister said to the lad, "Stoop! stoop!"

Not at once understanding the meaning of the advice, Franklin took another step, and brought his head pretty sharply against a beam that projected over the passage.

"My lad," said the minister, "you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it and you will save yourself many a hard thump."

Yet it is not an easy lesson to learn, — the art of stooping gracefully, and at the right time.

When a young man stands before you in a passion, fuming and foaming, although you know he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard and talk as loud, as he does. This places two

temporary madmen face to face. Stoop, as you would if a tornado were passing.

It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. It is just as sensible to echo back the bellowings of a mad cow, as it is to answer in the same tone the ravings of a madman. Stoop gracefully, and, amid the pauses of the wind, throw in the "soft words that turn away wrath."

When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have done, for a neglect chargeable against you, stoop! Do not try to justify or excuse a palpable fault. This only increases the wrong. This only excites greater wrath. Stoop!

If you say mildly, "I know I was wrong; forgive me," you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect.

A friend came to me once with a face black with frowns, and with fury all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfil a promise. I foresaw the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply

saying, "I am very sorry; I forgot. Pardon me this time." What could the man say? He kept the cork in the bottle, and I escaped a terrible blast.

How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we knew how and when to stoop!

But when tempted to do a mean thing or a wrong thing, — when solicited to evil by companions or circumstances, — then don't stoop! You may give up our own personal rights if you will, you may give "coat and cloak" to an unjust demand, — sometimes even this is necessary, — to stoop in silence to an injustice. It may be done without disgrace or guilt. But never stoop to a meanness, to a base deed. Never stoop to pick up a forbidden object, the possession of which righteously exposes you to scorn or censure.

— Monroe's Fourth  
1872



## FROM PRISON TO PALACE

After his brothers sold him to the merchants, Joseph found himself being led farther and farther away each day from the only home he had ever known. His heart must have been heavy as he thought of his father sitting in the tent door watching each day for his son to return — watching in vain. And deep in Joseph's heart was the greatest wound of all — the hurt of knowing that his own brothers had sold him for twenty pieces of silver.

Arriving in Egypt, Joseph found everything so strange and new for him — even the language the people spoke was different. The merchants sold Joseph to an important man in Pharaoh's army, Potiphar.

From the start, Joseph did his best to please his new master. He worked hard and cheerfully. Potiphar watched his new slave closely, and he liked what he saw.

Everything that Joseph did seemed to prosper. God was blessing him in a special way, and Potiphar soon learned that he could trust Joseph. Soon the young Hebrew slave was made overseer over the whole house of Potiphar.

Joseph felt very thankful to have found a master that trusted him with everything he had, and treated him well. But not for long was everything to go so smoothly for the young son of Jacob.

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### THE GOLDEN RULE

There is a good rule that I know  
That works wherever I may go.  
The Golden Rule is its name;  
It means that I treat you the same  
As I would want you to treat me  
If things were turned about, you see.  
For if I'm always kind to you  
And careful in the deeds I do,  
And you treat me in the same way,  
We'll both be sure of a glad day.

— By Laura Alice Boyd

Potiphar's wife began to act very friendly toward Joseph, and one day she suggested that he do a great sin.

But Joseph knew that it would be very wrong, and he would not do it.

The woman wouldn't give up. Day after day she coaxed Joseph to do wrong. "No," said Joseph firmly, "my master has trusted me with everything he has. How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

Still Potiphar's wife kept on. One day when he was alone in the house, she suddenly grabbed his coat, trying to force him to do wrong. But Joseph slipped out of the coat and left it in her grasp. He fled from the house, determined not to listen to her and do such a wicked thing.

Now Potiphar's wife no longer pretended to be friendly toward Joseph. When she saw that she could not persuade him to do wrong, she became angry with him. She was a proud woman, and it was more than she could stand not to have her own way.

That evening when Potiphar returned home, his wife was waiting for him. In her hand she held Joseph's coat. Pretending to be hurt and greatly indignant, she said, "You know that Hebrew servant you hired to take care of the house? Today he came into my room to mock me, and when I screamed for help, he left his coat lying and ran away as fast as he could." The wicked woman held up the coat as proof that her words were true.

Potiphar was angry to think that Joseph would try to harm his wife. He believed every word she said. At once he ordered his servants to bind Joseph and take him off to the king's prison.

This was a trying time for Joseph. He had done nothing wrong to deserve being thrown into prison, and he might have felt very badly about it. But Joseph knew that nothing would be gained by sitting around with a sad face and feeling sorry for himself. He made up his mind to make the best of what had happened to him.

Soon the keeper of the prison noticed that Joseph was not like the other prisoners. Joseph seemed always to have a smile and a friendly word. It wasn't long until the prison keeper learned that he could trust Joseph, and he made him overseer over the whole prison.

In caring for the prisoners, Joseph was just as careful to do his work well as he had been in Potiphar's house. And once more God blessed him greatly.

One morning when Joseph took some food to two of the prisoners, the butler and the baker, he noticed that they seemed unusually sad.

"Why do you look so unhappy this morning?" Joseph asked.

"We have had some strange dreams," they replied. "We are troubled because there is no one here to tell us what the dreams mean."

"Tell me what the dreams were," Joseph said kindly. "Perhaps God will show me what they mean."

The butler told his dream first. "In my dream," he said, "I was standing in front of a vine, and on the vine were three branches. As I watched, the branches seemed to bud, and blossoms shot forth, and soon there were clusters of ripe grapes hanging there. Pharaoh's cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes and pressed them into the cup and gave the cup to Pharaoh."

"This is the meaning of your dream," Joseph said. "The three branches are three days. In three days the king will send for you, and will return you to his service, and you will be his butler again."

The butler's face lighted up when he heard these words. Then Joseph put in a request for himself. "When you are

Family Life



once again serving the king, "Joseph said, "please remember me. Tell the king I was stolen out of my own land, and have done nothing to deserve being in prison."

"Now I want to tell my dream," the baker said eagerly. He heard the meaning of his dream would be like the butler's - that he too would be released from prison. "In my dream," the baker said, "I had three white baskets on my head. In the top basket were all different kinds of baked goods for the king, and the birds came and ate out of the basket that was on my head."

Joseph knew at once that this dream did not have such a happy meaning. "Your dream means," Joseph said, "that in three days the king will take your job away forever, and hang you on a tree and the birds will come and eat your flesh."

In three days the dreams came true exactly as Joseph had said they would. The butler went back to press grapes for the king and the baker was hanged.

"Now," thought Joseph hopefully, "maybe I will get out of prison. The butler will tell the king about me, and the king will set me free."

Patiently Joseph waited, but days passed and nothing happened. No messenger came running from the king to tell Joseph he could leave the prison. The butler was so happy to be out of prison that he forgot all about Joseph.

Two years passed and still Joseph was in prison.

Then one night king Pharaoh had a dream. It was a strange dream, for in his dream he was standing by the river. As he looked, seven cattle came up out of the river and went to eat in a nearby meadow. The cattle were sleek and fat and looked well fed and healthy. Then while the king stood watching, seven more cattle came up out of the river, and these looked nearly starved, they were so thin and bony. The thin cattle walked over to the fat cattle and ate them up - and yet they were as thin as before.

Pharaoh awoke, wondering about his strange dream. Then he slept again and dreamed the second time. Once more he was standing by the river and this time he saw seven ears of corn grow on one stalk - good ears, well-filled and plump. Then seven thin, withered ears sprouted and devoured the plump ears, yet they were as withered and thin as before.

Pharaoh awoke and lay tossing on his soft bed, troubled by what his two strange dreams might mean.

Early the next morning Pharaoh called in a servant. "Send for all the magicians and wise men of Egypt," Pharaoh commanded. "Tell them to come as soon as possible, the matter is urgent."

The magicians and wise men looked perplexed. They glanced at each other, then put their heads together and murmured in low voices. At last they had to admit it - they were just as puzzled by the dreams as the king had been. They shook their heads helplessly.

Suddenly the butler thought of something. He ran at once to the king, ashamed that he could have forgotten so long. "There is a young man in prison who could tell you what the dreams mean," the butler told Pharaoh. He explained how Joseph had told the meaning of the dreams when he and the baker were in prison.

"Send for Joseph at once," ordered Pharaoh.

Immediately Joseph was sent for. When he was brought in before the king, Pharaoh said, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is no one who can interpret it. I have heard of you that you can understand a dream to tell its meaning."

"It is not me," Joseph said, "but God that has the understanding."

Pharaoh told Joseph what his dreams were. He explained how he had seen the seven fat cattle swallowed by the thin cattle, and the seven plump ears devoured by the seven withered ears. "I told these dreams to my magicians and wise men," Pharaoh said, "and none of them could tell the meaning."

"Your two dreams are one," Joseph said. "They both mean the same thing. God is showing you what he is about to do. The seven fat cattle and seven plump ears mean seven years of plenty in Egypt. The seven thin cattle and the seven withered ears mean seven years of famine in Egypt. The seven years of famine will eat up the seven years of plenty, so that the land will still be thin."

Pharaoh marveled at the wisdom of Joseph in explaining the dreams, but Joseph was not yet finished. "God has sent this dream to you twice," Joseph said, "because he wants you to understand what is about to happen. In the seven years of plenty everything will grow well, and there will be much more food than the people need. But when the famine comes, nothing will grow and there will be great want. Now, let the king look for a very wise man and give him the job to gather together and store up great storehouses of food for the years of famine. Then the people need not starve when no crops grow."

"That is indeed a good plan," said the king, "but where is another man so wise as Joseph?"

All the people in Pharaoh's court were agreed that Joseph should be given the job to gather the great storehouses full of food in readiness for the seven years of famine.

Pharaoh said to Joseph, "See, I have set you over all the land of Egypt. According to your word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne shall I be greater than you are."

Then Pharaoh took the ring from his own hand and put it on Joseph's hand, and gave him some rich clothing and put a gold chain around his neck. Joseph was given a chariot to ride in, and servants ran ahead, shouting to all the people, "Bow the knee!"

- E. S.

??  
?  
? HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND? ?  
?  
? 1. What was the name of the man who bought Joseph ?  
? in Egypt? ?  
? 2. Who told lies about Joseph, causing him to be ?  
? thrown into prison? ?  
? 3. Had Joseph done anything wrong to deserve this ?  
? treatment? ?  
? 4. What work did Joseph do in prison? ?  
? 5. Why were the butler and baker looking unhappy ?  
? one morning? ?  
? 6. What did Joseph ask the butler to do for him when ?  
? he got out of prison? ?  
? 7. Why did Pharaoh send for Joseph? ?  
? 8. How many years of famine did Joseph say were ?  
? coming? ?  
? 9. What did Joseph advise Pharaoh to do so that the ?  
? people need not starve during the famine? ?  
? 10. What reward did Pharaoh give to Joseph? ?  
? ?  
? food. 10. Made him ruler over all Egypt. ?  
? his dreams 8. 7 9. Appoint a wise man to store up ?  
? Pharaoh to let him out, too 7. To tell the meaning of ?  
? 4. He was caretaker 5. They had dreamed 6. Ask ?  
? ANSWERS: 1. Potiphar 2. Potiphar's wife 3. No ?  
? ?  
? ???

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS



WITHOUT DOUBT it will be of great interest to today's Amish-Mennonites to learn when and how the first settlement of Amish in Indiana was established, and how it prospered.

In the year 1840 a spirit of migration began to make itself felt among the Amish of Somerset County, Pennsylvania; they began to discuss moving to one of the more western states. Four men, Daniel S. Miller, Preacher Joseph Miller, Nathan Smeily, and Joseph Speicher set out on an investigation tour to see what the land was like. Whether they took a canal boat from Johnstown, or traveled by stage coach to Pittsburgh, is not known for sure.

At Pittsburgh they boarded a boat which carried them down the Ohio River to Cairo, Illinois. From there they traveled up the great Mississippi to Burlington, Iowa, from which point they set out on foot through the counties of Henry, Washington, and Johnson to Iowa City. This land pleased them quite well, but they turned back eastward in order to explore the state of Indiana also.

Crossing the Mississippi River, they entered the state of Illinois and traversed it to the still-small town of Chicago. There they sailed across Lake Michigan to the mouth of the St. Joseph River, and having gone up the river a ways, they cut across country to Goshen, Elkhart County, Indiana. After having seen this area, which suited them especially well, they agreed to make this community their future home. Having made this decision, they returned to Pennsylvania.

When the brothers and sisters at home heard the good news that the four men had found a good and fruitful land in the state of Indiana and had there met prosperous settlers, a fever to move westward spread among them.

The following year, 1841, four families prepared themselves to make the move to Indiana, namely, Daniel S. and Barbara Miller with five children, (Samuel, Polly, Jonathan, Rachel, and Barbara), Preacher Joseph and Elizabeth Miller with four children (Lydia, Polly, Daniel, and Joseph), Deacon Joseph and Barbara Borntrreger with five children (Lizzie, Christian, Barbara, John, and David), and Christian and Elizabeth Borntrreger with two children (Lydia and Mary). These four families loaded the necessary supplies on wagons, of which each family had one, and on three one-horse carts. At that time there were no railroads.

On June 3, 1841, the twenty-four persons in this party left Somerset County, Pennsylvania and turned their faces toward the west. First they headed toward Holmes County, Ohio, where they visited a week; then they traveled on in the direction of Indiana. They came through the state of

(Translated from the German and condensed by Joseph Stoll)

Michigan, to White Pigeon, and then headed in a south-western direction to the border of Indiana, where they camped the last night. The following day they journeyed through Middlebury and reached Goshen, Elkhart County, Indiana, on June 29. They drove three miles farther south, on the west edge of the Elkhart Prairie, and lived there a number of months in small huts.

However, the beautiful prairie land was already too expensive for the new settlers, who had but little money. For this reason they turned to forest land. Joseph Miller and Joseph Borntrreger bought 80 acres each in Clinton Township; Daniel S. Miller and Christian Borntrreger went to Newbury Township, LaGrange County, ten miles northeast from them, and bought homesteads there and moved onto them.

In October of that year Emanuel Millers from Ohio came to LaGrange County. Somewhat later Preacher Isaac Schmuckers, Jacob Kauffmans, Israel Millers, and Jonas Hochstetlers settled in Elkhart County. At about this time the new settlers gathered the first time for church services in the home of Daniel S. Miller.

On February 2, 1842, Eli, son of Joseph and Barbara Borntrreger, was born. He was the first Amish-Mennonite child born in Indiana, that lived. Eli is now (1907) bishop in the Yoder district.

On March 27, Easter Sunday, the settlers gathered the first time in that year for church services — in the home of Preacher Joseph Miller — a church of perhaps fourteen members. From that time church services were held regularly every two weeks.

In the same spring eight additional families from Somerset County, Pennsylvania came to LaGrange County, namely, the old Abraham Hershbergers, Joseph and John Hershbergers, Henry and John Millers, Philip Weirichs, Christian Hochstetlers, and David Lehmans. Many other families followed. In the fall of the year a number of families from Holmes County, Ohio came to Indiana and set led in Elkhart County. These included the old John Millers, Joseph J. Millers, Jonas Millers, David H. Millers, Eli Chupps, Felty Yoders, David Schrock, and Deacon Peter Schrock. Others followed them, so that the church grew rapidly.

In the year 1843 council was taken to ordain a bishop. Two ministers, Joseph Miller and Isaac Schmucker, were the candidates, and the lot fell on Schmucker. He was the first Amish bishop to be ordained in Indiana.

In the spring of 1844 Jonas Hochstetler was chosen through the lot to be ordained as a bishop. He was the first Amish minister to be ordained in Indiana.

In the fall of that same year Preacher John Borntrregers, John C. Yoders, and others from Pennsylvania came to LaGrange County and settled there.

Although the church was growing rapidly, the families from Pennsylvania and the families from Ohio were not of one mind with regard to church rules and standards; the result was a division in the church. This occurred about 1845, and each group met for separate services.

Isaac Schmucker was the only preacher in the party from Ohio. He therefore sought ministerial help and ordained two men, namely Joseph J. Miller as preacher and Felty Yoder as deacon.



In August of 1846 Joseph Miller, a preacher, sold his home in Elkhart County and moved to LaGrange County.

Since a church can not long exist if there is disunity, both parties agreed to have ministers from Ohio come to help settle the differences and heal the wounds. They chose Moses Miller, Peter Gerber, and Jacob Coblentz. These men came, and through their efforts the two groups were once more united. This happened in 1847. At about this time the church was divided into two districts, the one called Clinton and the other LaGrange.

Soon thereafter John Raber was ordained as preacher in the Clinton district, but within a few years he moved with his family to Iowa, where he died. Within a short time John Smiley was ordained in the Clinton church.

In the year 1848 Joseph Miller was ordained bishop in the LaGrange district, in which office he labored faithfully for 29 years. In 1851 bishop Isaac Schmucker sold out and moved with his family to Illinois. The same year preacher Moses Kauffman and preacher Christian Plank of Ohio moved to the Clinton district. About this time Joseph J. Miller's ordination was annulled.

In 1852 John C. Yoder was ordained deacon in the LaGrange church, and in the Clinton district Joseph M. Miller, through the use of the lot, was again ordained a minister.

Deacon Joseph Bornotreger of the Clinton district sold his property and on February 22, 1852, we moved to the LaGrange district, where he is still living. (On Aug. 4, 1907 he was 96 years old.) In the fall of 1853 Joseph J. Miller was ordained bishop in the Clinton church. In April of 1854 Preacher Jonas Troyer and family came from Ohio and settled in the Clinton district.

Up to this time both districts had grown rapidly in numbers and had prospered spiritually; most of the ministers were much in earnest to preach the Word of God to the church, to maintain the rules and ordinances of the church, and thereby to be steadfast in the truth as they had acknowledged it at baptism — not clothing themselves as the world, for Jesus himself (Luke 16) spoke of the rich man's clothes as a sign of his pride and one of his sins; for what is highly esteemed among men is an abomination before God. Also, the holy apostles wrote of modesty in dress. I Pet. 3:3; I Tim. 2:9.

The majority of the church members sided with the ministers, but a few preachers, namely, Jonas Troyer, Christian Plank, Christian Miller, and John Smiley, and a portion of the church, were no longer satisfied with the old rules and ordinances, and had much to say against them, thereby grieving the faithful and causing them much sorrow and concern. The rebellious joined together, counseled with each other, announced their freedom, and established a new church according to their own ideas.

This began perhaps in the spring of 1854, and occurred in the Clinton district. But Jonas Troyer, who was a very talented speaker and had a strong influence, caused a considerable number of members from the LaGrange district to leave the church and follow him.

The other ministers, meanwhile, who took to heart the warning of Jesus and the holy apostles — that they should take care lest they be deceived — remained steadfast, namely, Joseph Miller, John Bornotreger, Joseph J. Miller, Jonas Hochstetler, Moses Kauffman, Tobias Yoder, John C. Yoder, and Joseph Bornotreger.

The result was a regrettable, deplorable, and complete schism in the church. Children were divided from their parents, and brothers and sisters were separated from each other. The division was completed in the year 1857.

Already in the year 1854 Jonas Troyer had been ordained by Isaac Schmucker as a bishop, in which office he (Troyer) gave a free reign to pride and high-mindedness, so that in a short time a great change was evident. Also, he began a new form of baptism — going to a flowing stream. Soon thereafter they built several church houses.

But they could not long continue in unity, for some of them could not agree to the many changes being made, and withdrew, which caused the second split. Meanwhile, there were certain members who pushed forward so fast, and in so many ways imitated the world, that a third division occurred.

One needs but to glance at the fruit the above movements have borne, to see clearly that a carnal spirit and a lust of the eyes was the cause of the disunity and division; four points which Christ does not tolerate in His church, were apparent by them: 1. Costly clothes and ornaments of the world; 2. The holding of worldly political offices; 3. Membership in merchants' guilds; 4. The wisdom of this world.

Therefore, my fellow wanderers toward eternity, prove all things and hold fast to the good; abstain from all appearance of evil; do not be haughty, but associate with the lowly, for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble. Therefore, do not let yourselves be deceived.

The old church, however, continued steadfast and unmoved, holding to the old principles of the Word, and received the blessing, so that the church again grew strong.

Approximately in the year 1855 Tobias C. Yoder was ordained to the ministry in the LaGrange church. In 1858 in the Clinton district Joseph Hochstetler was chosen to be deacon. In 1859 Preacher Christian H. Millers from Ohio came to the LaGrange County settlement. In 1861 Joseph J. Miller, because of certain circumstances, was again silenced from the ministry.

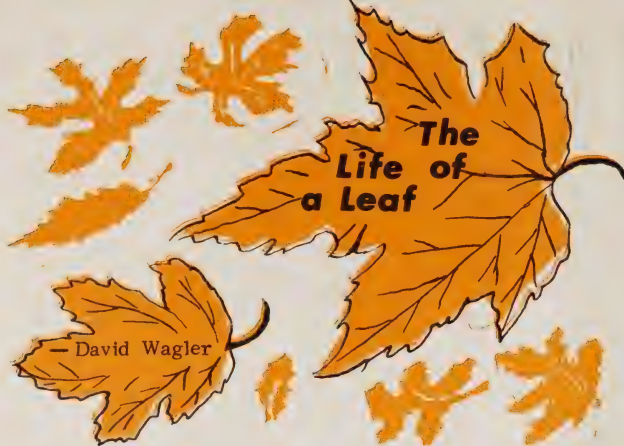
It was in this year that the Civil War started, which lasted for four years. The church was asked to furnish men for the fighting, but through the payment of bounty money this was avoided. In this year also, John C. Yoder was ordained a bishop-deacon (völligen Armendienst) and Samuel Eash was ordained a minister, both in the LaGrange church. Preacher John L. Miller of Ohio moved to the Clinton district.

(The remainder of the booklet is largely a list of ministerial ordinations, which would be of limited interest to many of our readers. In 1866 the LaGrange District was divided into two churches, the Forks District and the Yoder District. By 1876 the Forks church had grown so large, it was necessary to divide again, and the new district was named North Barrens. In 1881 the Yoder district was divided, the new district being known as Clear Spring; twenty years later, in 1901, the Yoder District was once more too large for one congregation, and was divided, forming the Honeyville District. Thus, by the year 1907 when John E. Bornotreger wrote his booklet of history, the Elkhart-LaGrange Amish settlement had grown to six church districts.)

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(Note: The original German writing, "Eine Geschichte der ersten Ansiedelung der Amischen Mennoniten, und die Gründung ihrer ersten Gemeinde im Staate Indiana," was written and published in 1907; more recently it was re-printed, in 1961, and is available from the printer, Enos H. Miller, Kalona, Iowa.)

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Did we ever stop to think how important a part that leaves play in God's plan for life on earth? As valuable as the leaves of trees are, there are other kinds which are just as necessary. What would we do without the cereal plants such as oats, wheat, corn, vegetables, grasses and legumes? Without plant life, animal life could not long survive.

Every leaf that you see is a factory, whether it's the leaf of a tree, of a grass, a stalk of corn, or a pea in your garden. It is a food factory which uses sunlight and water and air for its own growth. These plants, or the seeds of these plants, serve as food for man and beast.

A leaf may appear as thin as a sheet of paper, but if you were to look at it through a microscope you would see that it contains many rooms. These rooms are called cells. The top of the leaf is called epidermis (the same as your skin) and it forms the roof of these little cells. The lower side of the leaf is the floor. In the spaces between the floor and the roof the food is manufactured.

#### A FRAMEWORK AND A WATER SYSTEM

Imbedded in every leaf is a network of veins which serve a double purpose. The larger veins can be seen with the

eye and they make up the framework or skeleton of the leaf. Without this reinforcement the leaf could not hold its shape but would droop like a piece of cloth.

These veins branch off into smaller veins and capillaries which keep the leaf supplied with water. This network of capillaries furnishes water to every cell in the leaf.

Each cell has an opening which comes out on the bottom side of the leaf. These openings are called stomata and they open and close like a valve. They are regulated by temperature and light, and they open during the daytime but close when it gets dark. An apple leaf contains about 45,000 of these stomata per square inch.

#### THE MAGIC OF CHLOROPHYLL

Each little cell in the green part of a leaf contains chlorophyll. In fact this chlorophyll is what gives the leaf its green color.

The sunlight pours into the cell through the transparent roof of the leaf. Carbon dioxide is brought into the cell from the outside through the stomata. The system of veins pumps water into the cell. By some process still unknown to scientists, the chlorophyll combines these elements and makes sugar out of them. Without chlorophyll this would be impossible. On the other hand, without light there would be no chlorophyll. Scientists have spent much time trying to find out how this takes place. Perhaps someday they will learn the secret. Carbon dioxide is inexpensive, and maybe someday man will learn to combine it with water to make sugar. Of course it would be a synthetic sugar and by all probabilities inferior to the natural product.

#### A FACTORY IN OPERATION

When man builds a factory, he usually needs furnace heat, boiling vats, and high pressure to change raw material into a finished product. But plants are much more efficient as they do their work under ordinary temperatures and all that is needed is sunlight, air, and water. Man must have the finished product which nature has already made such as wheat to make flour or cotton to make cloth. But plants use only the elements which are found in the air and soil.

This process of using carbon dioxide and water to make sugar is called photosynthesis.

After the sugar has been made, it is sent to other parts of the plant and combined with soil nutrients (nitrogen, phosphorous, potassium, etc.) to make proteins, starches and oils. These are used for plant growth and for making the seed.

The leaves of a stalk of corn will make sugar, which is combined with soil nutrients to make the stalk grow. But when the growth is finished, these proteins, starches, and oils will go to make the ear. Thus, many little kernels of corn are formed which will serve as food for man and beast.

#### THE WASTE PRODUCTS

Any factory will throw off waste products. Leaves do also. When air is taken into the stomata of the leaf cells, the carbon dioxide is used but oxygen is returned into the air. People breathe this same air and use up the oxygen but return carbon dioxide into the air. For this reason the amount of oxygen in the air does not change over the centuries.

Another waste product in the process of photosynthesis is water. Large amounts of water are carried from the ground to the tiny cells. The water is used in the manufacture of sugar but it is not returned to the roots. Instead it is excreted through the stomata into the air. An

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**FAMILY LIFE**



# letters to the editors



## HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

The Stress and Sickness article, (Sept. issue) was very good. I have already experienced about 50% of the emotional illnesses you mentioned, so I am ready to accept the other 50% as fact. Whenever I was sick, someone was sure to say, "That's just your nerves." I resented this, feeling that a teacher had just as much right to become ill as anyone. This resentment probably added one more symptom.... Well, anyway, staying happy is staying healthy. What we need now is an article on how to attain happiness.

-A teacher Ohio

• • •

## QUACKS AND TOOTHACHES

I hope the advice concerning quack doctors may prevent much unwise spending. Literature about schemes by medical doctors is also available. Much of it is probably untrue, but I wonder if all is true regarding the so-called quack doctors.

In the July issue (The Power of Imagination) the article about a doctor selling a recipe for \$50 and later buying it back for \$100 is very questionable. According to the article he had practiced it for years. Why wasn't he able to think about it when approached in like manner as he had sold it earlier?

The state of mind may help or hinder recovery from ailments but let's be careful we don't regard the mind as a god that can heal or destroy. Most people go to the dentist when they have a severe toothache instead of imagining it well.

There are exceptions to most rules. An Amish woman who was bedfast for four years could not be helped by the medical doctors. But God used a doctor violently opposed to them to restore her health. Not only do we need to be careful about quacks, but also about the many insincere doctors of all professions.

-N. S., Ontario.

**ANSWER** It is true that quacks do help some people. However we feel that most of these could have been helped by taking a common sense attitude towards life plus a strong faith in Him who designed the body.

• • •

## LET THEM BE COVERED

I agree very much on wearing the covering all the time, not just on special occasions, (Sept. Issue). Its easy to see when children are used to wearing the covering all the time, or if they are just used to wearing them in church. I have seen that several times already where children tried to pull them off when in church. A baby a year old is smart enough for that as I have seen it happen. So many people let their children go without them to school and at home which I think is not right. Maybe the reason they don't want to wear one when they grow up

is because they're not taught to wear one all the time when they are small.

If we wear a covering in the daytime, shouldn't we also wear one at night. I wonder how many do? I know of a little girl 3 years old that is trained to wear a covering all the time and she doesn't even want to go to bed without one. If they are taught that way from their youth they will want to keep it better when they are grown. It's surprising how a small child takes hold of something its taught and how important it is to her.

Some people may think a small child needn't wear a covering because it's too warm, or because it's a chore to keep them cleaned and ironed every week, but grown-ups could think the same thing. If they throw them away, is it too warm too pray?

If a woman shall wear a covering then it should be worn all the time but of course if something happens that it can't be helped, such as in an accident then I still feel it isn't wrong to pray without one.

- Mrs. J. C., Iowa

• • •

I just got done reading the July issue of Family Life and one article impressed me so much more than the others: Appreciate Your Companions. Out of 10 years of hardship experience I can agree 100% with this letter. While my wife and I were living together and enjoying a happy married life I was so dumb as to make myself believe that I could fully sympathize with others that had to part with their partners. There are no words, much less writing that can express such a circumstance to another so that he can realize it fully. You can get this only by actual experience. You don't fully realize it even when you come back from the graveyard. From here on for me is where the greatest realizing came to light of what precious partner I had to part with. Every day there was something different that was missing. In the biggest grief of my lifetime I had no partner to turn to help me carry my inexpressible sorrow. The poor children had to get along as best they could without their mother.

It would take a big book to put down all the pressing circumstances that confronted me. So much so that I put myself in the impression that the Lord made a big mistake to call home my partner. How could I bring up the children alone when we both couldn't do it as we would have liked to see it?

As time wore on I changed my mind in this and realized that I don't have to be alone for I can have Jesus for a friend, and I found comfort in reading God's Word.

I feel sorry for married couples who can't get along like God-fearing people should. The husband who has a kind and faithful wife should realize there is not enough money in the world to pay for such a precious gift, and a wife should likewise take this into consideration if she has a god-fearing husband.

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- C. M., South America

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## DON'T IGNORE EVIL

Concerning the article "Two Brothers and their Sisters" (Sept. Issue) I full well agree that the sister, "Fashion" has and does deceive many. But I hope this doesn't mean that because "King Alcohol and His little Brother Tobacco" were said to be the lesser evils, that we can or even should ignore them. — Pa.

**ANSWER** Evil is evil regardless of where or what it is. If you will look through the recent issues of F.L. you will find articles warning against both alcohol and tobacco. As a whole, we feel that the evils of alcohol and tobacco may be slightly less among our communities of plain people today than they were 25 years ago. If only we could say the same thing about their "monstrous sister, Fashion".

• • •

## WHERE ARE THE GOOD STORIES?

I wonder what happened to all those good stories you had in Family Life. There used to be so many you didn't know which one to read first. Now you have to hunt for a good one to read.

Mrs. S.K., Iowa

**ANSWER:** Which good ones do you mean? We have no way of knowing which ones you like or don't like unless you tell us.

• • •

## FAMILY LIFE AN ACTIVE LIFE

The copies of Family Life magazine seem to lead about as active a life as the families themselves. They have been discussed, enjoyed, quarreled over, read and reread until they are dog-eared, lost, found, borrowed, returned or not returned.

But we wonder if any of them were ever lost in the bottom of a creek? To reach our mailbox we have to cross an old foot bridge across the Conestoga Creek. On the way back from the mailbox on the day our September issue came, our 6-year old son dropped Family Life in the water and hunt as he would, daddy could not find it.

— Mrs. David Sauder, Pa.

**ANSWER:** Another copy has been sent, and we hope the next time your son waits until he is across the bridge to look at Family Life. It's dangerous to be absorbed in a magazine while crossing a creek.

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"Money may buy the husk of many things, but not the kernel. It brings you food, but not appetite, medicine but not health, acquaintances but not friends, servants but not faithfulness, days of joy but not peace or happiness."

— Henrik Ibsen

"Whenever two people meet, there are really six people present. There is each man as he sees himself, each man as the other person sees him, and each man as he really is."

— William James

"A God that is small enough for our understanding would not be large enough for our need."

"Better do a kindness near home than go far away to burn incense."

— Chinese proverb

## FEARS OF THE RANSOMED

Daniel B. Martin

Our days are now all numbered  
With those who've gone before  
So let us no longer slumber  
But look to Canaan's shore.

Where the mighty Jordan River  
Flows a-roaring in between;  
It's enough to make us shiver  
For it's never so been seen.

We are in the rainy season  
That the Gospel does proclaim  
When all love, faith, and reason  
Are washed down the devil's drain.

Hence up and look before us!  
We no longer have to wait;  
Let us join the mighty chorus  
That flows down from heaven's gate.

We can hear the music ringing  
In a mighty happy song  
For the angels there are singing  
Where the souls of man belong.

It's a song none learns to sing  
But the truly broken-hearted  
Who loud praises to God bring  
And from evil have departed.

These are they whose souls are quickened  
With the water from on high  
These are they whose foes are stricken  
With the Lord's triumphant cry.

The earth was sadly shaken  
As Christ hung upon the tree,  
The light of day was taken  
That no man then might see.

The temple's veil was rent  
And the graves gave up their dead;  
His followers wept, lamented,  
As they to their chambers fled.

The days were dark and fearful  
As they themselves concealed  
And the nights were long and tearful  
Till Christ himself revealed.

When He burst forth from the dark grave,  
He conquered death and hell,  
So let us now be strong and brave  
While we on earth still dwell.

Let's not fear the Jordan River  
As we stand upon its banks;  
Let's forget to shake and shiver  
For we'll join the holy ranks.  
— Wallenstein, Ontario

## PATHWAY PEN POINTS

### MY NEIGHBOR'S HEAVEN

My neighbor's "place" looks just so. He works and works to make it look pretty. He has his job, of course, away from the "place". But Saturday morning it starts—the whirring of the power mower, the clip-clip-clip of the snips, and the prettifying of the flowers.

By the roadside the grass is mowed out each way, even coming over on our land a bit. At the side of the lane is a water pump all painted a nice green with a bright spout reaching to a painted water barrel. The vanity of this is shown by the fact that the pressure system to furnish the water supply is inside the dwelling.

On three sides of the "place" are rows and rows of evergreen trees, as yet only about three or four feet high. The space between the trees is mowed regularly on Saturday or Sunday. The trees are to serve as a snow fence in the winter. This is to keep the snow out of the lane. The trees serve another purpose, to help beautify the "place".

Here and there in the spacious lawn are round shaped spots, all bedecked with flowers. This takes much planning, spading, seeding, and weeding. The spacious flower gardens are not all round shaped, there are four cornered ones too. The amount of time and money spent to keep these pretty one can only guess.

The dressing of the "place" doesn't end with the coming of Saturday evening. Oh, no, it takes Sunday, too. The whirring, the sniping, the spading, the clipping go right on—Sunday or not.

Now what do you think is behind all this? You don't know? Then I'll tell you. The man of the "place" doesn't believe in God, in heaven, in hell, or in eternity. Once when I was cultivating near his place, I stopped to chat a little.

"No, there is no heaven or hell the way you think," he said. "Heaven is the enjoyment we get out of this life. If we have a good wife, children, a nice place, if we are happy and enjoy life—that is heaven."

He must not have changed his mind yet, the way he pretties up his "heaven". Because you see his "place" is his heaven. I would make it pretty too, if that were all the heaven I ever hoped to see.

Now, I sometimes have to wonder when I see some of the lawns of the plain people. Time is wasted to dig out the dandelions. Flowers, though good in themselves, are seemingly overdone. The lawns are mowed into every little corner and up and down the road with the same kind of whirring machine that my neighbor uses. I've seen gadgets hanging around that are of no good purpose and many hours are spent taking care of these. We are to be good stewards of our time. Objects are sometimes seen standing around in the lawn—just to gaze at.

My neighbor is a worldly man. His "place" is his heaven. Hmmm, sometimes I have to wonder...

— M. D. H., Ontario

### BEAUTY OF THE SOUL

When we see a sunrise or sunset, we are often reminded of their beauty. Trees in their autumn glory make us thrill to their beauty. A winter landscape or the beauty of new green leaves in spring remind us of our Maker. Growing flowers and plants are an unending wonder and miracle of creation.

There is, however, another kind of beauty which moves us more, but which is seldom seen because of the cares and trials of everyday living.

Recently a young neighbor of ours passed away after a long and serious illness. The neighbors and friends came together to help the bereaved family get ready for the funeral, and they also helped on the day of the funeral.

Not just the older folks came who have children at home to keep on with the work. Young couples also came—couples that have almost more work of their own than they can do alone. Young mothers came who have little children at home and enough work to keep busy all day. Young boys and girls came, some feeling very awkward and inexperienced, but all so willing to help in any small task they were asked to do.

Everyone worked together willingly. No one thought himself better than the others. Why did they do it? Why did they take time off from their own work? All did it out of love for the family whose son had left this life.

Isn't it like it should be in the church? All working together and no task too small. No one looking down on others. All working for love of the Father who is over us all.

This kind of beauty we could call beauty of the soul. Can we see this beauty in our brothers and fellowmen only when our hearts are softened by grief and sympathy? Or is it there for us to see every day like the sunset and the beauties of nature, and we fail to see it because we are so taken up with our own burdens?

— Mrs. Ivan Leid, Bowers, Penna.

"The best answer to an atheist is to give him a good dinner and ask him if he believes there is a cook."

— Louis Nizer

#### DID YOU KNOW?

The Jews had two forms of excommunication, the Jewish "midduy" for 30, 60 or 90 days, (Luke 6:22) and the Jewish "herem", a perpetual cutting off from the community pronounced by someone in authority. (John 9:34)



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## POISONOUS BROWN RECLUSE

The Black Widow may shortly have to give up its position as the only poisonous spider in many parts of the U. S. An innocent looking little creature known as the Brown Recluse is already found in a number of southern and western states. It is reported to be making its way into other areas of the country.

During the daylight hours it hides in dark parts of buildings such as closets, storerooms, bedding, shoes and other such places. Although it likes to stay away from people, it will bite if cornered.

The bite may be unnoticed and little pain is felt until 2 to 8 hours later. Then there will be inflammation and swelling of the skin, blistering and ulceration. A doctor should be seen at once.

You can recognize the Brown Recluse by the violin shaped band extending from its head back over the forepart of the body. Its color is brown to yellow and it is not a large spider.

## THE ASTOUNDING COST OF WAR

When people fight, there is a price to pay. The cost is enormous—in terms of money and in bodies and souls of men.

At the 21st. international congress of the Red Cross, held at Istanbul, Turkey recently, the chairman said, "If we continue on this road of violence...our century will figure in history as the most humiliating in the existence of the human race."

The toll since 1900:

More than 90,000,000 people killed in wars.

A sum of two trillion dollars spent on armaments since 1900, and several times as much damage caused by 130 conflicts on five continents.

Who said the world is getting better and people are becoming more enlightened? The record is not only humiliating, it is frightening. We may well wonder if the human race will survive this century—with all the terrible weapons now in readiness. There is consolation, however, for the Christian —Christ is coming again.

## RATS— A THREAT TO MAN?

If it's hungry enough, a rat will attack anything that looks like a good meal, whether it's a baby, an adult or an animal. Its teeth are sharp enough to tear a full grown man to pieces.

But equally dangerous is its disease carrying capacity. Probably the worst of these is the bubonic or black plague, spread almost entirely by rats. Last year there were 5,500 cases of black plague in Viet Nam, of which 350 people died. With similar climatic conditions (such as exist in our southern states) there could well be an epidemic of this disease in the United States.

It is estimated that about 14,000 people are bitten every  
**November 1969**

year by rats in the U.S. Most of these are children. The idea of rats chewing up a baby's face or fingers used to be considered a grisly myth but health authorities say it frequently happens. If there is a rat in the house it will likely be attracted to a baby in a crib, particularly if the baby is unwashed and still has particles of milk on its mouth and fingers.

Some years ago a prospector in a western state found an abandoned mine shaft which had been sealed off for years. He dug his way into the shaft but when he squeezed into the opening he was attacked by a horde of hungry rats. The rats had been sealed into the shaft and had survived by eating each other. Searchers a few days later found only a few pieces of the man's clothing.

Luckily today's rats are not that hungry. Most of them are well-fed. It is estimated they eat or destroy a billion dollars worth of feed and materials every year. To get into a building he will gnaw through plaster walls, metal lathing and even the studs. He has been known to chew through an inch thick sheet of aluminum, or through a four foot wall of concrete. If he is thirsty he will chew through a water pipe to get a drink.

The fact is that if the rat didn't use his teeth a lot he would die. The four incisor teeth grow about five inches a year. If he wouldn't gnaw at something every day and grind them back they would grow up into his brain and kill him.

The rat has been called the most destructive creature on earth. He can sweep through a barn or warehouse and chew or burrow into dozens of sacks of flour, grain or any other item.

Rats originated in Asia and by the twelfth century were invading Europe. By the eighteenth century they had infested every corner of Europe. It is thought that the early settlers to America brought the rats with them and they spread westward with the pioneers. But it was not until the twentieth century that they became the pest they are today.

The gestation period for a rat is twenty-two days and they reproduce the year round. Litter size varies from six to twenty-two and in four months the young are ready to breed. Under favorable conditions they reproduce unbelievably fast.

The federal government as well as most city governments carry on some rat eradication programs. But such programs are usually not too successful. Even with a 95% kill, the rats can be back in full force in less than a year.

The most effective weapon is warfarin as the rats do not become suspicious. But this must be kept up regularly. If carried out along with a clean-up program rats are no hard to get rid of. But it is much more difficult to stay rid of them.

## REQUIRED STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND CIRCULATION

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The above statements are true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

Signed, David Wagler, Secretary

## Across The Editor's Desk



Have you ever had a friend in whom you were disappointed? Perhaps you had been looking forward to a pleasant visit but then something turned up and you did not find what you had expected. If this has ever happened to you then you will know how I am feeling now.

The "friend" that I had been looking forward to in this case was a book. To read a good book is like finding a new friend, and both of them ought to be appreciated more.

This one had been recommended to me as an outstanding book. The author has written a number of good books and this was supposed to be one of her best ones. It was out of print for a number of years and just recently reprinted. I had heard so much about the book that I was anxious to read it.

The setting of the story is so strange that the majority of plain people will find it hard to identify with. Lucy, the main character, grows up in a family where none of the members are professing Christians. Her father is portrayed as unbelievably cruel and heartless, and spends most of his Sundays playing cards. There is an old family Bible in the house but the children are strictly forbidden to open the book. At the age of twelve Lucy attends a revival meeting where she decides that she wants to become a Christian. She knows very little of the Bible and in spite of her strong desire to own one, she is unable to obtain a copy.

At the age of eighteen Lucy runs off and marries a non-believer and their married life is depicted as an "Alice In Wonderland" affair. She makes the statement, "What girl wouldn't be happy to be Mrs. Hammon?" When the evangelist returns, she goes to the meetings against her husband's wishes, "accepts Christ" and is baptised. Her husband is killed in a brawl which leaves her as a despondent widow.

Now that she is a baptised Christian, one would not expect to find her ever again thinking of marrying a non-Christian. About this time her sister Flossie marries Clem; but because she is a wild type of girl, they are soon separated. Lucy feels sorry for Clem when they accidentally meet in the big city. Soon they are seeing each other quite a bit. Even before Clem has obtained his divorce, the love affair has progressed to the point where he wants Lucy to promise to marry him, but she stalls him off.

After going to the theater to see a Christmas pageant, before his divorce, she reasons, "How could it be wrong if it makes me so happy?"

Lucy has a feeling that it might not be scriptural for her to marry a divorced man. She asks several people and their replies are all favorable (to her).

The sweet little old lady who cleans house and was supposedly a Christian through and through answered her by saying, "What does your heart say?" but then added, "But I'll ask my pastor."

Her pastor answered the question by saying, "Long ago the people were under the law but now we are under Grace." (Apparently he had never read Romans 6:1.)

One of her friends told her that a teacher in their Sunday School obtained a divorce and then remarried and is living a happy Christian life.

A retired minister who had lived in matrimony for 62 years answered, "One day I taught it was wrong ... but

ministers have spent many, many hours discussing and reviewing and reinterpreting this problem .... I could gladly and with a free conscience perform the marriage."

Lucy goes ahead and marries Clem in spite of the fact that he is a non-Christian. They live in "married bliss". Of course there are problems but Lucy's faithful and devoted love brings her unbelieving husband through until he is finally converted on his deathbed.

If there is a need for this type of reading material then it is definitely not among the plain peoples. The unfamiliar setting of city life (the plain people are rural folks), the romantic love scenes, marriage between believer and unbeliever, and the portrayal of a happy married life to such a union are all objectionable.

The account of her second husband who is obstinate during his whole lifetime in spite of the faithful love and admonition of his wife and is then converted on his deathbed, is a poor example. The Bible tells us that the Spirit will not always strive with man, and for a person to refuse to hear the call of the Spirit so many times during this life and then to be converted on his deathbed, is possible but very unlikely.

The example of love between a married man and an unmarried woman can not be excused under any standards of Christian conduct. Later after they were married, his former wife showed up, and Lucy insisted that he take her (his first wife) to the theater to show that there is no resentment in his heart! By what kind of reasoning can such conduct be justified?

But of course the critical point as far as the plain people are concerned is the issue of divorce and remarriage. Numerous excuses to justify divorce and remarriage are given, but none of the scriptures against it are included anywhere in the book. The least that could have been expected would have been that the traditional Anabaptist view of the matter (separation if necessary, but no remarriage) might have been given. This fact, plus the portrayal of a romantic and successful marriage to the divorced man can leave nothing but an ill effect on a people who traditionally have not known divorce and remarriage.

In all fairness I would like to add that the book is interesting. But there are many, many love stories on the market today which meet this qualification even if they do not meet any other. In fact the thrilling, romantic novel whets the appetite for more of the same kind. Even with the side dressing of religion thrown into such stories, they have a devastating effect on the spiritual life of anyone who feeds on such trash.

I hope I am not being overly critical of this book. As far as the author is concerned, she has written some very good books. In fact we publish one of them ourselves. As far as the publishing house who publishes the book is concerned, they have a different readership than we do so they must try to meet the wants of their readers. Although they do publish some very good books, yet because their standards are different than ours, we can not recommend all of the books they publish.

The regrettable part of the matter is that the book is being recommended and sold to our people often by our own book dealers. If entertainment is all we want, then we had better be doing something else than reading this type of book. But since many readers want only worthwhile and upbuilding books, then there is an urgent need for a method of screening out undesirable books. How many good books will we or our children have to read to offset the damage done by one bad one?



# Views and Values



## A Leading Or A Misleading

Several years ago a congregation decided to ordain a deacon. The bishop reminded the members that this was a serious step, and not one to be undertaken lightly or in haste. He encouraged everyone to think over the matter and pray earnestly for God's guidance before voting for someone to fill such a permanent office — a position that lasted for life.

The day for the ordination came. For most of the young people of that congregation it was the first time they were taking part in an ordination service — the first time they were expected to vote for someone. Their faces were solemn and tense as they walked in single file to a separate room, whispered their vote to the ministers, and returned nervously to their seats.

As it turned out, there were a number of men who received enough votes to be included in the lot. Their names were called out and they took their places on a bench in front of the room. The lot was cast and one of the men was ordained as deacon to serve in the needs of the church.

Several weeks later two boys were talking about the ordination, since it had been a new experience for both of them.

"There is one thing I can't understand," said one of the boys. "Before deciding who to vote for, I prayed and prayed about it. I asked God to show me who to vote for, and I felt confident that he had led me to vote for the man I did. Yet the man I voted for was not the one who was ordained. What happened that I made such a big mistake?"

The second boy was at a loss to know how to answer his friend's question. The truth was that the man he had voted for hadn't been ordained either. Then he too must have voted for the wrong man. It was a perplexing problem.

The boys were struggling with a problem that many others had grappled with before — the problem of how God leads his children. They had sincerely prayed to God, "Show us who to vote for," and now it seemed that God had led them wrongly.

But let us look more closely at the problem before we jump to the same conclusion that the boys reached. Did they have the right idea when they asked God to show them which man he had chosen to fill the office of a deacon? If so, then it would follow that if all the members prayed earnestly to God for guidance, they would all end up voting for the same man and there would be no need for the lot at all. A beautiful sounding theory, but one that is as unscriptural as it sounds nice. If God would speak to us that directly and tell us what to do, not only would the lot be unnecessary, we wouldn't need the ministers either! And we wouldn't need a lot of other things, including our Bibles, the church, and each other.

Does this then mean that it isn't necessary to pray for God's guidance before voting at an ordination? It does not mean that at all. God has left us instructions as to

what qualifications to look for when we think of ordaining a minister or a deacon, (See I Timothy 3). It is our place then, not so much to ask who God has chosen, but to consider carefully the qualifications, and then earnestly pray for wisdom in voting for a man who has these qualifications. It would seem to be a poor church indeed which would have only one man who would Scripturally qualify.

If this confusion about God's leading were restricted to only such seldom occurring events as ordinations, the problem would not be nearly as great as it now is. Many earnest and sincere Christians wrestle daily with the problems of guidance. "How can we know what God's will is for our lives?" The question has been asked again and again. Levi wonders if it is God's will for him to teach school next term. Mary wonders if it is God's will for her to go to another community to work. Andy wonders if Wilma is the right girl for him to marry. Questions, questions. How does one find the answers?

In the Bible we read how Gideon put out a fleece and asked for a sign. Should we? The boy Samuel heard a voice calling him in the night. Should we pray for God to speak to us, too? No, we should not ask for a sign, and if we listen long enough for a voice, we may hear the devil's voice instead. Too many people are praying for an answer, a special leading, when all the while God has supplied the means for us to find the answer.

I have heard that there was once a father who read the verse in Matthew 6 where Jesus said, "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

The father began to think that maybe it was wrong for him to go and work all day to provide food for his family. Surely that was not trusting the Lord as he should. Did not the verse say that God cared for the birds without them sowing or reaping and that he would gladly do likewise for people, since they were of more value. He began to reason that if he really had faith in God's promises, he would stop working and trust God to supply their needs.

Fortunately, the father's little son was listening, and he said, "Yes, Daddy, God supplies the food for the birds, but they don't just sit in the nests and wait for it to drop in. They have to go out and hunt for it."

It is much the same with guidance as it is with food. The Bibles does say, "The Lord shall guide thee continually ..." (Is. 58:11), but that doesn't mean that we can sit in our nests and expect God to drop notes down to us from heaven. If we want guidance we will have to get out and hunt for it.

We are very fortunate in that God has not left us to stumble blindly across an unmapped desert. He has placed many guideposts along life's troubled path. We need to watch our directions carefully and use each guidepost to steer by.

Our first and most important guidepost is the Bible. If a course of action is contrary to what the Bible says, we should not look or ask for further guidance. If a decision is not in agreement with the Bible, we should know at once that such a decision is wrong. I know of a young girl who began keeping company with a boy who was not a Christian, and claimed that she was being led of the Lord to do it. That is like saying that God leads where He has forbidden us to go, for the Bible clearly condemns the unequal yoke in marriage.

A second guidepost to aid us in making decisions is com-

mon sense. God expects us to use the brains he gave us, and weigh carefully the dangers we face by the decision we make. Before we make a decision we should ask ourselves if it makes sense. I once heard a young man say about a course of action he was determined to take, "I know it doesn't make sense, but that is the way God is leading me." If you want to do something stupid, all right, go ahead, but don't blame it on God.

A third guidepost is good advice. A lot of headaches as well as a lot of heartaches could be avoided if we asked wise advice before making major decisions. Solomon said that in the multitude of counselors there is safety. How foolish that so few of us take advantage of other people's mistakes and experiences. If we would only ask those who are older and more experienced for advice, we would not have to make all the mistakes ourselves. And yet to merely ask advice is not enough — we must be careful whom we ask. A young girl who was in trouble with her home church went to another community to work. By the council of the church, she was asked to come back and make her things right. She didn't come, because as she herself said, "All the people I talked with advised me not to." Who did she ask — just those people she figured would tell her what she wanted to hear? That kind of advice does more harm than good. And why did she seek more advice when she already had the united advice of her entire home congregation and she wasn't willing to listen to it? Let's go for our advice to people who are older than we are and are respected by the church as levelheaded and well-grounded in the Scriptures.

Last of all we should not lose sight of the guidepost of prayer. We should always pray about important decisions. We should not pray that God would speak to us directly and tell us what to do. Instead we should pray for wisdom to use rightly the intelligence we have. We should pray for honesty in dealing with our selfish motives and desires so that our decisions aren't influenced by our own ambitions. We should pray for understanding insight in reading the Scriptures so we will interpret them the way they were meant to be interpreted.

Perhaps the greatest danger to beware of is the temptation to take our own course in life and claim the Lord is leading us.

A little more than a year ago a young married man became dissatisfied with the Amish church. It wasn't long until he wrote in a letter, "The Lord opened the way and led us to buy a very good car for only \$60." The rest of the man's letter was just filled with bold statements of how God was leading them in this way and that. Soon "the Lord led" him to move to another state and join a more liberal church. Shortly after that he claimed to have a different leading, this time to move to a large city with his family and witness to the unsaved. That didn't last long until the "Lord was leading him" to yet another state and a still more worldly church group. A few months passed and he felt "led" to move again, this time to a far eastern state to work with emotionally disturbed children. And now just last month the man's address changed again, back into a large city.

In this world of self delusion, let us pray for honesty as we seek to know and do God's will. The Psalmist said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Let us walk with that light upon our way and let us ever pray that if there are twists and turns in our path, that they are not of our own making. For it will be sad for us if what we thought was a leading turns out to have been a misleading instead.

■ ■

## NOTICE to young people

We would like to call your attention to a story which appears in the November issue of the "Ambassador of Peace." We feel that it is an exceptionally worthwhile story, one that every young person would do well to read. The title is GOOD-BY, AARON, and it is the moving account of a girl who must choose between her love for a young man and the principles her church had taught her. For years she had planned and dreamed of the happy home she would someday have. Suddenly it seemed that all her dreams lay shattered at her feet. She clings to the last ray of hope that everything may yet turn out all right, for how can she ever be submissive to the lot of an old maid?

There are other stories you will appreciate too. In the November issue you will read about the young man who trailed a deer for days, and what he did when he finally got a chance for a good shot. You will read about the old man in the hospital who was ready to die, and yet he wasn't. And each month there is a new story about Simon and Susie, the Yoder twins who used to appear in "Family Life."

If you are not already receiving the "Ambassador" and would like to, the price for one year is \$2.50. If you ask for the November issue, we will start your subscription with it as long as the copies last. Send your subscription to AMBASSADOR OF PEACE, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



# WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

- by Joseph Gascho

We who live in prosperous America are inclined to live too much like the rich man of the Bible, (a luxurious life), while our neighbor in Viet Nam is suffering intense hunger.

Who is my neighbor? Who is today's rich man? Who is Lazarus? Were the rich man's sins greater than ours?

All that we read about the rich man is that he "was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." (Luke 16:19) Could it be that we are "faring sumptuously" according to the standards of some underprivileged countries?

There are many in Lazarus' condition today who would also desire to be fed with what we waste or spend on unnecessary items trying to keep up with the Joneses. We may try to quiet our consciences by saying, "Who is my neighbor? I am not living like a rich man."

You may deny living like the rich man, but that expensive automobile, the latest style furniture in your house, and those extravagant Sunday dinners and suppers all prove otherwise. I wonder how women who are known for compassion can turn their backs on starving humanity in other countries, lavish upon themselves costly array, furnish their homes with the finest and most expensive material.

The story is told of a woman who had kept her house so fine that people were almost afraid to enter, lest they spoil something. Was this house really fulfilling its purpose of giving shelter and warmth, or was it mostly an idol? Be that as it may, when this woman died her body was not found for almost a week. The whole house was filled with a sickening odor. When the sale was held the household items still held that smell, and the house itself was almost at a loss for a buyer.

Amid luxurious living, prosperity and riches, we tend to grow selfish. "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." (I Timothy 6:9) The more we get the more we want; the fuller we are

the more selfish we become.

The best way to arouse our sensitivity to the hunger in other lands would be to experience it ourselves. Someone wrote: "It is a strange psychology that makes us more willing to share out of our poverty, in a time of persecution and danger, than to share out of our abundance in times of peace and security. A man with two coats is somehow more willing to give away one, than would be a man with many coats. If I have nothing more than a crust of bread, I gladly break it in two, to share it with someone else in need; but to forego one meal in a day when we are all overfed, is more difficult."

Forego a meal? How many today are satisfied with three meals a day? Could it be that we are guilty of the latter day sin of "eating and drinking"?

Many a father in the underprivileged countries trudges wearily home, practically empty-handed, to family and children who are half starved. How happy this man would be could he properly feed his family. I think he would be more content living in a house which has an earthen floor than many professing Christians are in prosperous America with their luxurious homes. A person who seeks contentment in material things is in a sad condition.

The sin of luxury is greater than we think. Consider how it looks in the eyes of God. What was the sin of Sodom? Many would answer that it was their low morality and sensual sins, but in Ezekiel 16:49 we have God speaking through the prophet. He names four sins that are very common among us and that Sodom was guilty of:

"Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom:

1. Pride
2. Fullness of bread
3. Abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters
4. Neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy."

These conditions sound alarmingly familiar today.

With the sins of Sodom already reigning over us, the warning of Jesus should ring in our ears: "As it was in the days of Lot . . . even thus shall it be when the Son of man is revealed." (Luke 17:28-30)

It is impossible to maintain our spiritual health if we are overly concerned with material things and live according to the sinful desires of the flesh. Whoever denies this, openly shows that he is already blinded by the god of this world and that he has been lulled to sleep in the cradle of ease and plenty.

To be asleep spiritually is a great tragedy. When we go to sleep physically, we do not know it. The first thing we realize is when we awake. So it is spiritually. Many people are sleeping spiritually and do not know it. The sad part is that many will never awaken until they are awakened by the piercing voice of the righteous Judge pronouncing a final verdict upon them, "Go ye . . ." "I never knew you." "Depart from me . . ." "For I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison and ye visited me not." (Matthew 25:42-43)

If our neighbor is hungry or naked, either physically or spiritually, we should think before we buy that unnecessary item to furnish our house, or before we buy that new car, or another farm, or prepare that extravagant dinner or supper. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (I John 3:17)

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Although the following exchange of letters is fictitious, it is  
"true to life" in that many of us can probably remember  
a similar experience in our own lives.

# THE ANGRY LETTERS

— By Elmo Stoll

Goshen, Indiana  
September 8, 1968

P.S. I didn't spread a lot of gossip about it. I don't think  
I told it to anyone, except, of course, my wife.

Dear Uncle Ben,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

This is a beautiful Monday morning with the sun shining  
after a heavy rain yesterday. Looks like it will be a nice  
wash day for the women folks. I want to try and get my  
wheat ground ready.

Just a few lines this morning about something that's been  
on my mind lately. Last Thursday I was in Goshen and I  
saw your Owen going in at the fair grounds. There were  
two other boys with him, but I don't know who they were.  
Maybe you already know about it. Just thought I should  
write you, as I would want to know if my boys were going  
to such places.

Wishing you the best.

Sincerely,  
Jake

Shipshewana, Ind.  
Sept. 16, '68

Dear Jake,

Greetings from above. I never thought I would get a let-  
ter like that from you. I felt you should apologize for say-  
ing something like that about Owen, instead you let on like  
you think I can not trust him. I do not think such words are  
very Christian. And you say you didn't spread a lot of gos-  
sip, and yet you told your wife. I know how some womans  
talks.

Your uncle,  
Ben

Goshen, Indiana  
September 19, 1968

Dear Jake,

Greetings from above. I believe you made a mistake in  
Goshen. It has happened before that other boys have been  
mistaken for my boy Owen. I just know that Owen wasn't  
at the fair, so you couldn't have seen him. I surely hope  
you haven't been spreading this around as this should be a  
lesson for all of us to be very sure of something before we  
go and cause a lot of gossip.

Your uncle,  
Ben

Goshen, Indiana  
September 13, 1968

Dear Ben,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

I received your letter today. Just finished reading it. I  
was shocked to hear that you would say I'm not a Christian.  
And what you wrote about my wife talking too much isn't  
true. I asked her and she said she didn't tell anyone about  
Owen being at the fair. I'm surprised, too, that you think  
that a husband should keep things from his wife. I know  
some people do this, and it is no wonder that children go  
astray when they grow up in such homes where the husband  
and wife don't get along.

I hope I haven't written anything I should not have. It  
was all said out of love.

Sincerely,  
Jake

Shipshewana, Ind.  
Sept. 23, 68

Dear Uncle Ben,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

It's cloudy and cooler today. Got your letter yesterday.  
It's hard for me to understand what other boy looks so  
much like Owen. Maybe you had better check up and see  
where he was a week ago last Thursday.

Anyhow, I'm sorry if I made a mistake. I only wrote  
because I thought you would want to know about it. From  
now on I'll keep quiet if you'd rather not know when your  
boy's in trouble.

Sincerely,  
Jake

Your uncle,  
Ben

P.S. Why do you still write as if Owen had been at the



fair? Didn't you get my letter telling you that was a mistake? I asked Owen and he said he was at John Borntragers that whole evening when you thought you saw him in Goshen.

Goshen, Indiana,  
October 17, 1968

Dear Uncle Ben,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

I want to apologize for the letters I wrote to you. I feel bad about the way I lost my temper. I should have known better than write when I was angry. I hope you can forgive me.

We have had a very nice fall, and I'm nearly done husking corn. I have a slight cold this morning, otherwise we are all well, and have much to be thankful for.

My wife says to tell you all to come down for supper some night. It's been a long time since you've been over for a meal.

Sincerely,  
Jake

Dear Jake,

Greetings from above. Your letter made me feel ashamed of myself. I should have been the first to write and apologize, as it was mostly my fault. Especially since a couple of weeks ago I found out that you were right about Owen. He was at the Goshen fair one evening. It is hard for me to believe it, but I guess things like this have been going on for quite a while, and we didn't know about it.

If it suits you all right, we can come down for supper next Thursday evening.

Your uncle,  
Ben

Moral? "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." Proverbs 15:1

## "BUT I SAY UNTO YOU"

- David Luthy

What is the most ignored chapter in the Bible? I can't help but think it is Chapter 5 of the Gospel of Matthew. Why do I feel it is ignored? Because the principles it teaches have been kept by so few people in the history of Christianity. Few people have been honest enough to admit that Jesus's teachings in this chapter are literal. Most modern day "Christians" and Bible scholars claim that He wasn't speaking literally, merely spiritually. Some even imagine that the teachings presented in Chapter 5 are meant for a future time on earth.

It has not only been in recent times that Chapter 5 was misunderstood; it was misunderstood at the very moment Jesus set forth the teachings. To His Jewish audience His words must have seemed like "something new" — a threat to Jewish culture and the Law of Moses. He must have realized this for He assured his listeners that, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill," (verse 17).

How did Jesus fulfill the Law? Perhaps the two columns below will serve to indicate this. The column on the left contains teachings from the Old Testament. The one opposite it on the right contains Jesus's teachings — His fulfillment of the Old.

Exodus 20:13, "Thou shalt not kill."

Matthew 5:22, "But I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment ... but whosoever shall say 'Thou fool' shall be in danger of hell fire."

Exodus 20:14, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Matthew 5:28, "But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her in his heart."

Leviticus 19:12, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God; I am the Lord."

Matthew 5:34, "But I say unto you, Swear not at all ..."

Leviticus 24:20, "Breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth; as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him again."

Matthew 5:39, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

Leviticus 19:18, "Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Matthew 5:44, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

In comparing the two columns it can readily be seen that Jesus was taking Old Testament principles one step further than they had previously been. While the Old said not to kill, now the New said not even to become angry.

Not only was a person not to swear falsely; he wasn't supposed to swear at all. And Jesus' teaching concerning adultery showed that a man could sin without performing an act — he could sin by having the wrong desire, feeling,

or attitude. But it is, perhaps, His teaching on "turning the other cheek" which causes most people to shake their heads. They cannot grasp such a teaching; it is so contrary to the natural desires of their fallen natures.

The words of Paul in I Corinthians 3:2 might well have been spoken by Jesus to His Jewish audience and to modern man today: "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." For centuries God was very patient; He allowed His chosen people to live by lesser standards — He fed them milk. However, there came a time when He demanded more — they must eat meat. It was such "meat" which Jesus fed them in His Sermon on the Mount (Matthew

5), and many were not ready for it. God now demanded that men go all the way in understanding and obedience — not partways as had been the case. No longer would they be treated as little children whose faults were often overlooked or patiently tolerated. They must become men — mature in understanding and wholly accountable. This was difficult for that first audience twenty centuries ago to grasp, and it is hard for most people today. But understood it must be.

No person can truly be a Christian (a follower of Christ) until he accepts those verses in Matthew 5 where Jesus says, "But I say unto you ..."

# NOT GUILTY

Do you remember Daniel and Savilla Kramer from "A Hurt In The Heart" (March, 1969)? Here they are again but this time it isn't Daniel's heart that's hurting—it's his conscience.

## (By Law)

— DAVID WAGLER

Daniel Kramer jumped back as a hickory nut fell at his feet. The morning mists cooled his face as he ran to the side of the tree so as to get a better view of the upper branches. As he searched the tree a ball of reddish fur streaked from one of the outer limbs toward the trunk of the tree.

Daniel raised his shotgun to his shoulders but before he could shoot, the squirrel had bounded into a hole. He stood and stared a few minutes at the place where the little creature had disappeared, then trudged towards the edge of the woods and sat down on a log.

"Savilla was right," he muttered to himself. "I had just as well stayed at home and slept as to be tramping around these woods all morning trying to get a squirrel."

On Friday evening Daniel had told his wife, "I think I'll go squirrel hunting tomorrow."

At the first break of dawn, Daniel had been awake. He tried to slip out of bed quietly so as not to awaken his wife, but as he was getting dressed, she sat up in bed and said, "Daniel, why don't you stay here and get some more sleep? I'll butcher a rooster for dinner. You won't get any squirrels anyhow."

"We'll see about that," he had answered. "There were lots of them when I was husking corn last week. You can get the cows in and get started milking if you want to. I'll come back by eight o'clock. I think I can get the limit by that time."

Now it was seven o'clock and he hadn't gotten a squirrel yet. What would Savilla say if he came home empty handed? Surely he could get something to take home.

Daniel moved quietly from tree to tree. In the distance he could hear nuts dropping but the squirrels were too sly this morning. They managed to keep out of his gunsight. He sat down to think.

Suddenly there was a whirring sound as an object whizzed past the stump where he was sitting. Then there was a

cackling and a clucking in the distance.

"Pheasants!" he said to himself. "Oh, how I wish the season were open. But it won't open until November 1 and that's next Tuesday."

As he sat and listened he could hear the commotion of the pheasants down in the hollow. Out to find some food this morning they were making a big fuss.

"If I can't get no squirrel, maybe I can get a pheasant," he told himself. "Savilla will never forget it if I don't come home with something."

But no, the pheasant season would not be open for three more days and it would be against the law to shoot one now. Daniel sat in deep thought. Surely three days wouldn't hurt, would it? After all, these were his woods and by right they were his pheasants. Next Tuesday the season would be open anyway so what would be the difference if he got one a few days early? A person has to have some meat sometime and surely it wouldn't hurt to shoot a pheasant this morning.

But Daniel decided it would be better not to. He didn't want to break the law. The law said no shooting until next Tuesday so that was that. But — he would still like to have something to take home.

Just then Daniel's attention was attracted by a noise in the branches above him. As he looked up he saw a red squirrel sitting in a branch at the top of the tree. He raised himself to his feet and aimed.

Just as he was on the verge of pulling the trigger the squirrel leapt to another branch and then ran to the trunk and darted into a hole. Daniel stomped his feet. "It just isn't fair," he said to himself, "I can't get a squirrel this morning for anything."

Daniel was disgusted. He didn't know whether to blame Savilla, or the squirrels or himself. He looked at his watch. It was 7:30, time to start home and he still had nothing.

Family Life



Then he thought about the pheasants. They were still clucking and crowing. Yes, that was it. That was the answer. He could still take home some meat.

He took the pheasants altogether by surprise. They were strolling under a large oak tree at the edge of the woods. A big cock was standing right in the middle ruffling his feathers. What a pretty sight.

Just then the pheasants saw Daniel and took off. The big cock raised slowly in the air and took a bee-line away from Daniel. What a perfect chance. Daniel raised his gun to his shoulder. Quickly he found his aim and fired. The pheasant came crashing to the ground.

Daniel's heart beat rapidly. What had he done now? What would he do with the pheasant? What would Savilla say if he came home with a pheasant out of season. But no, she would not know that the season was not yet open. He would not tell her. He started walking to pick up his game.

Daniel Kramer heard a shout and as he turned he saw a man standing at the edge of the woods. Who was it, the game warden? No, it was his neighbor, Bill Hopkins, who lived the next farm south of him. Bill Hopkins who had always been hard to get along with. Bill was always out of sorts, it seemed, especially with Daniel's kind of people.

Bill Hopkins' son had gone to the army and was hurt in Viet Nam. He was still in a hospital in California and maybe he would never walk again. It was no secret what Bill thought about conscientious objectors. Everyone knew that he thought they were cowards who were afraid to go to war.

Now what would Bill Hopkins say about this? He, Daniel Kramer, a conscientious objector, shooting a pheasant out of season. Yes, shooting a helpless bird with a gun, a gun which he refused to use to go to war.

Daniel broke out in a cold sweat. Well, he would just have to take it. He would have to listen patiently while Bill Hopkins would give him a piece of his mind. He stood looking at the ground, expecting at any moment to hear the angry voice of Bill Hopkins.

After some time Daniel looked up. To his surprise he saw the retreating figure of a man. Bill Hopkins was going home. What could this mean?

Then it dawned on Daniel. "He's going to call the game warden. That's just it. He's going to get even some way."

Daniel Kramer did not pick up the pheasant he had shot. He did not even go to look at it. "Oh, if I had never seen a pheasant!" he thought to himself as he slowly trudged home.

It was just eight o'clock. Savilla was milking the last cow.

"You shouldn't try to milk them all," he said. "I was going to finish milking when I come home."

"I thought I'd surprise you," she said. "I thought you'd be tired from carrying so many squirrels!"

"Here, you let me finish that cow," he said glumly. "I didn't carry home any squirrels."

"What happened that you look so sober?" she asked. "Did you hurt yourself or did the game warden take your squirrels away?"

Daniel busied himself milking and pretended not to hear. She would not have to know what had happened, at least not now. She would find out soon enough.

During the day, as Daniel went about his work, he could think of only one thing. He had violated the law, and no doubt the game warden was coming that very moment to get him. What would Savilla say if he had to pay a fine? He had heard that a man from the other side of town had

been fined \$25.00 for hunting without a license. How much meat would \$25.00 buy? Why had he done it?

As the afternoon wore into evening, Daniel felt slightly relieved. Maybe the game warden was not coming after all. Maybe Bill Hopkins hadn't even seen him. Perhaps Bill thought Daniel was shooting at a squirrel and all his worrying was for nothing. But then Daniel remembered that Bill Hopkins had been in the field. No doubt he had seen him shoot the pheasant.

Daniel was tired so he went to bed early. But for some reason he could not sleep. He, Daniel Kramer, had broken a law. What would the church say? Now he remembered what Bishop Bontrager had said last year. He said the Bible tells us to obey the government and that if anyone disobeys the law knowingly and willingly, then it is wrong. It is a sin. Yes, he had committed a sin. He knew it was wrong to shoot the pheasant and now he would have to make it right.

"There is only one exception to obeying the government," the bishop had said, "and that is if we can not for conscience' sake. If it's a choice between obeying the government or obeying God then we ought to obey God rather than man."

"But that was on my own farm," Daniel tried to tell himself. "The government does not have the right to make laws like that about shooting game on your own farm."

Daniel tossed to and fro. He decided to get up, dress and read awhile. Maybe he could find some comfort, something to justify himself, by reading. Surely he was not such a bad person. He really hadn't intended to do anything wrong. Surely it's not so bad to shoot a bird just three days before the season opens.

Somewhere he had read something about game laws but he could not remember what or where it was. It was in an old writing of some kind. Oh yes, it must have been in an old "ordnungs-brief". He looked through the bookshelf but could find nothing.

Finally he found a little black booklet called "Christlicher Ordnung or Christian Discipline". It was a collection of a number of church disciplines dating back to 1527, translated by Wm. McGrath.

Daniel paged through the booklet in vain. Then he thought about the index. There was nothing listed under "Game Laws". He kept looking. Oh yes, here it was under "Hunting and Poaching". It was Article number 26. His fingers were a bit nervous as he found the page. This is what he read:

"Anyone among the brethren who wants to be shooting or trapping game shall be warned to hunt only where it is lawfully permitted. If they disobey this, they shall be expelled with the ban."

Daniel's lamp flickered as a breeze of night air came through the opened window. "It says they shall be warned and if they disobey they shall be expelled with the ban," he told himself. Yes, he had been warned and he had not listened. He had disobeyed. Would he be expelled from the church? Surely not him, Daniel Kramer, who had always tried to do what was right, except such things — such things like shooting pheasants out of season.

Daniel was troubled and he knew there was no use in going back to bed. So he read on in the booklet about other ordinances of the church which were mentioned in the different regulations. The next article said that those who make clothing should make them according to the accepted patterns of the church and not for pride. He read about collecting bad debts, and in a list of articles agreed upon

## Wonders of Nature

### Destroying Angel

**D**estroying Angel is one of the 38,000 kinds of mushrooms in the world. This pearly white mushroom is true to its name and is one of the most poisonous.



in 1607 he found one saying that the public use of tobacco or strong drink is not to be permitted.

The different articles seemed to take his mind off of his troubles. But then he came to a list adopted in 1630 and the first one caught his eye:

"If a brother or sister have committed a public transgression (God forbid) then they must be publicly punished."

Oh, oh, here it was talking about him again. He had committed a public transgression. Bill Hopkins had seen him break the law. No doubt Bill was telling everyone he saw, and especially the game warden. Breaking the law was a sin, a blot on the church, a deed which the enemies of the church would laugh about. But it was no laughing matter to Daniel. He decided he would make a confession of the whole matter and make it right.

He put the book away, blew the light out and went back to bed. But first he fell on his knees and prayed to God for forgiveness. He wanted to do anything necessary to have peace again with God. He would talk with the bishop tomorrow and tell him about it and make his things also right with the church.

Now that he had resolved to make things right he felt better and soon fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamed that he was a little boy and was climbing up a high hill. All of a sudden his feet slipped from under him and down down he slid, right toward the river below. Just then he woke up with a start. Where was he? He was glad that he was safely in bed, but then he thought about the pheasant and his sleep vanished. He heard the clock strike four.

He lay and pondered over the events of the day before. If only he had gotten a squirrel, then he might not have been tempted to shoot the pheasant. Why hadn't he gone home instead of going past to see the pheasants?

Soon the clock struck four-thirty, and then five o'clock. Daniel decided he might just as well get up and do the chores and be ready to go to church early. He stretched himself on the bed and yawned.

The next he knew Savilla was shaking him and saying, "Daniel, Daniel get up! It's 6:30 already. We will be late for church."

Daniel was not sleeping in church that day. He was listening and thinking. The minister preached about the grace of God as compared to the law of Moses.

"Under the law of Moses, the soul that sinned was put to death without mercy. For example, we read of a man who gathered up firewood on the Sabbath. Moses asked God what should be done with the man as he had broken a law of God. God said that he must be stoned and the evil must be put away from His people."

"But under the new dispensation, we do not stone people to death. If anyone commits a gross sin, he is expelled from the church and put in the bann. If he repents then he is taken back into the church."

When the last hymn was sung, the bishop asked the members to remain seated. There had been some strife in the church and several of the brethren wished to make restitution. They publicly confessed their error and asked to be forgiven and promised to try with the help of God to be more careful in the future.

Daniel fidgeted back and forth during the ordeal, and pictured himself in the place of the two brethren. No doubt it would be him who would be making a public confession the next time.

After dinner was eaten, the bishop left early and Daniel did not get a chance to talk to him. Oh, well, he would see him sometime during the coming week and would tell him what had happened.

In the afternoon, a group of men and boys were sitting visiting in the yard. Jake Mast was telling the boys about the time when he had gotten five squirrels in an hour's time.

"As I was coming through the field with the squirrels, here comes a car along the road," Jake Mast said, "and then I happened to think, I didn't have no license. But luckily it wasn't the game warden, and that afternoon I went and got my hunting license."

As Jake went on talking to the boys, Daniel Kramer asked Fred Hostetler who was sitting right beside him, "Did you ever read what that old ordnungs-brief says about disobeying game laws?"

"Seems like I read about it sometime but I forget now what it says," Fred answered. "Just what does it say?"

"It says that they shall be warned, and if they disobey, they shall be put in the bann."

"That sounds rather strict to me," Fred answered.

Old Levi Hershberger was sitting at the other end of the bench and he said, "Yes, I know the ordnungs-brief



says that. But we must remember that at that time a lot of the people lived in the woods and some of them made a habit of shooting or poaching game out of season. If such people joined the church, they were expected to stop doing this. If they went back to their old way of life and were obstinate, then of course there was nothing to do but to expel them from the church."

It was Monday morning and Daniel had just finished putting the crows into the cornstalks. Savilla had gone to the end of the garden to dig some carrots to put them away for the winter. As Daniel turned toward the barn, he saw Savilla come running and waving her hands frantically. What could be wrong now? She did not call, she just waved her hands for him to come. He started toward her on the run.

She covered her mouth with her hands as a signal that he should not talk loud. What was going on, anyway?

"Quick Daniel, come quick. There's three of them down there just the other end of the garden," she panted in a low voice.

"Who is it, and where are they and what did you say?" Daniel was out of breath.

"There's three of them right down there," and she pointed toward the tall sweet corn at the opposite side of the garden.

"Yes, yes, three of them, but what are they, lions or tigers, or — or game wardens."

"Oh Daniel, don't just stand there and make fun of me. Of course they're not. They're three big cock pheasants and if you get the gun you can get one for dinner."

A sigh of relief escaped his lips. "Oh, you really scared me. I thought something was after you." Then he added, "Anyway, I'm not shooting any pheasants this morning."

"But why don't you, Daniel?" she pleaded. "You can slip up right close to them and they are really nice ones and someone else will get them if you don't."

"Yes, that may all be true," Daniel said as he picked up a blade of timothy and started chewing it. "Someone else may get them and as far as I'm concerned they can have them. I'm NOT going to shoot any pheasants today."

"And why not, I would like to know? I've got a notion to take the gun myself and shoot one."

"Just because I'm not going to. The season doesn't open until tomorrow and I'm not going to shoot one today."

"But Daniel, the season is open. It opened on Saturday. I saw it in the *Weekly Clarion* last week."

Daniel's jaw dropped limp and his mouth sagged. What was she saying? What did she mean?

"But Savilla, the pheasant season doesn't open until November 1."

"Other years it did but this year it opens three days earlier so that the opening day comes on Saturday. Daniel what is wrong with you? Why do you stand there and look at me like that? Don't you feel well?"

Daniel's mind went back to Saturday morning when the pheasant had plunged to the ground. He thought of all the anguish he had gone through since. Why hadn't he told Savilla about it and then she would have told him that the season was open and then he could have brought the pheasant home.

It was all his fault, or was it? No, it was Savilla's fault. If she would sympathize with him a little more when things went wrong, then he would have told her. He was afraid she would say it was his fault, and of course it was his fault, but, but —

"Oh Daniel, you just stand there and look at me. What

is wrong anyway? Why don't you get the gun and get a pheasant for dinner? You didn't get one for a long time."

"Oh yes, I did," he mumbled.

"You did what?" she asked. Just then there was a whirr and a cackling sound and three pheasants whizzed over them and winged their way toward the woods.

"There they go," Savilla exclaimed, "while we stand here arguing. Oh well, we can have chicken for dinner, and carrots."

---

Daniel Kramer went about his work with a lighter step. He was not guilty of violating the law. But as he went about his work he was thinking. He had not broken the law, he had not shot a pheasant out of season. And yet he had broken another law, perhaps a much greater law. That evening after supper he got his concordance and started looking up references. He was looking up all he could find on the law of Moses and how it applied under the new covenant.

The fifth chapter of Matthew seemed to stand out. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." Matt. 5:17.

Daniel found that under the law of Moses anyone who committed a gross sin such as murder or adultery, was to be stoned to death. For lesser sins there were lesser punishments. He could understand that under the new covenant, the punishment for gross sins was expulsion from the church, and for the obstinate, eternal death. For lesser public sins, there would be lesser punishments, such as restitution and a confession of guilt before the church.

He found that under the law of Moses, anyone who committed adultery was to be punished by death, but under the new dispensation, anyone who looked upon a woman to lust after her, had already committed adultery in his heart. God sees the heart and judges us according to the thoughts and intents of the heart.

"Under the old law, you were not a murderer unless you killed someone, no matter how hard you tried," Daniel pondered, "but under the new law you become a murderer the moment you want to kill someone or raise a gun to shoot someone."

Daniel's thoughts went on. "If this is true then if you shot a pheasant when you think the season is closed then you are just as guilty before God as if the season were actually closed."

Yes, he had committed a sin. Since he had been willing to break the law and commit an act which might easily have brought disgrace on himself and the church then in the eyes of God he was just as guilty as if he had actually broken the law.

Daniel was guilty. His sin was not a public one like he once had imagined. The matter was only between himself and God. He must confess his guilt to God and ask for forgiveness. He must abhor the thought of doing such a thing again.

In the cool of the evening Daniel walked back to the woods. Then he knelt in prayer and talked alone to God. A half hour later he made his way slowly toward home. The evening twilight was so peaceful. That night he slept soundly.

All too often a clear conscience is merely the result of a bad memory.

— Quoted by Nieto del Rio

# LOVE

## AND

# JUDGMENT

FOUR WICKED COMRADES

CAN TAKE THE LOVE

OUT OF

A MAN'S HEART.

Author wishes to remain anonymous

I will not easily forget Stephen Bender\*. He was a man who was well known among the Amish. I had heard of him often because of his writings and his travels and I hoped some day I would meet him.

It so happened that some friends offered to take me along on a trip and we would stop in that community a few days.

Where can I spend my time while I'm here, I wondered? A stranger in a strange settlement. Then I thought of Stephen Bender. Surely I wanted to meet him.

"Is there any way for me to go visit Stephen Bender?" I asked my traveling companions. "If I know nobody else here, at least I know of him."

It was arranged that a taxi would take me over the next day. When we drove in the lane, there he was- Stephen Bender, the man I wanted to meet. How glad I was!

"I'm bringing you some company today," jovially the taxi driver remarked.

Stephen hardly glanced my way; he just answered drily "Oh."

He showed no change in his countenance at the knowledge of having company. He didn't smile, nor did he ask me to get off. As I stepped from the taxi the driver said, "Well, I'll be seeing you this afternoon again. Did you say you want me to pick you up at 3:30?"

Quickly I changed my plans. "No, at 1:30," I said.

When the taxi left, Stephen shook hands with me. Then he started toward the house. I was disappointed. Didn't he care who I was? Why didn't he ask my name or invite me to follow him into the house? I had no alternative so I stumbled dumbly after him. How would I spend several hours here?

I found his wife very friendly. After dinner Stephen visited with me and questioned me. But in spite of this, I could not lift the unwelcome feeling from my heart. "Oh well, it will soon be 1:30," I thought as I looked forward to the time when I would be leaving.

This was so different from what I had been taught at home- "to take in the stranger." My parents followed this teaching heartily for they knew that it is possible to entertain angels unawares.

I tried to reason with myself, "Yes, but this is just me.

I can't blame him for not acting overly friendly." But my misery was not lessened. My feelings towards the man I wanted to meet was not very friendly by this time. Even if I was young, I felt he could at least be a little amiable. I was glad to get out of his presence.

At last the taxi returned. I didn't lose any time in getting ready to leave. When I was seated in the car, Stephen came to the window and handed an envelope to me. "You needn't open it right away," he said.

I thanked him and we left. As I recalled the face that didn't smile easily, I wondered, "What now?"

We had not gone far until curiosity got the best of me. I ripped open the envelope. A five dollar bill fell into my lap. I gasped in surprise. Then I pulled out a few slips from the envelope- literature about living a Christian life. Scrawled on a small piece of paper were a few words of encouragement, urging me to stand fast in the faith of our fathers. He also suggested some verses of the Bible that I should read.

Was he kind-hearted after all? I blinked back the tears. Had I judged him wrongly? It was hard for me to imagine a friendly man who would not welcome a stranger with a smile.

Later I learned that he was a kindhearted man and this was his way, his personality. Those who knew him well thought a lot of him. Maybe there had been sadness in his life which left him sober.

I felt that I had judged him wrongly and it hurt me to think how bitter I had been toward him. Surely he was a staunch Christian, without pretense.

### MISJUDGING

It is so easy to misjudge someone and fail to understand a person's motives. Perhaps your neighbor heard about a funeral and he forgot to tell you about it until it was too late for you to go. You are convinced he did it on purpose and angry thoughts fill your mind. You look forward to the time when you can get even with him. Your thoughts of him are not pleasant but bitter and revengeful.

\*All names have been changed.



One sin will not live in the heart alone but will soon bring in other sins.

If only you had known it, your neighbor was completely innocent. He had no desire to hurt you in any way.

Four wicked comrades can take the love out of a man's heart. Misjudging, blaming, criticizing, gossiping- they all go on one heap. It can become a big heap, so big that people may stumble over it and never advance further in their Christian life. "-for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" 1 John 4:20.

## JUDGING

God's Word tells us, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Matt. 7:1. Does this mean when someone commits a sin, we should look the other way and not say a word lest we be guilty of judging. No, it does not mean this. If the church were to come to this, then we would soon find ourselves like the time we read of in Judges 21:25, "In those days every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

1 Cor. 5:12 tells us the church is supposed to judge the ones that are within. Without this authority, then no one could be expelled regardless of how they lived. If a gross sin is allowed to remain in the church and is not punished then it can be just as harmful as the hidden sin of Achan was to the Israelites. Joshua 7.

Because of this sin Israel lost the blessing and the war against the city of Ai. They could not have the victory until they were cleansed of this evil. A church can still lose the blessing and its war against the powers of darkness because of a sin which remains unpunished. Many churches today are drifting along with the worldly tide because somewhere along the years they have lost the power to judge correctly.

Too often the attitude is "I'll let you keep the splinter (little sin) in your eye as long as I can have the beam (larger sin) in my eye." Or we must not say anything or he may become angry. It is better to have peace in the church."

Although the Bible says, "Judge not (man) that ye be not judged, "we are to judge the works of men, and our own words. We should beware of wolves in sheep's clothing. We must also be on the alert for vain philosophers, and the sleight and cunning craftiness of men. Eph. 4:14.

## THINKING OF OURSELVES

One of man's most common misjudgments is concerning himself. It is human nature to want to think of himself more highly than what he ought. It is this high opinion of himself that causes a person to "look down his nose" at his neighbor, and brings harsh criticism of others.

We read of people who measure themselves by themselves and compare themselves among themselves. The ones who do this are not wise for the Bible tells us that not he who commendeth himself is approved but whom the Lord commendeth. 2 Cor. 10:12-18. Others can measure us better than we can ourselves can.

It is dangerous to think ourselves more holy than what we are. When we, by the help of God, learn to know ourselves it brings tears and much sorrow. If we wish to stand before God, then we must begin our judgment with with ourselves.

## JUDGING WHOLE GROUPS

Another misjudgment which is common today is judg-

ing a whole church or community by several of its members. Jake Miller learned this recently when he visited a community in another state. He had heard much criticism of this group but it seemed that most of it came from outsiders. After spending several weeks in the community he came to the conclusion that they did have many Christian virtues. However certain practices were tolerated which kept their light from shining as it should have to the world.

Once when a group of people were together someone made the remark, "Anyone who can't talk scripture, is no Christian."

One of the group answered him, "I can't say that I agree with you. My father could not carry on a conversation about the Scriptures, but I've never seen a man who lived his faith better than he did. He understood the Bible even if he wasn't able to put it in words."

The conversation was quickly changed. It is not everyone that says "Lord, Lord," shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

## THE SMOKING FLAX

Severe criticism of young people can be a reason that they become discouraged and leave the faith. Kind words along with constructive criticism can work wonders.

Ada was taught the Scriptures from her childhood. She wanted to do what was God's will but at times she was very weak. She still cared for the things of the world and in many ways she liked to dress like the other girls her age even if at times it was not becoming. She knew what was right and wrong and her conscience guided her in many things. Also the watchful eye of her parents helped her over many obstacles and kept her from following the crowd in many ways.

Ada wanted to serve God but was too weak to give up her own will completely. When the young people went to places of amusement, she went along. When the girls started to wear shorter dresses, she did too. But she was often distressed because of her lack of will power and her own weaknesses.

When, still in her teens, she prayed, "If there is something like a perfect life in this world, Lord, let me find it."

God's mill grinds slowly. Through the years He led her step by step. She gained more understanding and victory of past sins. Today there are still weaknesses and imperfections but she can say, "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15: 57. Now she depends more on God and less on self.

If we had judged her during the first stage, would we have called her lost? Apparently there was a small spark of faith. The smoking flax God will not quench so why should we?

Job sat on distress. He showed much patience in calamity. He lost his wealth, his children were killed, his health failed, and his wife wanted him to curse God.

Three of his friends came to comfort him. They sat on the ground and didn't speak for a week and fasted with him. When they started to speak their words showed what little love they had for him. They wanted him to confess of his wrong, because they thought God was punishing him for his wickedness. How wrong they were! Job defended himself by trying to tell them that the wicked prosper and must not suffer as he does. The men were sure they were right.

Then one day the Lord spoke to one of these men. "My

wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy friends." He found Job more righteous than they. Job prayed for his friends even if their judgment of him was wrong.

#### BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SAY IT

I remember once when a friend and I were discussing a certain woman. I said, "She sure is stolz (proud)."

"You are judging her when you talk like that," I was firmly rebuked. "You know," my friend continued, "that a stolz person will not get to heaven. When you say that, you are inferring she is lost."

"Oh, but when a man drinks we say he is a drunkard and a drunkard has no hopes for heaven according to the Bible," I defended myself.

It was true the Bible gives no hope for the drunkard. But I saw that I was wrong. My criticism was not constructive.

When we see sin in the church it is well that we are concerned but we must be concerned in the right way. It is so much easier to talk to others about it than to talk to the one who is involved. Words spoken at the right time and in the right way will bring more results than judging critically.

Someone with a heart full of love can speak of others' failures without offending. But we should speak with a truly burdened heart and remember to "pray one for another." The prayer of righteous man availeth much." James. 5:16.

Judging without discretion often leaves a wound. It is not prompted by love. We are apt to judge the acts of others more harshly than our own, and it is cruel and unjust.

We can be guilty of misjudging others by our thoughts. It is not necessary to say it in words.

Sometimes we listen in on gossip and enjoy hearing of the misdeeds of others. Once I remember gossiping about a man, who in a weak moment, fell. Later I talked with him and found him heavily burdened and saddened about what had happened. I felt guilty. Was he not more righteous than I? "Let us therefore not judge one another anymore; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." Romans 14:13.

#### LOVE FULFILLS THE LAW

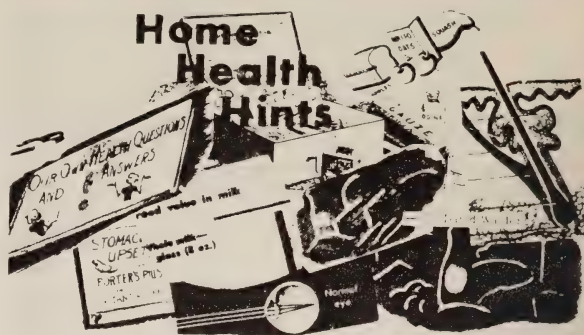
Why did Jesus say that love fulfills the law? Because love is kind. Love will not willingly misjudge others. Love will look upon his brothers' doings with understanding. Love will encourage. Love will carry his friends' burdens before God. Love is forgiving. Love holds no grudges. Though all else fails, love will never fail. Love is no loser. Love gains the victory. Love works no ill to his neighbor; therefore LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW. Romans 13:10.

Let us love one another so that our judgment of others may be right.

Suppose one day you were to sit on the judge's bench. The people you have been talking about would come before you one by one. You must tell them what you have been thinking. You must tell them what you have been talking about them. Would your words encourage or help them in any way?

Next imagine yourself before the all-righteous Judge. Your own sins shall be judged according to the way you have judged others. Would you be able to stand? ( would I?)

■ ■



## The Skin

### Part I

Few people are aware of the fact that the skin is an organ. Not only is it classified as an organ, but it is one of the largest and most complicated organs of the body. Usually the skin is thought of only as a covering like a shirt or a coat. True, it is a covering but it also has several other important duties to perform. Among these are:

1. To regulate the heat of the body.
2. To provide a base for the senses of touch, pain, heat and cold.
3. To guard against bacterial infection.
4. To guard against injury from the outside.

Our skins furnish the boundary between us and the world about us. It is that part of us which can be seen.

### THE EPIDERMIS

The outer layer of skin is called epidermis. Since it is merely a protective coating there is no life in this part. It is made of dried up and dead cells which are constantly being pushed outward and are finally rubbed off. Every time you take a bath and rub yourself with a towel you are rubbing off some of this dead skin.

The epidermis contains a pigment or coloring agent called melanin. When the sun shines on your skin it increases the amount of melanin which is produced and the result is a sun tan. Sometimes it forms specks or splotches and these are called freckles. Darker skinned people have more melanin than those with lighter skins.

When a blister forms it develops between the epidermis and the true skin.

### THE DERMIS

Just beneath the epidermis is the dermis which is the true, live skin. It contains a complicated system of nerves, blood vessels, sweat glands, oil glands, and points of feeling such as touch, pain, heat and cold.

The dermis is not smooth but it contains many little ridges of pimples called papillae. These papillae show through the epidermis and since they contain the sense of touch, they are much more noticeable on the finger tips. These ridges and lines are commonly called fingerprints and no two persons have the same patterns.

These little ridges are also useful in helping to pick up small objects. People who have had their fingerprints destroyed, such as by acid, find it very difficult to pick up a pin.

Sometimes for an unknown reason (possibly caused by a virus) these papillae break through the epidermis and cause



a growth which we call a wart.

Pressure against the skin sometimes causes an overgrowth of epidermis and this is known as a callous or a corn.

### THE HAIR

The hair is really part of the skin as the roots of the hair grow out of the dermis. These are found over most of the skin surface of an adult.

Nearly all hair comes through the skin at a slant. Attached to each hair is a set of erector muscles which have the fascinating power of causing the hair to stand on end. Everyone knows what an angry cat looks like. If a person becomes badly frightened the hair on his head will push upward and raise his hat. Perhaps the best known example of hair standing on end is when a person is cold and has "goose pimples".

### OIL GLANDS

Alongside the hair are tiny oil glands. These produce an oily substance (actually protein) which oozes out alongside the hair and keeps the skin and the hair soft and pliable. These oil glands are scattered over the body but are extra plentiful over the face, forehead and chest. However the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet have very few oil glands. This is the reason many people need to rub their hands regularly with Vaseline to keep them from cracking. It is also why a person's hands look white and soggy after washing the dishes.

### SWEAT GLANDS

Sweat glands keep the body from burning up alive. About two million of them are scattered over the body and they are especially numerous on the forehead, face, palms of the hands and soles of the feet. (It is entirely normal for the feet to sweat in warm weather.) There are no sweat glands on the lips.

Ordinary sweat is little more than a very weak solution of salt water. At any time of the day when we are doing work we are usually sweating. We do not realize it because the sweat is evaporated as fast as it comes to the surface. During warm, humid weather it can not evaporate fast enough so it collects on the skin as drops of water. When this happens the system is not working as effectively as it should, and the body becomes heated.

If you wish to see the effect of evaporation, mount two thermometers side by side. Set a cup of water beneath one of them and put a wick or piece of cloth from the water to cover the bulb of one thermometer. On a warm dry day when the humidity is low there may be 15 degrees difference between the two thermometers. This explains why in a dry climate like our western states a person may feel comfortable in 110 degree temperatures. He may not realize that he is sweating because his clothes are perfectly dry. He doesn't know he is sweating profusely but it is evaporating as fast as it comes to the surface. On the other hand, in a humid region a 110 degree temperature would be fatal to many people.

In hot weather a person can sweat so much that the loss of salt will upset the chemical balance of his body. Sometimes this causes muscle cramps.

### A SUPER EFFICIENT COOLING SYSTEM

The sweat glands are only part of the cooling system of the skin. Imbedded in the dermis are many loops of small blood vessels. A square inch of the skin has about 5 feet of blood vessel running through it.

Whenever we work or take exercise we are burning up energy and this produces heat. When the body temperature goes above normal even a fraction of a degree the brain start sending out heat signals. These signals cause the small blood vessels in the skin to enlarge so as to hold more blood. At the same time the heart starts pumping blood faster, and the skin becomes flushed.

At the same time the sweat glands also are brought into action so that evaporation will lower the temperature of the air around the body. In this way, by pumping large quantities of blood along the surface of the skin, the body temperatures are lowered to normal again.

In cold weather the system works in reverse. The tiny blood vessels in the skin instead of expanding, draw themselves together. Very little blood is pumped through the skin which results in the fingers and the feet becoming cold. But the inside of your body remains the same temperature.

Another way of conserving heat in cold weather is by means of the hair. The little erector muscles on the body hair will start working and soon you will see "goose pimples". This sets up an insulated area around the skin to help conserve the heat.

Because the flow of blood to the skin is shut off during cold weather, your fingers, your face or ears may freeze, but your heart goes on at the same temperature inside.

It is essential that it is so. If as much blood were pumped to the skin during zero weather as in 100 degree temperatures then the temperature of the whole body would quickly fall perhaps ten degrees resulting in death.

(Next month: "Helps For A Healthy Skin")

### *These Free Gifts*

Suppose that people had to pay  
To see a sunset's crimson play  
And the magic stars of Milky Way.  
Suppose it was fifty cents a night  
To watch the moon's silvery light,  
Or watch a gull in peaceful flight.  
Suppose that God charged us for all the rain,  
Or put a price on a song bird's strain  
Of music — the dawn mist on the plain.  
How much would springtime's landscape cost?

Or a window etched with winter's frost,  
Or a rainbow's glow so quickly lost?  
How much, I wonder, would it be worth  
To smell the good brown fragrant earth  
In spring — the miracle of birth.  
How much do you think folks would pay  
For a baby's laugh at the close of day.  
Suppose God charged us for them I say!  
Suppose we paid to look at the hills  
And for the rippling mountain rills,  
Or the mating song of whippoorwills  
Or curving breakers of the sea  
For grace and beauty and majesty  
And all these things He gives us free  
Oh, what poor return we give for these  
We yield at night on bended knees  
Ignoring the moonlight 'cross the floor  
As well as the needy at our door,  
We ask the Master for more and more!

- Selected by Mrs. Sadie Esh

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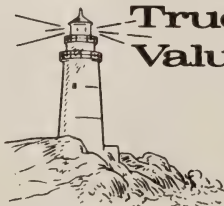
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# FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

## Are We Under Bondage?

George Takacs, once you meet him, is a man you won't soon forget. He is an elderly Hungarian watchmaker who has a shop in London, Ontario. Years ago my dad first made George's acquaintance when he stepped into the shop one day to buy a watch. George was soon talking religion instead of watches, but when Dad turned to leave, George said, "Here, Brudder Stoll, I haf many watches. You haf none. Tak dis watch as a gift from George." And he handed him an expensive jewel-movement watch.

Since that time George has fixed many a watch for the Stoll family. The only complaint any of us has against George is that no one ever goes into his shop and leaves again in less than half an hour. George likes to talk. His favorite topic is the Christian faith.

There are a number of points of doctrine on which George and I don't agree. However, I have seldom had a chance to explain my views to George. For when you are in George's shop, George does the talking.

Last week I took my pocket watch in to George. It had stopped for no reason that I could see. George took off the lid, peered into the silent gears, and nodded his head. "Ah," he said, "I can fix dat." With a sharp little instrument and a skillful twist of his hand, George had the watch ticking again. "You bumped it pretty bad, sometime or oder. Dat little Y-shaped ting on the hairspring was knocked over d' center."

Then before I had time to thank him, George began talking religion. His subject was not the usual Bible story, though. He pointed at me and asked, "Why you wear clothes like dat? If you are Christ's, you are free. You are no longer under the law. The apostle Paul, he say, Stand fast therefore in liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free. Be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Clothes don't make you righteous, Christ makes you righteous. Christ brings liberty ..."

"Wait a minute," George, "I finally managed to interrupt. Paul is speaking of the law of Moses ..."

"Yes, yes, and he say Christ hath made us free."

I was beginning to see what George had in mind. He thought because our church has standards about clothes, we are still living under bondage to rules and regulations, just as the Jews were bound to the law of Moses.

"But, George," I objected. "You say free, but what do you mean by free? You don't mean that a Christian is free to do as he pleases, free to sin, do you?"

"Oh no, no, not that ..." And George veered off the subject of clothes and Christian liberty, and very dramatically related the story of the woman whom the Pharisees had caught in the very act of sin and brought to Jesus. "What did Jesus say to dat woman?" asked George, his penetrating eyes looking directly at me. "He say, Woman,

go and sin no more ..."

George talked steadily for fifteen minutes, the words rolling off his tongue in his strong guttural Hungarian accent. When I finally excused myself with, "George, I do have to go now. It's time for the Aylmer bus," my thoughts returned to what George had said at the beginning of the conversation.

I had heard this kind of reasoning before — "Christians are to be free. If you have rules in church about what kind of clothes to wear, you are not free — you are under bondage. You are seeking salvation through your clothes, or through good works."

Does George have a point? Well, I believe he has and yet I believe he hasn't. There is a danger that people in our plain churches will rely on clothes or on church rulings for their salvation, instead of relying upon Christ. But that same danger exists for men who give away watches to people who don't have any, or who talk about spiritual things for hours at a time. Such people may seek merit in their good deeds, too.

However, I don't think George talks about his faith or gives away watches for such selfish reasons. Nor do I feel I wear my plain clothes for any such reasons — or because the church says I have to. No, I wear plain clothes because I think God requires it of Christians. God must have thought it was important or He wouldn't have had Paul and Peter both mention it in their writings. (See I Tim. 2:9 and I Pet. 3:3)

And speaking of bondage, there are several ways of looking at that subject, it seems to me. Indeed, we are not bound as was the Jew to the Old Testament laws and sacrifices — Christ has brought in a new covenant and freed us from those requirements, which in many cases were but shadows and figures of things to come. Through the blood of Christ we are freed, too, from the condemnation of Adam's sin. Jesus himself said, "If the son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

What a glorious liberty!

But does this mean a Christian is free to do as he pleases, free of restraint, free of being bossed by someone else, free of bondage? No, the Christian is not free to do his own will! He is as much a servant as he ever was, only now he is the servant of God. Paul writes to the Romans, "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life." Peter uses almost the same words, "As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."

Servants? Many of the newer translations do not use the word servants, but say "slaves of God". Does this sound like freedom to do as one pleases? No, it sounds very much like bondage again. And the worldly person will interpret it as bondage.

But to a sincere Christian there is no sense of bondage in his service to God — he does it willingly and gladly. He is bound, yet free. He is bound by his covenant with God to do right, yet he does it freely and willingly so that



it becomes wholly unlike bondage. He does not obey God because he has to, but because he wants to — because he is God's child, and God's spirit is at work within him.

It seems to me it should be the same way in our churches. The decisions of the church are but an interpretation of God's will in our day and circumstances. The standards which the church sets up are for the guidance and protection of the members. These standards are based on principles which are plainly taught in the Bible, and it seems to me it is certainly the duty of the church to interpret these principles as they apply to today's world.

The church, of course, is made up of imperfect people, and the standards it sets up will not be perfect. However, a decision by the entire congregation should be safer and less likely to be in error than decisions by individual members.

All of us know that parents can not train their children without rules and discipline. All of us agree that a school cannot operate without order. All of us know the value of laws in the secular world — speed laws, hunting laws, even school attendance laws. Thus far we all agree. But when we begin talking of rules and discipline in the church we hear an outcry, "Oh, but the Christian is to be led by the Spirit. He needs no rules. If there are rules, the church member will be under bondage. If everyone is born again, that will take care of it."

We agree that if every member of the church is born again (and God requires it!), that will indeed take care of very much. But it seems not everyone who is born again has the same amount of enlightenment. And experience teaches that there are many self-willed and stubborn Christians in the world, even among those who claim the New Birth. Also, the best of Christians are not above occasionally making mistakes.

If the congregation has no right to agree to certain standards that it feels are according to Bible principles, and thus particularly define problems we face today — if the church has no right to set up such standards and abide by them — what right, may I ask, does it have to discipline at all?

We all know what a church without discipline is like. There are many examples among the popular Protestant churches. Such a church is just like a school or a home without discipline — everyone does just as he pleases.

There is, of course, the opposite extreme. There is a very real danger of a church becoming top heavy with rules and regulations on every situation that arises, until the members become dependent on "Ordnungen" and are unable to make simple decisions of their own. There is also a danger of handing down rules from generation to generation and losing sight of the reason for them (which reason may have ceased to exist). Every church ruling should uphold a Bible principle, or safeguard a Bible truth. Such rulings are not "manmade rules", but they are human interpretations of God's will. If a church has agreed by the counseling of its members that a certain standard is Scripturally sound and fills a need in today's world, no member has the right to regard it lightly or disobey it.

So we come back to the question George Takacs raised when I visited his watch shop last week — "Are we in bondage because we have rules in our church — rules about clothes, about how we farm, about the kind of work we can do?" To one who does not understand the principles behind these rules, to one who does not heartily believe in them, yes, submission can be a grievous bondage. But if a Christian believes in the Ordnungen of his church and knows the purpose of them; if he sincerely cares for the spiritual

well-being of himself, his family, his children, his descendants — then keeping the rules of the church is not a burden. It is not bondage. It is a joy.

Yes, verily, it is a wonderful privilege. The Ordnungen are God's principles for God's church, part of His commandments, which the apostle John tells us "are not grievous". Why should keeping God's commandments be a burden? Obedience is an expression of love and gratitude.

George, the watchmaker, was mistaken. We are not under bondage in the way he thought. We are under bondage to God, for we are His servants, but that is a glorious service — it is not something hard to bear.

People who are submissive to God do not find the rules of the church legalistic or a galling burden. The person who is happy in his church doesn't realize there are many rules. The horses that pull are not the ones that find the harness uncomfortable. It is the balkers and kickers that get tangled in the traces. They are the ones that so greatly fear bondage, and they are the ones, I am afraid, who are under it.

## WHAT GOD REQUIRES

WHY SHOULD WE LOVE ONE ANOTHER? In John 4:7,8 we read: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."

HOW DID CHRIST SAY WE SHOULD LOVE GOD? "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment," (Mark 12:30).

DOES THE LOVE OF GOD AND THE LOVE OF BRETHREN GO TOGETHER? "If a man says, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God loveth his brother also," (1 John 4:20, 21).

DOES GOD REQUIRE THIS LOVE? "And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul," (Micah 6:8).

Yes, I'm afraid many of us are hiding behind our plain clothes and church membership and holding on to our traditions which will be of no value, if we don't really love God.

If we pass on some gossip about a brother or sister, then it shows that we don't really love the person; and if we don't love him, then we don't have the love of God. (Read again 1 John 4:20, 21.)

If we love God then we will not want to do anything which degrades or hurts our fellowmen. We will pray for them and rebuke them kindly if they do something wrong. We will not be afraid to talk about spiritual matters with them, if we truly love God.

How can we do something which we know is wrong in the sight of God and our church and still profess to be a Christian? We should kneel down and give our all to Him who died for us. Tomorrow may be too late. Let us put on the armor of God today.

Remember Christ taught us that the sin of omission is just as great as the sin of commission. If we know of something good to do and don't do it, then that is also sin. I believe this includes the little things in everyday life — not just the great things.



### CALL BACK

If you have gone a little way ahead of me, call back —  
 'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track;  
 And, if perchance, faith's light is dim, because the oil  
 is low,  
 Your call will guide my lagging course as wearily I go.

Call back, and tell me that Christ went with you into the  
 storm;  
 Call back, and say He kept you when the forest's roots  
 were torn;  
 That when the heavens thundered and the earthquake shook  
 the hill,  
 He bore you up and held you where the very air was still.

O friend, call back, and tell me, for I cannot see your face;  
 They say it glows with triumph as you run your Christian  
 race;  
 But there are mists between us and my spirit eyes are dim,  
 And I cannot see the glory, though I long for word of Him.

But if you'll say He heard you when your prayer was but a  
 cry,  
 And if you'll say He saw you through the night's sin-  
 darkened sky;  
 If you have gone a little way ahead, O friend, call back —  
 'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony  
 track. — Selected

The Shut-in Page has thus far not been used as a page  
 for Home Health Hints, but as a page to cheer and en-  
 courage the shut-ins and others who suffer. Nevertheless,  
 if we can help anyone that their suffering is less we would  
 gladly do so.

Lately a letter came to my desk written by Mrs. Bruce  
 Ackerman, of Meyersdale, Pa., who had suffered with  
 rheumatoid arthritis for eight years. Anyone who has had  
 arthritis will know of the stiffness, weakness and pain she  
 endured. She could not button her clothes, nor cover her-  
 self when in bed.

Mrs. Ackerman wrote: "If no one came while my hus-  
 band was at work the fires went out, or got very low.  
 Walking was very painful and it often brought tears to my  
 eyes. My doctor started treating me with different drugs  
 which didn't help.

"After going through various tests in the Cleveland  
 Clinic, the doctors said I had 'flying inflammatory rheu-  
 matoid arthritis'. I was given prescriptions for four dif-  
 ferent kinds of drugs. After a few months I started getting  
 severe chills; then a high fever. I was sick in bed three

or four days each time. My feet and legs were cold for  
 as long as two days. These drugs gave me no help either.

"Next I went to a chiropractor. After taking thirty-two  
 treatments I didn't improve. I began to think I would never  
 get any better. I had faith in God and kept on praying.

"One day I read an article that Vitamin C is needed for  
 this disease, and read of alfalfa tea. After using the tea  
 for three weeks I began to feel much better. Joints began  
 to loosen and soreness grew less.

"To make the tea I take  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup alfalfa seed. Simmer in  
 one quart water for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Strain and sweeten with honey.  
 To use the tea, add enough water to  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tea to fill the  
 cup. Take 3 times daily for two weeks. Then one cup a  
 day for as long as needed. Later a few times a week.

"I will never recover completely, but thank God I have  
 come this far. I can do most of my own work and have  
 very little difficulty and pain in getting around. I really  
 feel like living again."

Now that we are on the subject of arthritis I will tell you  
 of an elderly woman I met in the spring. Once she had  
 been a shut-in and confined to the wheelchair. At that time  
 she was sixty-nine years old.

Trying to find relief she went to see a chiropractor.  
 "You will have to do 85% of it yourself if you want to get  
 well," the doctor told her.

"Then I decided if I have to do 85% I will do everything  
 myself," she told me.

She stopped using drugs. Then she sat in the sun. Dur-  
 ing this time she would work on her joints, trying to loosen  
 them. How thrilled and thankful she was the first time  
 she could move a thumb again!

"The pain was very severe," she said, "but I knew that  
 as long as it would hurt me, there were hopes that I could  
 be well again."

Not many people have so much grit and perseverance as  
 this woman. She showed very little signs later of ever  
 having had such a bout with arthritis.

### GOOD HEALTH

Do we appreciate good health  
 When we are able bodied  
 Or are we much too busy  
 To thank our Creator for it?

Lots of others would enjoy it, too,  
 It is worth more than wealth;  
 Do we think of the sick enough —  
 Or too much of ourselves.

Many a long day the shut-ins have,  
 Let's think of them more often.  
 If we could be more kind to them  
 It would help their sorrow to soften.

Written while shut-in

— Mrs. Enos Wagler, Millbank, Ont.

### WHAT DOES LOVE LOOK LIKE?

It has the hands to help others.  
 It has the feet to hasten to the poor and needy.  
 It has the eyes to see misery and want.  
 It has the ears to hear the sighs and sorrows of men.



## Wings In A Wedge

Wings in a wedge against the sky,  
On and on I saw them fly;  
Spellbound I stopped at the mystic sight  
Wild geese making their southern flight.

How can a mortal doubt God's plan?  
Faith enough here for any man,  
Watching the blue November sky,  
Flame-touched trees, wild geese on high.

Edna Greene Hines





## TWO COMPANIONS

Together they traveled the pathway of life  
From the morn till the setting of sun  
Yet the one was so joyous, the other downcast  
When the journey of life had been run.

They went hand in hand o'er a desert of sand  
To reach that far land fair and sweet,  
The one saw the grandeur of mountains afar —  
The other, the sand at her feet.

They needs cross a rill which their pathway traversed  
As they left far behind them the ridge,  
The one had the song of the brook in her ears  
The other but looked for a bridge.

A child near their pathway, intent on its play,  
Was baking mud pies spread in view,  
The one saw the smile, the other the grime  
As the friendly tot waved them adieu.

They went through a gateway, nearing their goal,  
And entered a flowering mart;  
The one felt the kiss of a rose on her lips,  
The other a thorn in her heart.

## I Had To Sing

The hour was late. It was Saturday evening. Church to be attended next day. The stack of supper dishes for a family of eight had still not been done. Besides there were several other odd tasks for preparation of the morrow.

I was extremely tired; my eyes full of sleep. Rebellion welled up within me. "It's just not fair! It's just not fair!" No matter how fast I hustled about or how hard I tried to be early on Saturday evening, in the end it was always the same old story.

What was the use of trying. Sometimes when my work seemed to be running along in record time then sure enough a salesman would drop by, a customer for eggs, or some other unexpected task would pop up. So always in the end, — late Saturday evening. I consider it important to get a full night's sleep in order to get full benefit out of Sunday's sermon. After all, we only get out of it what we put into it.

A great wave of self pity hovered over me. Evil thoughts began to come, and for a moment I didn't care. But sud-

denly I jerked to realization. "You don't want to stay in this pit?" I thought. I must overcome this sort of thing.

The words of the hymn "Is Not This the Land of Beulah", kept churning in my mind, yet I could not command the mood to sing. It was not, however, until I forced myself to sing the words aloud, that the full import of their meaning flooded my soul. Repentant tears choked in my throat.

"Broken vows and disappointments, thickly sprinkled all the way," I sang. Then the words came which meant still more to me —

"Tell me not of heavy burdens,  
Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
For I've found this great salvation  
Makes each burden light appear.  
And how sweetly Jesus whispers;  
Take the cross, thou needs not fear,  
For I've tried the way before thee,  
And the glory lingers near."

Now I know evil thoughts can be warded off with singing. It is like a healing balm to the soul. Evil thoughts are followed by evil actions and it is a start in the "very wrong" direction.

— M., Ind.

I've received quite a few recipes asking for pumpkin sauce. They all look like good ones so I will keep some of them for later.

Mrs. Herman Stutzman, of Delaware, sent in a very simple recipe for pumpkin cookies. They require no eggs or milk, and she writes they are very, very good.

### Pumpkin Cookies

1 cup lard  
2 cups pumpkin  
2 cups brown sugar  
Sift together:  
4 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 teaspoons soda  
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Cream cooked pumpkins, sugar and lard. Add sifted ingredients. Add 1 cup nuts and 1 cup raisins or dates if desired. Ice with 10x frosting flavored with maple flavoring, while still warm.

### PUMPKIN SPICE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
2 eggs, beaten  
 $2\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted flour  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg  
1 cup pumpkin  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, creaming till light and fluffy. Blend in beaten eggs. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Combine pumpkin and milk. Add dry ingredients alternately with pumpkin mixture, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Stir in chopped nuts. Bake in two greased 9 inch layer pans in 350° oven for about



30 minutes. Frost with your favorite butter cream icing, using orange juice for the liquid and grated orange rind for added zest.



#### OLD FASHIONED POULTRY STUFFING

1 cup chopped celery  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning  
1/4 cup butter or oleo  
1 can (10 1/2 ounces) condensed cream of chicken soup  
8 cups dry bread cubes

Cook celery, onions, and poultry seasoning in butter until vegetables are tender. Add soup. Mix lightly with bread cubes. Makes about 4 cups stuffing, or enough for a 5 to 6 pound bird.



I'm quite pleased with all the poets we've found since "Family Life" has started. The following is a poem sent by a friend from Pennsylvania. She revives the memory of the scouring time in the days that "used to be". This was before the "stainless steel age" came into being.

#### SCOURING THE TINWARE

Now get the pans and dishes  
and pie plates all together,  
we're going to scour the tinware  
in this beautiful autumn weather,  
and over in the pantry  
get that old dishpan  
and don't forget the funnels —  
and polish all we can.  
The milk buckets and the strainer  
need a scouring, too,  
the tin lids and the dippers,  
we'll make them look like new.

The kettle in the fireplace  
with water sizzling hot,  
we'll fill it up with tinware;  
Now what have we forgot?  
Oh, the quart tin in the cupboard,  
it also needs a shine  
and so does that old roasting pan  
we use at Christmas time.  
That drinking tin upon the nail  
I almost forgot  
And get those tin washbasins —  
they should be with the lot.

Upon the old butcher bench  
is where our work we take  
and there we stand a-scouring  
till our hands and backs do ache;  
With soap and with silversand  
we scour them one by one  
we stand and scour and scour and stand  
till comes the setting sun.  
But with things looking shiney, new,  
we feel that we have won  
a day's hard work, and a well-earned rest  
when our scouring day is done.

- E. M. H., Denver, Pa.

## Some Mothers Write

The following is a Grandmother's view of the Pen Point, "A Ruination To Children" (July FL).

#### CHILDREN IN CHURCH

"Sit still" is quite something for some children, even for Grandmothers.

Did the parents maybe feel, "This is Sunday morning and we can sleep a little longer"? Before they realized it they overslept. This caused them to hurry, to be in church on time.

The little three-year-old was maybe awakened at the last hurried moment. "No time for you to play this morning." Perhaps not even time to be wide enough awake to eat a normal breakfast. Then the "sit still", while on week days they are told to run out and play.

A normal amount of time should be spent with the child and explained, "Today we are going to church where we 'sit still' and listen to what the preacher tells us. Der Guta Man will au dort sei."

If the children are not quiet as we prefer it, do they see tears in Mama's eyes? Or do they see anger on her face? Makes quite a difference. Then the piece of candy.

Probably a kindhearted Grandmother offering her a little mint, which doesn't hurt any normal child. And the memory that lingers in the child's mind. Maybe a stepping stone to higher things.

I do not approve of stuffing a child with candy. But can not make an issue of it as something harmful to a child's soul, if they have a few pieces of candy, anyway if the breakfast was too hurried. The child should have a little box or bag of cereal or pretzels to eat. As well as a book to look at.

Do we always keep our mind on the sermon as we wish to, or are our minds, before we realize it, on natural things?

Yes, there comes times when children need to be spanked, or made to sit on a chair until they are pretty. But let us be sure we are doing it in the right way.

- M. T., Indiana

As I entered our hen house one day our little daughter was with me. She noticed our bareback hens, then she asked, "Mama, what's wrong?" I answered, "I don't know." "Oh, I know. Their clothes are torn!" she said.

Mrs. John Miller, Guthrie, Kentucky



*God has His  
own rule to  
measure our  
thankfulness.  
He does not  
measure the  
words from  
our lips, but  
from our  
hearts.  
Aunt Becky*



## Der hölzerne Trog

Es war ein Vater der hat ein einziger Sohn welchen er lieb hatte. Der Vater hatte viel Güter und er gab den Sohn alles was er Not hatte.

Der Sohn liebte sein Vater und er brachte ihn viele schöne Sache. Es war eine schöne Familie.

Dennoch verheiratete der Sohn, und der Vater gab ihn viele Geschenk für den Heimat.

Ueber etliche Jahre fühlte der Vater daß die Liebe war weniger. Da gab er den Sohn ein Stück Land zur Baucerei. Daß machte den Sohn und des Sohnes Weib sehr freundlich gegen ihn und sie wartete ihn ab sehr fleißig. Und er wohnte mit die junge Leute.

Ueber ein paar Jahre dachte der Vater, „Ich bin doch alt und ich brauche meine Güter nicht mehr. Mein Sohn ist gut zu mir. Ich will ihn alles geben das ich habe.“

Da gab er den Sohn all seine Güter. Sie warteten ihn ab auf's allerbeste. Sie setzten ihn am besten Platz am Tische und haufelte sein Teller mit die beste Speise.

Also ging es für ein Zeitlang. Aber endlich ging es nicht mehr so wohl mit dem Sohn und sein Wiebe. Sie wußten das nicht mehr zu hoffen war von den alten Vater.

Da war der Vater verjähmt. Er mußte zur Fühend der Tische sitzen. Die Angesichte waren verändert und es waren nicht mehr freundliche Worte. Es war kein Raum mehr für der alte Vater. Aber er nahm es alles geduldig an. Er sahe daß es zu spät war jetzt.

Der Vater war alt und seine Hände schüttelte. Etlich mal hat er Schüsseln zerbrochen. Da sagte der Sohn sein Weib, „Mache den Vater sein eigenen Tisch und gebe ihn ein hölzern Trog daraus zu essen.“

Dann machte der Sohn ein kleiner Tisch im Ecke von der Stube und darauf ein hölzern Trog für den Vater daraus zu essen.

Der Sohn mit sein Weibe, und sein kleiner Sohn sitze am großen Tisch mit das beste Gßsache aber der Vater sitze einsam am Eck mit sein kleiner Tisch und eßte Suppe aus sein Trog.

So ging es für etliche Jahre aber der Vater murrte nicht wieder sein Sohn. Es geschah aber ein Abend da der Sohn zur Hause kam, sahe er den kleinen Sohn am spielen bei den Holzhaufen.

„Was machst du mit dem Aloh Holz?“ fragte er.

„Gi“, antwortete den kleine Sohn seinen Vater, „Ich will ein hölzern Trog machen so daß wenn du alt wirst, ich dich darans blüßtern kanu wie du der Grandpa fütterst.“

Wie ein Blitzstrahl ging die Rede seines kleines Sohn durch sein Herz, und er eilte in das Haus. Da hub er auf der hölzerne Trog und warf ihn ins Feuer.

Er sprach weiteres, „Mein alter Vater soll der beste Platz haben am Tisch so lang er lebt und er soll es gut haben mit uns.“

Also hat Gott ein kleines Kind gebraucht für ein hertzerziger Mann und sein Weib zu ermahnen wegen ihre Schuldigkeit gegen die Eltern. Wohl ihnen daß sie die Vermahnung verstanden und aufgenommen haben.

Die Bericht ist gegeben daß dies ein wahres Geschichte ist.

— von ein altes Lesebuch.

## Der Bergsturz von Goldau

(Von Peter Noder)

Wir nehmen folgende Beschreibung aus einem alten Herold von 1882. Es ist so ziemlich im Hochdeutschen geschrieben, daher suchen wir es ein wenig zu vereinfachen (simplify) so daß der weniger geübte Leser es besser verstehen kann, und der Inhalt besser vernehmen.

In der Schweiz war ein Berg genannt der Rigiberge, von wundervolle schöne Aussicht. An seinem nördlichen Fuße lag ein schöner Tal, auf der andern Seite von dem etwas einen kleinern Roshberge begrenzt. Hier stunden die Ortschaften Goldau, Röthen, Busingen und Lomorz, mitten in grüne saftige Wiesen, bestattet mit herrliche Obstbäumen. Da wohnte eine Anzahl von arbeitsame Leute.

Der Roshberg welcher teilweise ziemlich steil (steep) gegen das Thal abfällt, hatte in seinem innern manche Höhlen mit Wasser angefüllt. Im Sommer von 1806 hat es sehr viel geregnet so daß der Boden mehr weich geworden ist als gewöhnlich. Dann hat der Berg einen großen Sturz genommen, so daß an Furchtbarkeit noch wenig seines gleichen gehabt hat.

Die drei erste von oben genannte Städte waren fast ganz mit Erde bedeckt. Am Morgen des zweiten Herbstmonats regnete es wieder sehr viel auf den Höhen des Roshberges gerade wie am vorigen Tage. Gegen Mittag hat der Berg schon zu erkennen geben daß etwas am kommen ist. Große Erdrisse zeigten sich, man konnte sehen daß die Erde am nachgeben ist. Baumwurzeln zerrissen im Walde mit große Krachen, dieweil die Erde voneinander ging. Große Steine rollten herunter in immer größerer Menge, und zunehmendem Donner.

Die Leute wurden aufmerksam, aber es hatte schon öfters im obern Teil des Berges Stücke losgerissen und noch nie im Thale Schaden angerichtet. So glaubten sie als noch sicher zu sein.

Gegen fünf Uhr Abends stürzte die große Felsenwand zusammen. Bäume, Steine, Erde, alles wälzte sich unaußhaltig am Berg hinab. Es ergoß sich über die Felsen, wodurch die ganze Gegend mit diesem Staub verhüllt wurde. Ein Teil wälzte sich auf die Städte Goldau, Busingen und Röthen, und diese Ortschaften waren beinahe ganz begraben. Große Bäume stiegen hie und da ein wenig heraus. Ein anderer Teil fuhr gegen Lomorz und wühlte das Erdreich auf, wie der Wind das Wasser schwellt, und stürzte sich dann in den See.

Hier war in wenigen Minuten ein lachendes Gefilde in eine Wüste verwandelt. 110 Wohnungen waren zerschmettert (destroyed). 457 Menschen, deren Namen bekannt, und außer dem noch einige unbekannte sind ein Opfer des Todes geworden. Diese Unglücksstätte steht als noch, obschon sie sich wieder etwas begrünt hat ist so doch noch ein gewaltiges Denkmal von der Vergänglichkeit alles Irdischen, und von der Ohnmacht der Menschen gegenüber der Allmacht Gottes. Es tut jetzt noch predigen zu uns Menschen die allbekannte Wahrheit, welche wir wissen, aber zu wenig bedenken.



„Es kann vor Nacht leicht anders werden, als Es am frühen Morgen war“.

Wenn wir lesen wie etliche zu rechter Zeit sich warnen ließen und glücklich entflohen, während andere die Warnung überhörte, oder aus großer Sorgfalt, irgend etwas aus dem Hause zu retten, die Rettung ihres Lebens veräumte, müssen wir nicht sagen: So wie es diesen mit dem leiblichen Leben ergangen ist, so kann es auch gehen mit dem geistlichen Leben. Jene sind erschlagen worden, aber wenn sie im Glauben lebten, in Christi Blut gewaschen waren können sie doch bei dem Herrn sein, denn ihre Seele ist auch errettet. Die aber, wo nicht im Glauben lebten, obwohl sie hier entflohen sind, sind sie deshalb noch nicht Erben der ewigen Seligkeit geworden. Uns aber, können diese Rettungen und diese Unglücksfälle Bilder sein, die uns die Gefahr unsere Seelen vor Augen stellen, und uns ermahnen zu entfliehen dem zukünftigen Zorn. Und dieser Zorn ist so gewaltig daß dieses Begraben unter die Felsen des Rößberges nur ein Kleines dagegen ist. Denn sie werden sagen: „Ihre Berge, fallet über uns, und ihr Hügel decket uns!“ Man kann errettet sein von einem Bergsturz und doch nicht selig sein, aber wenn Gottes Zorn, die Offenbarung seines gerechten Gerichtes daher bricht, dann wehe uns, wenn wir den alleinigen Rettungsort, das Kreuz Christi, nicht erreicht haben!

Unser Herr Jesus hat selber ein ähnliches Gleichniß gebraucht, von dem zukünftigen Gericht, da Er sagt: „Gedenket an Lots Weib. Wer auf dem Dache ist an demselbigen Tage, der steige nicht hernieder, seinen Hausrat zu holen. Deselbigen gleichen, wer auf dem Felde ist, der wende sich nicht um, nach dem was hinter ihm ist.“ Wir wollen hier eine Anzahl von solcher Fällen zusammenstellen wie es gegangen ist mit einige Leute da der Rößberg seinen Sturz genommen hat. Die Leser mögen selbst es anwenden ihren Seelenzustand zu bedenken, wie es mit ihnen bestellt sein mag wenn die Zeit kommt diese Welt zu verlassen.

1. Es war ein man mit Namen Eberhard, der arbeitete im Holze hoch droben am Rößberg und ein anderer mit ihm. Er schaute zu wie der Berg immer mehr und mehr am nachgeben war und dachte endlich, es sieht zu gefährlich aus noch länger zu bleiben. Er rief seinem Knecht: Wir wollen die Flucht nehmen. Dieser aber antwortete: Er wolle noch erst das Holz festbinden. Eberhard dagegen hat die Flucht genommen. Die Erde war so schnell am gleiten, große Steine stürzten neben ihn nieder, kleinere Steine, Bäume und Erdschollen flogen über seinem Kopf. Nur mit Anstrengung aller seiner Kräfte erreichte er einen sichern Ort. Sein Knecht hatte den Augenblick der Rettung veräumt, er war nicht mehr!

2. Franz Appert und seine Frau wußten daß ihre Nachbarin ein wenig weiter oben allein war, ihr Mann war abwesend an der Zeit. Nun schickten sie ihren vierzehnjährigen Knaben diese Frau zu helfen. Franz und seine Frau aber selber schauten die Ereignisse zu lange und veräumten die rettende Flucht. Der Knabe kam zu der Tür der Nachbarin gerade als das Haus zusammenstürzte und die Nachbarin mit zwei Kindern begrug. Er selbst wurde in die Trümmer (wreckage) des Stalles eingeklemmt, jedoch später gerettet. Das zweijährige Kind der Nachbarin fand man später lebend auf dem Schut (the ruins).

3. Weiter unten stand ein Stall, bei welchem ein Knecht und seine Magd arbeiteten. Der Knecht sagte zu der Magd;

sie soll nach Hause gehen, er komme bald nach. Sie ging und war gerettet, der Knecht aber nicht. (Matth. 24, 40—42.) Wie manchen hat das Baldnachkommenwollen im geistlichen Verderben gebracht!

4. Ein sehr merkwürdiges Beispiel liefern die Brüder Kaspar und Franz Veeler. Diese hatten ihren Nachbar, den Dominich Horat, wegen einer kranken Kuh zu sich gerufen. Nachdem sie das kranke Tier gepflegt hatten, gingen sie nach Hause. Horat war ein Mann von vierundsiebzig Jahren, und sehr gesprächig. Dann haben sie Branntwein eingeschenkt, und hielten sich sehr lebhaft.

In einem neugebäude arbeitete Meinrad Römer am Taglohn, er machte Dachschindeln zurecht. Weil er an seiner Arbeit war fühlte er ein sonderbares Beissen an seinem Kopf (vielleicht von dem Staube der wohl schon in der Luft umher flog). Unterdessen donnerte es immer stärker oben am Berge, dieser Mann konnte nicht mehr ruhig sein, er ging hin zu die drei Männer die am Wein lustig waren und machte sie aufmerksam zu die drohende Gefahr. Einer gab zur Antwort: Es habe droben schon oft gelärmt, wir können hier noch ruhig sein. Der Mann Horat kam aber selbst zur Tür, er konnte aber der Berg von dort nicht so gut sehen, aber er sagte auch: Es hat droben sich oft gepoltet, man kann noch eine Pfeife rauchen und ging wieder in die Stube. Römer ging wieder zur Arbeit, aber das Beissen auf seinem Kopfe ist immer ärger geworden, dann ging er hinaus zu einige von die andere Nachbarn die am zuschauen waren, hier hatten sie einen bessern Blick zum Berge hinauf. Römer sah daß der Wald in Bewegung war und die Erdmassen des Berges am nachgeben sind, dann tat er einen durchdringenden Pfiff, und rief laut zu alle Leute daß sie fliehen sollen. Da eilte er mit großer Anstrengung wieder zum Hause da die drei Männer beieinander waren. Er sah daß es gefährlich wäre in das Haus zu gehen, aber er tat noch ein Fenster auf und rief mit aller Kraft: Fliehet, der ganze Berg kommt herab! Man hörte sie noch gegen die Türe gehen, aber ehe sie heraus gekommen sind stießen die große Erdmassen das Haus alles zusammen. Römer eilte mit aller Kraft unter die vielfältige Gefahr weg zu kommen. Große und kleine Steine stürzten neben und über ihm fort. Erdschollen rollten teils auf die Erde und teils flogen sie durch die Luft. Ganze Tannenholz-Bäumen mit ihre Wurzeln kamen hoch in der Luft über seinem Kopf. Drcimal wurde er zu Boden geworfen, aber er raffte sich immer wieder auf und setzte seine Flucht in der möglichsten Schnelligkeit fort, denn er meinte das irdische Leben ist fast verloren. Endlich fand er einige Flecken da er wieder ruhen konnte.

5. Xaver Schilters war an einer Stelle beschäftigt mit seiner Sense am Gras abmähen. Er schaute noch zu rechter Zeit gegen die Anhöhe des Berges. Der Mann ließ Sense und Korb zurück und floh. Er war von Steinen und Erdschollen etwas beschädigt, aber doch fand er Rettung. Er konnte aber zurück schauen und sehen wie hoch Zeit es war zu fliehen, denn der Baum darunter er war, die Sense und der Korb war alles zusammen gestoßen.

6. Maria Renel, eine sehr tätige und wohlhabende Hausfrau, hatte kaum eine Viertelstunde vor dem Bergsturz sich errettet in dem sie zu eine Nachbarin ging welche auf dem Wege war zum Obstaufen in einer höher gelegenen Wiese, und konnte sich von da retten.

(to be continued next month)

# CHILDREN'S SECTION

## PENNSYLVANIA'S Remarkable Founder

BY DAVID LUTHY

### Part I. Visiting A Giant

In the center of the city of Philadelphia stands the city hall. Rising from the middle of this old-fashioned building is a very tall brick tower. And on its peak stands a giant. Let's go up and visit him.

We enter City Hall on the ground level through one of the swinging doors which open onto the courtyard. We haven't far to go until we reach the elevator.

"Which floor, please?" asks the operator.

"We're going to the top of the tower," we answer.

"Take this elevator to the seventh floor; follow the red path in the floor; then take the tower elevator," smiles the woman elevator operator.

In less than a minute the elevator doors slide apart—we are at the seventh floor. Immediately as we step off we see a strip of bright red floor tiles running down the middle of the cream-colored hallway. We follow this colorful path. When it turns a corner so do we. What an easy way to find something; who could get lost?

The red path suddenly takes a sharp right turn half-ways down one corridor. Up a flight of six steps it climbs and stops at a set of elevator doors. There to greet us are nicely dressed attendants.

"Going to the top?" they ask.

"Yes," we nod.

"The elevator should be back in a few minutes."

We stare at the room around us as we wait for the elevator. But our thoughts keep returning to the giant we are going to visit.

BLINK a light flashes above the elevator and the doors open. Anxiously we board the closet-shaped vehicle. We are on our way up—up 548 feet above the city of Philadelphia!

This elevator ride takes longer than our first one. And it is more exciting. Instead of a solid door, this elevator has a narrow glass window to one side, and we can see the rough brick wall of the tower through which we are travelling. Abruptly the brick wall scenery changes to daylight. We have reached the top.

"I'll be back up in fifteen minutes," says the elevator operator. "If you want to come down then, you can. Or you may stay up longer, if you wish."

We step out onto a solid concrete floor. It feels good to have such a sturdy floor beneath our feet, for we are a little nervous about being up so high. But it is perfectly safe; we can't tumble off. There is a ten-foot fence encircling our platform perched on the tower's peak.

The scene below us of the busy city streets and hundreds of buildings is so interesting that we forget for a moment what we really came to see—the giant. Remem-



bering this, we stand with our backs next to the protective fence and stare straight up. Oh, such a giant! There above our heads stands William Penn.

Our tour booklet tells us that when this statue of William Penn stood in the courtyard below, workmen could sit in Penn's outstretched hand and walk around the brim of his hat. For this statue is no ordinary one like those found in city parks; it is as tall as a four-story house.

Why did the city of Philadelphia place such a huge statue of their state's founder on top of City Hall? Because in their opinion he had been a giant of a man. He really wasn't taller than other men, but because of his good moral character, he seemed head and shoulders above most men.

### Part II. A Changable Young Man

William Penn's father, whose name was also William, was an admiral in the British navy. He was rich and a powerful figure in England. When his son William was born in 1644, he began preparing him to follow in his own footsteps. At sixteen the young Penn was enrolled in Oxford University, England's finest school. There William was to receive the training and polish befitting a great nobleman's son.

William was a deep-thinking boy as well as a strong and active one. So one day during his stay at college he went to hear a visiting preacher, named Thomas Loe. Now, this man was no ordinary preacher of the official Church of England. He was a member of the Society of Friends (often called Quakers)—a group quite different from most Englishmen.

Loe's sermon that evening told how each man's conscience must be his guide and that all men are equal in the sight of God no matter how rich they might be. "And we must not show special favors to certain people," declared Thomas Loe. "We should not tip our hats to the



wealthy or bow to them and then ignore the poor. And we should not wear clothing which makes us stand off from them as stylish and superior." His sermon continued to challenge his young listeners to follow the Bible's teaching of simplicity of life and equality of men.

The evening's sermon was taken to heart by William Penn and several of his companions. They decided they would no longer wear the college gowns required of them by the university authorities. This refusal brought them into conflict with the school officials. William and his friends were expelled.

"What!" thundered Admiral Penn, when he learned of his son's expulsion from Oxford. "A son of mine was brought up to obey authority." He thought for awhile. "Maybe I can rid him of his Quaker notions if he is around gay people. I'll send him to France."

Admiral Penn was determined to force William to give up his new beliefs. After a few weeks of arguing with him he sent his son to France. Letters of introduction to various noblemen of the king's court were sent with William. And he was given plenty of money and a servant. It was not long before the gay company of the French king's court had its effect on William. The longer he stayed among such people the more he forgot about Thomas Loe's sermon and the Society of Friends. He learned to dance and dressed in the height of fashion. He even became skilful with the sword. Admiral Penn's plan was working.

One day a letter arrived from England. It was from Admiral Penn. He told his son to return home as soon as possible. War had broken out between England and Holland, and Admiral Penn would be absent for some time with the English navy. William was obedient and hurriedly returned to England and lived with his mother in their London townhouse.

William wasn't back in England very long when a terrible plague entered the city. Hundreds of people died each day of the disease—many right in the neighborhood where William and Mrs. Penn were staying. Bravely William went from house to house giving what aid and comfort he could to the dying. How easily he could have contracted the disease, yet he remained untouched. However, he was touched in a different manner—spiritually. He was made suddenly serious by the experience of the plague. He remembered the teachings of Thomas Loe. Once again William began dressing in the plain clothes of the Quakers.

Returning from the war and finding his son dressed in plain clothing, Admiral Penn determined to attempt once more to make his son forget his Quaker beliefs. This time he sent William to Ireland to manage the family's large estate. The Penn family had many friends there, and it was not long before William was keeping company with them. It was not long, too, until William was once more dressing in gay clothing and wearing a sword at his side.

A plain person in England; a gay one in France. A plain person in England; a gay one in Ireland. Would William spend his whole life changing back and forth? The answer came one evening in the city of Cork, Ireland. An old acquaintance of William's was there—Thomas Loe!

The sermon the Quaker preached that evening in Cork stirred William to make a lasting decision. That very night he became a member of the Society of Friends—and remained one the rest of his life.

### Part III. Founding A Colony

Admiral Penn soon found out about his son's renewed life as a Quaker. The report of it made him furious. When William visited his father, he was ordered out of the

house.

William now publicly associated with the Society of Friends. He became a preacher in their group. These people with whom he now lived were mild and gentle and very peace-loving. But because they would not swear allegiance to the King nor take an oath, the government opposed them. Often members were put into prison because of their religious beliefs. And it was not long before William was arrested and jailed. During his stay in prison he wrote a number of books in which he described the teachings of the Quakers.

Time passed and William was released from prison. And time helped to heal the breach between his father and him. Although William had changed none of his Quaker beliefs, Admiral Penn's heart softened and William was allowed to return home for visits. It was not long, however, until Admiral Penn became ill and died. Since William was the oldest boy in the family, he inherited most of the Admiral's great fortune. Part of this fortune was a debt of \$80,000 which the King of England owed the Penn family. But the King owed many other noblemen large sums of money, and William wondered if he would ever receive the repayment. One day the thought occurred to him, "Why not ask the King for land rather than actual money?"

This may seem like a queer proposal, but William had something very important on his mind. The following quotation from a history of William Penn tells what it was:

For years he had tried to win for the Friends the right to live in England and worship as they pleased. He had many times served terms in prison and had seen other Quakers suffer even worse hardships. At last he gave up hope of justice in England. He thought fondly of the new country across the Atlantic of which there were many reports and to which many Englishmen had already gone. There, indeed, he might establish a government of his own where every man would be free to think as he pleased and where all who behaved themselves could have justice and live in peace.

William asked the King to give him a tract of land in America as repayment of the debt owed his father. The King considered the matter and finally accepted the offer. He deeded a scope of land to William along the west bank of the Delaware River. It stretched out for 150 miles and back into the country for 300. This land grant was signed by the King in February, 1681. The next month William sent a representative to visit the land and to select a site for a city.

What was the tract of land to be called? William suggested "New Wales" for he had heard the landscape was hilly like the land in Wales, a neighbor to England and one of the King's possessions.

"No, that name won't do," objected the King's secretary.

William thought a while then suggested, "Sylvania," which is Latin for "woodland".

"Yes," nodded the King. "And we will add 'Penn' to it in your father's honor the tract of land Pennsylvania—Penn's Woods."

Thus, the area along the Delaware River became known as Pennsylvania. It is the only state in America that bears the name of its founder.

In September of 1681 several ships sailed from England destined for Penn's new colony in America. It was December before they arrived. They sailed up the Delaware River and anchored near a Swedish community.

The next morning it was discovered that the ships could proceed no farther for the river had frozen and the ships were tightly secured. The hospitable Swedes shared what shelter they had, but it was meager. Many of the settlers from the ships built mudhuts or dug caves for themselves near the riverbank. In such an uncomfortable way they lived until spring.

William Penn had not been a passenger on the first voyage to his colony. But in the autumn of 1682 he boarded the tall-masted ship, "Welcome", and sailed with a band of Quakers to America. Tragedy had boarded the ship with the passengers, for when a few days out to sea it was discovered that one of the crew was sick with a dreaded disease—smallpox. In the crowded quarters of the ship the disease spread quickly; many passengers fell ill—some dying nearly every day. William refused to fear the danger to his own health and unselfishly aided the sick. His peaceful words and gentle religion comforted many.

On the twenty-seventh of October the sad voyage of the "Welcome" ended. The passengers who yet remained alive joined their leader, William Penn, at the ship's rail to joyously scan the horizon for the reported first glimpse of America. Land rose into view and the ship anchored off the town of Newcastle. The Dutch, Swedish, and English settlers of the town crowded to the wharf to meet the ship and their new governor—William Penn.

William made a speech before the assembled townspeople. He told them of his dream of founding a city—Philadelphia—which means Brotherly Love in Greek—and of establishing a colony where everyone could worship God as he believed and where there would be peace and harmony. "Peace?" wondered many of the audience of townspeople. "Doesn't he know there are Indians in his tract of land?"

#### Part IV. Fairness For All

Indians. How would William Penn handle the red men who populated the forests of his colony? The new governor did not hesitate in giving his answer, "Indians will be treated the same as any other man. We will pay them for their land and deal fairly with them in trading."

A great council was called on the banks of the Delaware River at a place called Shackamaxon, which meant the "place of kings." For years local Indian chiefs had used it as a meeting place. William picked this familiar spot for a meeting place to talk with the Indians.

It must have been quite a picture the afternoon when the Great Council was held. William Penn and his Quaker brethren were dressed in simple, black, plain clothing. But the Indians contrasted sharply with them for they wore bright robes and colorful feathered headdresses. William received the Indians graciously and invited them to squat beside him on the ground and talk. With the help of an Indian who knew some English and by means of sign language, William made a speech. He told the assembled chiefs how a Great Spirit loves all men—red and white—and wishes for them to live in peace. "We must form a League of Friendship," he told his audience. "If ill is done to one, all will suffer. If good is done to any, all will gain. Red men and white men should help each other and not cheat one another. Justice will be done in the colony to anyone accused of a crime."

The Indian chiefs had earlier heard from various traders and fur trappers that the white leader, William Penn, loved the red men the same as his white brothers. Now they believed it for they had heard it plainly from him. Thus, a treaty was made that afternoon between the governor of Pennsylvania and the chiefs. It was not sworn to like most treaties, for Quakers did not believe in swearing oaths. It was agreed to in honest friendship and was not violated by either side for seventy years—when William had long died and the colony's government had passed into other men's hands.

Not all settlers who came to Penn's Woods (or Pennsylvania) were Quakers. William's policy of freedom of worship opened the colony's doors to many groups who were seeking religious freedom. Included among the early settlers of Pennsylvania were many Mennonites. Somewhat later the Amish also settled there. Many other settlers also came because of the cheap land and the just governing of William Penn.

In the years following the founding of Pennsylvania, William traveled back to England a number of times. There he experienced many difficulties and hardships because of the country's civil war and a new English king. William was even imprisoned a few times but was always released, for the charges against him turned out each time to be false.

The last seventeen years of his life William spent in England. Falsely accused of a debt he was put into jail for nearly a year. He was released but the imprisonment had been hard on his health. He never regained normal health and suffered a stroke a few years later. In 1718 he died. His wife, a daughter, and two sons were at his bedside. He died thousands of miles from the colony he loved. Behind him lay a history of unselfish giving of time, money, self, and wisdom to the people of Pennsylvania. Is it any wonder that generations later in 1870 the people of Philadelphia voted 51,623 to 32,825 to dedicate a portion of the city as Penn Square as opposed to Washington Square? These descendants of the early settlers in Penn's Woods agreed to spend \$24 million to build a city hall and



#### DIMENSIONS OF THE PENN STATUE

Weight, 53,348 lbs.  
Height, 37 feet.  
Hat, 9 feet in diameter.  
Rim, 23 feet in circumference.  
Nose, 13 inches long.  
Eyes, 12 inches long.  
Mouth, 14 inches from corner to corner.  
Face, 3 feet, 3 inches from hat to chin.  
Hair, 4 feet long.  
Across Shoulders, 11 feet.

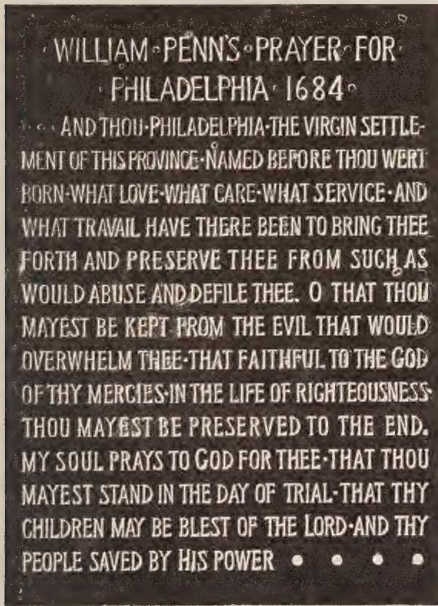
Cuffs on Coat, 3 feet long.  
Around the Waist, 24 feet.  
Buttons on Coat, 6 inches in diameter.  
Fingers, 2 feet, 6 inches long.  
Legs, 10 feet from ankle to knee.  
Calf of Legs, 8 feet, 3 inches in circumference.  
Feet, 22 inches wide, 5 feet, 4 inches long.  
Arms, 12 feet, 6 inches long.



to top it with a giant statue of William Penn. After thirty years of construction the building was completed. The 37 foot statue of solid bronze was hoisted 548 feet to the top of the center tower. Here it was placed to face northeast toward the sight of the Great Council with the Indian chiefs and the treaty of brotherly love which had been agreed to.

Atop City Hall in Philadelphia Pennsylvania stands a giant of a statue of a man who in his personal and public life walked head and shoulders above his fellow men. ■■

NOTE: Tours of City Hall and the statue of William Penn are free to the public weekdays 10:00—4:00.



## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

# Lost in the Woods

by John Clair Minot

Early one morning Uncle Henry and Abner started off to spend the day looking over a tract of timberland where it was planned to do some lumbering during the winter. They drove about five miles and left the team at a farmhouse. Then, with an ax and the box of luncheon which Aunt Mattie had prepared, they went off across a pasture and into the deep woods.

Uncle Henry was not familiar with the region, and he went slowly and paused often to look at the trees and the "lay" of the land. Abner found no end of interesting things to examine, but he kept close to the heels of his uncle, for the woods were thick, and he remembered the time when he and Uncle Henry had once seen a bear.

At noon they ate their luncheon on the bank of a little brook; and soon Uncle Henry said, "I'm sorry it is so cloudy, Abner."

"Why?" asked Abner. "Do you think it will snow?"

"No, not that," said his uncle, "but I did not bring my compass, and I'm afraid we are getting all turned around in these strange woods. While the sun was shining I could get my bearings by that, for the woods are directly south of the road where we left the team."

Abner had too much faith in his uncle to be worried greatly about being lost; but after they had tramped for a while longer, and Abner's legs were beginning to get very tired, his uncle spoke up again: "I'm afraid we are traveling in a circle, Abner. That is what people almost always do when they get confused in the woods. If we could only find an old wood road to follow, we should be all right."

As he grew more tired, Abner could not help beginning to worry, although he bravely plodded along at his uncle's heels. Once Uncle Henry climbed a very tall tree, but he could only see the forest in all directions. The afternoon was now well along, and the shadows were beginning to get deeper in the woods.

"Hello!" cried Uncle Henry. "Here is the brook again, and it is a good place to stop! It is good we have some of that lunch left. It will be fun to camp out here, even if we stay all night, and then tomorrow morning we'll have no trouble at all finding our way out."

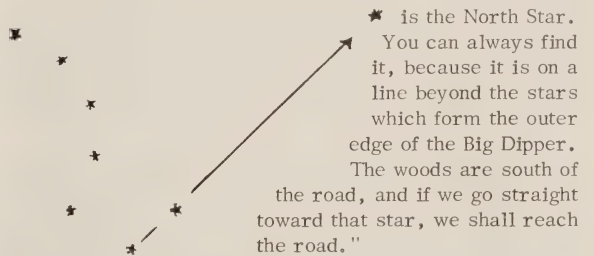
Perhaps Uncle Henry did not feel as cheerful and confident as he talked, but Abner was glad enough to rest, and he tried hard to keep up his courage. Soon a huge fire was burning on the bank of the brook, and Uncle Henry began to cut cedar branches for a bed. Under the shelter of the roots of a giant tree which had blown down, a very comfortable resting place, dry and warm, was soon made ready. The darkness had not yet followed the dropping of the sun when Abner curled up his tired limbs on the big fragrant bed of cedar boughs.

It seemed only a little while later that he was roused by being shaken by Uncle Henry. It was dark, and his heart jumped into his throat.

"Come on, Abner," said Uncle Henry with a laugh. "I guess it is time that we went home."

"But I thought we were lost," protested Abner, who was not sure whether he was awake or dreaming.

"We were, but we are not now," answered his uncle. "The clouds have cleared away, and the stars are all out. Do you see that bright star off there over the trees? That



They put their campfire out and started at once. Abner felt rested after his nap, and as long as his uncle talked and laughed, the woods did not seem much worse by night than by day.

Finally the woods became less dense, and Abner shouted for joy as they stepped into an open field and saw the road just beyond.

When the patiently waiting horse had been harnessed to the wagon and they were on the way home, Abner could keep awake no longer, and he leaned against his uncle and resumed the nap he had begun on his bed of cedar boughs in the woods.

The next day Abner decided that it had been an adventure worth having, and that getting lost in the woods was not so bad as it sounded—if only Uncle Henry were along too.

"But what should we have done if the star had not come

out?" he asked.

"In the morning we would have followed the stream until we came to the river," answered his uncle. "When one is lost in the woods there are several things worth remembering besides the position of the sun by day and the North Star by night. They are the wood roads, and the natural landmarks. And there is always another day coming. Few people would be really lost if they did not first lose their heads and get excited."

■ ■

### Grandfather's Reading Lesson

## The Right Spirit

Not many years ago, in a certain city there lived a merchant possessed of great wealth, and of that which is better than lands and gold—the right spirit. A trader in his neighborhood, either through jealousy or through wickedness, published a false and abusive pamphlet about the upright merchant. And he even sent it to the merchant to read.

The good merchant, whose name was Grant—it is better to call a man by his right name—simply said, in reference to the abusive article, "The man who wrote this will be sorry for it some day." The trader laughed in scorn when he heard this, and replied: "It will never be in his power to make me sorry; he will have no chance to hurt me."

The misfortunes of trade, however, come sometimes when least expected. A few months after he had written the pamphlet the trader was bankrupt. Grant was the man's chief creditor, and this was more bitter than all else to the unhappy trader. Without Grant's signature the bankrupt could not settle his business, so that he could again work to support his family.

"I need not bother go to Grant," the trader thought in misery and despair. "How could I expect any favor from him?"

"Try him," urged a person who knew the good merchant well enough to trust in his mercy. And the bankrupt, driven to it by his suffering family at home, went to Grant and told the story of his misfortunes. Then he asked the merchant to sign the paper already signed by the other creditors.

"Give it to me," said Grant, as he sat down at his desk. It was given to him, and he said, as he looked at it, "You wrote a pamphlet about me once?" Without waiting for a reply, he wrote something upon the paper and handed it back to the unhappy man seated before him. The bankrupt scarce knowing what to expect, looked at the paper with anxious eyes. There was the desired signature—no more and no less.

"I said that you would be sorry one day, and I meant it, but not as you may have thought," remarked the merchant, in a quiet, kindly tone. "I meant that in time you would know me better and feel I did not deserve such an attack; then you would be sorry. Now tell me all about your difficulties. How are your wife and children doing?"

And the poor trader answered that everything had been given up to his creditors, and for many days his wife and children had suffered greatly for want of food. "Do not lose heart," said Grant; "I will stand by you." Putting into the poor man's hand money enough to keep his wife and children for many weeks, he added, "You shall have more when this is spent. I will find some way to help you."

The trader made a feeble effort to say something, but

### A PRECIOUS GIFT

The loving Lord has for us all  
A precious gift of love  
He willingly is giving  
To us from Heaven above.

It is a gift of Life from Him  
Eternal Life for all;  
We only have to take it  
And heed the precious call.

The Call to live for Christ the Lord,  
To give to Him always  
Our lives and hearts forever  
To keep in His dear ways.

—Grayce Krogh Boller

he could not. Then he broke down utterly; hot tears of shame and joy and gratitude rushed to his eyes, and he cried like a child. There was no room for pride, and no need of it before the just, good man who had so nobly "overcome evil with good."

The dark days for the trader were soon over. Need I tell that ever afterward among the good merchant's many friends the truest and warmest was the old enemy—the trader.

— from Butler Fourth Reader, 1883



## THE BROTHERS IN EGYPT

Now that Joseph was ruler over all the land of Egypt, he was still careful to do everything he did faithfully and well. He set to work storing up food for the years of famine. He ordered servants to build large storehouses, and when those were filled with grain, he built still more. Joseph wanted to be sure that there would be enough food for the seven years of famine, so he kept right on building storehouses and filling them with grain. Finally he had so many that he lost all track of their number — there were too many to count.

The years of plenty ended. On the eighth year, the first year of famine, the grass turned brown, the fields became dusty, and no grain grew.

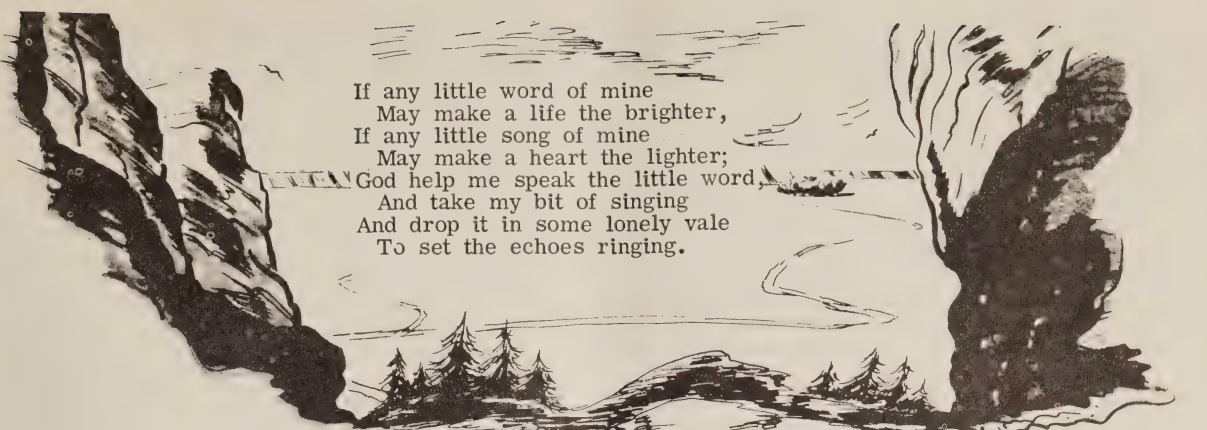
Soon the people had no food left. They came to Pharaoh. "Go to Joseph," said Pharaoh, "and listen to whatever he tells you to do."

When the people came to him, Joseph opened the storehouses and sold them what food they needed.

The famine was felt not only in Egypt. In many other lands, too, no rain fell and no crops grew. Everywhere the famine ate up what little food there was. More and more people turned to Joseph, and he sold them food from the storehouses.

In the last of Canaan, hundreds of miles away, the famine was also felt. One day Jacob called his sons to him and said, "Behold, I have heard that there is food in





If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter;  
God help me speak the little word,  
And take my bit of singing  
And drop it in some lonely vale  
To set the echoes ringing.

Egypt. Go down and buy food for us, or we're going to die of hunger."

Right away Jacob's sons began to prepare for the long journey. "Only ten of you may go," Jacob said. "Benjamin must stay here. I am afraid to let him go lest something happen to him the way it did to Joseph."

So Benjamin stayed at home while his ten brothers started out for the land of Egypt.

Since Joseph was the governor over the land, all the people had to come to him if they wanted to buy any grain.

Joseph was busy one day when he glanced up and saw ten men bow down before him. His heart raced as he recognized them. He could hardly believe it really was them. As they bowed low before him, instantly Joseph remembered the dreams he had years before of the sheaves and the sun, moon, and stars bowing to him. His brothers had been so proud and hateful then, so certain they would never bow to him.

The brothers raised their heads, and for a moment Joseph feared they would recognize him. Then he realized how foolish the fear was. Twenty years had passed since the brothers had seen him — twenty years of change for Joseph. He had been just a boy then, and now he sat on a throne as ruler of all Egypt.

Rapid thoughts raced through Joseph's quick mind. He decided not to let the brothers know who he was. First he must learn if they were still such evil men as they had been when they sold him.

In a harsh voice, Joseph spoke to his brothers through an interpreter. "Where do you come from?"

"From the land of Canaan to buy food," the brothers replied respectfully.

"You are spies," Joseph accused them. "You are come down to see how weak the land is in this time of famine. Then you plan to return with an army."

"Oh, no, my lord," the brothers gasped, "we are indeed come to buy food. We are all one man's sons and honest men; we are not spies."

Joseph made his voice sound very angry. "You are just come to see how weak the land is."

"We are the sons of one man," the brothers said, "and there were twelve brothers in the family. The youngest is at home without father, and the other is no longer alive."

Joseph drew in his breath. His brothers believed he was dead. And Benjamin was at home with his father.

"Indeed you are spies just as I said," Joseph replied, harshly, hiding his true feelings. "But I am going to give you a chance to prove if you are innocent or not. All of you shall be kept here in prison, except for one, who shall go fetch the younger brother of whom you spoke. But if

you do not bring the younger brother, then as surely as Pharaoh is alive, I shall know that you are spies."

Joseph commanded that all the brothers be bound and put into prison. For three days he left them there. On the third day Joseph went to the prison.

"I am going to be good to you, for I also fear God," Joseph said, speaking through an interpreter. "Instead of letting only one of you return home, I will let you all go except one. I will keep one of you in prison until you return with your younger brother to prove you are not spies. The rest of you may go home and take grain for your families."

The brothers were filled with grief to think that one of them would have to remain in prison at the mercy of this Egyptian ruler. In remorse they said to each other, "God is punishing us for the cruel way we treated our brother years ago. He begged and pleaded with us not to sell him, but we didn't listen, and now we are suffering for it."

Reuben said, "Didn't I tell you at the time not to harm Joseph, but you didn't listen to me. We are guilty of his blood."

The brothers had no idea that Joseph understood every word they said. He was deeply moved when he heard how sorry the brothers were for having sold him. Overcome with emotions, he felt that he had to weep, but he didn't want his brothers to see him. Quickly he turned away and left the room, choking back the tears. As soon as he was alone in his private room, Joseph wept.

Later he returned to his brothers, and bound Simeon before their eyes and sent him to prison. The rest of the brothers were released.

Joseph told his servants to fill the brothers' sacks with grain. Then he gave his servants instructions that must have seemed very strange to them. "The money that they paid for the grain," Joseph said, "put each man's back into the sacks of grain so that they will find it when they have returned home."

The servants did as they were told.

The brothers loaded their sacks of grain on their asses and started for home. That evening they stopped at a roadside inn for the night. One of the brothers opened his sack of grain to take out some feed for the animals.

Reaching in to take out some grain, he exclaimed in surprise, "What does this mean? My money has been put back into the bag!"

In great alarm the brothers looked at each other. This could only mean trouble. The harsh Egyptian ruler would be sure to think they had stolen the money. In deep distress they shook their heads, saying, "What is this that God has let happen to us?"

There was nothing to do but continue on their journey homeward. After many days of travel they reached home. They dreaded to tell their father that Simeon had been kept in prison.

"The man who is the ruler of the whole land," they explained to Jacob, "really spoke harshly to us. He was just sure that we were spies. We told him we are honest men, twelve brethren, and all sons of our father. When we told him that one of our brothers is dead, and the youngest at home with our father, he said Simeon would need to stay in prison until we returned with the youngest brother."

They told Jacob too about the money in the sack of grain. All of them were still more frightened when they opened the rest of the bags, and in each one they found the money returned.

A troubled look crossed Jacob's face, wrinkled with age. "Already I have lost two sons," he wailed sadly; "Joseph is dead and Simeon in prison. And now you want to add to my grief by taking Benjamin from me. All these things are against me."

"If we take Benjamin to Egypt, I promise that he will be safe," Reuben said earnestly. "Trust him in my hands and he will surely come back again."

"No, no," said Jacob. "Benjamin my son shall not go with you. If anything should happen to him, it would bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

For a long time the brothers said nothing about returning to Egypt. But the famine continued and soon the food they had brought in their sacks was nearly gone.

One day Jacob said to his sons, "Go again to Egypt and buy us a little food."

"Father," said Judah, "you know we can't go back without Benjamin. The ruler told us in plain words that if we return without our younger brother, we'll never get to see his face."

"Why did you ever tell the man you had a brother?" Jacob asked.

"We had to tell him," the brothers said. "The man asked us all kinds of questions, such as if our father was still alive and if we had another brother. So we told him, of course. How could we know he would say,

Judah came closer to his father. "Trust the lad to me," he said solemnly, "and we will go at once to get some food. Otherwise all of us are going to starve. I promise that Benjamin will come back to you, or I will bear the blame forever. Already we have waited so long that we could have made the trip twice."

At last Jacob saw that he would have to give up, and let Benjamin go. The food they had brought from Egypt was used up. "If it has to be so and there is no other way," Jacob said, "then you may go. But take a present for the man. Gather up some of the best fruit you can find. Take him a gift of honey, spices, nuts, and almonds. And take a double amount of money along, so that you can give back what was in your sacks, and also pay for a fresh supply of food. Perhaps your money was returned the last time as an oversight. And may God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may release Simeon and let you return home safely."

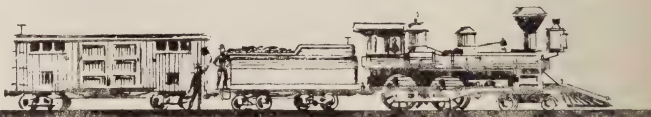
- E.S.

??  
 ? HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND? ?  
 ? ?  
 ? 1. How many storehouses did Joseph fill with grain? ?  
 ? 2. Why did Joseph's brothers come to Egypt? ?  
 ? 3. Was Benjamin along? ?  
 ? 4. Did Joseph recognize his brothers? ?  
 ? 5. Did the brothers recognize Joseph? ?  
 ? 6. Which one of the brothers did Joseph keep in prison? ?  
 ? 7. Who did Joseph say the brothers must bring back ?  
 ? with them when they returned to Egypt? ?  
 ? 8. Why did Joseph speak harshly to the brothers? ?  
 ? 9. When they returned home, what did the brothers ?  
 ? find in their sacks of grain that surprised and ?  
 ? alarmed them? ?  
 ? 10. What promise did Judah make to his father so that ?  
 ? Benjamin could go? ?  
 ? ?  
 ? min back safely, or bear the blame forever. ?  
 ? - ?  
 ? had paid for the grain 10. That he would bring Benja- ?  
 ? to see if they were still evil men 9. The money they ?  
 ? 4. Yes 5. No 6. Benjamin 7. Benjamin 8. He wanted ?  
 ? ANSWERS: 1. Too many to count 2. To buy food 3. No ?  
 ? ???

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

### My Memories Of Mississippi

(A conversation between Joni A. Yoder and Joe Stoll)



YOU SAY YOU ARE ALMOST 82 YEARS OLD NOW. HOW OLD WERE YOU, JONI, WHEN YOU LIVED IN MISSISSIPPI?

I was eight years old when we moved down there. That was the winter of 1895 and '96, and we lived there until the settlement broke up eight years later. I was sixteen then.

YOU STILL REMEMBER QUITE A BIT, THEN, DO YOU?

Oh, yes, I even remember the trip down quite well. There were eight families in our group from Newton County, Indiana — my parents the late John T. Yoders and seven other families — and we had a special immigrant train made up for us. The train had one passenger coach and enough box cars to take all the belongings of the eight

families, probably ten or twelve cars. We arrived in Gibson, Mississippi on New Year's Day, 1896.

THE WHOLE TRAIN WAS FOR THE AMISH FAMILIES?

That's right. The train was made up at Mt. Ayr, Indiana and stayed together all the way to Gibson, Mississippi. How often they changed crews I am unable to tell. There were different large signs printed on the outside of the box cars. "Bound for the Sunny South" is one I still remember.

BY THE WAY, WHAT WAS THE REASON THE AMISH FAMILIES WERE GOING TO MISSISSIPPI? WERE THEY LOOKING FOR A WARMER CLIMATE?



Well, it was this way. In the year 1895 my dad, John T. Yoder, and Eli V. Yoder made a trip south to investigate for a new location where the winters were milder. Both my mother and Eli Yoder's wife were in poor health. They decided to locate west of Gibson, Mississippi, a prairie country with a heavy black topsoil. I suppose they figured this would be an ideal place for a location.

SO YOU THINK THE CLIMATE WAS THE MAIN REASON FOR CHOOSING MISSISSIPPI. WOULD THERE HAVE BEEN OTHER REASONS FOR LEAVING NEWTON COUNTY?

I can't say for sure, for I was only eight years old. But there were probably some church misunderstandings. One thing, in Mississippi we started having a Sunday School the first summer we were there, and this was something we never had in Newton County. I think ours was probably one of the first Sunday Schools among the Amish in the U. S.

YOU SAID THERE WERE EIGHT FAMILIES IN THE IMMIGRANT TRAIN. WHO WERE THE OTHERS BESIDE YOUR FAMILY AND ELI YODERS?

Enos Yoders, Emanuel Hostetlers, Daniel J. Yoders, Ananias B. Millers, Noah B. Mulletts, and Eli Beachys. Also, there were three single men along when the train left Newton County — Henry Eash, Joe B. Miller, and Joe Bontrager. At Arthur, Illinois we picked up three more single men — Andrew J. Mast, Noah Yoder, and Benj. Miller.

WERE THERE ANY MINISTERS IN THE GROUP?

No, not in that first train load. But that spring of 1896, Isaac Chupps moved in from Newton County. He was a minister.

I SEE. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THE LAND LOOKED LIKE — HOW IT LAY, YOU KNOW?

The land was gently rolling, but needed surface drainage. Most of it was prairie land with a black clay topsoil. Rather tough plowing. And along the west side of the settlement there was a large bottom that overflowed about every spring. It was covered with timber.

HOW WAS THE LAND BOUGHT? — IN FAMILY SIZE FARMS — OR WERE THERE BIGGER TRACTS?

The land was mostly in large plantations, with a dozen or more Negro families living on each plantation. Still pretty much like it was in slavery times. My father and Eli V. Yoder each bought a large tract of land, but it was mostly divided up to their children. I guess there were also some individual farms bought.

HOW DID THEY FIND OUT ABOUT SO MUCH LAND BEING FOR SALE NEAR GIBSON? WAS THERE A LAND AGENT IN THE DEAL SOMEWHERE, MAYBE MAKING A LOT OF

MONEY?

I really don't know. There was a land agent located in Oklona, Mississippi, that they had some dealings with. His name was J. C. Hartly.

DID THE FARMS HAVE VERY GOOD BUILDINGS?

No, not at all, though the big plantations usually had a good home where the owner or manager lived. The rest were one-room shacks with maybe a lean-to kitchen. Some of the larger Negro families had shanties with two rooms, about ten by twelve feet each, with a breeze-way between them. The Amish all built new homes for themselves. Many better homes were also built for the Negroes living on their land.

WHAT ABOUT WELLS? DID YOU HAVE GOOD WATER?

When the Amish got there, all the wells were open wells, with the water being drawn up by rope and bucket. Almost all of the Amish made new wells. A drilling rig was purchased by a few of the brethren. They got good wells but had to go down around 400 feet. But the water came up almost to the top and was good water.

WERE THE AMISH ABLE TO BUY LAND PRETTY CLOSE TOGETHER?

Yes, it was a real nice settlement. I would say the farthest apart were three and a half to four miles, and about the same distance east and west as north and south. Andrew Mast lived about one mile west of Gibson, and that was the farthest east of the Amish. Aberdeen, Mississippi was the main trading point, and was about ten miles east of the settlement.

WHAT WAS THE LARGEST NUMBER OF FAMILIES LIVING AT GIBSON AT ONE TIME?

I am not quite sure if I can answer that question correctly. But there were nineteen families in all that moved to Mississippi, and there were eight or nine couples that married in the time that the settlement lasted. That would make at least twenty-seven.

WAIT A MINUTE. YOU SAY THERE WERE NINETEEN FAMILIES THAT MOVED DOWN THERE. SO FAR YOU HAVE ONLY NAMES THE ONES IN THE FIRST TRAIN LOAD. WHO WERE THE OTHERS?

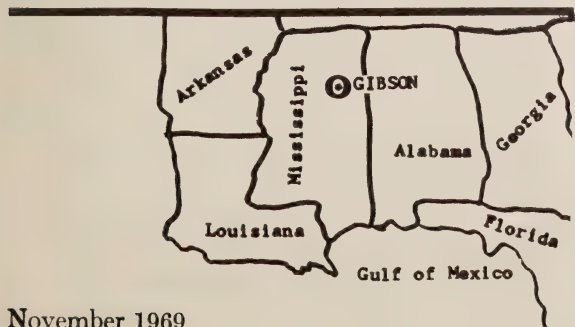
Daniel Millers were the first family of the second group to come. I think they were from Texas. Then Isaac Chupps and Shem Yoders came from Newton County, and Joni Eashs and John J. Yoders from LaGrange County. After that Uriah B. Millers and Joe B. Millers came from Michigan, Mose Hershbergers from Ohio, Ben Y. Millers from Illinois, and Sol S. Beachys from Virginia.

YOU STATED EARLIER THAT ISAAC CHUPP WAS A MINISTER. SURELY HE WASN'T THE ONLY ONE.

No, Ananias B. Miller was ordained to the ministry the first fall. Then a year later Andrew J. Mast was ordained. On June 4, 1899, a bishop was ordained. The lot fell on Andrew J. Mast. A few years after that Mose Hershberger moved in from Ohio. He was a deacon.

WITH THAT MANY FAMILIES, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A FEW CHILDREN. WHERE DID THEY GO TO SCHOOL

There were two schools built by the Amish. I don't think they got any help from the county, but the county furnished the teachers and paid the wages. One school was built in



Chickasaw County, the first summer we were there, and Sam Gozie was the teacher. Then Eda Hanley was the teacher as long as the settlement lasted. This schoolhouse is still standing, and has been converted into a home for a Negro family.

The second school was built in Monroe County a few years later, and Abe Lantz was the teacher. These two schools were about three miles apart and were just small schools — about 20' x 30', heated with a wood stove. The second school is now being used as a filling station. I think that the Sol Beachy family, living the farthest north of the Amish, sent their children to another school. Oh, yes, I understand this Sam Gozie is still living at Houston, Mississippi, the county seat of Chickasaw County.

WHAT ARE SOME BOYHOOD MEMORIES THAT HAVE STUCK WITH YOU THROUGH THE YEARS?

I still remember on the farm that my father bought there was a horse-power cotton gin. The gin was on the second story of the cotton gin house, and the horse power was below. Eight horses were hitched to run the gin. The gin was fed by hand, which was a very slow job.

DO YOU HAVE ANY MEMORIES OF YOUR NEGRO SHARE-CROPPERS?

I well remember the morning that we got off the train at Gibson, and saw our first Negroes. They shied away from us and called us Yankees. They still had in mind the Northern soldiers that had taken over their county just thirty-one years earlier, and had set them free. But I don't think they had experienced much freedom. They were still pretty much ruled by an iron hand — "Do as I tell you or take the consequences."

One thing I think that the Amish did for the colored people while they lived among them, was to help them in a material way. I know of only one Negro that owned his home and some land with it when we landed in Mississippi. And when we left Mississippi, most of the land that the Amish owned was sold to the colored people. I was in that part of the country last fall, and it is still owned by the Negroes.

WERE THE COLORED PEOPLE QUITE FRIENDLY?

Friendly, yes, and very religious. Their meeting house was located about forty rods from our home when we first moved down there. In the summer when they had laid their crops by, they had two weeks of revival meetings. The first week they had prayer meeting. The second week their preacher came and preached for them in the forenoon and evening. They had a way that they called "getting religion". While their meetings were going on, if one got religion he jumped up and shouted, "I am so glad that Jesus saved me! Hallelujah, praise God!" Then they usually got out on the road with about a dozen others following along with them, going for miles shouting and praising God.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSED THE AMISH SETTLEMENT TO FAIL?

I am not sure if I can answer this question or not. One thing, it proved to be a sickly location. There was much malaria and typhoid fever, especially among those that lived by the overflowing bottom, where there was much stagnant water standing during the warm part of summer. There were fifteen graves in the Amish graveyard. My mother died the first summer that we lived there, and she

was the first one laid away in the cemetery.

WERE THERE ANY OTHER REASONS?

From what I can gather, the Negroes probably were one of the main objections. Slavery had ended only thirty years before, and the Negroes were still more or less ruled as they had been in slavery times — free, and still not free. All the laws were in the white man's favor. Most of the Negroes were sharecroppers, and the owner of the land furnished him with his clothing and eats. In the fall the crop was divided half and half.

TO ME THAT SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD DEAL FOR THE NEGRO. WASN'T IT?

Well, it seems the Negro's half usually did not quite pay for the stuff the landowner had furnished him with while the crop was in the making. The law was that as long as the Negro sharecropper had not paid all his debts, he could not move but had to stay there till he had his debts paid. Of course, I presume the white man took advantage of the Negro. So when the Amish settled on the plantation they had these sharecroppers on their land, and they also needed them, for it was mainly cotton farming and the Amish knew very little about raising cotton.

Of course, the Amish treated the Negroes as they would anyone else, and the darkies soon took advantage of the Amish in more than one way. They found out that the Amish would not go to law and would rather let them have their own way than to fuss with them. So that caused more or less friction between the Amish and the Negroes. I SEE. THE AMISH COULDN'T GET ALONG WITH THE NEGROES, AND THEY COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM, EITHER.

That's right. Cotton was about the only money crop they could raise, and the Amish were not cotton farmers. I was told that they thought when they made the move they could get along without the Negroes, but it didn't work out that way. They had to furnish the sharecropper from the time that he started his crop until the crop was gathered — with clothing, rations consisting of corn meal, molasses, and the cheapest side meat called sow belly. And of course, they furnished them a home the year around. If the Negroes did have some money left over in the fall, it was soon all gone, and they would have to be furnished again for another year. My father used to say it did not make much difference how much money they had in the fall after the crop had been divided, when Christmas was past the money was all gone.

All this was so different from what the Amish were used to, and it made them feel they could not get along with the Negroes without taking a chance of getting involved in law suits, which was about the only way of getting along with them at that time. But there were exceptions among the Negroes — some were very good to get along with. And by this time they would be much more easy to get along with, since they have more education.

If there was any trouble among the Amish families themselves that caused the settlement to fail, I never heard of it.

WHERE DID THE AMISH GO WHEN THEY LEFT MISSISSIPPI?

Six families moved to Custer County, Oklahoma in the winter of 1903-04. Besides our own family, there were John J. Yoders, David Gingerichs, Ben Y. Millers, John A. Yoders, and Joe J. Yoders.

The same winter six other families moved to Anderson

Family Life



County, Kansas. They were Sol Beachys, Joe Bontragers, Ben J. Millers, Isaac Chupps, Perry Yoders, and Shem Yoders. Andrew Mast, our bishop moved with his family to Arthur, Illinois. Deacon Mose Hershberger moved to Indiana.

Noah Mulletts had moved to Hutchinson, Kansas in 1900 already. Ananias B. Millers and Daniel J. Yoders moved to the same place, but not until 1905, making them some of the last Amish to leave Mississippi.

DID YOU SAY THERE WERE A NUMBER OF WEDDINGS WHILE THE AMISH LIVED THERE?

Yes, there were eight marriages. I will try and give them as I remember them, and in order: Joe Bontrager and Suvilla Yoder, Andrew Mast and Millie Yoder, Noah Yoder and Katie Chupp, Widower Joe J. Yoder and Fannie Eash, Ike Gingerich and Elizabeth Yoder, Widower David Gingerich and Delila Yoder, Perry Yoder and Sadie Beachy, and John A. Yoder

the dates of these marriages, except the two last ones were in 1903. I think I have left out one couple that married there — Henry Eash and Lydia Yoder. I believe they married in Mississippi.

WHAT ABOUT BIRTHS?

I understand there were 42 children born in Mississippi to the Amish.

DID YOU SAY THERE WERE FIFTEEN DEATHS? THAT SOUNDS LIKE A HIGH NUMBER FOR ONLY EIGHT YEARS.

Yes, there were fifteen deaths. The Amish cemetery is located three miles southwest of Gibson, Mississippi, and has been kept up reasonably well. There is no one closer than 700 miles that is interested in keeping it up. A fair fence is still standing around it.

BUT WHO HAS BEEN KEEPING THE CEMETERY CLEANED UP?

Every few years someone sees to it that it is cleaned again. I had the pleasure last summer (1968) to go down there with four other men from Anderson County, Kansas, and one from Maize County, Oklahoma to clean up the yard again. It was in bad shape, as it had not been cleaned up for a few years.

DEATHS AMONG THE AMISH AT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI

- 1896 - Anna (Mrs. John T. Yoder), age 30
- 1897 - Christena (Mrs. Jacob Eash, age 83
- Harry, son of Enos Yoders, age 5
- 1898 - Anna (Mrs. David E. Gingerich), age 20
- Lizzie (Mrs. Jonas J. Eash), age 43
- Infant of Jonas Eashes
- 1899 - Lizzie, daughter of Noah Mulletts, age 3 months
- Katie (Mrs. Noah J. Yoder), age 19
- Lonnie, son of Noah J. Yoders, age 3 months
- Rebecca (Mrs. Daniel J. Yoder), age 30
- 1900 - Mary, daughter of Dan. J. Yoders, age 2 months
- Magdalena (Mrs. Ben J. Miller), age 33
- Katie, daughter of Ben J. Millers, age 4 days
- 1902 - Jonas J. Eash, age 48
- 1904 - Daniel, son of Shem Yoder, age 7

Soon after the people left Mississippi, Fred Yoder of Illinois and Andrew Eash of Indiana were appointed to look after the cemetery, but they are now both getting up in years. So in 1963 at the reunion of the descendants of the late John T. Yoder, Toby Mast of Arthur, Illinois and Irvin J. Yoder of Garnett, Kansas were voted in to take care of the cemetery. We have a deed to the cemetery and it is on record in Chickasaw County, Mississippi.

- The End

MISSISSIPPI ITEMS from the Sugar Creek Budget

Feb. 8, 1899:

Health is not very good at present, especially the Isaac Chupp family. Isaac is down with kidney trouble, while his wife is also not well, and their youngest son is afflicted with a very sore mouth. Katie, wife of Noah J. Yoder and a daughter of Isaac Chupps, died Feb. 6, '99, aged 19 yrs., 3 mon. and 8 days. Services were conducted by A. B. Miller and Andy Mast.

The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community, and my sincere wish and hope is that the dear Lord will comfort them for their heavy loss. Let us all try and live such a life, so that God will have mercy on us when our end comes. Let us try and not go to any place, do anything, or have anything that Christ would not partake with us, if he was here on earth.

Elizabeth, daughter of Noah B. Mulletts, was buried on the 2nd. inst.; aged 3 months and 9 days. Enos D. Yoder of Arthur, Ill. arrived here last night to attend the funeral of his sister, Katie.

Yours as ever,

J. N. BONTRAGER

Aug. 25, 1899:

Warm weather at present. Health is fair as far as I know with the exception of Mrs. D. J. Yoder is still confined to her bed. She seems a little better.

Church services will be held at Eli Beachys next Sunday. Mrs. Beachy and Mrs. S. D. Yoder will start for Indiana Saturday evening.

Cotton is ready to pick and darkies are busy at it. Some has been taken to market already. Some corn will be ready to gather soon.

Best wishes to all.

MOSES HERSHBERGER

Aug. 31, 1899:

We have had very hot weather the past month, with occasional showers of rain. Cotton picking is all the go amongst the farmers, which sells at from 5 to 6 cts. per pound.

A. B. Miller put up a new windmill recently.

The Miller and Yoder well machine is at work three miles north of Egypt, on Z. A. Furgison's farm.

Shem Yoder is putting down a well for Isaac Chupp.

J. J. Yoder's barn is now under way and will soon be completed.

The young daughter, Katie, of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Yoder is down with malaria fever. Otherwise health is better than it has been for a long time.

Yours truly,

J. C. MILLER



## The Miracle of Migration

Several years ago we had a pair of wild geese on our pond. They had been raised in confinement and they did not bother to escape until spring came. Then one day they slipped through the fence, and since their wings were clipped they started out on foot. Which direction did they go? North, of course. Who had told them that wild geese go north in the spring?

What causes birds to go north in the spring and south every fall? To us the answer is simple. They go because their God-given instinct tells them to go. But scientists find such behaviour very baffling and when they try to explain it, they are confused. Somehow an implanted instinct is a response to certain stimuli. They say birds migrate when changing amounts of day light causes chemical reaction in the bird's body resulting in the production of certain hormones which causes the bird to migrate. However most birds come in the early spring and leave

again in late summer. These two times of the year have practically the same amount of daylight.

Evolutionists would have us believe that as a natural result of "survival of the fittest" the birds learned to migrate in order to obtain food. But many insect eating birds leave at a time when insects are the most abundant. The purple martin will come so early in the spring that a cool spell will shut off his supply of insects and may cause his death. And he leaves again in early August, a time of the year when insects are abundant.

Because scientists are unable to explain instinct, they do not even like to use the word. Instead, they use such vague terms as unconditioned reflex, emotional response, instigating stimuli, endocrine mechanisms, behaviour patterns, or evolutionarily selected genetic variables.

What they are overlooking is the fact that many birds and animals behave a certain way because of instinct. A young squirrel can be taken out of the nest and raised in captivity where he never sees any other squirrels. Yet when fall comes, chances are if he finds any hickory nuts, he will bury them in the ground. How does he know that winter is coming, since he was born only last spring? and since he was raised in captivity he has not seen any other squirrels burying nuts.

The young bobolink are born in June. They have never seen snow or felt a cold wind, yet in August they start their journey southward. Why do they start so early, because they have a long way to go, to the plains of Argentina.

Salmon are born in the rivers along the Pacific coast. Then they float out to sea and live there for several years. When they are ready to spawn, they make their way back to the very rivers from which they came, leaping over dams if necessary to get there. Then they lay their eggs and die. Why don't they lay their eggs in the ocean since there is plenty of water there? Or perhaps they could find their way into any river to lay their eggs. But there is evidence to believe that they go back to the very rivers from which they came.

It is no less a miracle that birds will travel thousands of miles and yet return to the same farm year after year.

Of all the birds, the arctic tern probably travels the farthest. Each year he travels between the arctic and the antarctic regions. This is a trip of 22,000 miles. Who tells the young terns that there is another place of ice and snow on the other side of the equator? Man did not know that such a place existed for more than a few hundred years, and yet the terns have been winging their way back and forth for thousands of years.

Although many people find it hard to believe in such a thing as simple as a God-given instinct, yet they accept a legend without question. According to a common legend, the buzzards return to Hinckley Ohio each year exactly on March 15th.

Last year 40,000 people gathered to celebrate at the small town to see the turkey buzzards return on March 15th. At 2:00 P M four buzzards were sighted and the tradition was kept up. What people don't know (or question) is how long the buzzards had been in the area before March 15th.

It is ridiculous to believe that a certain kind of bird will return to a certain place on a certain day every year. The calendar was made by man but birds migrate by instinct which operates independently from any calendar.

The fact that birds do migrate, squirrels bury nuts, and the salmon return to the rivers to spawn is because of their God-given instinct and that in itself is one of the great wonders of creation.

### Return Addresses:

In Canada—Family Life  
Aymer, Ontario

In U.S.A.—Family Life  
LaGrange, Ind. 46761

Stephen Scott  
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# FAMILY LIFE

**DECEMBER**

**VOL.2 NO.12**

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# letters to the editors



## NAPPANEE WAS FIRST

I enjoyed the article on the Clinton Indiana Amish settlement which appeared in October, 1969 Family Life. However, I was disappointed in the title, "Indiana's First Amish Settlement."

One of the main points in the article in June Family Life which I wrote, was that the first Amish settlement in Indiana was the one at Nappanee. Amish settlers were at Nappanee as early as 1839 and children were born in 1840. This was several years before the coming of the Somerset County, Pa. settlers to Elkhart and LaGrange counties.

The Amish families at Nappanee came from Wayne and Holmes counties in Ohio and I suspect that they did not know of the Somerset group for several years. All this information has been documented in an article which is to appear before too long in the Mennonite Historical Bulletin.

-Jim Landing, Box 4348, Chicago, Ill., 60680

• • •

## AN ANSWER FOR HARRY

No Answer For Harry, (Sept, issue) was interesting to me. It seems many drivers have this problem. How would it be to say kindly but firmly, "Could we be back in time to go to church? If not, I'm sorry, but I can't go."

-David Troyer, Millersburg, Ohio

... We so called plain people are mostly farmers and Sunday is a day of rest with much visiting being done. As the families become scattered in different communities it becomes too far to drive with a horse. We would not think of hiring a man to do our farm work on Sunday yet few hesitate to ask someone to give up his worship with family and friends, his day of rest to take us to a distant place.

History shows that our forefathers moved to new communities and were separated by many miles from relatives. There was no transportation and roads were mere Indian trails. How did they do? Solomons words, "Better is a neighbor that is near than a brother afar off" may have had more meaning to them.

When we consider the idle gossip and the vanities that are seen in different communities, it is a question whether this running to and fro is not being overdone. If we had the tendency to see only the good and follow that, leaving the things that lead astray, it might be for the good. But our nature is not that way even if we do hold to be born again Christians, we are still tempted to yield to the voice of our fallen nature.

Not that it's wrong to go visiting but many things enter in. We may claim that it's to show our love that we attend such gatherings as funerals, ordinations, etc, but maybe sometimes it is only self-gratification. In other words, if it were not so handy for someone to take us in a heated car over superhighways instead of bumping

slowly over rough roads in cold weather, our efforts to show our love might be somewhat more feeble.

-J. Oberholtzer, Pennsylvania

• • •

## SOMETHING CAN BE DONE

Concerning the letter in Oct. issue "What To Do," someone is in need of help. For one to speak against the use of tobacco while at the same time raising it for others to use, is belittling one's self. Have you forgotten that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit who lives in you and that you are not the owner of your body? These were the words of Paul to the Corinthians but they also speak to us. It's wrong to mistreat and weaken the body. The Bible says if we accept Christ as our King, He will give us new strength.

-I. S. H., Pennsylvania

I read about the person who said they are against tobacco but raise it because it is their bread and shoes. Maybe you could try raising tomatoes. We have sold tomatoes through a roadside stand already and not only to the cannery. If we believe God and are a child of His, we should read Matt. 6:33.

-Lydia Stoltzfus, Maryland

... We also grew tobacco against our better knowledge but I could not ask the Lord to bless a crop that was harmful to my fellowmen.

Instead of farming tobacco, I planted one-half acre strawberries in the spring. One year later that patch yielded about \$1,600 worth of berries. This was better than the average but even so, strawberries do pay well, and we can ask the blessing of the Lord upon it.

-Luke Martin, Pennsylvania

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## SACRED SACRAMENTS NOT FOR SWINE

I always look forward with great interest to Family Life. But I can not say that I favor publishing about our sacred sacraments as kept in the Old Order Amish church, in open public magazine, ("Decided by Lot," October issue). We hold these sacraments too dear that have been handed down to us by our forefathers to cast them out to be trodden under by the feet of men or eaten up by swine. We have heard that Family Life is received in homes outside our faith but maybe this is not true.

-B. B., Pennsylvania

**ANSWER** The ordinances of feet washing, communion, and ordination by lot as observed in our churches are very much like the accounts given in the Bible of the same things. Family Life does go into some homes outside the plain peoples. Although these people may not agree with us and they may consider our faith as "simple and primitive," yet as far as I know they respect us in these things in which we follow the examples in the Bible.

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## COVERING ON CORRECTLY?

The article on "Woman's Veiling" (Sept. issue) was good. It said it would be all right to pray in case of a wreck if the covering is removed. I agree but I wonder if the Lord would let it become removed. It might be so but let us first make sure it has been put on correctly and tied neatly under the chin.

Some girls put their coverings in a box or suitcase when they put on a scarf or bonnet. Why do they have their covering, for looks? or what? And so many have the strings hanging down the back. That's not where they belong. If we wear them that way, I'm afraid we might as well not have any at all.

In church one time, I heard a mother tell her three daughters to tie their caps. They had the strings just hooked together. The first one said "I can't see" meaning she had no mirror.

"Then I will tie it for you," her mother said, but the girls said no and tied it in a bow herself.

The next one tied hers without complaint, but the other one said hers was tied and never bothered to tie it correctly. I felt sad for her that she did not listen to her mother.

My grandmother used to say a verse about "cap strings flying loose on the road to hell". Where she read it, I don't know. But let us keep our caps where they belong.

— E.E. Miller, Ohio

... The devotional covering is something which is fast being lost among the 'plain people'. It's not only among the young people but among the older ones, too.

A while back a middle aged couple and their twelve-year-old child were at our house for supper. They talked English all the time, wore checkered clothes, etc., but when supper was ready the Mrs. put on a little white cap. The girl ate supper without any covering. We were surprised to find out that they belonged to the Mennonite church.

— E. M. Miller, Kentucky

• • •

## THE PLAN WAS NOT PLAIN

I was really shocked when I read the editorial in the October issue, "The Plan of Salvation" . . . . Have you never read how Moody preached and had Sunday school for the street waifs and teen age young folks? Or how mothers thanked him for the good he did for their wayward boys and girls?

So you also tell people that small children cannot be saved or understand the way to Jesus? The gospel story in the Bible is so plain and simple that even children can understand it. I for one do know that children do get saved and with God's help lead Christian lives. I'd like to tell you of several children that got saved and are leading Christian lives. But you'd only call it emotion.

"And Jesus said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.

"Verily I say unto you whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Mark 10:14:15.

— Mrs. Edwin Beachy, Oakland, Md.

**ANSWER** The only reference the article makes to children is at the kindergarten level. We still feel that the plan of salvation does not apply to children of this age, not so much because they cannot be saved, as because they cannot be lost.

... You implied that Billy Graham, Billy Sunday, and D. L. Moody are false teachers. In my opinion, these three have been among the greatest evangelists of all times.

According to your editorial, one reason you disagree with these three is that they have not taught church discipline. I believe that church discipline has its place but no one is going to heaven on the merit of having kept the discipline.

— Edith Graybill, Narvon, Pa.

**ANSWER** You may be right, but perhaps many will not get to heaven because the church didn't keep up a scriptural discipline.

... you seem to advocate the slow method only of preaching and conversion by chance. You have overlooked the fact that many of our plain people have not been converted after years of preaching services . . .

You have marked three of God's most outstanding saints and evangelists as being false teachers, those men whom God has used mightily to move hundreds of thousands of souls. We feel some of these haven't been teaching the whole Gospel, but my dear brother, you shouldn't have done this. You have carried the far right movement to the far left.

— Steve Yoder, Nappanee, Indiana

Who is this man that he can judge great men like Billy Graham and call them false teachers? I advise him to read Matt. 7:2, Luke 7:37 and James 4:11-12.

— B. H. S., California

"In Matt. 7:1 it says "Judge not that ye be not judged." In calling these false teachers, aren't you passing judgement?

— Paul and Ruth Martin, Ephrata, Pa.

**ANSWER** In Matthew 7:15 it says "Beware of false prophets." How can we beware of false prophets if we are not allowed to decide who they are? We are doing some more research into the teachings of these three men and hope to be able to present more information on some of them in a future article.

The Plan of Salvation" article was true and shed much light. Was it necessary then to call such teachers as Moody, Sunday, and Graham false teachers? Did not the article shed light on current teachings enough to reveal them for what they are?

— Rudy Wickey, Pa.

... Billy Graham, I take for just what he preached. I think it was at Chicago where he preached salvation and many came forward to be saved. In six months he came back to check on his saved people and could not find any. So he stated he must preach different. I think the people that come forward at his meetings come through emotion more than anything else. Then as time goes on they get into their same old rut. But to say they are false teachers, this I can not prove.

— Titus Nolt, Pa.

... Most of us would agree that the charge, "Plain churches do not teach the plan of salvation" is certainly an overstatement, if not indeed a misstatement. But would it not be much better to respond with self-examination rather than self defense? .

— David L. Miller, Kansas.

**ANSWER** It is difficult to know what is best or how far to go in refuting charges brought against us. When we compare the faith of our forefathers who led a life of self-

denial and separation from the world with the lives of modern evangelists, we must conclude that something is wrong. Such writers as Deitrich Phillips and Menno Simons spent much time refuting the charges brought against them by the worldly churches. It is hard to believe that if they were living now, they would agree with the teachings and workings of the modern evangelists.

I liked the article very well. There are far too many who seem to think that sins will all be forgiven whether we repent and surrender all earthly lusts or not."

— Henry H. Martin, Bamberg, Ont.

We enjoyed Family Life ever since its first issue, even though there was a frequent article that was not according to our way of thinking. But in most cases these differences were easily overlooked.

However the editorial in the October issue is not overlooked so easily. Our first impulse was to just say, "Please discontinue our subscription at once." On second thought we think to be considerate and give our reasons why.

The popular evangelist from Ohio who does not have time to discuss doctrine is in the same line as those who discuss doctrine but fail to preach our redemption through the shed blood of Christ. We do believe that our only way to have eternal life is to be born again as Christ taught Nicodemus. We also believe that this commitment is possible in one half hour or even less, as was the case with the thief on the cross.

— Levi R. Troyer, Sugarcreek, Ohio

**ANSWER** We didn't say the commitment isn't possible in one half hour. What we did say was that our commitment to God is just the beginning, and that in order to be saved, we must be true to that commitment during our entire lives. We felt that the majority of our readers, quite unlike the thief on the cross, don't die immediately after conversion. Therefore, for the most of us the words, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise" are less fitting than those other words of Jesus, "They that endure to the end shall be saved," (Matthew 24:13).

... The whole article seemingly teaches that our salvation depends partly on grace and partly on our works. You speak lightly of the first steps needed to obtain salvation and liken it to a cake recipe. This is too serious a matter to deal with in such terms.

The charge against our old order churches that we don't preach the plan of salvation is not quite empty either. We have heard some sermons that didn't contain it.

— Roy E. Mast, Sugarcreek, Ohio

There are many articles that we do not all have to agree, but on Salvation we want to be sure that we have sound teaching.

This article pointed out too much what we do or strive for. Christ did all on Calvary through the redemption of his blood. We can do nothing. The plan of salvation is the atonement, and only the atonement.

— Henry J. Miller, Sugarcreek, Ohio.

I was appalled by your October editorial. You say the plan of salvation is the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation. It is not. Matter of fact, the first people didn't even need salvation until the third chapter in the Bible. Even the law of Moses is not part of the plan. Nor even the lives of Noah, Abraham, Jacob or David, though it is

worthwhile reading. And now, if the plan of salvation were the entire Bible, the Ethiopian eunuch could not have been saved because the New Testament was not even in print! And how about the Phillipian jailer, who was soundly converted in one night! No doubt, that was an emotional experience, too. The plan of salvation is not many things. It is not a daily walk in the narrow way. It is not a broken and a contrite spirit. It is not a teachable attitude, etc.

— Lester Troyer, Jr., Sugarcreek, Ohio

The Spirit moved me to write about the article, "The Plan of Salvation." Webster gives definition of salvation as the deliverance of the soul from sin and death. If we seek to be justified by keeping of commandments and of works, then God's grace is not sufficient and Christ died in vain.

— Jacob A. Hershberger, Sugarcreek, Ohio.

... I was disappointed that not once in the whole article does the author mention the blood of Christ! I hope that this was only an oversight and not that the author is ignorant of the fact that it is the blood of Christ that cleanses us from a life of sin, never our walk of life. — M. M., Ont.

**ANSWER** During its two years of publication, Family Life has published many articles emphasizing the importance of the new birth, and that the shed blood of Christ is the only atonement for our sins. It has never been our intention to imply that it is possible to earn our way into heaven by doing good works. That is why we said in the October editorial that the plan of salvation is "above all, a humble dependence on the grace of God, realizing that we have and still do deserve only eternal condemnation ... We all must come to the place where we realize that we are lost and need a Saviour."

But the article referred to goes on to say what the Bible says — that our confession of conversion is meaningless unless it is followed by a life of discipleship.

It is true that the atonement alone was sufficient for the thief on the cross. But today, 999 people out of a thousand don't die as soon as they are converted. For these, then, the plan of salvation consists of two parts. The first part is the new birth and the second part is keeping the commandments, most of which consist in doing things.

The Apostle John in his Epistle writes so much of love, and yet he mentions over and over again the need of doing, "He that saith, I know Him and keepeth not his commandments is a liar ..." (1 John 2:4)

If we want to be scriptural, we must teach both faith and works. If the editorial in question is read carefully, it should be seen that we were not rejecting the need of grace, but in this particular article were stressing the importance of obedience to God's commandments. We wonder what comments we would get if we would publish an article stressing works as much as some verses of the Bible seem to: "... work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," Phil. 2:12; "... he that doeth righteousness is righteous ..." I John 3:7; "... Was not Abraham our father justified by works? ..." Ja. 2:21; "... What does it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?" Ja. 2:14; "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6:15.

The following letter arrived at the final moment, so we'll let her have the last word.

The "Plan of Salvation" made things a lot plainer to me. Do you have copies of just that article that we could help others understand our way of faith better? If you do, please send me six copies and I will pay the bill.

— Mrs. C. G., Ronks, Pa.



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## SWEETENER PROVEN DANGEROUS

Twenty years ago a chemistry student discovered, mostly by accident, a very sweet product called cyclamate. It was grabbed up immediately by food manufacturers as the ideal sweetener for weight-watchers. It was calorie free like saccharin, but unlike saccharin it did not break down under heat or leave a bitter aftertaste in the person's mouth.

But now another discovery has been made, and cyclamates may not be so ideal after all. Although free from an aftertaste, it may have bitter aftereffects. Experiments have proven cyclamates to cause cancer in rats. The Food and Drug Administration has condemned cyclamates as possibly dangerous to humans. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare banned the sweetener and has taken immediate steps to stop the use of it in food. All products containing the artificial sweetener are to be removed from grocery shelves by February 1, and those with the largest amounts even sooner.

Cyclamates were used mainly in diet foods and drinks, but were also used in certain brands of puddings, gelatins, salad dressings, jams, jellies, and ice cream.

Since cyclamates have been proven unsafe, many food faddists are undoubtedly clamoring, "See, we said the food sold in supermarkets isn't fit to eat." It cannot be denied that there may well be much truth in the claim. But the cyclamates incident could be used to support just the opposite cause—to inspire confidence in the Food and Drug Administration. They have acted promptly and firmly to remove the danger in spite of the loss to industry (cyclamate products were a \$1 billion-a-year-business).

## WEARY OF WAR

Almost overnight a term that our parents probably never heard of has become a household word — Moratorium Day.

M-D for short, it has come to stand as a symbol of the American people's widespread unhappiness with the Vietnam war. When the idea of observing a day to protest the war was first mentioned, few people took the suggestion seriously. But the day was undoubtedly successful to the extent that it produced convincing evidence that dissatisfaction with the war is no longer confined to a few long-haired college radicals. Although the number of people taking part in M-Day activities was not overwhelming (an estimated 1,000,000, barely  $\frac{1}{2}\%$  of the total U.S. population) the publicity the protestors received certainly was.

The protests took many forms, but for the most part they were peaceful. Students, housewives, businessmen, and politicians joined in marches carrying anti-war placards. Church bells tolled mournfully and sad-faced groups solemnly stood in funeral-like ceremonies as they read aloud for hours long lists of the Vietnam war dead. University officials and church leaders gave speeches and suggested ways in which the U.S. could get out of Vietnam.

The message the M-Day demonstrators sought to impress upon the nation is perhaps best summed up in the

words of one black-lettered placard seen in Washington, "We Are Weary of War." It seems the sentiment is shared with a growing number of people who also are fast becoming weary of a war they don't understand. Those who are advocating a let's-get-out-of-Vietnam-at-any-cost policy are receiving increasing support. More and more frequently the Vietnam war is being termed as "unjust" and even "immoral."

As nonresistant Christians, we too, are opposed to war — all wars and not only the Vietnam war. But we should realize that in spite of whatever good placards and demonstrations may achieve, there can be no lasting peace between men until there is peace within each of them.

## TO STEAL A BIBLE

One night a few months ago a thief made his way into the library building at Harvard University. With hammer, chisel, and screw driver he opened a sealed glass display case and took out a book. Quickly he put it into his knapsack, and going to an upper window in the library he let himself out with a rope. But the 40 foot rope was not quite long enough to reach to the ground. In his excitement to make his escape he fell about 10 feet to the ground and was knocked unconscious. There he was found the next morning and his knapsack beside him. The book he had stolen was a Bible.

But this particular Bible was a rare copy of the Gutenberg Bible. It is a Latin version known as the Vulgate and was printed in the 1450s. It was printed in Germany by Johann Gutenberg on the printing press he had invented, the first one to use movable type.

This Bible was given to the library by the family of Harry E. Widenour, who had graduated from Harvard University and was lost when the Titanic went down in 1912.

## MONTREAL'S POLICE STRIKE

Montreal, Canada's largest city, spent sixteen hours of anxious terror in October when its entire police force and fire department went on strike. For the law abiding citizens of Montreal the night of violence was a frightening experience—but for the looters and the hoodlums it was a paradise.

At first there was, as one reporter put it, "almost a carnival atmosphere" as motorists took advantage of the absence of police. They drove gaily through red lights and violated no-parking signs. But the sense of fun soon turned into grim business. Just before noon four heavily-armed men boldly robbed a bank of \$28,000. It was the first of 61 armed robberies during the day. As evening came and darkness fell, lawlessness increased. Property was destroyed, vehicles wrecked, and buildings set on fire. One man was killed. Gangs of thugs with sledgehammers, bricks, and bars moved up city streets breaking shop windows and looting stores. More than 150 stores were broken into and over \$500,000 worth of merchandise stolen.

The vandals, looters, and outlaws were pleased to have sixteen hours of freedom from restraint. For the rest of the population of Montreal, undoubtedly the return to law enforcement seemed like a better kind of freedom.

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"It is easier to build a boy than it is to mend a man."

— Sign in a New York City public school

# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## FANCY GLASSES DON'T FIT

I was in the office of an optometrist (eye doctor) when an Amish man was there. He had plain eye glasses, but now he wanted fancy ones. Was it not the pride and lusts of the flesh that made him ashamed to wear the humble kind?

I am surprised that nothing ever is said about this subject.

And it came to pass that as man grew in wisdom and knowledge of the human eye that he found a great help for the people whose sight was growing dim. Yes, man learned that by taking a piece of glass, moulding it to a certain form or shape, and holding it in front of the dimmed eye, the eye could again see clearly to read and write.

In the process of time, since the children of men are always seeking to decorate themselves with ornaments, gold, rings, jewels, and other things, it came to pass that they also formed a great and beautiful frame around the piece of glass — some were a dark color, some were a light color, and some were even of two colors. These, then, they set upon their faces and their hearts were filled with pride. Yea, even some among those who had no need for glasses desired the frame around the glass so much that they also had it set upon their faces.

Now, of course, all this we can expect of the children of men but it seems that the children of God have also gone after the world in this matter. Do fancy eye glasses fit to plain people? Are they not an idol of this world?

-F., Pennsylvania

## SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO

A while ago I heard a friend remark, "If we wouldn't have any children, we wouldn't have anything to look forward to when we grow old."

I just had to think that would be a pity. I like to think as we grow older that we are nearer to our Heavenly Home and always have that to look forward to. To think that someday we cango to be with our Heavenly Father in those mansions too beautiful for words to describe. If we live for God we can be His children.

- Iowa.

## OF CHICKS AND CHILDREN

Last evening my husband said, "There is an interesting scene in the hog house. Don't you want to see it?" I was busy with my duties — just ready to go to the garden to get some some dirt to plant some house plants to brighten our living quarters this winter.

"Yes," I said. "I'll go to see what you think I would be interested in seeing." How could I help but have tears in my eyes as I saw a bantam hen sitting on a beam above the hogs with her wings spread around her five baby chicks. They were quite old already so she couldn't hardly cover them all, but you could see how secure they felt under mother's wings.

It made me think of a few weeks ago one evening as we were on our way home our boy said, "Mom, I want under

your shawl."

I tried, but I had to say, "Son, sorry, but my shawl does not reach around you anymore. You have grown too big."

How good we feel when at eventide the children are all safe in their beds under our Saviour's care. But four of the children have crawled out from under our wings and have gone to live in their own homes. But they have not gone out from under our love, concern, and prayers that at the evening of life we may without the loss of one be called through God's grace to that home above.

- A Mother, Goshen, Indiana

## A WEDDING SERMON

Prayer has always been an important part of our marriage but I wonder if it would have started out this way, had it not been for the sermon preached at our wedding. Never before or since have I heard a preacher preach so strongly on prayer during a marriage ceremony. Over and over he said we have to pray and have God in our home if we want to have a happy home.

Then he would lay his hands on my husband's shoulder which showed me that he really loved us and cared for us. It moved me almost to tears and still does when I think of it. Now with the responsibility of rearing a family to walk in the ways of God, where would we be without a loving God to pray to? Yes, I shall always be glad that this visiting minister was in our vicinity at that time, and for the sermon he preached on our wedding day.

- Mrs. S. K., Iowa

## SURPRISED AT HOW THEY TALKED

An outside taxi driver said he took some plain people to another district to visit a minister. He said he was very much surprised how dirty they talked on the way there. They invited him to stay for dinner and as soon as they were at the minister's house, the subject changed. The taxi driver thought it would have been good to have the minister along all the time.

If this is true something is wrong, because the Bible says a well or spring cannot give both fresh and bitter water. Ye must be born again.

-A. B. M., Pennsylvania

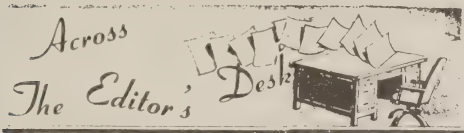
## — A Genuine Christian —

A genuine Christian is a man (or woman) that is born of God after the spirit, one who has crucified his flesh with its lusts, and who hates all ungodliness and sin. All his works are righteousness, patience, truth, obedience, humility, chastity, love and peace. He is driven by the spirit of the Lord and always his delight is in the law of the Lord and he speaks of them by day and by night. All his words are in grace, seasoned with salt, he sincerely strives for the pious life which is from God and he fears his God from the depths of his soul. In short, he is after his received gift of one mind and one nature with Christ Jesus.

-Menno Simons

Family Life





**F**amily Life as well as the other Pathway papers suffered a substantial loss when Joseph Stoll with his family left for Central America on October 22nd. Joe was one of the founders when the publishing company was started 6 years ago and had been printing the Blackboard Bulletin for 7 years previously. Since 1964 he had devoted nearly full time to magazine and book editing and written two books besides.

Joe has promised to keep on writing as time and circumstances permit. The responsibilities of family life are more important than Family Life, and no doubt pioneering in a strange country will use up a lot of his time. At any rate, we will most certainly miss his dependable counsel; it seemed he always had some sound advice to offer just when it was needed most. "There will be no change in policy. The rest of the workers will just have to buckle down and work a little harder to fill the vacancy.

**W**ith this issue, Family Life brings its second year to a close. It is almost unbelievable for it seems like only yesterday when the first issue came off the press. A lot of time and planning went into that first issue. The reason for this was that we were anxious to get off to a good start, and we had about six months time to plan the first issue. Since then we have been kept busy; before one issue gets into the mail, another one has to be well under way. A month may seem like a long time, but if you have to have a new issue ready by a certain date, the deadline comes up very fast.

As we look back over the two years, we feel we have much to be thankful for. In an editorial in the first issue of Family Life we said we hoped this magazine could be an instrument through which thoughts and ideas could be shared with each other. Family Life must be translated into terms of everyday living.

We hoped that Family Life could be a magazine to bind together its thousands of readers into a big loosely knit "family". Although there may be many minor differences, we pretty well all have the same problems in one form or another. If our sharing of ideas can help to solve these problems, or even perhaps to make us aware as to what the problem is, then the magazine will not have been in vain.

We had hoped to be able to keep up a personal, informal contact between the writers and the readers. Writers, after all are very much human, perhaps more so than the average. The only difference is that they put into words what many other people have often thought. Ofttimes it's the same story we have often heard but dressed up in a different way.

Of course there are always people who will talk. Recently we learned that remarks have been made, "They're in it just for the money," or "Their hatbands must be busting." If either of these is true then we have failed entirely.

But we also hear from our friends, many of whom we have never met, yet we are close friends-- through the

pages of Family Life. We get letters from children, from young people, from parents, from ministers, and from old people. They don't always agree with us, but what we appreciate is when they can visit with us like we would visit with our neighbor over the line-fence when we meet at the end of the cornfield.

**D**o any of our readers know where we could get or borrow a copy of a small German book entitled Wahlfahrt Nach Zionsthal published at Philadelphia, Pa. about a hundred years ago? If so, please let us know.

**W**e appreciate it very much when our readers send in articles or suggestions for articles, but we are also glad for pictures for the full page feature or for the cover. This month's cover was sent in by Mose J. Schrock of Bowling Green, Missouri. Thank you.

## NOTICE to young people

LISTED BELOW ARE SOME OF THE THINGS  
YOU WILL WANT TO READ IN THE  
DECEMBER AMBASSADOR

**OH TO BE FREE** The story of a slave boy who sat on the chalk cliffs longing for freedom until one day he met an old man and learned the meaning of true freedom.

**JEALOUS OF JAKE** Eldon didn't like Jake's long nose, but he liked even less having his favorite sister telling him that jealousy was the cause of his resentment toward Jake.

**SIMON AND SUSIE** Simon finds himself in a predicament when he opens the birthday present from Sally Mast. Susie says Sally just meant to be friendly, but Simon says he'd call it bold. A story every girl should read, even though some of them may blush when they recognize themselves as the "Sally-Mast-type."

**UNCLE MOSE** Not everyone may agree but this month Uncle Mose is claiming fishworms don't have any feeling.

**LET'S TALK IT OVER** A discussion page to which young people can send their problems and anyone can answer.

Plus many other articles, stories, and poems in the December issue. If you are not already receiving the Ambassador, but would like to, now is a good time to subscribe. One year--\$2.50

Ambassador of Peace  
Route 4,  
Aylmer, Ontario

### All Brethren Are Equals

Last week I spent an enjoyable day visiting parochial schools of three denominations of the plain people. At each school I was greeted by a friendly teacher and dozens of inquisitive eyes. At the last school, however, the inquisitive eyes changed from pupils' to adults'. School had been dismissed early, and the teachers, boardmembers, and parents from two schoolhouses had gathered for a meeting.

I spent twenty minutes visiting with the people. Before leaving I asked each man to say his name in turn so I might feel better acquainted. The fifteen men each took a turn introducing themselves. When the final man said his name, someone else added, "He's a minister." I nodded my head slightly and responded, "Yes, I thought so."

I doubt if anyone at the meeting realized what my words, "Yes, I thought so," indicated. Some may have imagined that I had met the man before, but most probably paid scant attention to my comment. How had I known that the man was a minister? Because I was fairly well acquainted with the practices of this denomination. I had noticed on previous visits that they had the same problem that many of our own churches have—there was a "double standard" in church discipline. In this particular congregation ministers were to wear their hair unshingled and combed straight down, and the plain coat was required. This combination of conservative attire sets them off in appearance from most of the lay members. When I had entered the schoolhouse and taken a sweeping glance of the room, one figure had stood out because of his "plainer" appearance. "A minister," I had thought to myself. And as it turned out, I had guessed right.

Am I opposed to ministers having a "plain look"? No, I am not. But it is too bad when a congregation loses its non-conformity so that the ministers "stand out".

Does the "double standard" stop with non-conformity? No, it enters other areas of scriptural ordinances. For example the practice of the holy kiss. In some congregations only the ministers are expected to greet one another with the holy kiss each Sunday. In others it is the ministers and men over fifty. In others it is only married men. But the Bible says: "Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss," (1 Thess. 5:26). It states all the brethren not merely ministers, men over fifty, or married men.

Do other ordinances disappear in time through the 'double standard'? History seems to indicate that they do. One needn't review much Church history to find that an ordinance slips from congregational observance to just the ministers and eventually slips out of the congregation entirely. It is only a matter of time. The human reason which says an ordinance must be kept by only the ministers can later reason even this away so that the ordinance disappears entirely. This is generally true for such ordinances as footwashing, non-conformity, nonresistance, holy kiss, and shunning. Perhaps many of our readers can think of groups which are travelling this road to the melting pot of Protestantism.

There is another way in which ministers are often "set off" from the lay members. It is the use of the title "Reverend". Just how it came into practice in various

Protestant churches, I don't know. But it leaves the impression that a minister is holier than lay members and thus worthy of a special title. It is not hard to imagine that the same logic brought its usage in as did the practice of expecting ministers to lead stricter lives than the lay members.

I'll never forget an experience which I had regarding the title "Reverend". A few years ago I was helping a bishop build his new house. We were nailing some forms in place for the cellar walls and chatting as we worked. Neither of us heard the approaching footsteps of a stranger. Our first realization that we had a visitor was when one of us glanced to the side and saw a young man in a black suit standing at the edge of the cellar.

"Hello," greeted the young man. "Which of you is the Reverend Levi Miller?" (not actual name)

There was an embarrassing pause for a few seconds. Then Levi broke the silence. "I don't know about the 'Reverend' part, but I'm Levi Miller."

To the visitor this simple statement must have seemed odd. For as it turned out he was a Catholic and was used to hearing priests and bishops adorned with titles. But to me, Levi's refusal to accept a title was meaningful—something which I have never forgotten.

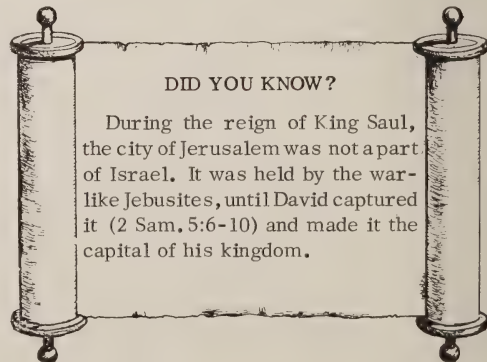
I can't help feeling that the use of titles and the "double standard" tear down unity in the Church. Such distinctions between ministers and lay members build a wall between the two groups. Once a congregation has managed to separate its ministry from its laity, then the next step is to transfer ordinances to the ministry—ordinances which were once observed by the entire congregation.

It would be difficult to list here the places in the New Testament where the idea of brotherhood and equality of persons is taught—it is so much a part of the Gospel message of Jesus. Jesus truly instituted different offices in the Church but nowhere did He set a more rigid standard for the ministry than what He demanded of the laity. Paul said to the Romans, "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints..." (Romans 1:7)

We are all called to perfection, all one in a brotherhood of equality of grace and faith. "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all..." (Ephesians 4:4-6). May we ever strive to keep within our congregations a consistent pattern of discipline in which all members are held equally accountable and in which there is "no respect of persons". —D. L.

#### DID YOU KNOW?

During the reign of King Saul, the city of Jerusalem was not a part of Israel. It was held by the warlike Jebusites, until David captured it (2 Sam. 5:6-10) and made it the capital of his kingdom.





# Views and Values



## READ THE ROAD SIGNS

Several years ago I sat waiting inside a Greyhound bus in the lanes of the busy terminal at Toronto. The bus was due to leave in five minutes for North Bay, Ontario.

The driver was standing at the door of the bus taking tickets. As I glanced out the window I saw a middle-aged man in shabby clothes walk unsteadily up to the driver. He held out his ticket.

The driver took the ticket, prepared to punch it, then stopped, and looked again. "Whoa, here," he said. "You don't want to board this bus. This bus is going north, and your ticket is made out for Buffalo, just the opposite direction."

"But — but, it's important," mumbled the man. "It's ur — urgent. I have to get there." It was clear that the man had been drinking. He determinedly pushed past the driver, and started boarding the bus.

The driver grabbed him by the arm and held him firmly. "Where do you want to go, Mister?" he demanded.

"I want to go — go to Buffalo," replied the man impatiently. "Let me go — it's urgent."

"If it's so urgent," laughed the driver good-naturedly, "then you'd better not board this bus. You'll end up in North Bay, four hundred miles from where you want to go." Patiently the bus driver took the unwilling man by the arm and led him over to where the Buffalo bus was also loading.

The bus driver was still chuckling as he returned and resumed loading his bus. I, too, could not help smiling when I thought of how determined the man had been to board the wrong bus. He claimed it was urgent, yet did not seem to be concerned to know in which direction the bus was traveling. He was anxious to go — the direction was unimportant.

The man who tried to get on the wrong bus in Toronto had been drinking, so that explains why he was so mixed up. But what I can't understand is when people who are completely sober are anxious to travel north in order to reach a destination in the south. Perhaps you are thinking such a thing rarely happens, but don't be too sure. In one sense it's happening all the time.

More than one young person has insisted on going ahead and marrying an unconverted partner, and has confidently expected to arrive at a happy marriage. But it has rarely worked out. Why should it? When one travels in a direction where all the signposts point toward an unhappy outcome, one should not be surprised to arrive there.

Columbus sailed west to reach the east, but he never succeeded. Neither will we succeed if we travel one direction and expect to reach a destination in the opposite direction.

Some parents pamper and spoil their children, letting them grow up without training or discipline and expect them to be well-mannered and obedient when they are older. They are taking their family in one direction and expecting

them to arrive in the opposite. It doesn't work any more than the drunk would have arrived in Buffalo by traveling on the North Bay bus.

Some people live beyond their means, spending money carelessly. They buy a lot of things they can't afford. Pay checks are spent before they get them. They live on credit cards and time payments. Suddenly they end up bankrupt and wonder why they always get all the bad breaks. Yet they should not be complaining at all. They have only arrived in the direction they deliberately chose to travel. It is ridiculous to ride on the Spend-Without-Restraint Expressway and expect to get off at an exit to the town of Have-Saved-Much.

Mothers who dress their children in worldly fashions and with a lot of finery should not expect them to grow up with deep convictions of modesty and non-conformity. It doesn't happen any more than one can sow thistles and reap a harvest of vegetables.

Young people go to town and buy cheap novels filled with lust and sensual romance. They feed their minds on this type of perverted and trashy reading material and expect to remain pure in thoughts and actions. It is impossible. The smut they read will soon corrode their lofty ideals and high standards. To hope for anything else is like eating poison at every meal and expecting our bodies to remain healthy and vigorous.

A young girl of seventeen couldn't wait any longer to get married. Her parents knew she was too young to get married, barely more than a child herself. They felt she would be happier if she waited a few years until she was more mature and better prepared for the heavy responsibilities that come with a family. Her mother said, "Yes, and in ten years when you have a half-dozen children and a lot of family troubles, you'll wish you had stayed with Mom until you were a little older."

"Oh, no, don't worry; that will never happen," said the young girl. "I'll never say I'm sorry I married so young." But the day came when she saw and regretted her mistake, but it was too late to do anything about it. She had arrived at the end of the road she had set out on.

Every once-in-a-while a young person gets the idea to go to college for some reason. Perhaps they say they believe the education will prepare them to serve God better. Almost every one they ask for advice will tell them, "It's too dangerous. By the time you get through college, you will have compromised or even lost your faith."

The people who go ahead and pay no heed to what history says has happened to others that traveled the same road some day will reach their destination and realize that they have arrived where others knew they were going.

But why do people travel north when they want to reach a destination in the south? It is not because the road is unmapped. The drunk in Toronto would only have had to take a few steps and he could have seen the sign on the front of the bus — NORTH BAY. It is the same with the other situations we have discussed. In every case the route was clearly marked, there were plenty of road signs along the way had the people involved cared to read and believe them.

Even if a person is forced to admit that the road he wishes to take has proven disastrous to others, he may yet have one excuse to continue traveling on it. He may say that he is going to be an exception to the rule — that what has happened to others won't happen to him. In other words he is willing to gamble in such an important matter

as his own future.

All of us have within us this temptation to gamble. There is perhaps no better example to illustrate this weakness in mankind than the existence of slot machines. Even though these machines are illegal in many states, they are very hard to stamp out. Everyone knows that in the long run a slot machine keeps more money than it gives. That is what makes them so profitable for the owners. Yet people, knowing this, still keep on playing them. Why? Because of that slim, slim chance that they might be the exception, that they might be the one who puts in a quarter and gets a hundred dollars, instead of the other way around. Such people tell themselves that the law of averages won't work for them, but of course it does. Even if they did happen to hit the jackpot the first time, there is hardly a person in the world that wouldn't keep on playing the machines until he had lost every cent he had won — and more.

Losing our money in a gamble is bad, but wrecking our future is much worse. Nothing as serious as our future should be left to the slim chance that we might be an exception.

The story is told of the lady in England who wanted to accompany a group of people which was just ready to tour

a coal mine. They would go deep into the mining shaft, hundreds of feet underground. Within the damp depth of the mine, everything was black with soot and coal. Yet the lady showed up with a spotlessly white dress she intended to wear on the tour.

"Lady," said the tour guide, when he saw the color of her dress, "I would advise you to go and change your dress. You can't tour a coal mine in a white dress."

The woman drew herself up to her full height and said haughtily, "There isn't a thing in the world to keep me from wearing this white dress down into the mine if I choose."

"No, indeed," said the guide, "but there is a great deal to keep you from coming out with a white dress."

That is the way it is in life. There is not a reason in the world why we cannot board the North Bay bus if we like, but there is a great deal to keep us from arriving in Buffalo. In the same way we can ignore or refuse to believe the signs posted along the road of life that tell us we are headed in the wrong direction. There is nothing to keep us from taking our own wilful course in life if we wish. But there is a great deal to keep us from arriving at a destination located in the opposite direction. ■■

On our farm we have some problems. If you have ever tried to take a galvanized pipe apart which has been rusting for 25 years, then you will know what I mean. We do our own plumbing and it so happens that quite often we have couplings or joints in the pipes which just simply will not come apart.

Many years ago I went to a store and bought a pipe wrench. It was durably built — good and strong and guaranteed not to break. This wrench is about a foot long and today it is still in good shape, as strong as the day I bought it.

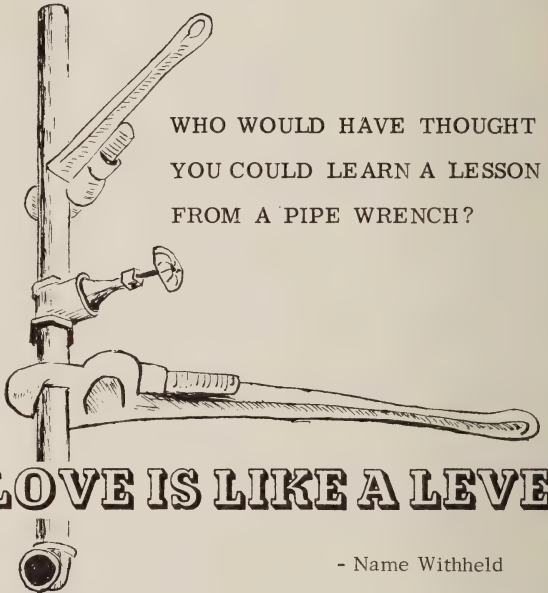
But in spite of having the best wrench on the market, we still had difficulty. Frequently I would try to take a pipe connection apart and it just would not "give". Then I would pull and push, and groan and sweat. At times I resorted to using a hammer to pound the pipe to jar it loose. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't. But always it left me in a bad mood often with skinned knuckles and sore muscles.

Then one day, quite unexpectedly, I had a wonderful experience. I found a much larger wrench which was just as well made as the one I had at home. It was bigger and heavier and yet it cost me less than the small one. I took it home and hung it in the shop.

A short time later I was trying to get a plug out of a water tank, and I was using the small wrench. When I was just about ready to give up I happened to think about the big wrench hanging on the wall. I decided to try it.

Using the big wrench was a bit awkward for I was not used to such a tool. I fastened the wrench onto the plug and applied pressure. In a few moments the job was done. No fuss, no skinned knuckles and no lost tempers.

The next time I had a difficult job I got the big wrench before wearing myself out trying to use the small one. It was amazing how easily the problems melted away. There was nothing wrong with the small wrench, it was all right in its place; but for the difficult jobs the big one worked a



lot better.

I stopped to think. What was the secret? Why was the big wrench so much more effective? I saw it was because of the extra leverage. With the small wrench I was perhaps ten or twelve inches away from the pipe but with the big one it was 24 inches. This provided me with the extra leverage which I needed for a smooth job.

At the same time I was having troubles with the pipe wrench, I was also having other difficulties. These other troubles were not in the shop as much as they were in the home, the school, and the church. In fact as far back as I can remember I had difficulty in getting along with people. Often I would get involved in quarrels and disputes and then I would fret and fume and fuss. I would pitch into the matter with all my might and sometimes I came out, not with skinned knuckles but with hurt feelings. Ofttimes I would hurt other people's feelings and leave wounds which



would take a long time to heal. Of course I didn't like this, but I was still using the small wrench, for that was the only tool I knew how to use.

Then one day after bungling through life and forcing my way as best I could for many years, I made a wonderful discovery. I found another tool which worked much better. One evening when I had a specially hard problem to solve, I was reading in the Bible. I read about this new tool. Although I had read about it often before it had never occurred to me that it would be of any benefit in my case. But this evening I read about it and decided to try it.

Of course I was clumsy with this tool at first. It was all so new to me, but right away I saw that it was working out very well. I soon noticed that this tool was mentioned in many places in the Bible. There were stories of how this tool had been used in many of the chapters. Yet somehow for all these years I had overlooked its value.

The next time I went to the shop I stopped and looked at the two pipe wrenches. I decided to name them! Of course it is rather unusual for a plumber to name his tools but these were unusual tools. The small one I called "Law" and the big one I named "Love"

Please don't understand me that I solved all my plumbing problems when I bought the big wrench, for I didn't. Sometimes I find a fitting which is rusted hopelessly to a piece of pipe. Then I take the big wrench and apply it very carefully with steady pressure. I try to give the connection time to loosen up but sometimes it just won't give. In spite of how carefully I try to handle it, sometimes the pipe breaks off. But then I do not lose my temper. I just figure that I did what I could and there is no more that can be done.

What I like about the big wrench is that you can apply the pressure so calmly and evenly. Usually this will do the trick. When I used to have only the small wrench I would jerk and stomp and gouge. I knew I was right and that this thing was supposed to come off. I had the law on my side for the law of nature is that if you put enough pressure on something, then it will give. Well, something did give, but that didn't always solve the problem.

The instructions in the Bible say that if you have a problem then you must do something about it. You can't just let it go. But it says take the big wrench and apply a gentle pressure. It was a new approach for me. I had always thought you are supposed to wade in and get it over with right now. If you are in the right, then everyone else is supposed to agree with you.

But I soon saw that here was a much better way. It was so smooth, so relaxing and the results were altogether different.

In fact the Bible guarantees the results. Of course it doesn't guarantee that you can always solve the problem the first time you try. But it says that if you follow the instructions then nothing or no one can hurt you. That's what I like about it. It says that when a person is weak then he is strong and that sometimes we can gain a lot by losing.

But there's one thing I just can't understand. When I have a problem with a water pipe, I always think about using the big wrench right away. As soon as I see the difficulty coming up, I think about the big wrench and I run and get it. But for some reason a lot of times when I have the other kind of problem, I don't think about what the Bible says. I'm apt to plunge in with just the small wrench and try to force my way through. Then I get so excited when things don't go as they should. It's so natural to use the wrench called "Law", but a lot more rewarding to use the one called "Love". ■■

**December 1969**

**AFTER ANDY PHONED THE GAME WARDEN,  
HIS CONSCIENCE KEPT NAGGING HIM.**

## Taught By A Deer

There was just a tint of red along the eastern horizon as Andy climbed a tree and settled down to wait. He felt warm as he remembered that hot cup of coffee and those delicious cookies he had eaten before he left the house.

"Deer hunting is great," Andy thought to himself, "but this waiting can be tiresome. I shouldn't have to wait too long today, though. Surely getting a doe won't be very hard."

It was the last day of the three-day doe season. Since Andy hadn't gotten a buck in the week of buck season which had been open earlier, he was allowed to shoot a doe in doe season.

As Andy settled against the trunk of the tree to wait, his thoughts were interrupted by a rustling in the fallen leaves. Eagerly he scanned the ground. To his disgust it was only a squirrel which was scampering from one tree to the next.

Andy heard someone talking, and knew there were more hunters in the woods. Of course, there would be since this was the last chance of the year to shoot a deer.

Time passed slowly. Finally Andy decided to walk around a little. He hadn't gone far when he saw a herd of deer coming across the field toward him. A quick estimation and he decided there were about eighteen or twenty.

The deer saw him and stopped. Andy fired twice but nothing happened. The deer turned and ran off toward the woods. Seeing a doe closer to him than the rest of the herd, Andy aimed quickly and fired. She fell to the ground.

As he walked over toward the doe, he noticed spots of blood on the ground. "Hmmm," he thought. "What does this mean? This blood can't be from the doe I shot."

He left the blood and walked on over to where his doe lay. He dragged her out of the woods, and then returned and started following the blood. It led him through the woods and out the other side. There he came upon a buck — dead.

"Surely I didn't shoot a buck," Andy said to himself. "It must have been someone else."

After a moment of thought, he decided to leave the buck lying there. He went back to where he had left the doe and dragged her on up to the house.

He then called the game warden and told him someone had shot a buck and left it lying in the woods. "Don't worry," said the warden. "I'll send someone to take care of it."

That night Andy did not sleep very well. He felt guilty for not having been quite honest to the warden. Deep inside himself he felt sure he had been the one that had killed the buck.

"Oh, well," Andy told himself, "if I never tell the warden, he won't know the difference. It's probably happened before anyway. And who knows, it could have been those other hunters as they were shooting a few times."

As the days went on, that nagging thought kept coming to Andy. "You shot that deer. You shot that deer. You

shot that deer." Finally Andy could stand it no longer. He decided that no matter what the cost, he was going to make it right.

Andy asked the warden to come out the next morning as he wanted to talk with him. When the time came, Andy was more determined than ever to make it right. He told the warden exactly what had happened.

The warden was real nice about it. "That could have happened to anybody," he said. "We'll just forget about it."

But Andy never forgot it, and in the years since there has been no more deer hunting for him.

But he is glad for the lesson he learned — that the value of peace of mind far exceeds the embarrassment of making a wrong right.

- E. B., Maryland

## HAPPY MOMENTS

Every boy needs to throw snowballs  
catch fish with a bent pin, and  
explore haunted houses.

by David Luthy

Last September I ran across an interesting article in a national weekly magazine. Actually it was a picture-essay with a prose text running along side it. The title was "Where Have All The Tom Sawyers Gone?". As I gazed at the pictures and read the text my mind was flooded with memories of my own similar boyhood experiences — my happy moments. The author of "Where Have All the Tom Sawyers Gone?" shows a once typical boyhood in a sequence of six pictures. The first is of three junior fishermen walking barefoot down a dusty road — one boy carries a tree-branch fishing pole and another carries a stringer of small fish. The second picture is of another barefoot boy; he is whistling and lightly throwing a ball in the air as he walks. Next appear three boys in a rowboat. Then comes a picture of a freckle-faced boy looking at an interesting creature he has captured — a turtle. In the fifth picture two boys are at the top of a rickety staircase in a "haunted house" — exploring. And in the final picture a boy is standing in a pond; his pant cuffs are rolled up and his eager dog is at his side; the dog's coat is heavy with water from having chased rocks for his young master and pal. Here in six shots are any boy's happy moments.

The author of "Where Have All the Tom Sawyers Gone?" bemoans (in his prose text) the fact that many boys today can't find a millpond to row on because "the pond is being drained for a factory site." And it is a rare boy indeed who can explore an abandoned house and imagine it is haunted because "no parks and recreation department have yet planned and received authorization from the county commission to build a haunted house."

The author lives in a large city. He is raising a family in that city. He has a right to worry "Where Have All the Tom Sawyers Gone?". For the rapid growth in most cities, their crash program of education (classroom only!), their noise, and traffic, and smells leave no room for "Tom Sawyers."

I myself was raised in a large city. But thankfully I was yet among the generation which had a somewhat country upbringing, for we lived on the edge of the city and there were some woods and hills not far off. I occasionally think of my boyhood afternoons in those woods — some of my "happy moments." Since I read "Where Have All the Tom Sawyers Gone?", I have been thinking of them more and more. Actually I had another earlier experience which brought my boyhood memories forcefully to my mind. I was going through a city to visit a friend in the hospital. I passed many semi-darkened homes. But in nearly every

one I could see a faint blueish glow toward one side of the living room. Television! That's where all the "Tom Sawyers" are, cooped up inside watching television. I suddenly was struck with the thought that this generation was the first "Television Generation". From babyhood through the rest of their lives they would spend hours each day watching television. I couldn't help feeling thankful that television hadn't come to our home (or town) until I was thirteen. My boyhood days weren't spent inside the house with a glowing box to entertain me. No, I was a member of the "Outdoors Generation". We didn't sit around inside waiting for the scheduled entertainment to come on the set. We went outdoors and used our own imaginations to create our own entertainment. And if my memory serves me right, there were plenty of "happy moments".

Not far from our home was a section called Oak Park. Its few dozen homes were built either on the bluff or in the valley below. There was plenty of woods which stretched north quite away past the last house on the bluff. And there was a creek running along the base of the bluff. My playmates and I enjoyed this creek; we waded in it and made dams; and in the winter we slid on its ice. But it was, perhaps, the bluff which we valued most. For at its top was one of our secret places which only we children knew about (or so we thought). This secret place we called "Indian Walk". High on the bluff was a three-foot-wide slab of concrete which started at the base of a large oak tree and stuck out over a rather deep gully. It was, I'd guess, about fifteen feet long. And the strange thing about it was that it stopped halfway out — easily twenty feet from the opposite bluff. We children called it "Indian Walk" for it somehow entered our imagination that this was a spot used by Indians to make their captives walk off into the deep gully. It, of course, was nonsense since Indians didn't have concrete, but that never occurred to us. When out-of-town cousins or friends came to visit we took the hike to "Indian Walk" to have them stare in awe at the sight. (Eighteen years later, I am still wondering what "Indian Walk" really was.)

"Indian Walk" wasn't the only interesting spot on the bluff. There was also a cave. Not a large one like in many areas. Ours was hardly a cave at all, being barely large enough for two of us to crawl into. It was actually the center of some tree roots which were hanging out part-ways from the bluff. Erosion had taken most of the dirt off, but there was yet enough to form walls. With a little imagination this entanglement of mud-covered roots became "Indian Hiding Place" where boyish treasures were kept — a pocket knife, bright stones from the creek, a climbing stick (for scaling the sides of the bluff), and maybe

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even an arrowhead.

There was no "haunted house" on the bluff or by the creek below. But there was an abandoned house near our grade school which once gave us quite a scare. I was in the seventh grade before I even knew there was an abandoned house a quarter mile from the school. It was well hidden by a thick woods. A girl in our class told us about it one day; she lived over in that direction. That afternoon five of us decided to explore it on the way home. School was hardly dismissed before we had our coats and lunch boxes and were running across the playground toward the woods which hid the house. I must admit it was a queer looking place — really a basement house with half an up-



stairs which was very narrow and had a very pointed roof. We decided to enter the house through a broken-out window of the lower section.

The girl who had first told us about the house had the courage to climb through the window first. I followed her. Or I should say I attempted to follow her, for I had only one leg over the windowsill when Mary screamed and dived for the window knocking me back outside. There was a scramble of feet; and when we were all a safe distance away and had regained our breath, Mary told us what she had seen. "I ... I saw a hand on top of the wall in there. The wall doesn't go all the way to the ceiling and I saw a hand reaching over it." That was enough exploring for one afternoon, but we determined to return the following afternoon when school let out — only this time with a half dozen more classmates.

The next afternoon couldn't arrive soon enough. Even before school had started the story of the hand on top of the wall had circulated through the entire seventh grade. At 3:30 ten of us hurried over to the "haunted house". Included in the group were a few eighth-grade boys who acted quite brave. "Where's the window and where's the hand?" they laughed. Mary and I led them up to the window and we all peered into the shadowy room. I don't know how fast the others' hearts were beating as we approached the window, but mine skipped a beat when we peered in and saw a hand on top of the partition just as Mary had claimed!

Well, to make a long story short, the house wasn't as haunted as we imagined. The hand on the wall turned out to be a large, stiff paintbrush whose hairs had never been cleaned and had spread apart in clumps giving the appearance of fingers. We had quite a laugh on ourselves that afternoon. That was a happy moment.

"Happy moments". Yes, I had some "happy moments" when I was a boy. Like the author of "Where Have All the Tom Sawyers Gone?" I have to bemoan the fact that the possibility of having "Tom Sawyer" experiences is becoming nearly impossible for city children. But what about the country children? I'm afraid they, too, are losing out on some of the "happy moments" their fathers experienced

and remember so well. In many areas the expanding cities are crowding the country people. Boyhood secret ponds are now surrounded by camper trailers. Once peaceful, seldom-travelled roads are blacktopped. Buggies have to have a blinking light and a Slow-Moving-Vehicle emblem, but they still get hit.

It isn't just the expanding city which is causing changes for the farmboy. Farms themselves are changing. Mechanized farming is replacing the old ways. Combines, corn pickers, silo unloaders, chainsaws, eight bottom plows are taking over. Everything has to have a motor on it — hand labor is no longer good enough. Farming once was a peaceful way of life; now for most people it isn't a way of life, it is BIG BUSINESS. Children aren't taught to do things, they are taught to operate things. Machines are chasing the "Tom Sawyers" away, and with them go an adventurous boyhood and many "happy moments".

I realize that there are certain people who will say "happy" moments" are not important — even worthless. One person, who only values the dollar sign, will ask: "How will these "happy moments" help a boy make a living?" Another person, who holds to a Puritan code, will say: "A boy needs to work. He needs no time to play. Idleness is the devil's workshop." Both of these people have their points, but both are extremes. Their lives are very narrow. Their personalities are often sour, for they never experienced the "happy moments" of boyhood. I feel like saying to them what a woman once said to a man in the neighborhood. He had caught her two boys harmlessly throwing snowballs and was complaining to her about it.

"Didn't you ever throw snowballs when you were young?" she asked with a sigh.

The neighbor promptly answered, "No, I never did."

All she could say was, "I pity you."

That woman was my mother.

I pity children who aren't allowed to spend some portion of their time throwing snowballs, ice skating, building a tree house, playing in the hay mow, fishing, or spending countless other "happy moments" in their own youthful ways. A child needs his "happy moments" — his projects and adventures away from adults. For in these activities part of his personality is developed.

Look around your home. Any "Tom Sawyers" there? Be thankful if there are, for they seem to be getting as rare as the buffalo which once populated the West. If you are blessed with a "Tom Sawyer", give him work, but give him play — he needs a balance of both. Give him a simple way of life in which he can take an active and needed part — a way of life in which learning is a happy experience. Give him this and in later years he will treasure the memories of his "happy moments" when he was but a barefoot boy.

"Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan.  
From my heart I give thee joy —  
I was once a barefoot boy!"

- J. G. W.

Man plows and plants and digs and weeds,  
He works with hoe and spade;  
God sends the sun and rain and air,  
And thus a garden's made.  
He must be pleased who tills the soil  
And turns the heavy sod:  
How wonderful a thing to be  
In partnership with God!

- Ida M. Thomas

# FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

## THREE GREAT WALLS

**T**here are many kinds of walls. Tall cold concrete walls. Mossy old stone walls, crumbly with the mortar and dust of many years. Fresh new wood walls smelly with pine resin. Thick log-cabin walls chinked with mud. Sod walls sliced from prairie topsoil. Walls of plywood. Sheetrock. Brick veneer. Steel.

Most walls are useful. They serve a purpose and have their place. But walls are also symbolic of division. A wall restricts movement. A wall separates. A wall divides.

Walls can be good. Walls can be bad.

### The Great Wall of China

One of the oldest and probably the largest wall in the world today is the Great Wall of China. Twenty-five feet wide at the bottom and twenty-five feet high, the huge wall slithers like some great serpent over the mountains and through the valleys of northern China. It is more than 1500 miles long, a distance equal to that from New York City to Omaha, Nebraska. A roadway fifteen feet wide runs along the top of the Wall, and horses and soldiers and chariots have clattered along its brick surface for more than two thousand years.

The building of the wall is believed to date back to several hundred years before Christ. The work, of course, was all done by hand or with horses and oxen — a task that would seem almost impossible because of the size of the wall. Thousands of laborers must have devoted their entire lives to the project. As late as the 1600's, parts of the wall were still not completed, and by that time the older portions needed repairing.

Why did the Chinese go to so much labor and expense? What was the reason for building the Great Wall? How was the vision kept alive year after year and generation after generation?

The Great Wall of China was a military wall, a wall of protection against the roving tribes of Tartars north of China, who made raids into the rich farming communities of China and threatened to overrun the country.

At first thought it would seem there might have been easier and cheaper ways to get along with the Tartars, but perhaps there weren't. I suppose the Chinese knew what they were doing.

It is never easy to keep out a determined enemy. Christians experience this too, in their daily lives. There are powers of evil in the world that would break down the walls of protection and overrun the spiritual life of the believer.

The Christian has a defense, but if it is to be effective he must do his part. The Great Wall of China did not just happen — someone put forth effort and was earnest in his work. The Wall was not built in a day, and it was not built by one Chinaman working alone.

In the same way Christians must join hands in earnest

to keep worldliness — worldly attitudes, worldly goals, worldly dress — out of the church. This is not something that can be accomplished in a day, after which we can all relax. No, it is a continuing task that is never finished. And it is not something that you or I can do alone. Because God realized the struggle Christians would be faced with, He ordained that believers should work together as congregations, with leaders to shepherd the flocks.

Jesus himself spoke of a sheepfold, and said that whoever does not enter by the door — in other words, whoever climbs over the wall — is a thief and a murderer. Jesus said, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." (John 10:9).

The church of Jesus Christ is beset today by foes much more crafty and cunning than the Tartars that threatened to overrun China. The wall between Christians and the world of evil is not a wall of earth or brick or stone; it is a spiritual wall rather than a physical one. It is the dividing line between righteousness and unrighteousness, between serving God and serving the devil.

The Great Wall between Christians and the World is spiritual, nevertheless it is visible. Because of the eroding of morals in today's world, the worship of styles and fashions in clothes, and the rush-rush of modern living, the line between Christians and unbelievers has never been outwardly more distinct than it is in our time. If there isn't a clearly defined wall between church and world — there must be something wrong with the church.

The Great Wall of China still stands. The Great Wall between good and evil still stands, too.

### The Berlin Wall

There is another great wall of history, the Berlin Wall, and its building is quite recent. Late in 1958 a world crisis developed in the city of Berlin, Germany. The Western powers locked horns with the Communists over control of the city. The trouble continued for several years and reached a climax during the summer of 1961. At that time the tension was so great that refugees from East Berlin began fleeing in great numbers to the West and to freedom. More than a thousand persons a day crossed the border from Communist territory into West Berlin.

The Communists were desperate. The situation was not only humiliating, it was serious. The fleeing refugees were draining the population. On August 13, 1961, without warning, the East German police built a wall of barbed wire twenty-six miles long, and closed the door to freedom. Within a few weeks the barbed wire had been strengthened with concrete. All windows and doors facing West Berlin were boarded off and sealed. The refugees who then tried to cross the wall were shot down by machine guns.

The Germans call the Berlin wall *Schandmauer*, a wall of shame. That is what it is. In some ways the Berlin Wall is similar to the Great Wall of China, yet it is also very, very different. Both walls are barricades to keep



people from crossing. But the Berlin wall is not to keep the enemy out — it is to keep the inmates in! This is quite a contrast, it seems to me. The wall in China was built to keep the people of East Germany from fleeing to freedom.

The Berlin Wall is a good symbol of the way the devil binds those who serve him. He does all in his power to keep men from slipping free; he tries to shutoff all possible avenues of escape; he winds and binds his followers in chains of sin that are difficult to cast off.

Getting through the Berlin Wall alive may be almost physically impossible, but thank God there is an escape across Satan's wall. It is quite possible through Christ to break loose from the bondage of sin.

I stated that the Great Wall of China was somewhat similar to the wall between the church and the world. What about the wall of Berlin? Is it in any ways similar to a church's attempt to hold its members, to keep them from going into the world? No, not at all. The church of Jesus Christ does not hold its members by force or by threat. The holding power of the Gospel is love and faith, not a "wall of shame" or a threat of excommunication.

Many worldly people (and perhaps some church members, too) have mistaken the purpose of the bann and avoidance (I Cor. 5). The church is not to use the bann as a wall to keep the members from escaping. As in any discipline, some members when they see what happens to those who err, may well fear to follow the same path; but the primary function of the bann is to keep the church pure. The bann punishes the evildoer, not in a spirit of revenge, but in order to bring him to repentance. Used in this way the bann expresses in the strongest means possible the church's love and concern for the erring member's soul.

The church of Christ does not need a wall or a fence to keep its members in the church. It does not need a Berlin Wall to keep them from escaping. No true Christian will want to escape!

#### The Belfast Wall

The Belfast Wall is a new wall and was built only a few months ago. It will probably register in history as the least important of the three walls we are discussing. The Belfast Wall is supposed to be a temporary wall. I don't know, perhaps it has already been taken down.

I first read about the Belfast Wall in a newspaper in September. The account interested me so much, I clipped the article. The Belfast Wall is a strange wall, indeed, for it is a "peace wall". Imagine that! The photo with the newspaper article showed British soldiers unrolling sharp coils of barbed wire to build the "peace wall". Barbed wire and peace ... hmmm, I wonder.

The Belfast Wall was not built to keep the enemy out as was the Great Wall of China. It was not built to keep people in, as was the wall in Berlin. The Belfast Wall is a peace wall — built by the British army to keep the Protestants and Catholics of this Irish city from fighting with each other.

The fighting and rioting in Ireland this past fall has been largely a religious quarrel — both Protestants and Catholics. A person might wonder, what kind of religion is it when a wall is needed to keep people from fighting?

But wait a minute. Dare we come closer home and discuss some of our own religious "quarrels" and the artificial walls we have thrown up to maintain the peace? Dare we be honest with ourselves? Think of all the divisions among our plain people, the varying levels of Amish all the way from the "Nebraska Amish", the lowest of the lowest, up through to the liberal and emerging groups such as the Beachy Amish and the Conservative Mennonites. How is

this possible — this lining up on shelves **one** above the other, each quite happy and contented in his own sphere and looking askance both to those above and to those below? Haven't we built a few walls of our own, too?

And yet our little walls, strangely enough, have kept the "peace" much the same as a wall of tangled barbed wire will keep the peace in Belfast, Ireland. Barbed wire and church splinters are both effective in keeping people with differing ideas apart. But isn't there a better and more Biblical way? Surely.

Really, the wall in Belfast doesn't deserve the name of a peace wall. If a wall is needed to keep people from fighting, there isn't much honest Gospel peace. Likewise, it seems to me there is still something lacking in a "peace" where church fellowships live side by side with very little differences in belief, yet seek no reconciliation.

The apostle Paul gives us an example of true peace being achieved where there had been no peace before. If there was ever a wall in the world, there was a wall between the Jews and the Gentiles — a rugged unscalable wall that kept these two peoples apart religiously, socially, and physically. But in Christ this wall was broken down. The Gentile believer became an equal with the Jewish believer.

This is how Paul explained it, "... ye (Gentiles) were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world; But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ, For he is our peace, who hath made both one (Ger.: "Der aus beiden Eines hat gemacht."), and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." Ephesians 2.

In Christ walls that divide people from each other are broken down. This does not mean there is no longer any need for walls; walls do have a purpose. And I am glad there is still as much of an outward wall of separation between our plain people and the world as there is. This wall of separation needs repairing and constant care; it is even necessary to check the foundation to see if it is still resting firmly on the Bible. For an outward separation must come from a true inner separation.

But I'm afraid we'll continue having too many of the wrong kind of walls. Walls of distrust and misunderstanding. Walls of selfishness. Walls of ill feeling between young people and their parents so that they fail to communicate and fail to understand each other. Walls between races and nations.

There are many bad walls to break down. There are many good walls to build up. China and Berlin and Belfast may have their walls. We have work enough with our own.

- Guaimaca, F.M., Honduras, C.A.

### Houses That Walk

Does it sound funny to you to think of a house that walks? Well, there are houses which walk. The turtle carries his house around with him and walks in it. The shell is his house. He can draw his head and legs up inside his house and be safe.

And if you are a Christian, you are a house which walks. Christians are the houses in which Jesus lives. Did you ever sing that song "Come into my heart, Lord Jesus. Come in today. Come into stay"? And besides the song the Bible says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Selected

# UNNEEDED COMPANIONS

I am Mr. Needless Worry. Groundless Fear is my twin brother. We look so much alike that people can hardly tell us apart. We are very attached to each other, too. Where one goes the other goes. Of course, we are not alone in our business. There is Mr. Cares-of-the-World who is a very influential figure. His sister, Little Faith, is our secretary. She is also a partner in our concern and helps us keep our customers. There is a very close relationship between us four, for none of us could do the work very well alone.

I wreak havoc in the lives of men. When I enter into their "every-day" they often don't know what is wrong.

Many times I hear one person say to another, "I was so nervous this morning that I made the children go outside to play. It seemed they were into everything."

I can even cause trouble between a man and his wife. Ha! Ha! At times I go to the wife and put in her mind all the things that are to be done. She gets to thinking that her husband doesn't help her as he should. When he comes into the house in a hurry and makes tracks on her floor, then the fireworks start.

Too, when I enter into a home the parents become cranky when any little thing goes wrong. They become irritable with the children and this at times discourages the little ones.

I make them believe the work will not be done on time. Then my brother Groundless Fear comes and tells the emotional ones they are not strong enough to carry such a heavy responsibility. He reminds them of what has happened to others that were overworked. This does wonders for us. They begin to fret. When they get these thoughts Mr. Cares-of-the-World enters the scene. Oh, do we have fun! When we three work together and get Little Faith, his sister, to help us then we have free sailing. The men get ulcers and the women get colitis.

We had quite a time once with Saloma Hershberger. Saloma would tell friends that she was a nervous wreck. Because she considered nerves her trouble we didn't have much difficulty for a long time. But one week she was sick and couldn't work. She started reading her Bible, and had time to study about what she read. "We ought to begin reading in here every morning," she told her husband. "The preacher in church said how the people feed their bodies three times in a day but the soul often goes hungry."

"I fear we won't have time," he answered. "In the morning the children rush to get to school and we rush to catch the milkman. Everything is rush—rush; before we know it it is late."

"But can't we try it once?" she pleaded.

"I guess we should have done it long before this, but I fear we will not have time."

The first morning and the second morning they seemed to find time to read. They seemed very happy. The next day I put in their minds all that was to be done. They hurried to get the devotions over with. I could see they didn't enjoy the Book. My companions and I were winning.

The next morning there was some work Saloma said

THE STORY OF TWIN BROTHERS  
WHO MAKE IT THEIR BUSINESS  
TO BRING UNHAPPINESS INTO  
PEOPLE'S LIVES.

-Author wishes to remain anonymous

that just had to be done. Saloma's husband tried to read loud enough so that she could hear as she hurried around in the kitchen and went in and out of the other rooms. The children, too, then thought they didn't have to hold still. At times they became so loud they had to be quieted down. Occasionally a neighbor came to the door and prayer was forgotten. It wasn't long till no more devotions were held.

Not too long afterwards trials came. This brought them much sorrow. They decided to read and pray again. So once more I tried my old tactics. They yielded several times and went without prayer. I thought I had won them over.

One day as I was reminding Saloma of her much work and of her little strength, she began to pray—and soon began to sing. I certainly had a hard struggle then. She sang:

Today is my day,  
I'll work and I'll pray,  
I'll trust, I'll not fear  
For my God is near.

This she repeated every day when I reminded her of my presence. I soon saw that I was not welcome in that home anymore.

Little Faith, Mr. Cares-of-the-World, Groundless Fear and I moved in then to Anna Weaver. She was twenty-five years old and unmarried; such women fall easy prey to us. At the age of eighteen her future looked bright so she started a hope chest. Then seven years later her hopes were dying out. She drew into a shell and didn't confide in others. She didn't trust others so had few close friends.

I reminded her about her future. "You will always be a hired girl," I said.

Groundless Fear then came along and whispered, "You are not pretty enough to get a man."

These thoughts were hard on her. She seemed to forget that inward beauty is worth more than outward appearances.

She tried about every method to attract the opposite sex. She began to wear shorter and tighter dresses. Her morals and spirits sank lower and lower. She almost became desperate.

When nothing seemed to help she became completely discouraged. Soon she didn't feel well. Anna learned that by being sick she got more attention. This was at least a little satisfaction, since attention was what she craved for.

Soon she became sick so frequently that the people paid less attention and said, "It is just her nerves." Then she felt very neglected and it seemed to her as if no one cared. She became more bitter toward others and withdrew deeper into her shell. Because of this she was self-centered.



My close neighbor Mr. Discouragement and Miss Self-Pity then entered. Soon Anna imagined herself as being misused and persecuted. She often cried about it, but somehow it gave her a feeling that she was doing the right thing. Eventually she drifted away into other circles.

I fear someday someone will be bold enough to tell her what is wrong and we will have to leave again. Of course, there is always the chance that Little Faith and Miss Self-Pity will keep her from believing this about herself, —so everything will be all right for me and my friends.

Later we moved in with the wealthy cattleman, Joel Martin. Ofttimes the wealthy are easier targets than the poor. I tried a poor man once. I painted a dark future for his family. I told him that he wouldn't be able to provide for them all. Quickly he got out a worn old Book and read, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Right away I knew this was no place where I could stay.

Oh, I didn't finish about the wealthy cattleman. Before the "good times" came we couldn't seem to make much headways with him. He would often say, "Godliness with contentment is great gain, "and, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

When riches came to Joel Martin, things became different. Mr. Cares-of-the-World entered first, and soon we joined him, too. We had the most fun at night when Mr. Martin went to bed. He couldn't sleep. He was reminded of the cost of the feed, and how much income tax he would have to pay. Mr. Cares-of-the-World showed him different ways to avoid paying the full amount of the tax.

The rest of us then brought to him other thoughts. "With all these taxes, and expenses you will soon lose your money. Then you will lose your prestige." He believed us, and worried greatly about the future. Ah, he was too easy for me and my companions. And I suppose this is not very interesting to you readers anyhow, for there are too many of his kind. He didn't get very old.

With Amanda Byler it was a different story. She, too, couldn't sleep well. For a long time she didn't realize what was wrong. We kept our identity well hidden. As many other people do, she blamed it on her nerves. She tried many different medicines, and soon nerve pills became her constant companions. Even the thought of being without them brought fear into her heart.

At times she thought she was too tired to sleep. I would tell her, "Now you have over-exerted yourself again. You will not be able to sleep tonight. You are so tired—so tired!" By this time she would be at the point of exhaustion. She wouldn't be able to go anywhere in the evening. It would be too hard on her. Me and my companions did a fine job in keeping her at home.

Amanda didn't get too much work done. At night while she lay awake we kept reminding her of all that should be done. Even the little tasks looked like mountains to her. And we had these mountains wobbling, too, at times. She certainly was a good person to work with.

In the evening Groundless Fear would sneak up to her ears and say, "Just look how late it is! You won't be able to get enough rest again. Then you can't work tomorrow as you should."

When these thoughts came she became upset and would try to hurry to bed. Every little delay would upset her more. At times she would be too tired to read from the Bible before retiring. A hurried prayer was said. By the

time the covers were brought up under her chin her nerves were taut, and sleep seemed far away.

She tried to count sheep but that didn't help. "Put your arms by your side and relax yourself completely," a friend advised her.

Another said, "Drink catnip tea and think beautiful thoughts."

This she also tried and dragged her mind from one scene to another. Still I and my friends were able to crowd in disturbing thoughts. But mostly we kept her mind centered on sleep—sleep—sleep. The harder she tried to sleep the more it fled from her.

We were afraid somebody would tell her what her trouble was and how to get rid of us, but luckily no one did.

Amanda dreaded to hear the clock strike the hours at night. I would tell her of others who couldn't sleep and got a nervous breakdown. She didn't realize that the nervous breakdown caused the sleepless nights.

Little Faith and Groundless Fear seemed to have complete control of her at times. She would shake all over with chills, and get colder instead of warm. All remedies seemed to be of very little benefit. The nerve pills would make her feel groggy and then she seemed not to be herself. They also caused other ill effects.

One evening we were at a loss. All at once she seemed to recognize us and that it wasn't "just nerves". Instead of the usual submission to us, she called on God to release her from the fears and worries that kept her from sleeping.

She seemed quite relaxed when I told her, "I look, it's past 10, and you haven't slept yet."

This made her a little uneasy at first then she started saying, "He giveth his beloved sleep", "Ask, and it shall be given unto thee", and "With God all things are possible."

I then reminded her of her physical weakness. She quoted, "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble", and "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Little Faith decided she had to leave but I didn't want to give up right away. However, I soon saw when Little Faith left I, too, had to go.

Even though there were setbacks like this, as time progresses our business prospers more and more. It seemed years ago we couldn't find entrance into the Christian churches as easily as now. If we can persuade people that they need modern equipment to make a living it seems we are on the right track. Our work then is much easier.

After they have bought the equipment the farmers will soon be worrying about making the payment on the high priced machinery. Ha! Ha! Far into the night they will be figuring on how to get more land which will then be necessary. Of course, the price of the acre and the high taxes is another worry. After the farmer buys the land he will be working late in the fields. Instead of having more leisure time he will have less. I twist his stomach in a knot and give him grey hair. Ho! Ho!

Because of me and my three companions people have to take a vacation oftener. "Just to get away from things awhile," they remark.

I must say, we sure are a blessing to the doctors and to the psychiatrists. Why, without us most of them would probably go hungry or would have to be on relief.

Well, I must be going now. As I said, we are very busy. Our business will prosper as long as we can keep people from trusting too much in the Bible. There's not enough room in a house for us and a well-read Bible.





Following is a letter that was written by a mother to a friend who was experiencing trials in her Christian life. The letter was not intended for publication when first written, but the author has agreed to have it printed anonymously.

## A Letter To A Friend

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

My mind and prayers are with you in your trying times. I felt moved to write to you hoping to help in some small way.

A few years ago I, too, was very miserable, discouraged, and downhearted. Oh! Everything looked so dark and gloomy. Many times would find me in agony, alone, face down on the floor, spiritually blind, not knowing where to turn. In my worn out condition of distress, worry, and pain many a sleepless night was spent tossing and turning in bed till nearly morning.

My strength failed me to do my work and care for, love, and teach our dear little children as is a Christian mother's duty. It was truly a grievous time living a life incomplete. Instead of living victoriously for Jesus, I was bound by Satan's evil influence.

Oh, how I longed for victory over sin. Yes, but in my own strength I tried to do it. I failed. But I'd try again. I just wouldn't give myself up. The little light I had received was just too wonderful and blessed not to grasp more fully. But each time I failed and each time became more bewildered and discouraged.

Finally I knew I had to have help from someone, and turning to a devoted, God-seeking minister I poured out my problems and troubles to him. This was hard as I thought, "Surely, he'll think me a very wicked person indeed."

Now I feel so thankful after confessing for I firmly believe this minister spent much time on my behalf in prayer and fasting and was heard of our Almighty Father in heaven.

"The prayer of a righteous man availeth much," (James 5: 16).

The God who created us can also work righteousness and wonders in our hearts, yes, even in our stone-hard hearts if we respond to His magnetic love with which He is trying to draw us closer to Himself.

But Jesus in no wise will enter our lives by force. He only comes with our consent. He patiently waits and pleads, "Come."

Faith, hope, and love were lacking in my existence. I do believe Satan tempts us to believe we're too sinful to come to Jesus, that we must first live a better life and stop sinning before He will accept us. But if we first seek Jesus, all else will fall into place; although we shall be subject to sin as long as we live here on earth.

All that's necessary is simply to ask Jesus to take over. Then trust Him for strength to live a holy life. "Just as I am He will receive, Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because Thy promise I believe, Oh, lamb of God, I come, I come."

As soon as we fall down on bended knees and ask God through His Son to take over completely, then I truly believe He will not fail to do so although we may not realize it right away. For me it worked very slowly. God must have seen I was very weak and could only work out a little at a time. But these trials and temptations can serve to make us stronger if we use them as stepping stones and lessons to higher plains with God. It's wonderful to walk by faith and not by sight, trusting that God knows what He is doing.

Just as we expect our children to obey us, even though they don't always understand, so does our heavenly Father expect us to obey Him and use His book, the Bible, as a road map to heaven.

As we need natural food every day, yes, three times a day, likewise do we need spiritual food to keep us alive and healthy in the Lord.

We've found the family altar a much-needed part of our daily lives. To have the whole family around after breakfast to read from the Holy Word and sing a song together is a blessing and a promising start for the day. Other spiritual literature also proves helpful, but the Bible should come first, of course.

Let us remember that it is not sin to be tempted, but only sin when we yield to temptation.

It works out best to take only one day at a time and not worry about tomorrow.

So much written in Christian love and understanding, and may God bless and guide you and your loved ones today and always would be my sincere prayer.

One by one He took them from me,  
All the things I valued most;  
Until I was empty handed,  
Every glittering toy was lost.  
And I walked earth's highways grieving  
In my rags and poverty  
Till I heard His voice inviting,  
"Lift your empty hands to me."  
So I held my hands toward heaven,  
And He filled them with a store  
Of His own transcendent riches  
Until they could hold no more.  
And at last I comprehended  
With my stupid mind and dull,  
That God cannot pour His riches  
Into hands already full!

(poem selected)

## A Prayer For Strength

I ask that You but give me, Lord,  
As I go on my way,  
The strength to bear the little things  
That come to me each day.

The strength to say a kindly word  
When I am sore at heart;  
To keep my shoulder to the wheel  
And, smiling, do my part.

I ask for strength to hope and pray,  
To sing a cheerful song;  
To hold a perfect faith in You  
When everything seems wrong.

I ask these things, full knowing You  
Will give far more to me —  
Will give me strength to bear big  
things,  
If I but cling to Thee.

— Enola Chamberlin

In the following story the author tries to imagine what it may be like someday for our children. It is not a pleasant picture; yet, perhaps, we do well to consider it seriously, for things very similar to those described in her story have happened in other countries and could happen here.

with many of the women and children crying softly. Even though there was much sadness, there was a wonderful feeling of unity and oneness, with all old grudges forgotten. Only love for each other remained.

Suddenly there was the sound of a commotion outside the

## ... And The Sun Was Darkened

- Mrs. Sam Hochstetler

Was this only a nightmare? To twelve-year-old David, it seemed like a nightmare, except that the ache in his heart was real. His thoughts whirled in circles, and the lump in his throat was there to stay.

He glanced at his sister Carol who was only a year younger than himself. He noticed that she was already crying, so he thought it best not to ask the question that had cropped up in his mind.

Even nature seemed sorrowful this morning as the dark clouds hovered above the children, hiding the brightness of the sun. Nor were the birds singing their usual cheery songs.

"Why, oh, why, has all this happened to us?" David kept asking himself. Oh, yes, he had heard his parents talking of how God had punished other nations when the people had turned away from Him. They had said it could happen in America, too, but somehow David had never really thought it would. Life had always been so peaceful, and communism so far away.

Everything had happened so suddenly that not only David, but older people as well, found it hard to believe. At first, riots had broken out in most of the major cities. While the police force was curbing the riots, the powerful communist force swiftly took control.

They seized command of radio and television stations, telephone exchanges, and all electrical power plants. With the aid of their comrades who were employed inside, all communication systems were crippled or overtaken.

Bridges and railroads were blown up while sharpshooters and snipers were everywhere adding to the terror of the people. Men were held as hostages while women were shamefully treated until finally there was only one thing left for the American people to do — surrender.

All this had not affected David's family much since they lived in the quietness of the country. They knew, however, that it would only be a matter of time before they, too, would have to suffer at the hands of the conquering government. And as Christians they would undoubtedly have to suffer much.

David walked along toward school with his sobbing sister beside him. In his thoughts he relived the happenings of the evening before. He remembered how his father, being the bishop of the church, had asked the church to come together at their place and meet in the barn for special services of prayer and encouragement in preparation for the trials that all knew lay ahead.

The people had gathered silently after dark, coming across the fields and through the woods, so as not to be caught on the roads. In the light of a dim lantern the meeting started. David's father quoted Scripture passages which seemed especially fitting and brought much comfort to the brethren. He then asked all to kneel for prayer, and David still felt a warmth in his heart when he thought of the prayers that ascended heavenward that evening,

barn. In burst about a dozen uniformed men with guns. They must have sensed who was the leader of the church, as they went to David's father first. Roughly they jerked him to his feet and grabbing his Bible they gave it a toss, as if the very sight of it was unbearable. They then gave orders for all the men to march outside, except for two elderly men who could hardly walk.

Some of the women tried to follow their husbands, but they were pushed back.

Before leaving, one of the uniformed men gave a speech. He gave orders that all children were to appear in public school the next morning. "There won't be any buses to pick you up either," he said harshly. "Your feet are made to walk, so walk."

The women and children had all stayed at David's house the rest of the night as none of them dared to venture out alone. They had put all the children in beds or on blankets on the floor. The women spent most of the night on their knees praying for their loved ones who had been taken from them so suddenly.

David and his sister Carol walked on. They passed their own school house where they had always attended before. Now they noticed that it was quiet and lonely with no sign of activity. How they would miss this school house and their kind teacher.

David's thoughts turned to his father. Where had they taken him? Had they killed him? If not, would he ever see him again?

If only they could have stayed at home this morning with mother. But their mother had said they'd better go to school, since the man the evening before had threatened them, saying they would regret it if they didn't send their children.

As they approached the schoolhouse where they had been ordered to attend, they noticed a guard with a gun standing at the entrance. Carol suddenly took hold of David's hand. "David, stay with me. I'm scared," she spoke through quivering lips.

David was frightened too, but he must not let it show. He grasped her hand tightly, reassuring her that he would stay with her.

David and Carol were glad that they were assigned to the same room. They had feared they would have to be parted, as it was a large building with many classrooms.

The teacher was a young girl with a friendly smile, wearing the same color uniform that the men with the guns had worn.

"Good morning, children," she greeted them. "Let's start our day with a song. Does anyone have a favorite?"

"My favorite is, 'I'm So Glad That Jesus Loves Me'," answered one of the children.

"Well, I don't know that song, but you children go ahead and sing it anyways and I'll just listen," said Miss Johnson, for that was her name.

The song was sung rather poorly. Not at all like David

Family Life



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and Carol were used to hearing it sung. There were too many sad hearts this morning.

"Does anyone have any suggestion what we want to do next?" asked Miss Johnson.

"We always have prayer right after singing," spoke up David.

"Are you sure, David, that God will hear our prayer if we pray to him?" asked Miss Johnson.

"Yes, he does," answered David.

"How do you know?"

David thought of a memory verse they had learned in school. "Because the Bible says so," answered David. "It says, 'And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'"

"So we need only believe and we shall receive whatever we asked for," stated Miss Johnson. "Everyone here likes candy, so in our prayer this morning we will ask God for candy. Now, let's all close our eyes and bow our heads."

When the prayer ended, the children opened their eyes. There was no candy.

"Perhaps we should kneel to pray and then maybe God will hear us," said the teacher. "Let's all kneel now and pray real hard."

David's heart was pounding, as he knelt with the rest. What if no candy came?

They finished the prayer, and opened their eyes. Still no candy.

"Well, since God hasn't kept his promise and didn't answer our prayer," said Miss Johnson with a big smile, "let's try something else. This time we'll pray to the leader of our country. Close your eyes tight now, and we'll pray again."

David felt like crying and he didn't want to do it, but he was afraid to disobey. Just the same it wouldn't hurt to peep.

This time when the children opened their eyes, there was candy on their desks.

"You put it there. I saw you," spoke up David.

"You're a very smart boy, David," said Miss Johnson, with an even bigger smile. "I put the candy there. So now you know that you'll never get anything by praying. Only another human being can give you the things you ask for. David, we'll give you two pieces of candy for being such a smart boy."\*

David decided he rather liked the nice young teacher with the sweet smile, but then suddenly something rebelled within him and before the teacher had time to turn away, David asked in a firm voice, "Why did they take my father away last night and what will they do to him?"

For a moment Miss Johnson looked angry because David had spoken so rudely. But then she smiled again and answered, "David, your father has to go back to school. You see, he had some wrong thoughts."

"My father did not have bad thoughts and he didn't want to go, so why did they take him away?"

"No, David, your father did not have bad thoughts," agreed Miss Johnson. "Just wrong thoughts, and remember that even little boys like you sometimes think they don't want to go to school. Nevertheless, it is best for them to go. By the way, children, we're going to play some games after we're finished with our lessons. We'll play games till about 8:00 and then we'll all sleep here at the school. Won't that be fun?"

"Will we say our prayers before we go to bed?" asked one little girl.

"Yes, you can if you want to, if your daddies and mommies want you to. But we know, you and I, that it means nothing. That's our secret."

"We like having secrets," said a number of the children.

"We'll have many secrets and lots of fun," said the teacher, "but remember, children, you'll have to cooperate and always do as I tell you."

David glanced around the room and he noticed that most of the children seemed very happy and excited, but he couldn't feel happy. He was too confused. Who was right, his parents or his new teacher? He had always believed that God kept all his promises and that He answered prayers. And yet God had not given them the candy they had asked for. But then he thought that perhaps their prayer for candy had been a selfish prayer. It was true that his father had often prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread," but he could never remember his father praying for such a thing as candy. He had often said it was right to pray for their needs, but not to pray selfishly for things that might not be good for them. How David wished he could explain this to his new teacher, but he felt she wouldn't like it.

The day passed by and David found it hard to concentrate on his lessons as thoughts kept plaguing him. Why did they take his father away? Could not God have kept them from it? Why hadn't God answered their prayers and kept the family together? Why did Carol and he have to sleep at the school that night? Why? Why? What would mother do when they didn't come home from school? Perhaps Carol and he could sneak away while the rest were playing games, and run home, but all at once David remembered the guard at the door with the gun. Could they ever get past him? No, it would be impossible.

When would they ever see their home and their mother again? Would they have to sleep here every night? Had mother suspected that they might not see each other again? Is that why she had held them so tightly and while sobbing heartbrokenly had tried to tell them, "Children, always remember the Bible verses you learned at school and at home and say your prayers every day and remember to meet us in heaven some day."?

It was now eight o'clock and everyone was supposed to be in bed. David had knelt and said his prayer and now he lay in bed thinking. He was looking out the window, and he noticed that the sun seemed so bright for only a few moments, and then a dark cloud completely covered it, making his room nearly dark.

David thought to himself, the brightness of the sun had been like his own happy carefree life on the farm with his sister Carol and his parents. Then suddenly a dark cloud had covered that happy life and ahead of him lay a long dark night.

Suddenly that lump in his throat was too big, and burying his face in his pillow, he wept.

Miss Johnson had been watching the boy. She shook her head. "That one," she said to herself, "will be harder to break with the teaching he has had. He's been brainwashed with the Bible. I'll just have to do my best and hope he'll forget."

At that very moment several miles away a heavily burdened mother knelt to pray. She lifted her tear-stained face to heaven and whispered the words she had prayed so often since morning. Her prayer was not for herself but for her absent children. "Help them, loving Father, to remember."

\*. Author wishes to acknowledge that she got the idea for the incident of the teacher and the candy from an article she read in the Reader's Digest a number of years ago.



## See God In Everything

"And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." (I Sam. 3:18)

"See God in everything, and He will calm and color all that thou dost see!"

Nothing else but seeing God in everything will make us loving and patient with those who annoy and trouble us. They will be to us then as instruments for accomplishing His tender and wise purposes toward us, and we shall even find ourselves at last inwardly thanking them for the blessings they bring us. Nothing else will completely put an end to all our murmuring or rebellious thoughts.

## Give Me A New Idea

"Give me a new idea," I said,  
While musing on a sleepless bed;  
"A new idea that'll bring to earth  
A balm for souls, of priceless worth;  
That'll give men thoughts of things above,  
And teach them how to serve and love,  
That'll banish every selfish thought,  
And rid men of the sins they've fought."

The new thought came, just how, I'll tell:  
Twas then on bended knee I fell  
And sought from HIM who knows full well  
The way of sorrow to expel,  
"See GOD in all things, great and small,  
And give HIM praise whate'er befall,  
In life or death, in pain or woe,  
See GOD, and overcome thy foe."

I saw HIM in the morning light,  
HE made the day shine clear and bright;  
I saw HIM in the noontide hour  
And gained from HIM refreshing shower.  
At eventide, when worn and sad,  
HE gave me help, and made me glad.  
At midnight, when on tossing bed  
My weary soul to sleep HE led.

I saw HIM when great losses came,  
And found HE loves me just the same.  
When heavy loads I had to bear,  
I found HE lightened every care.

By sickness, sorrow, sore distress,  
HE calmed my mind and gave me rest.  
HE's filled my heart with gladsome praise  
Since I gave HIM, the upward gaze.

T'was new to me, yet old to some,  
This thought that to me has become  
A revelation of the way  
We all should live throughout the day;  
For as each day unfolds its light,  
We'll walk by faith and not by sight.  
Life will indeed, a blessing bring,  
IF WE SEE GOD IN EVERYTHING.

- Selected by Mrs. Olen J. Miller,  
Bristol, Ind.

There are three magic words so much a part of the invalid's life. They are "please" and "thank you". It does seem these words never wear out, and always retain their power.

The wife of an invalid once wrote to me that she wishes she could think of a new phrase to say, instead of just always "thank you". Many kindnesses had come to her and her husband after he became ill.

A "thank you" does at times seem like such a little thing in return for the many nice deeds that people do for us. As our gratefulness overflows we wish we could think of doing something in return but find ourselves at a loss. It is then we think of Him who can reward more richly than we. He sees if but a cup of cold water comes our way.

Nobody wants to be a burden. We all want to be a blessing to others. Yet we are caught in circumstances where we cannot be too independent for we need help. Some need more assistance than others. Our mind can get us into a rut of discouragement if we dwell too much on the thought that we are just "a bother".

An ex-nurse recently said how frustrating it is when a patient requests a necessary favor and then continuously apologizes for being "such a bother". People who find themselves suddenly disabled find it hard to adjust to their new role in life. Maybe for many years they have been helping others — and now this helplessness! Surely, it is but natural they feel themselves burdensome to others.

But I did learn from this ex-nurse that a "smile" and a "thank you" is worth more than a whine or an apology for conditions that cannot be changed.

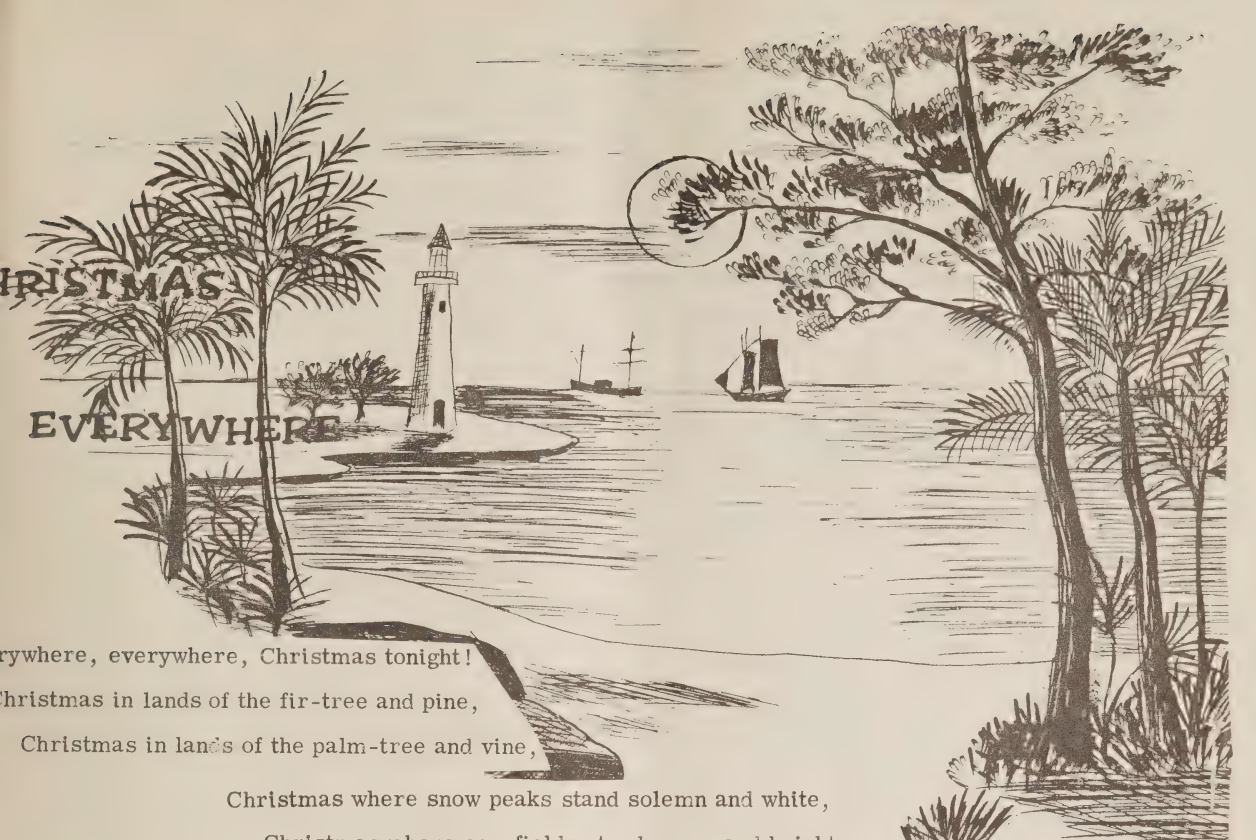
## GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother just turned ninety-four,  
Doesn't wish for birthdays anymore,  
Has twelve children that survive,  
Grandchildren come to sixty-five,  
Great-grandchildren is a hundred and ninety-one  
And thirty-three great-great-grandchildren!!

Written by a granddaughter —  
for Mrs. Fannie Miller  
c/o David A. Bontrager  
Haven, Kansas 67543

Grandmother was born September 20, 1875  
=Drop Her A Line=





CHRISTMAS

EVERYWHERE

rywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,

Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,

Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,

Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,

Christmas where old men are patient and gray,

Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,

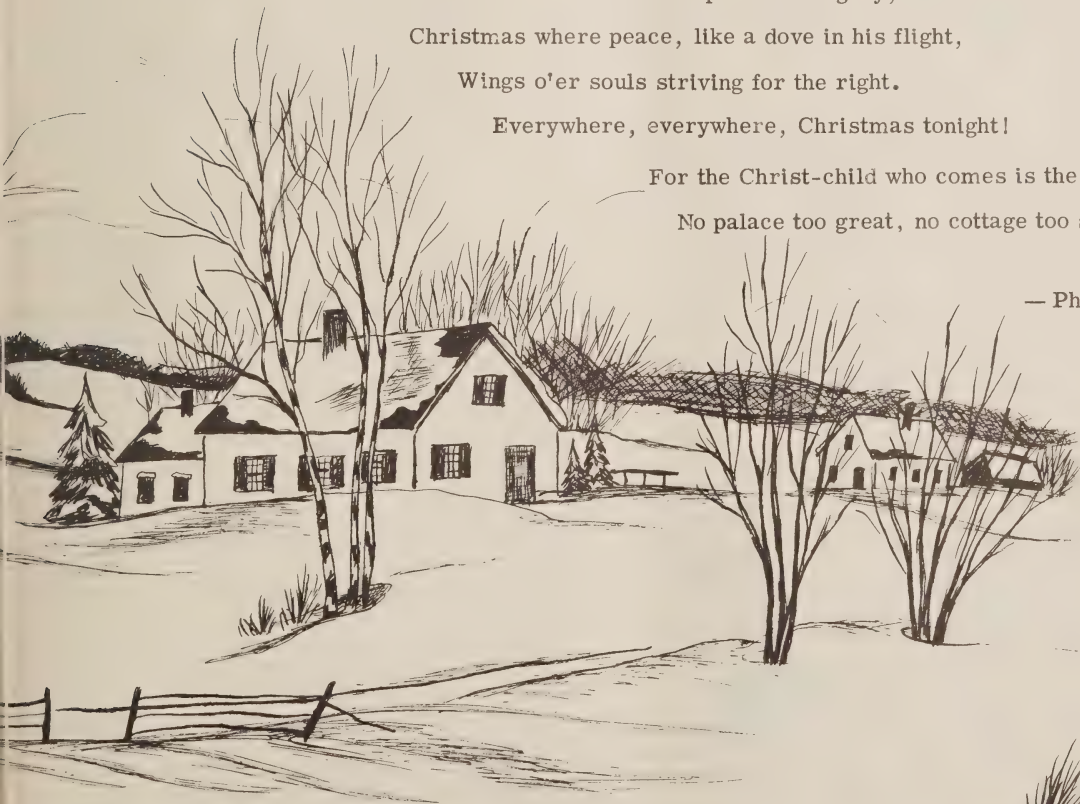
Wings o'er souls striving for the right.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all

No palace too great, no cottage too small.

— Phillip Brooks





## *Across The Window Sill*

by Aunt Becky

### *That Nearest Country Store*

The good old-fashioned country store  
 So many folks today ignore,  
 They fail to see the bargains there  
 On basement shelves and everywhere;  
 It's loaded full with useful things,  
 Not such as just belongs to kings  
 And mostly you find prices right  
 So when you buy you need not gripe.  
 What they don't have they sure can get,  
 You need not board a plane or jet  
 And go to some far distant place;  
 (In the long run you've lost the race.)  
 But most all others do it, too,  
 Why shouldn't we and also you?  
 Read on and we'll try to explain,  
 That in the end you have no gain.

Okay, we'll go and hire a car  
 (To drive with buggy it's too far;)  
 Oh, certainly the trip is great,  
 So was the noon lunch that we ate;  
 In all there're five on this long trip,  
 It's worth a lot to hear gossip;  
 "Now what was that you said to me?  
 Well, I just don't on that agree!"

But now we go into the store  
 And look there are bargains galore??  
 We've bought the things that we wrote down;  
 Let's get some more while we're in town;  
 Ah! yes, this item gets my eye,  
 We'll buy it and give it a try;  
 This I don't need but it will keep  
 I'll get it now because it's cheap.

My, but the town is big and loud,  
 Oft we are jostled by the crowd;  
 A few more things we want to buy  
 Then find our comrades we will try;  
 Our throats are dry, we buy a coke,  
 but when we pay we find we're broke.  
 So now we go to find the car,  
 With all our "bargains" it seems far.

We load the trunk and in our laps  
 Is piled what we don't need perhaps

And on our way the driver says,  
 "This vehicle, you surely press  
 Down on the springs, it is enough  
 To get a break when drivin's tough.

All tired out and home we come;  
 The driver checks the mileagerun,  
 "It's one hundred and twenty two,  
 Which makes four bucks for each of you;"  
 My, but we thought it's not that far;  
 Says he, "'Twas much wear on my car;"  
 Of cash and energy there's no more,  
 Now thoughts go to the country store.

We match prices and find we paid  
 Too much for everything we ate,  
 And that's not all, the hardware, too,  
 Was way above the price we knew;  
 As for the groceries we found  
 Prices don't match the country town.  
 The quality is good and bright,  
 If it is not they'll make it right,  
 And character it can't be beat  
 By all the city clerks we meet;  
 So in your store's an honest deal  
 Unless you cheat or try to steal;  
 Let's try to build our home business  
 And to our wrongs rightly confess.

At the country store there're favors done  
 And little errands they will run;  
 The phone calls, too, will fit in well,  
 When bones are broken 'cause we fell;  
 Comes times when we can't make the change  
 The bills for us they will arrange  
 So we can at a later date  
 Pay on a small percentage rate;  
 Next time we'll hitch up horse and go  
 To the small town which we all know.

Author- not a storekeeper or clerk



### AN UPRIGHT WOMAN

(According to Proverbs 31:10-31)

Who can find a pure woman? — for her value is far more  
 than dollars and cents. Her husband trusts her.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She buys clothing wisely for her family and has them  
 dressed modestly. She worketh willingly with her hands.  
 She also provides foods with variety and wise selections  
 of nutritious meals.

She rises each morning to fix him his breakfast, and  
 sees that his children are well cared for.

She knows a bargain when she sees one and is always  
 concerned about future stability and supply of her home.  
 The strength of her character is shown in her attitude toward  
 her household.

She is concerned in a job well done even if she has to  
 work late hours to accomplish it.

She knows how to use a sewing machine and needle. She  
 has a loving heart and helping hand for the poor and needy.

She is concerned about the clothing for the family and  
 wants her household dressed in warmth and comfort. Her  
 husband is known to be neat and clean.

She works with her husband in making a living. She is  
 thrifty. And when in need she bakes, and grows things to

**Family Life**



sell.

Strength and honor are her clothing. She shall rejoice in time to come.

Her words are filled with wisdom and she speaks kindly. She is interested in the problems of her husband and children. And wastes no time in reading "low moral" books but loves to be busy.

As her children grow up they will be happy and content and love her. Her husband also loves her and tells her so.

Many women have done great deeds but this kind exceeds far above others.

Popularity is deceitful and glamor is vain — but she who loveth and feareth the Lord — shall be praised.

She shall feel a sense of satisfaction and accomplishment from her labors, and others shall talk about her deeds wherever they go.

- E.S., South Carolina



#### CREAM OF TURKEY SOUP

Make a medium white sauce. Add a little bit of onion, a can of peas, pint of carrots, cooked diced potatoes, turkey meat (chopped), a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper to taste. If you would like to have it as a casserole, use heavy white sauce and top with biscuits.

Mrs. L.M.S., Maryland



#### CUT-OUT SUGAR COOKIES

Mix:

3 cups sugar

1 1/2 cups butter or margarine

6 eggs

1 1/2 teaspoon soda

3 teaspoons cream of tartar

Lemon flavor or vanilla

Mix in 9 cups of flour. If too stiff wet with a little milk.

Roll out thin. Cut and bake on cookie sheet.



#### MARSHMALLOW TOPPING

2 cups white sugar

2 1/2 cups white karo

1 cup water

Boil this to a firm ball stage. Remove from heat. Let set 5 minutes. Beat 7/8 cup egg whites until foamy. Then add 1/2 cup light karo and beat some more. Pour boiled mixture into egg white and beat well. Add 4 teaspoons vanilla.



#### MAPLE FUDGE

Cook together 1 quart maple syrup and 1 quart sweet cream until it will form a hard ball when dropped in cold water. When cold stir until it hardens.

Mrs. Milo Yoder, Aylmer



#### STORE-AWAY FUDGE

4 1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup (1 cube) oleo or butter

1 can condensed milk

Bring to boil and boil 7 minutes or until soft ball stage. Remove from fire and add 2 large Hershey bars cut in

small pieces and two packages chocolate chips.

1 pint marshmallows, cut in pieces

1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring

1/2 teaspoon black walnuts flavoring (if desired)

1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Beat until smooth and pour into pan as regular fudge.

This candy can be stored for three months and still remain soft and eatable.



### Some Mothers Write

I suppose if you'd get all the letters mothers mentally write to you, you'd be "snowed-under" with mail. But you never find out about most of them, do you? Many hidden talents, on the "sea of everyday", but how to get them! Some mothers are too timid, some too busy and others likely feel "nothing worth passing on ever happens here." I believe every mother has experiences with their children that would prove interesting to others.

The other day I was amused when I went to the garden for vegetables for supper. Four youngsters trailed after me. "Now why did you all follow me down here again?" I scolded.

Then our blond five-year-old said innocently, "Because ich gleich dich so gute." (Because I love you so much.)

So they even love me when I scold. Oh, perfect love! Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me.

- Mrs. S., Port Trevorton, Pa.

Our family has no plans for Christmas. Am glad we don't wish to take part in big gift exchanges and feasts. Of course, there are other ways to come short in also. Often think, "Washoch ist vor die menschen ist ein greul vor Gott." Oh, could I but live a life more pleasing to Him, is my prayer.

-Y., Indiana

#### A FATHER WRITES, TOO —

While coming in after the chores our six-year-old boy said, "Mother told us a story about Jesus when he was still a boy. He was in the temple, — well, it was just like a fasammiling and he was talking with the —, well, — Mother called them 'teachers', but they were just like preachers, and He answered lots of questions, and the preachers were astonished and couldn't understand it but I can easily understand it because He is Jesus."

- I. R. M.



Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair

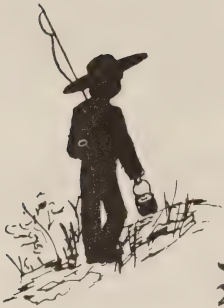


We consider  
January 1st New  
Year's Day. The  
new year of  
each individual  
begins on his  
birth date.

Aunt Becky

Hier ist noch ein

## Sammy story



# Geben Ist Besser Denn Nehmen

-By Sarah M. Weaver

Der kalt November Wind hat der Schnee Flächen umher gebloßen und in der Sammy sein Angesicht. Er hat es nicht gedacht denn seine Gedanken waren mit Trübel besetzt. Seine Brüder der Andy und der Amos und die kleine Anna waren bei ihm am heim laufen von der Schul.

„Wah sagt der Maem und Vater wann sie auffinden daß du Namen gezogen hast für Christtags?“ fragt der Amos. Es guckt als wenn er Steam aus seine Maul bloßen wird wann er schwek.

„Ja, was sagen sie?“ bekräftigt der Andy, „Wah sagen sie?“

„Guh, ihr seid nur neidisch weil ich nicht sag wem sein Namen ich habe und weil ihr kein Name gezogen habt,“ antwortete der Sammy, als er der Schnee kückt in seiner Pfad.

„Ich wünsche nicht mein Namen dabei zu haben,“ spricht der Amos. „Die Maem und Vater wissen besser was wir brauchen den andere Leute. Und der Vater hat gesagt wir sollen nicht Namen ziehen denn wir sollen nicht geben für wieder zu kriegen.“

„Der Larry Troher und Mofie haben gesagt ich soll.“

„Glaubst du sie mehr als wenn der Vater etwas sagt?“ antwortet der Amos.

Bei dieser Zeit war der Sammy am wünschen er hätte nicht der Mofie und der Larry angehört. „Der Larry hat gesagt seiner alter Mann gleicht auch nicht alles es er thut — aber seiner Vater thut es bald vergessen.“

„Guh! Nun heißet er sein Vater noch der „alt Mann!“ Du kommst sek nei allemol es du der Larry sein Rath folgst.“

Wo die Kindern die Küche Thür hinein geht daheim war die Mutter an Holz in der Küche Ofen thun. Der Sammy fing an zu sagen, „Maem, was denkst du . . .“

„Maem, guck mol wah der Sammy gethan hat,“ greift der Andy nei.

Ob der Andy fertig war schweken fingt die Anna an zu sagen von der sakh.

„Nan, Kinder, nan,“ spricht die Mutter als sie ein stück holz in der Ofen thut. „Nur eins schweken auch einmol.“ Sie aukt gegen der Sammy. „Geh du geschwind und hol

mir holz.“

Er sichtet die andere sauer an als er sein Eßenkübele auf der Tisch stellet. Sein unterste Lippen schießt naus als er die Thür naus gehet holz zu holen.

Bis er wieder hinein gekommen war hat die Mutter alles gewißt was sek war. „Ich wolte der Vater fragen was wir thun sollen darwegen,“ antwortete sie.

Es thut der Sammy sehr verlehnten. Er läßt sein Holz in die Holzbog fallen. „Wem sein Namen hast du gezogen?“ fragt die Mutter.

Er suchte herum in seine Säcke. Bald zieht er ein verrunzelt Papier heraus und gibt es zu seine Mutter. „Da, Maem, sage niemands.“

Die andere stehen umher am worten was die Mutter jagt. Sie nehm das Papier, lieset es, dann steckt sie es in der Ofen. Nun gehet sie an ihren arbeit und saget nichts. Der Sammy vielt dankbar gegen seine Mutter. Es war aber doch nicht lang darnach bis er der Amos und der Andy gesagt hat daß er dem Larry Troher sein Namen hat.

Wo die Kindern im Bett waren thut der John Miller und sein Weib die sachen verhandeln. Am kommenden Morgen sagt der Vater zu der Sammy ehe er in die Schul gehet, „Fürwah warest du ungehorsam und hast Namen gezogen?“

Der Sammy thut seine Hände in seine säcke und sieht an der Boden. „Der Larry hat gesagt . . .“

„Es macht nicht aus was der Larry gesagt hat, du warest ungehorsam. Haben alle von die andere auch Namen gezogen?“

„Er, — ah, nicht ganz alle,“ antwortete der Sammy.

„Der Mife war eins was nicht hat,“ spricht der Amos, „sie sind arm und der Vater ist krank.“

„Ja, well, aber Sammy du sollst lehren das kein Segen darin ist für geben daß wir wieder ein Geschenk kriegen,“ weiter vermahnete der Vater. „Es ist nicht recht daß du ein Geschenk kriegst und die andere thun nicht. Wir werden Geld wek legen für die andere dann so viel als dein Geschenk kostet.“

„D, bin ich froh!“ sagt der Andy. „Nun kann ich ein Messer kaufen mit eine Kette.“

„Der Vater kann mein wek legen bis ich genug habe für eine Wack zu kriegen,“ plante der Amos.

\* \* \*

Der Schnee hängt schwer auf der Bäume und Hecken der Freitag Morgen von December 24th. Der John Miller seine Kinder waren auf der Weg zur Schule. Ein wenig Schnee hängt in der Sammy sein krollige schwarze Haar was unten sein zipfeln Kop raus hangt. Unter sein Arm tragt er ein Bog für der Larry Troher. In der Bog war ein Vogelhaus zusammenmachen Set mit nägelen und farb für es anzustreichen. Der Sammy hat gehofft er wird auch solches kriegen.

Am Morgen hat er gewünscht seine Mutter wird sein Geschenk einwickeln mit schön scheidig Papier und schöner Bündeln wie ein theil von die andere Kindern thun. Er hat gewißt wann er etwas sagen wird, wird sie antworten, „Ein schön Papier ist betrüglich, nicht nothwendig, nicht demütig.“

Das ~~einmal~~ Papier meint nicht mehr wo er nahe aus



Schulhaus gekommen war. Die Schulkinder waren fröhlich. Seiner Freund, der Mike, war nicht in die Schul.

Wo daß Geschenk ausgetheilt war fangen die Kinder es auszuwickeln. Der Amos und der Andy halten ihren Augen auf der Sammy. Sein Geschenk war sehr verknüpft daß er bald nicht der Pfaden aufmachen kann. Er reißt hie und her. Der Larry gibt ein lauter „wohoop“ wo er sein Vogelhaus gesehen hat.

Da der Sammy seine Box aufmacht findet er ein kleiner Kubblerballen wie die Anna hat und ein Chinese Checker Board. Sein Muth war gefallen. „Der Valle ist für kleine Kinder,“ schnüffelt er, „und ich habe schon ein Chinese Checker Board!“

Der Sammy probiert sein Verdroßtheit versteckeln von der Amos und der Andy. Denn die Mutter hat gesagt er muß zufrieden sein mit was er kriegt. Er lächelt gegen sein Brüdern, aber innerlich viel er für heilen und anrufen, „Es ist nicht recht! Es ist nicht recht!“

Er war schwer beladen auf der Heimweg. „Die andere werden lachen über mich,“ denkt er. „Hätte ich nur das Vogelhaus behalten. Der Larry hat alles, — alles. Ein Bicycle, ein Vogelhaus, und —“

Er kann nicht seine Traurigkeit versteckeln von seiner Mutter und Vater. Sie haben mitleidens aber sie sehen es wäre gut daß ihren Knabe lernt was best ist.

Wo Christtag Morgen gekommen war siß der John Miller und seine Familie in die Stuppe. Er liest von der Jesus sein Geburt. Der Sammy siß hinten der Ofen auf der Holzbog. Er war betrübt wo er der Andy sein neue Kette siehet an sein Gallus hängen. Der Andy kriegt sein Messer aus seiner Sack. „Sie haben alle mehr schönes als ich,“ denkt der Sammy, als er die Thränen zurück blinkt.

Glei nach der Vater geliesen hat höret er seine Mutter sagen zu sein Vater, „Es wundert mich wie die Kessler Familie ist. Der Amos hat gesagt der Vater ist krank und sie haben kein verdienst.“

„Der Mike war nicht in die Schule gester,“ spricht der Amos.

„Haben wir nichts für sie zu geben?“ fragt der Vater.

„Ich war am denken — wir haben obst, oranges, grapefruit, trauben und bananas . . .“

„Und äpfel,“ sagt der Vater.

„Ja, äpfel, küchlein. Ja, und ich habe neue Handlumpen und Wäschelumpen . . .“

„Wie wäre es wann wir der Sammy seiner neuer Ballen geben werden für ihren kleine kinslein?“ wunderte der Vater. „Sammy, wirßt du es geben für fünf und zwanzig cente?“

Der Sammy hat sich selbst vergessen. „Ja, Vater,“ antwortete er ernstlich. „Und — und der Mike kann mein Chinese Checker Board haben. Er hat keins.“

Dies dünkt der Vater gut. „Wann du dies thuest,“ sagte er zu der Sammy, „dann wirßt du mit gehen die sachen nehmen zu der Kessler Heimat.“

„Oh, darf ich, Vater? Vater, darf ich!“ Der Sammy springt von der Holzbog.

„Helfet die Maem diese sache bereiten,“ spricht der Vater.

Der Sammy dummelt sich für seine Checkerboard einzuwickeln, und sein Namen darauf schreiben. Dann thut er und die andere auch helfen der Korb bereiten. Auf der Ballen schreibt er, „Von der Anna“. Der Sammy hat seine elend vergessen.

Wo er und seine Mutter an der Kessler Heimat gekom-

men war, ward der Mike an der Schnee aus der Pfad schöpfen. Seine kleine Schwester war bei ihn. Der Sammy tragt der Korb. Er laugt der Valle zu die Mädchen und der andere Package zu der Mike. Sie hebt ihren Valle in der Höhe, springt ins Haus und ruft laut, „Maem! Dad! Maem! Siehet was der Sammy mir gegeben hat. Er hat auch der Mike ein geschenk gebrocht.“ Der Sammy hat sie gehört.

Wis er und seine Mutter an die Tür waren der Mike seine Maem auch dort. Der Sammy laugt die Korb zu sie. „Ach, ist das alles für uns?“ fragt sie.

„Ja,“ antwortete der Sammy, „es ist für end.“

„Hatte jemand an uns gedenkt in unsere elend. Wir sind es nicht wärt.“ Die thränen kommen in ihren augen.

Der Sammy hat gelernt, daß es viel mehr freude und legen in geben ist, als in kriegen. ■■

## Der Bergsturz von Goldau

(Von Peter Döber)

### Zweiten Theil

Sind nicht alle diese Geschichten redende Bilder, die uns des Heilandes und seiner Apostel Worte lebendig vor Augen stellen? Zum Beispiel Luf. 17 und 1 Theß. 5. Wie natürlich und unschuldig scheint die Anhänglichkeit an Haus und Vieh und Hausgeräte, und doch kosteten sie so manchen das Leben. Hier galt es, um sich völlig los zu machen, alles im Stiche zu lassen und Voran zu fliehen. Wenn es aber um Rettung eines noch höhern Guts handelt als das irdische Leben ist, um Rettung der Seele; so sollten wir doch noch viel ernstlicher uns losreißen von aller Anhänglichkeit, die uns von dem Trachten nach dem Reiche Gottes abhält. Dies gilt nicht blos den Reichen, welche Vieles und Herrliches besitzen, sondern auch der Arme. Der Aermste kann sich mit seinem Herzen anklammern an irgend einen geringen Gegenstand, der ihm ein Aufenthalt wird, daß er Gottes Reich gar nicht, oder mit knapper Not erreicht. Ein Seelsorger wurde einst zu einer armen Kranken gerufen. Diese fand er in einem finstern Winkel, in der schlechtesten Wohnung die er noch in seiner Gemeinde betreten hat. Die Arme lag an der Wassersucht elend darnieder und hatte keine verwandte Seele, die sich ihrer annahm. Als der Seelsorger so mit ihr redete, was es doch für ein seliger Wechsel wäre aus solcher Armut und Elend erlöst zu werden und in den Himmel zu kommen, fiel die Kranke ihm in die Rede. Sie sagte: Ach, ich wollte gerne sterben, wenn ich nur mein Kommodlein mitnehmen könnte! Der Prediger traute bei diesen Worten kaum seinen Sinnen; er sah sich in dem finstern Gemache um und entdeckte in der Ecke das alte Möbel, das sie einst zum Geschenk erhalten und daran sie so sehr das Herz gehängt hatte. Diese Person war ehrlich genug, diese Anhänglichkeit zu gestehen. Wie viele aber geben sich den Anschein, als

feien sie vom Irdischen ganz los und sind doch nicht?

„Zerbrich, verbrenne und zermalme,  
Was dir nicht fällig wohlgefällt;  
Ob mich die Welt an einem Salme,  
Ob sie mich an der Kette hält,  
Ist alles eins in deinen Augen,  
Da nur ein ganz befreiter Geist,  
Der alles Fremde Schaden heift,  
Und nur die laute Liebe tangen.“

Freilich das ist die große Kunst, die in Christi Schule gelernt werden muß, und auch gelernt werden kann. „In der Welt sein und doch nicht von der Welt; besitzen, als besäße man es nicht, diese Welt brauchen, und doch nicht mißbrauchen.“ Ein solcher Sinn kann denn auch, wo es sein muß, alles wirklich dahintensetzen, um das ewige Leben zu gewinnen. In einer Zeit wie die unfrige, wo das Erwerben, zum vergrößern und zum behalten der irdischen Güter um jeden Preis so sehr uns lockt, ist nicht genug auf Christi Sinn hinzuweisen. (Wenn der Schreiber in ihrer Zeit so meinte, wie viel mehr in unsere Zeit, da der Preis oder Lohn noch zehnmal höher ist?)

Wir können aber diese Schilderungen nicht schließen, ohne auf Gottes wunderbare Tugungen in der Errettung so viele Menschen aufmerksam zu machen. Wir wollen nicht vergessen ihn zu preisen und danken für diese merkwürdige Rettung durch Mittel und Wege wie unsere Vernunft nicht hätte erdenken können. Da heißt es auch:

„Du kannst viel tausend Wege finden,  
Wo die Vernunft nicht einen weiß.“

Wir führen hier noch einige von solche Fällen vor die Gott der Herr Menschen sonderlich errettet hat.

1. Die Brüder Martin und Johann Abegg waren am Abend des 2. September ins Haus gekommen und befohlen ihre Schwester das Nachtessen früher als gewöhnlich zu bereiten. Die Schwester aber war zum Verdruf der Brüder später damit zu Stande gekommen. Als sie nun am Nachtessen begriffen waren, trat das schauerliche Ereignis ein. Sie verließen das Haus und flohen. Hätten sie das Essen früher bereit bekommen, so wären sie auf dem langen Wege von Rötthen bis Oberart unausweichlich ein Opfer des Todes geworden.

2. Aus einem Hause von elf Bewohnern in Oberbunzingen war nur eine Frau von siebenundsiebzig Jahren durch Abwesenheit gerettet. Sie war eine Spinnerin und hatte eine Portion Garn fertig gebracht. Auf dem Hügel Tältenboden am Rigiberge war in einem Hause ein sogenannter Schnellerhaspel, das heißt: Ein Haspel, welcher schnell, wenn er hundertmal umgedreht ist, und so die Länge des Garnes angibt. Dorthin begab sich die Frau. Sie rechnete daraus, daß sie bis Nachmittags drei Uhr das Garn würde gehäspelt haben; dann wollte sie es nach Goldau tragen und den Lohn einziehen. Das Garn aber verwickelte sich so oft und brauchte so viel Zeit zur Lösung, daß sie noch immer damit beschäftigt war, als der Bergsturz erfolgte. Sie hat später erfahren, daß ihre Wohnung und diejenige, in welche sie das Garn tragen wollte, alles zerstört waren.

3. Zwei Weibspersonen, die etwas höher am Berg wohnten, wohin die Verwüstung nicht vordrang, sammelten an diesem Tage in einer tieferen Gegend Halme zu Rehrbesen. Nur wenige Minuten vor dem traurigen Ereignis kamen sie heim. Diese wenigen Minuten bestimmt ihre Lebensret-

tung.

4. Schuster Alois Beeler wohnte in einem der später zerstörten Häuser von Lowertz und hatte bereits versprochen an jedem Tage der Unglückswoche in einigen Häusern in Bunzingen zu arbeiten. Am Sonntage kam ein armer Bewohner eines auf der Höhe gelegenen Hauses und bat den Schuster dringend, doch auf die zwei folgenden Tage zu ihm in die Arbeit kommen. Der Schuster entschuldigte sich, daß er schon zu Kunden bestellt sei, die ihm viele Arbeit gäben. Der Mann aber stellte ihm vor, daß ihm und seinem Knaaben sehr an Schuhen mangelte, während jene andere als reiche Leute, genugsam mit Schuhen versehen seien. Der Schuster ließ sich erbitten, und seine Barmherzigkeit trug ihm und seinem Gesellen die schönsten Früchte hervor.

5. Joseph Bigg, Steinmetz, wollte am 2. September mit einem Gefährten nach Zürich reisen. Sie waren schon zur Arbeit bereit, zögerten aber eine ganze Stunde unentschieden (undecided) über den Weg welcher sie gehen wollen. Sollten sie ein teureres Schiff bis an Weggis mieten oder bei Goldau durch gehen? Sie hatten sich entschlossen den letztern Weg zu gehen. Als aber ein unerwartet Schiff von Weggis ankam waren sie froh diese Gelegenheit zu nehmen und stiegen in das Schiff. Nachher wurden sie gewahr, daß wenn sie nach Goldau gekommen wären, hätten sie die Zahl der Schlachtopfer nur vermehrt.

Und du, lieber Leser, hast du noch keine solche Bewahrungen erfahren? Wie viele von denen, welche diese Blätter zu Gesicht kommen, werden sagen müssen: Gerade so ist mit mir auch schon gegangen. Es war nur ein Schritt zwischen mir und dem Tode, und eine scheinbare Kleinigkeit hat mich gerettet! Es ist wohl keiner der nicht zu sich selbst sagen müßte:

„In wie viel Not hat nicht der gnädige Gott über dir Flügel gebreitet!“

Wo aber ist dein Dank geblieben? Denkst du stets daran was Gott an dir getan hat, und ist dein Leben Ihm zur Ehre?

Siehe, du bist dem Tod entronnen; aber damit bist du noch nicht außer Gefahr. Viel größeres Verderben droht dir als das Verderben des Leibes, und du weißt nicht, wann das Unglück über dich hereinbricht. Darum heute, wo du Gottes Stimme hörst, verstoße nicht dein Herz. Gott will dich retten. Gott hat dir eine Zufluchtsstätte bereitet an dem Herzen seines eingeborenen Sohnes, da bist du sicher vor dem Gericht. Fliehe zu Ihm, weil du noch Zeit hast. Die Zeit ist kurz. Halte dich nicht auf, je früher, desto besser.

Liegt nicht alle Welt im Bösen?  
Steht nicht Sodom in der Gluth?  
Seele, wer will dich erlösen?  
Eilen, eilen ist hier gut.

Eile, wo du dich erretten,  
Und nicht mit verderben willst;  
Mach dich los von allen Ketten,  
Flench als ein gejagtes Wild.

Laß dir nichts am Herzen kleben,  
Flench vor dem verborgnen Bann,  
Such in Gott geheim zu leben,  
Daß dich nichts beflecken kann.



# CHILDREN'S SECTION

## SHADOW OF DANGER

Agnes Ranney

Matt was dreaming. He was sure of it. Mother wouldn't really be calling his name in the middle of the winter night. He curled back down under the patchwork quilts and shut his eyes.

But then he knew he wasn't dreaming, for his mother was shaking him gently. She sounded frightened, and she held baby Leah in her arms. Leah was coughing; her breath came in gasps. Suddenly Matt was wide awake.

"You'll have to get up, Matt," Mother said. "Leah has a bad attack of croup. You had it when you were a baby, but Leah has never had it before. You'll have to go to Aunt Sarah's and get some medicine. She'll know what to give you. Leah needs it soon."

Mother took Leah back by the fireplace in the main room of the cabin. Matt was already pulling on his homespun trousers and wool shirt. His mother had his heavy jacket warming by the fire. He struggled into it, laced his heavy boots, and pulled on the blue cap and mittens she had knitted for him.

Leah was still in Mother's arms, wrapped in a shawl. Her little face was flushed and her blue eyes blurred with tears. She didn't look a bit like the happy baby girl who had romped on the floor with Matt before she went to bed.

"I'm sorry you have to go, Son, but since Father is gone I have to depend on you," his mother said. "You'll need to hurry, Matt — but don't run, you'll be worn out."

"I'll hurry as fast as I can," he promised his mother. Then he was out the door.

Matt was warm in his winter clothes, in spite of the frosty air and the snow covering the ground. Just the same, he shivered as he climbed the hill behind the cabin. For he wasn't as brave as he wanted his mother to think. Though he would not have admitted it even to himself, the idea of going to Aunt Sarah's in the middle of the night filled him with terror.

Less than a year ago, Matt had lived in a little town in New England. It wasn't such a very up-to-date town, even in the 1890's, but there were stores and a druggist. The druggist might grumble if you came at night, but he was there to give you what you needed when someone was ill.

Then they had moved to the West, where life was much different. They lived in a log cabin, and neighbors were far apart. You had the things you needed, or you made

Matt walked fast, and as he walked he prayed, "Dear Lord, don't let there be any coyotes out tonight."

them, or you did without. In emergencies, you called on Aunt Sarah, who wasn't anybody's aunt, really, but was nurse and advisor and doctor to all the neighbors when things went wrong.

Pioneering was fun, Matt had thought when he and his family had come last spring. The woods were full of song birds and rabbits and squirrels, and later he found huckleberries, and then hazel nuts. He helped Father build the cabin and learned to milk the cow and take care of the horses. And a few days ago, when Father had had to go to the nearest settlement for supplies, Matt had felt very grown up as the man of the house. But he was careful to get Buttercup milked and the pigs fed before it got dark, because the woods that were so interesting in day light held unknown dangers at night. The snowy woods were thickest between Matt's cabin and Aunt Sarah's.

Matt followed the foot path he knew so well. It led across the little clearing away from the cabin, up the ridge into a cedar and pine woods. It wound among the dark trees, bright enough where the moon shone on it, but often hidden in the shadows. Down the other side of the wooded ridge, out across an open slope, then down through another cedar tangle. Then, at last, across the flat clearing that was Aunt Sarah's corn field in the summer. Matt remembered not to run, but he walked fast, and as he walked, he prayed.

"Dear Lord, please don't let there be any coyotes out tonight."

Through the pines and down across the bare hill. No coyotes yet.

Perhaps God would grant his prayer. No need to be afraid of the coyotes, Father had told him many a time. They might carry off a lamb or even a calf, but they wouldn't attack a person.

That was easy for Father to say. Matt believed it himself, by the fireplace in the snug cabin. But when he was in bed in his little room at night and the pines loomed dark outside the window, he could hear the coyotes howling. Their "yap-yap-yap-yar-r-r-r!" would fill the room, and Matt would pull the quilts over his head and lie there trembling. Now, here he was, out in the night, right in the woods where he often heard them. He hurried faster — down through the cedar tangle and across the corn field, to Aunt Sarah's house near the river.

It did not take him long to wake Aunt Sarah. She was used to having folks in trouble come to her door at midnight.

"This'll help the poor little girl," she said, wrapping



some herbs in a bulky little package and tucking it into Matt's pocket. "And tell your mother to keep her warm and keep the kettle steaming — though I expect she knows that," kindly Aunt Sarah went on, turning Matt's collar up around his ears. "You're a good boy, Matt."

Her words made Matt feel warm inside as he started across the corn field. The moon still shone, but a light fog from the river drifted across the field ahead of the chill night wind. Then, suddenly, a shadow passed over — an enormous shadow. Slowly, silently, right over Matt and out in front of him, it moved across the snow. From the tangle ahead came an eerie sound.

"Whoo-o-o-o! Whoo-o-o-o!"

Matt knew what the shadow was, then. It was the shadow of an owl hunting a luckless rabbit. His mate was calling him from the thicket of cedar. But Matt didn't know owls were so big!

"Just an owl," he said out loud. "No sense being afraid of an owl." But he walked a little faster, just the same.

It was cold. Matt's breath rose from his lips in little white puffs, and he had to swing his hands to keep them warm even in the blue mittens. But he was on his way home now — half way back across the corn field, where the battered stalks stuck up through the snow.

Then, suddenly, he heard it. "Yap-yap-yap." Not very loud, but it made the hair prickle on the back of Matt's neck. Walking faster, he prayed that God would lead the coyote off in some other direction. Surely, that wasn't too much to ask!

But it was not to be like that. "Yap-yap-yap," the sound came again, trailing off into an eerie wail. Matt glanced back. Was that a shadow among the corn stalks — or a coyote?

"Yip-yip-yip!" A different note this time. Another one! Probably the mate of the first. Matt couldn't tell where the sound came from — it filled the air. His heart thumped against his ribs. He was nearly at the edge of the cedar thicket. What was waiting there?

Another wail, from nowhere and everywhere, filled the night. Matt glanced behind him as he entered the half-shadow of the woods. A gray form moved over the snow, following him.

He didn't intend to run. But suddenly his feet were pounding over the snowy path, carrying him around bends in the steep trail, stumbling over frozen chunks of snow. Each time he glanced back he was sure he saw more gray forms loping through the trees. The "yap-yap-yap-yarr!" grew louder every minute.

His breath coming in sobs, Matt at last broke out of the woods. Now the trail led up across the open slope. But there was still the pine woods at the top of the ridge. Not daring to stop or even look back, Matt raced on up the trail.

One coyote wouldn't hurt you — but there must be a whole pack of them behind him. What if he fell down? Sprained his ankle or broke a leg? He could almost see the sharp teeth, the snarling lips!

Matt was nearly at the top of the slope. His feet were lead, and the icy air was a knife in his chest. All at once Matt knew that he wasn't going to run another step.

He stopped. With a last desperate effort he snatched up a chunk of frozen snow, and, not even aiming, flung it at the nearest beast. There was a surprised "Yip!"

Matt's sudden stop took the coyote unaware. It was only a few feet from him, and the hard chunk of snow caught him right on the nose. He backed off, shaking his head.

Matt looked for the rest of the pack. A dozen? Twenty?

His eyes popped in wonder. There were exactly two coyotes — and scruffy looking ones at that! Matt grabbed up a pine cone and threw it at the second coyote. It hit the frozen snow near by and skittered along beside her.

"Get — out of here!" Matt yelled, running at the two of them. Startled, the coyotes turned and melted away like shadows, down across the slope.

Matt was still breathing hard, and he was weak with relief. As he stood there, catching his breath, a shadow passed across the snowy slope — the shadow of the owl, still hunting his supper. But it wasn't so big now. Why was that? All at once a grin spread across Matt's face.

"It was the fog, I guess," he said out loud. "The fog made the owl's shadow look big and scary. Just like two scrawny coyotes seemed like a whole pack, 'cause I was afraid of them."

God hadn't kept the coyotes away. But he had done something far better. He had helped Matt be brave enough to face them, even when he was afraid.

Matt turned and started up the trail through the pines toward the top of the ridge. The precious medicine for little Leah was safe in his pocket, and a new kind of courage was in his heart. ■■

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In a note to the editors, the

author says, "This

story is based

on a true

happening."

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## SHOOTING CROWS

Mose sat nervously in his desk, watching for a chance to pass a note to his best friend, Sammy. Finally the teacher went to the blackboard to help the seventh grade with a problem.

Quickly Mose handed a note across the aisle to Sammy. Sammy took the note and placed it in his workbook. Carefully he opened it so as not to attract any attention.

"I have a big secret. Want to talk to you after school." That was all the note said.

Now Sammy was about bursting with curiosity. To him the last forty-five minutes of school seemed longer than all the rest of the day.

As soon as school was out, Sammy and Mose dashed for the door.

"What's up, Mose?" said Sammy.

"Oh, you couldn't guess. See this," said Mose, as he pulled a pack of cigarets out of his pocket. "Do you think you could get away after supper and meet me at our hide-out down along the creek?"

"Oh, sure. I'll think of something to tell the folks," said Sammy.

After supper Sammy went to the gun rack, got his 22 rifle, and said, "Mom, Mose and I want to shoot crows tonight over along old Munsie creek. It'll probably be after dark before I get back."

"Don't stay too late and do be careful with that gun," said Mom.

"Oh, you know I'm big enough to handle a gun, so just

Family Life



don't you worry about us," boasted Sammy.

Sammy waited for Mose by the big oak tree that guarded the entrance to their hide-out.

When Mose got there and saw Sammy's gun, he said, "Say, Sammy, you sure are a sly old fox. What did you tell your folks you were going to do tonight anyway?"

"Oh, I just said we and you want to shoot crows."

"Say, Sammy, why don't we see if we can't shoot a crow or two before dark? That way if we had a crow to show them we might get away most any night," said Mose.

"Well, let's get going," said Sammy.

After tramping along the creek for half an hour without any luck, they decided to head back to the hide-out. By the time they got back it was pretty dark already.

"Well, give me a cigaret, Mose, and let's see what they taste like," said Sammy.

"I'll go get them. I left them in my coat so I sure wouldn't lose them," said Mose.

As soon as Mose got out of the hide-out into the open where he had left his coat, he yelled, "Hey, Sammy, come here quick."

"What's the matter?" said Sammy.

"Look at the sky. I believe the world's end is coming," said Mose.

"Say, there is something happening. Do you really believe it's the world's end?" asked Sammy, his voice frightened. "I lied to my mom, and too, I don't think I would want to be smoking when the world's end comes."

"I want to go home to Mom," said Mose as he picked up his coat and started down the road.

Sammy also headed for home as fast as he could. When he got there Dad and Mom were sitting on the porch steps watching the sky.

Sammy ran up to his parents and between gasps for breath said, "I'm sorry I lied to you. Mose and me went down to the creek to smoke instead of shoot crows. Then we saw the world's end was coming, so we wanted to make things right."

"We are also sorry that you did wrong," said Dad. "We thought we could trust you and if you are truly sorry, we want to forgive you."

"I learned my lesson," said Sammy. "But do you think it is too late?"

"No, it's not too late, Samuel," said Mom. "Just be thankful for the lesson."

"Here, Sammy," said Dad, "sit down here with us and enjoy the beauty of the northern lights."

- J. B., Kentucky

## ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

### Clown Of The Woods



by David  
Luthy

**BONG... BONG... BONG... BONG,** "the schoolhouse bell rhythmically swang back and forth announcing the end of the noon hour. The pupils stopped their games and left the playground. The door to the schoolhouse was banged open and shut countless times as the students entered.

"Your turn to pump," said Perry Mast to his fellow seventh-grader, Eli Hostetler, as they stood in the entrance room of the schoolhouse.

Eli took a firm hold of the iron pump handle and really made it creak. A fine spray of water escaped from a crack at the top of the pump, making a cool mist on Eli's warm face. The thirsty, panting boys stood in a jagged line waiting to fill their glasses.

The classroom door opened repeatedly as the girls entered. One by one the line of boys shortened and the room became less crowded. Finally only Eli and Perry were left. Eli was the last to get a drink. He loitered a moment afterwards to comb his hair at the mirror beside the coat rack.

"Come on, Eli," said Perry. "Everyone else is sitting down and Teacher has her book out. We don't want to miss any of the story."

The room was quiet when the two boys walked in. A few heads turned as Eli and Perry took their seats, but most eyes were fixed on the teacher's desk expectantly waiting for the noontime story.

"Who can tell us what has happened thus far in the story?" asked Miss Yoder.

A fifth-grader raised her hand.

"Yes, Betty."

"Well, the two hunters Ron and Duff are up in the north woods hunting deer. But they haven't found any yet."

"That's right," said the teacher. "Who can tell us what else has happened?"

Another hand was waving the air.

"Yes, Paul."

"Ron and Duff found their cabin messed up one day and think it was boys from the town out 'Halloweening'."

"How long have the men owned the cabin?" asked Miss Yoder.

Linda Miller raised her hand. "They haven't owned it very long. Just a few months."

"Are they well acquainted with the north woods?" Miss Yoder questioned.

Most of the students shook their heads, No.

"No, they aren't," agreed the teacher. "They live in a

### LIKE THE WIND

The wind played tag across the fields  
And leapfrog all around the lawn.  
He swished across the orchard grass,  
Then climbed a hill—and he was gone.

I never saw the wind at all,  
Yet I am sure he went that way.  
I saw the clouds stir in the sky  
And watched the bluebell clusters sway.

God's Spirit is like that. Because  
I've watched the clouds of fear depart  
And heard the bells of love ring out,  
I know He's living in my heart.

— By Edna Beller

big city and never were deer hunting before."

Miss Yoder sat down and opened the book. She began reading:

"On the following day the rain had stopped. By afternoon Ron and Duff thought it dry enough to resume their tracking of the deer. Remembering the condition they had found the cabin in a few days earlier, they made sure to lock the door behind them. They determined this afternoon to travel east toward Saunders Creek and the forest beyond."

For the next ten minutes Miss Yoder continued reading. The pupils paid close attention. When she reached the paragraph which told of the two men returning to the cabin, the pupils were sitting on the edge of their seats.

"As Ron and Duff approached the cabin, they could not see the usual bright reflection of the sun at that time of day on the cabin window. As they drew closer they could plainly see that the window had been knocked in. Hurriedly they unlocked the cabin door. The sight that met their eyes was similar to the one of a few days previous — furniture overturned, clothing scattered, food spilled. However there was one major difference. This time the culprits had not had time to flee. There they stood boldly staring Ron and Duff in the face."

Miss Yoder paused as if she were going to stop reading for that afternoon. "Oooohh," groaned the pupils. "Don't stop there. Who had they caught inside the cabin?"

The teacher continued reading:

"The intruders stood like a black shadow across one side of the small cabin room. 'Bears,' laughed Duff: 'So, our wrecking crew is bears and not Halloweeners from town.'"

Miss Yoder stopped reading and closed the book. "Guess that is enough story for today. Tomorrow we'll find out how Ron and Duff get the bears out of the cabin."

Eli Hostetler raised his hand. "What kind of a bear is it? Does it show a picture?"

Miss Yoder laughed. "You just want me to open the book again, and then you'll coax me to finish the story today." Then an idea came to her. "I'll tell you what Eli. If I finish the story now, will you agree to give a report on bears Friday afternoon? Just a short report."

Eli hesitated. He didn't like the idea of standing up in front of the school and giving a report — even a short one. But when he saw all the encouraging smiles and nods which his classmates gave him, he agreed to the proposition. "Okay," he said and relaxed in his seat to hear the ending

of the story.

Friday afternoon couldn't come fast enough for Eli Hostetler. He wanted to get the report over with as soon as possible. He didn't like thinking about it all week; it seemed each day he became more nervous. But when Friday afternoon finally did arrive, Eli was surprised to find how smoothly everything went. Of course Miss Yoder helped him out some by asking the pupils to take turns asking questions about bears. That way Eli didn't have to do all the talking and his voice didn't sound so lonely in the large room.

Eli called his report "Clown of the Woods." His good friend Perry Mast was quick to raise his hand and ask him why he had named it that. "Because," said Eli, "I wrote mainly about black bears and they do funny things like a clown. They stand on their heads, dance, roll over and over, and even sit down and beg food with a paw stuck out like a person would."

"How big are they?" asked Linda Miller.

Eli glanced at his paper. "When a black bear is born it is seven to nine inches long and weighs only half a pound."

There were sighs of amazement from many students.

Eli continued. "They grow very rapidly and are full size by two years old. Most weigh between 200 and 350 pounds. They are small compared to the grizzly which can weigh as much as 1,000 pounds."

"I thought all bears weighed more than 200 pounds," said Robert Yoder. "The ones I saw once in the zoo sure looked bigger than that."

"They look bigger," agreed Eli, "But the WORLD BOOK says they aren't. It's their shaggy hair which makes them look heavier."

"What do black bears eat?" questioned a fifth-grader.

"Small animals and fish and ..." Eli glanced at his sheet of paper. "And berries, fruit, nuts and honey." Looking up from the paper he added, "They steal the honey out of the beehives in dead trees."

"Don't the bees sting them?" wondered Susie Mast.

"No, the thick fur protects the bear," answered Eli.

"Don't forget one other place they steal from," reminded Miss Yoder.

Eli thought for a second. "Oh, yeah, they sometimes are hungry and smell good food inside a hunter's tent or cabin like in the story we read. Then they break in and eat the bacon or hamburger or pancake syrup. Probably other food, too."

The students asked more questions, and Eli did his best to answer them. One little girl received quite a surprise when she said, "If I saw a bear in the woods, I would climb a small tree."

Eli retorted, "And the bear would climb right up there after you."

Everyone laughed. Eli had said it with such force.

"A black bear," he continued, "has sharp claws and can climb a tree very swiftly. Larger bears can't do it very well, but the black bear can."

"Are there many black bears in the United States?" asked Perry.

"That's the most common bear," replied Eli. "The WORLD BOOK says there are 78,000 black bears in the U.S. Most of them are in the forests of the national parks. And every zoo has a black bear; it's the most common one."

"How long do they live?" asked an eighth-grader.

"Fifteen to twenty-five years."

"Is that the same for all bears, not just the black bears?" asked Mary Schrock.

Eli shook his head. "I don't know." He looked toward





the back of the classroom where Miss Yoder was sitting.

"I think that's probably true for all bears," she commented. "But I don't really know for sure. Why don't we have someone else do some studying in the WORLD BOOK and have a continued report on bears next Friday. Eli did a very good job of telling us about the black bear. Maybe someone can tell us next week about the grizzly, the polar, and the brown bear." She glanced at Perry Mast. "Think you could do it, Perry?" she asked. He shook his head, No, no. But she smiled and said, "Oh, I think you can. I am sure Eli will be glad to show you where the article is in the WORLD BOOK."

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## Grandfather's Reading Lesson

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# Ben Franklin And The Wharf

- by Nathaniel Hawthorne

In the year 1716, or about that time, a boy used to be seen on the streets of Boston who was known among his companions as Ben Franklin.

Ben was now about ten years old. He was a bright boy at his books and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. There was something about the lad that always seemed to give him the lead among his companions.

I might tell you many amusing stories about him. No doubt you have read the famous story of Ben and his whistle, and how he gave a whole pocketful of pennies for one. Afterward he found that he had paid too much for his whistle, and was very sorry for his bargain.

But Ben had grown to be a large boy since those days, and had become much wiser. His mistakes always taught him some valuable lesson.

Ben was now at work in his father's shop, and busy as his life was, he still found time for out-of-door sports. Ben and his companions were very fond of fishing, and they spent many hours on the margin of a pond near the outskirts of the town.

The place where they fished was a marshy spot where sea gulls flitted overhead and salt meadow grass grew under foot. On the edge of the water there was a bed of wet clay in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand."

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to endure a hardship without trying to find a remedy for it.

"Boys," said Ben, as he and his comrades were walking home, "I have thought of a plan which will be for our benefit, and for the public benefit."

His companions were always ready to listen to anything Ben might propose. They remembered how he had sailed across the mill pond by holding on to his kite string as he lay flat on his back in the water. A boy who could do that might do almost anything.

"What is your plan, Ben? What is it?" they all cried.

It so happened that they had now come to the spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered about

were a great many large stones which were to be used in the building. Ben mounted the highest of these stones so that he might be heard by all.

"I propose, boys," said Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf to aid us in our fishing. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the foundation of a house, but that will be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to carry these stones to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them."

"The stones will then be of great help to us and also to the boats passing up and down the stream. You see the wharf will be of use to many people. The house will benefit only one man. What do you say, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted all the boys. "Let's set about it at once."

Not one of them asked, "Is it right to build a wharf with stones that belong to another person?" They all agreed to be on the spot that evening and commence their work by moonlight. At the time set, the whole gang of young laborers met and began to remove the heap of stones.

The stones proved heavy and the work harder than they expected. Ben, of course, was the leader, and the boys cheerfully followed his directions. He showed them how to carry the stones.

After an hour or two of hard work the stones were carried to the water side, and it was Ben Franklin who planned the building of the wharf. Finally, just as the moon sunk below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. Tomorrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, the masons came to begin work on the new house. But where were their stones? What had become of them?

"The stones must have flown away through the air while we were asleep," said one of the men.

"More likely they were stolen," said another workman.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason said nothing at first. But looking carefully on the ground, he noticed tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. He soon saw that the tracks formed a beaten path toward the water's edge.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys, have stolen our stones to build a wharf with."

The masons went to look at the new wharf. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly had it been planned and finished.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their business," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself!"

But the master mason did not enjoy the joke. "The boys must be arrested," he said. "Go, call an officer."

If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. The gentleman had great respect for Ben's father, and he was

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\* A wharf (wərf) is a structure built of wood or stone for a boat to tie to.

fond of boys. And so he let them off quite easily.

But the poor boys had to go through another trial, for their fathers soon learned what they had done. Many a cod, I grieve to say, was well worn on that unlucky night. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapproval.

"Come here, Ben," said his father. "How could you take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head, "if it had been for my own benefit I never should have dreamed of it. I thought the wharf would be of use to others, while a house would be of use only to the owner of the stones."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, "you did very wrong to build a wharf with stones that did not belong to you. There is no more terrible mistake than to think that good will come from a wrong act. Remember, my son, that evil can bring about only evil; good can come only through right doing."

"I will never forget it again," said the lad, bowing his head. And to the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father. - Brooks' Reader,

1907



## I AM JOSEPH YOUR BROTHER

The sons of Jacob were thankful that at last their father had given them permission to return to Egypt with Benjamin. They took a double amount of money, and with a present for the ruler, started off.

When they arrived in Egypt, they came before Joseph, once again bowing to the ground. At a glance Joseph saw that Benjamin was with them. He turned to his chief servant. "Take these men to my house and prepare a great feast for them," Joseph ordered. "They shall eat with me today."

The servant hastened to obey. He led the brothers to Joseph's house. They glanced around in fear when they saw where they were. Why were they being taken to the stern ruler's house? Surely he was planning to punish them because of the money that had been in their sacks.

The brothers nervously decided they should explain to Joseph's steward what had happened, and how they had found the money in their sacks of grain.

"Oh, sir," they said as they approached the steward. "We came down the first time to buy food, and it was not until we were returning home that we stopped to rest and found the money in our bags. We have no idea how it got there, and this time we have brought double money."

"Don't worry about it at all," the steward said kindly. "Your God and the God of your father has given you treasure in your sacks. I had your money."

The kind answer surprised the brothers. And they were still more encouraged when Simeon was brought out to them, alive and well.

The brothers found themselves treated as honored guests. The steward did everything he could for them - put their asses away and fed them, and brought water for the brothers to wash their tired and dusty feet.

"We're going to eat here," the brothers said to each other, hardly able to believe it. "We are to be guests of

the great ruler of Egypt."

At noon Joseph came. The brothers had their present ready, and gave it to him, bowing themselves humbly to the very ground.

Joseph accepted the gift, asked them how they were, then said, "Is your father well, the old man you mentioned the other time you were here? Is he still alive?"

"Our father is alive and well." Again the brothers bowed.

Noticing Benjamin, Joseph said, "Is this your younger brother, the one you also mentioned on your other journey here?"

"Yes."

With great feeling, Joseph said, "God be gracious to you, my son." Joseph longed to throw his arms around his brother to kiss him and embrace him, but he was not yet ready to let the brothers know who he was. He had one more test for them.

Not wanting to break down and weep in the presence of his brothers, Joseph turned and hurried to his own room, where he could weep freely. As soon as he could control his emotions, Joseph washed the tears from his face and went out to eat with his guests.

Since the Egyptians would not eat with the Hebrews, Joseph sat at a table by himself. At another table the servants ate, and the eleven sons of Jacob ate at the third table. Joseph seated the brothers according to their ages, Reuben first, for he was the oldest, then Simeon, and Levi, and right on down to Benjamin, the youngest.

In wonder the brothers looked at each other. How could this Egyptian ruler possibly know their ages? It was all very puzzling.

From where he sat at his table, Joseph sent dishes of food to his brothers. He sent plenty of food to all of them, but to Benjamin he sent five times as much of everything. He wanted to see if the brothers were as unfriendly and jealous of Benjamin as they had once been of him. But the brothers did not seem to be angry with Benjamin. All of them were talking happily, enjoying the food, relieved in the sudden kindness of the ruler.

But Joseph had still one more test for his brothers. He commanded his steward to put his silver cup into the grain sack of Benjamin.

Early in the morning the brothers saddled their asses, loaded the sacks of grain, and started back to the land of Canaan. They were rejoicing as they went. The ruler had not been stern this time. Simeon was out of prison. Their bags were bulging with food for their wives and children, and best of all, Benjamin was safe.

They were well out of the city, when a sudden cloud of dust sprang up behind them. It seemed to be moving, and as they watched it curiously, it drew nearer and nearer. The faint sound of shouts carried to their ears.

The rider overtook them. It was Joseph's steward.

The brothers' gladness turned to cold fear. What could this man want?

The steward spoke sternly. "Why did you return evil for good?" he demanded, "Why did you take the King's silver cup?"

"No. Oh, no," the brothers gasped in one voice. "We would never do such a thing. We are honest men. Didn't we bring back the money we found in our sacks the other time? Why then would we steal from your master's house, either silver or gold? Search our sacks and if you find the cup, the guilty one shall die and the rest of us will be your servants."

The brothers were very certain that none of them had stolen the silver cup.



"No," said the steward. "You won't all have to suffer if the cup is found. Only the one with whom the cup is found shall be my servant; the rest of you will be free."

The eleven sons of Jacob jumped from their asses and undid the sacks of grain and set them on the ground. They stood calm and straight as the steward began his search. Starting at the oldest, the steward searched Reuben's sack first. The cup was not there. He looked in Simeon's sack. It wasn't there either. Then Levi's. No silver cup.

But the steward did not give up. He searched the sack of each brother in turn. Finally there was only Benjamin's to go. Already the older brothers had their sacks tied and loaded again, and were waiting impatiently for the foolish search to end so they could continue their journey.

There was a startled little cry. The steward held up his hand. His fingers gripped the stolen cup.

The brothers stared in disbelief. It was not possible — not — not in Benjamin's sack! Eleven brothers tore their clothes in grief and despair.

In the city Joseph waited uneasily. Would his brothers fail the last test? Would they go on home and let Benjamin return alone to be a slave in Egypt?

The steward led the solemn line of grim men back to the city. He had told them they could all go except Benjamin, but the brothers would hear nothing of it.

The brothers fell down before Joseph.

"What is this that you have done?" Joseph demanded, his voice harsh, accusing. "Didn't you know that such a man as I am could surely punish you for your sin?"

The brothers lifted their stricken faces, but only Judah spoke. "We don't know what to say. We will all be your servants." His voice trembled with anguish.

"No," said Joseph firmly. "I would not be so unjust. Only the one with whom the cup was found need be my servant. The rest of you may get up and return in peace to your father."

Slowly Judah crept forward, his face upturned, his hands outstretched imploringly. "Oh, my lord," Judah said beseechingly, "let me speak a word. Please don't be angry with me for being so bold, for I know that you are as great as Pharaoh. My father is an old man, and for a long while he would not let his youngest son leave him. Already he has lost one son, and if Benjamin too be taken from him, his sorrow will be so great that he will die. I cannot return home without the lad and see the evil that will come upon my father. Let me stay and be your servant, — only let Benjamin return."

Great tears welled up in Joseph's eyes. How much his brothers had changed. Could this be the same Judah who twenty years before had held out his hands to take the twenty pieces of silver?

Joseph knew that he was about to break down and weep, and he did not want his servants to be in the room. Quickly he ordered all the servants to leave, and Joseph was left alone with his eleven brothers.

Joseph lifted up his voice and wept. "I am Joseph, your brother," he said. "Does my father yet live?"

For a moment the brothers were stunned, not understanding. Then fear crept into their faces. Joseph? Joseph? This ruler the brother they had sold into slavery? Surely he meant to kill them all in revenge. The brothers huddled in silent misery, too terrified to speak.

Understanding their fear, Joseph said, "Come near me."

The brothers moved closer, like men walking in their sleep.

"I am Joseph your brother, whom you sold into Egypt, But don't be angry with yourselves; though you meant it for

evil, God turned it out for good. God has sent me before you to preserve life. Only two years of the famine have passed yet; there are still five to go. Hurry back to my father and say, 'God has made me ruler over all Egypt. Come down right away.' All of you can live in Goshen, the best part of Egypt, so you will be near me and I will see that you have plenty of food."

Then Joseph put his arms around his brother Benjamin and the two wept together after the long years of separation. Then Joseph kissed each of his other brothers, too, and wept with them. They talked together.

The news that Joseph's brethren had come was carried to Pharaoh. Pharaoh was glad for Joseph's sake, and said that Joseph's father and brothers were welcome to move to Egypt where they would have food.

Joseph gave presents to all his brothers, and sent rich gifts to Jacob, his father. He sent wagons with the brothers for their wives and children to ride back on when they returned to Egypt.

It was a happy group that journeyed back to Canaan. With them were the twenty asses laden with food, and the wagon filled with gifts that Joseph was sending to his father.

They carried the good news to Jacob. "Joseph is still alive," they told him, "and he is ruler over all of Egypt."

The old man shook his gray head. He did not believe it.

"But it is true," the brothers insisted. They told him everything that had happened, and all that Joseph had said. And last of all they showed him the asses laden with gifts and the wagons that Joseph had sent for them to ride back on.

A gleam crept over Jacob's face and his eyes shone. "It is enough," he said. "I will believe it. Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die." — E.S.

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#### HOW WELL DID YOU UNDERSTAND?

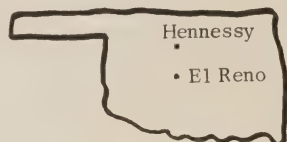
- ? ?  
? ?  
? ?  
? 1. Did Joseph speak harshly to his brothers when they ?  
? arrived the second time in Egypt? ?  
? 2. When the brothers tried to return the money they ?  
? had found in their grain sacks, would Joseph's ?  
? steward accept it? ?  
? 3. In what order were the brothers seated at the table? ?  
? 4. Which one of the brothers received five times as ?  
? much food as the others? ?  
? 5. When the steward overtook the brothers as they ?  
? were going home, what did he say had been stolen ?  
? from his master's house? ?  
? 6. Did the brothers think any of them might have ?  
? taken it? ?  
? 7. When it was found in Benjamin's sack, did the ?  
? others go home and let Benjamin return alone to be ?  
? Joseph's slave? ?  
? 8. What unselfish thing did Judah offer to do that ?  
? showed he had changed since the time he helped ?  
? sell Joseph? ?  
? 9. Why were the brothers more afraid than ever when ?  
? they learned Joseph was their brother? ?  
? 10. Could Jacob believe it at first when he was told ?  
? Joseph was still alive? ?

? ANSWERS: 1. No 2. No According to their ages ?  
? 4. Benjamin 5. Silver cup 6. No 7. No 8. To be ?  
? Joseph's slave in Benjamin's place 9. They feared ?  
? Joseph would punish them for having sold him 10. No ?  
? ???

## Some Amish Look at the

## SOUTHWEST

by Joseph Stoll



In 1893 John E. Borntrreger was no longer a young man — he was fifty-six and the father of several grown sons. These sons were finding it difficult to get a start in farming, as were a lot of other young Amishmen in Indiana during the Cleveland Depression of the early 1890's.

"Go west, young man, go west!" was the cry of the day. The Amish joined the general push westward for free homesteads and cheap land. There were already settlements in Kansas and Nebraska.

John Borntrreger was an Amish minister and writer of near Middlebury, Indiana, well-known and respected among the churches. Two of his brothers had moved to Kansas, and his sons were now also interested in a westward move; so John decided it would be worth his time to investigate Texas and Oklahoma. We can be thankful to him that he kept a careful trip record of his findings.

On the front page of his trip diary John drew up an outline of why he and several others were going to the Southwest, and what they hoped to find. He wrote:

"My intention is to make a journey with my son Eli and Fernandis (his son-in-law Fernandis Miller) and David Miller (also a son-in-law) to Texas and Oklahoma. We want to see where land is good and cheap.

"We want to see if they got government land — to see a whole township, the price of raw prairie, the price of improved land.

"What kind of grain they raise; also the price of grain and bushels. What kind of fruit and prices for potatoes, cabbage, onions.

"How long the winter, how cold, how hot in summer, hot winds.

"Insects: flies, chinch bugs, grasshoppers, fruit insects, Also snakes.

"If horses are plenty and how they sell. Also what cattle and sheep and hogs are worth; what kinds of wagons and what price; also what kinds of buggies and price; plows, drags, and drills.

"We want to see what coal costs and wood. If they have Texas thistle and sandburrs. What lumber and shingles cost. Also price of binders and mowers.

"We are not intending to buy this time — only to see the different places, to compare them and then make our selections.

"We want to see the looks of Clay and Wichita and Archer in Texas, what kind of diseases among people and cattle. We want to stop in Oklahoma at El Reno and Okarche or Kingfisher and Hennessey."

On Dec. 4, 1893 John Borntrreger started alone for Chicago. His son Eli and his two sons-in-law were to follow and join him in Chicago as soon as he had made the

necessary arrangements with the real estate salesmen, who were to make the trip with them and show them the lands for sale.

John was not feeling very well when he left home, and wrote in his diary: "I felt feverish." The next morning he wrote:

"This morning I felt better. Then I went in the Rock Island Co. agent office to John C. Bonnell, and had a conversation with him of our going to Texas. But they was not ready to go along. Then he sent a telegram to Goshen to tell the boys not to come... Then I took the 10:20 train and went for Goshen. At Goshen I met the boys then we went on the sled to Williams. There we took the train and got home at sundown. John C. Bonnell will make arrangements for us to go to Texas some other time."

### On the Way At Last

On the day after Christmas, John Borntrreger was once more ready to start for Chicago and from there for Texas. But his son and sons-in-law were not along. Instead, his brother Eli Borntrreger (a bishop) and Isaac A. Borntrreger accompanied him. The railroad company had agreed to furnish free transportation for the three men, to Texas and return.

At Chicago Dr. D. S. Bill, the railroad agent, joined the three men, and they boarded the train at six o'clock in the evening. The next afternoon they arrived at McFarland, Kansas, where they met F. M. Hamilton, the Texas land agent, and E. W. Dow. Mr. Hamilton had planned to go along to Texas, but for some reason he could not go, and Mr. Dow was to take his place and show the group the Texas land.

John Borntrreger's diary entries for the following days are a detailed account:

"December 18, Thursday: We left McFarland at 3 P. M. yesterday. Arrived at Bowie, Texas at 5:45 A. M. this morning. We had a safe and good trip. Then Dow took us in the National Hotel; we washed ourselves and then took our breakfast. The land agent Thomas Schibby of Wichita Falls also met us here. We will go with him today.

"I wrote a postal card here for my family. Then we and Tom Schibby took a walk out of town to take a view over the country, which is very rolling and a yellow sand with numerous native groves of black jack. We seen the cotton mill press; they had 430 bales of cotton, of 425 lbs. each. Then we went back to the hotel again. At half past twelve went to the Ft. Worth and Denver depot and got us one-

Family Life



half fare tickets to Wichita Falls for \$1.40.

"Bowie is a town of a great many brick and stone buildings, with very wide streets. The town is not laying square with the world.

"This morning the mercury stood at 50<sup>o</sup>, warm. At noon it is very warm. We left Bowie at 1:15 P.M. At Henrietta a lot of Negroes came on the train ... We arrived at Wichita Falls at 2:45 P.M. Here a two-seated buggy was ready and Tom Schibby took us west through the city to a view over it. Then he took us northeast five miles on the Knot farm of about 5000 acres, most of it lays beautiful level. Then we went back to the Mansion Hotel for night lodging."

29th. December: "This is a cloudy and cool morning. For supper, bed, and breakfast — 75¢. Then a 3-seated buggy came and took us northeast of town two miles to J. W. Phillips, and talked with him and viewed over his beautiful farm. He raises all kinds of grain. I took a handful of his corn soil, a red loam.

"Then we went north 10 miles and 5 miles west, over high nice rolling prairie, over one stock farm of 35,000 acres. We got to E. Rexford farm, he got 800 acres. We took a view over his beautiful fresh growing orchard of 12 acres. He got one peach tree, limbs stretch on both sides from tip to tip, 32 ft. 10 inches. Then we went back to Wichita Falls over a very level prairie ... but no land for sale in this country. Wheat 50¢ a bus. Wheat produces from 15 to 30 bus. to the acre.

"We took the train for Dundee and left at 3:10 P.M. without pay nor ticket. A distance of 27 miles, mostly nice and level land. No land for sale along the road, but we seen a great many little prairie dogs, also some antelopes. We arrived at Dundee at 4:45 P.M. E.W.Dow accompanied us.

"Here we met Sam Bellah's assistant manager of Western Industrial Co. He is the overseer of 190,000 acres of land of this company. Then we went with him in his hotel and got our supper, then told him what we have come for. They told us that they have sold very much of their land, but have got many thousands of acres left, from 4 to 10 dollars an acre."

30th. December: "This is a cold, north-windy morning — about freezing. Questions answered: no government land; no solid township, and several thousands of acres in a body at different places in Archer and Baylor Counties. Raw prairie from 4 to 10 dollars an acre. Improved land is not for sale, unless three sections south of Dundee three miles, very beautiful; no buildings, it can be had at 10 dollars an acre, after they take off one summer crop.

"They raise all kinds of grain, all kinds of vegetables, all kinds of fruit, anything we can raise in Indiana ... Small fruit orchards are planted, but none bearing. As a general rule winter don't freeze to prevent plowing. They also have warm winds. They have potato bugs. They don't know of any chink bugs. They have house flies, small grasshoppers, also some snakes.

"Horses are plenty, but small, about 1000 to 1200 lbs. Price \$60 to \$75. Price of cattle \$16 to \$20; hogs \$4.50 to \$5.50. Jersey cows \$75. Wagons about 6 inches wider — price \$50 to \$75. New steel plows \$14, spike tooth drags, drills; Coal \$6 a ton. They burn Masquellie wood and roots. Texas thistles, but no sandburrs. Building lumber an average of \$18. Price of shingles \$2 to \$4.50. Binders — \$150; mowers ... We haven't heard of any sick person or beast.

"Today Mr. Sam Bellah got 2 buggies and took us south

4 miles to see raw prairie land, 6 sections nearly all laying as level as a floor but with very little grass, some red soil and some dark, and hundreds of prairie dogs.

"Dec. 31: Last day of the year. The sun rose at 20 min. to 8. This is a cold, frosty, clear and calm morning. We three and Mr. Dow took a walk one mile south of town to O Harrold to see his stock and farm; 640 acres. It is good for farming and stock raising. He wants to sell it. Buildings on the north east corner.

"Then we went on the adjoining farm east to John Stenzels, a German, and had a good chat with him. He lives there about 4 years and likes it very well. Then we went back in town to the Hotel again.

"Monday, New Year of 1894: We got up at 7 o'clock, mercury at freezing, a cool nice morning. We will go southwest about 18 miles, strait south of Bellah to see the country. We went along the R.R. about 6 miles, then we went south 3 miles through a nice, level, unsettled scope of land where we crossed the small Wichita River, which lays about 150 feet lower than the upper prairie. We seen 3 prairie wolfs.

"Then went south 1 mile then west 1 mile, then we got on the large scope of land which is for sale, 5 or 6 very nice sections, 4 to 8 dollars an acre, then we went in a branch bottom and made fire and cooked coffee, and took dinner, in sec. 215 — then went a mile west sec. 214, then north east in sec. 211 — 204 — 2 - 5 - 198 in Pleasant Valley. There we came to Sam Bellah's farm, along west and north then to the city of Bellah. Bellah is a city of 4 houses, 1 hotel, 1 grocery store with post office and 2 dwelling houses, laying on a butifull piece of land, surrounded by a very nice unsettled country, 10 dollars an acre, over 6000 acres. Pain Bellah has showed us these lands, he is manager of these lands, making contracts, etc. Bellah says: If a number of families come together, a reduction will be made in the price of lands. Also he will get special R.R. rates from our beginning to our terminus — by writing to him.

Then we went to Dundee again at sunset, at 5:40 P.M. This was a nice comfortable day, a middlin strong wind from the south west.

Jan. 2: Tuesday, a cool cloudy morning. No rain since we are here. Roads are very nice. People are plowing for corn and oats. They sow oats in Feb. and plant corn in March. Cabbage on new ground don't head out much. Potatoes are doing well. Butter 20¢ lb. They retail potatoes at \$1.60. We settled in the Bellah Hotel for 10 meals and 4 bed, at 25¢ each — \$3.50.

2 hotels in Dundee, 9 business houses, 10 dwellings. We left Dundee at 9:55 A.M. Arrived Falls, 12:25 P.M. We went in the St. James Hotel and took dinner with Lorin Hamilton. This is a town of about 3500 people. We left the Falls at 12:55. Arrived Bowie at 3 P.M. Lorin Hamilton from W. Falls went with us to Bowie. Here we were in the National Hotel, where Lorin Hamilton got supper for us, not costing us anything — I also went in some stores, pricing goods. It was a nice, dry warm day. I also met Mr. Brown, the land agent. Then went with E.W.Dow and L. Hamilton to the Ft. Worth and Denver depot and gave them goodby. They went back to Wichita Falls. Then we went to the Rock Island depot to take the train for El Reno, Oklahoma. We left Bowie at 10:55 P.M.

Jan. 3: We arrived at El Reno at 3:52 A.M. We went in the depot and stayed there till 7:00 and slept a few hours. Then went north in the city. The center of town is about 1

mile north of the depot. There are a great many 2 story brick buildings in town. It lays on a almost perfect level land.

We went in the Waring and Hardy Restaurant and got our breakfast, 25¢. Then we went in the D. W. Talbot law office and met J. F. Farmin and told him what we are after, that we want to see good and cheap land and its prices. Then he told us the circumstances of their country and prices and promised to get a double rig and take us in the country free of charge.

El Reno is a city of 4000 population. J. F. Farmin took us northwest to Ft. Reno 4 miles. Here is a government army of 1000 men, and 1000 horses and mules. Very nice and butiful build, on a high and level piece of land, on government land 6 miles east and west and 7 miles north and south.

On the west side of the northern part of said land comes a number of sections of Indian reservations, given to them by the government. South and southwest and west of this lays as butifull a country as can be wished for, half of what we seen perfectly level, all taken up by farmers, and more or less improvements made. All lands filed on according to government rule in the year of 1892. A good many of these have already sold their claims to the second party, and about 20 to 30 more  $\frac{1}{4}$  sections are for sale, for from 4 to 12 dollars an acre. J. F. Farmin said so.

When buying these lands he will have to file on them the same as the first one had to do — lands bought this way must either be all cash, or from 6 to 12 per cent interest.

After we left Ft. Reno, we went northwest about 7 miles, over level lands, almost to the north Canadian River. Splendid prairie grass all over the prairie — Hundreds of acres could be mowed yet, the sections along the river are very sandy —

Then we went south a few miles and west to Robert Crowley and fed the horses. Here we been 10 miles west of El Reno, then we went south, we had the rolling land to the right and level to the left, till we got to the south line of the government land of Ft. Reno. Then went east on that line about 9 miles to El Reno, got there after sundown — then we went in the Gaddo Hotel and stayed all night — for supper and bed, cost 75¢.

## *The Wonderful World*

Great wide beautiful, wonderful world  
With the wonderful water around you curled  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast --  
O world, you are so beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the trees;  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills  
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly earth, how far do you go  
With the wheatfields that nod and the rivers that flow  
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small  
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;  
And yet when I said my prayers today  
A whisper inside me seemed to say —

"You are more than the earth though you're such a dot;  
You can love and think but the world can not."

- Selected

January 4: We got up at 3:00 and went to the Depot. But the train was 2 hrs. and 45 min. late. We want to go to Okarche and Kingfisher. Half past 5 A. M., while bing in depot, we met George D. Orport, vice president of a bank in El Reno, who wants us to stop at North Enid. He will go with us and show us the land there on the strip, we have now decided to stop there —

We left El Reno at 6:32. We arrived North Enid at 7:15, then we went in the boarding house and got our breakfast — 25¢. Then G. D. Orport took us in the bank and introduced us to different men. Then he got a team and took us in the country 4 miles east and 1 mile north, then west and round to town. Then we went in a tent dining room and got our dinner — 25¢.

In the afternoon G. D. Orport took us 4 miles west of town through a very rolling country and sandy, then we went west, then we went south where the land is more level and good roads. These lands have all been homesteaded on Sept. 10, 1893 (or 1892?) — some of them can be bought by filing again — Not known yet at what price.

Then we came in South Enid, which is a town  $3\frac{1}{2}$  month old, it is about 1 mile long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile wide, with a 5 acre piece bare in center of town.

Then we went back to North Enid again. We got our supper 25¢, and then decided to go back to Hennessey, Oklahoma. Then we went to the R. R. We left at 10:28 P. M.

When we got to Hennessey, Mr. James J. McLean met us at the station and took us to the Metropolitan Hotel, W. J. Baird Prop.

Jan. 5: This is a damp foggy morning. This is a town of about 1800 inhabitants, situated on a level solid sandy loam. Then we went in McLean's office — He ordered a rig to take us in the country. We want to see how farmers are progressing in this country. This country was opened  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years ago. This country is adapted especially for wheat, oats, barley, rye, sweet and Irish potatoes, clover and alfalfa — wheat has averaged 22 bu. to an acre, some as high as 32 bu., sells at 43¢ a bu. Coal cost \$6.50 a ton. Wood furnished at \$1.75 to \$2.00 a cord.

We went northwest 3 miles, some very rough sandy land. Peaches grow very well. We came round northeast through as nice piece of land as we have seen:  $\frac{1}{4}$  section — \$4000. We went back in the hotel again and took dinner. Then we went east of town 5 miles, 1 mile north, then 3 miles south and west and back in town and paid our bill — \$1.00. Then we went in J. J. McLean's office and I wrote a letter for my family. They hold land here at \$1500 to \$8000 on a quarter section, good young orchards. I went in the bakery and got pies and 2 balls — 17¢. Then we went to the depot to take the train for Wichita, Kans. We left at 6:36 P. M., arrived Wichita at 10:50 P. M. Then got on the hack and went to an hotel at the Missouri and Pacific depot. for hack fare — 25¢; for bed and breakfast — 50¢, single ticket to Haven — 97¢.

Jan. 6: Saturday, we left Wichita at 7:25 A. M., arrived Haven at 9:10 A. M. This is a cold morning at zero, sunshine. Then I and Eli started for brother Daniels — we found them all well. Then in evening Tobe D. Yoders and Jerry D. Yoders and V. D. Yoders and Dan J. Borntragers came there, and we had an enjoying evening hour.

Jan. 7, Sunday: Daniels took us to the meeting in the Center church, at David Yoders, where we seen many acquaintances — I made the beginning, Jonas D. Borntreger read Scripture, the balance was conducted by brother Eli.

Then Daniels took us to brother Christians. They are well.

Family Life



Jan. 8: Seven men and a few women came there to see us; we had a pleasant time. Also showing them where we been in the south, and how lands can be purchased. We been here till afternoon, then we went to Jac. Hostetlers, then to Daniel and John Nisleys. Then good many others came there, we stayed all night.

Jan. 9: This morning I walked to brother Daniels, there is meeting to be there; meeting commenced at 12:20 P.M. I opened services, Jonas D. Borntrager read the Scriptures, (John 14); Eli conducted service. It closed at 3:30 — then we bid good-by to the whole church, then Daniel took us to Haven to take the train. We met Isaac and Tillie Lambrich. A ticket to Wichita — 97¢. Arrived at 7 P.M. Then we walked 1 mile across town to the Rock Island depot; we have to wait 4 hours. Here we met John Bonnell, D.S. Bill, R. R. Randall, and Whitley and F. M. Boswell of Butler Co. This town's streets are the most butiful I ever seen, with brick and cement. We left Wichita at 11 P.M. We arrived Kansas City on Jan. 10, at 7:30 A.M. Here we had to wait  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour. We been in the Union depot.

On our journey to here we held council concerning our journey. We have decided that it is better for us and our people to move south than to go north, either to Nebraska or Dakota, for this reason: All kinds of grain, potatoes, cotton, trucks (spelled trugs) and all kinds of fruit is raised. Also the winters are short, very little fuel and feed is needed. Also the climate is mild and healthy. Nebraska is reported to have almost no rain in the west half of the state for a number of years.

North Dakota is good to raise small grain, but no corn and no fruit. And the winters are so long and cold, much feed and fuel is needed. "

11th January: "We left Rock Island at 13:20 A.M., arrived Chicago at 7:15 A.M. .. got our tickets to Goshen; we left at 10:30 A.M., arrived Goshen at 1:53. Here we met Jac. Mishler and Will Kauffman." I got a ticket for Oak Siding — 40¢. When we came to Middlebury, my son Eli was there, then I went with him. He took me home.

"I found my family all well, but my horse Bill was dead and buried. Two weeks and three days from home. Car fare on this trip was \$10.64. (The railroad paid the rest.) Meals and rooms — \$8.12."

#### To See It Again

John Borntrager was quite enthusiastic about the Texas and Oklahoma lands and during the summer of 1894, this enthusiasm spread throughout the Amish settlement in Northern Indiana. It was carried by John's son, Joe (a lad of 21) to the colony in Newton County, Indiana, where Joe worked for the summer, and by letter and word of mouth to other Amish districts in the Midwest.

By October John Borntrager was ready for a second trip to Texas and Oklahoma. The first cold winds of winter made the southwest look even better. Accompanying John this time was one of the other men who had made the trip with him the previous winter — Isaac Borntrager — and a new man, Moses T. Yoder. But this was not the whole group. At Chicago five men from Newton County, Indiana and from Illinois joined the part — John T. Yoder, B. Y. Miller, Isaac Chupp, Sam D. Yoder, and Dan Ties (Tice). Two land agents, D.S. Bill and John Linderholm, were to go along as guides.

On the journey south the group made brief stops at Hennessy and El Reno, Oklahoma, and then headed on south

through Fort Worth, Texas to the coast port of Galveston. At Galveston John wrote in his diary,

"Then we went to the warf to see the steamboats; we went on one about 30 ft. above the water; the Niggers are filling it with cotton. The boat is about 400 ft. long, about 36 ft. wide. They will put in 8000 bales of cotton, each 500 lbs, to send to Liverpool, England. Then went in a passenger boat that had just come in from New York; the Niggers was unloading it."

The following day John wrote, "We went 53 miles to Chester, the town consists of one signpost." (Note: Chester, Texas had a 1960 population of 700.)

The group toured the same areas the three-man delegation had visited ten months earlier, and John Borntrager's diary comments are much the same, though perhaps less detailed. The investigation tour completed, the tired men headed northward on Saturday evening, October 21, intending to spend Sunday with relatives and friends in the Amish district near Haven, Kansas.

The men arrived in Wichita early Sunday morning, and at once hurried to change depots to catch a morning train on the Missouri and Pacific for Haven. They knew they would have to make pretty good connections in order to arrive in Haven in time for church services.

After a sleepless night, the men didn't appreciate what happened next. It was one of those things that appears humorous after it is past, but at the time was quite disappointing. This is how John Borntrager related it:

"... but no passenger train went. Then after some time a freight train passed; after it had passed 15 rods they told us to run and get on it. Then we all run. I overtook it before it reached the bridge, but the others could not do it and stopped. I tried to stop the train, but could not do it. At that time the train went so fast that I did not dare to get off. This was some after 7 A.M. Oh, I felt awful bad about it. My fare — 97¢. I arrived at Haven at 9 A.M.

"Then I walked to Brother Daniels; he and Barbra been at meeting at David V. Yoder. John Nisley was preaching when I got there. Bench Troyer read the Scripture, Eli Nisley conducted service. ... I met my brothers and many friends."

There is no explanation in John's diary what the other seven men in the party did after they had missed the freight. It is quite likely they started home, perhaps a little peeved that they had been outrun by a man much older than most of them were.

John started for home, traveling alone, and arrived Tuesday evening. His only comment, "I arrived home after sundown with good health. I had 22 cents left."

. . . . .

Did John E. Borntrager or any of his children ever move to Texas? No, they did not, even though it was John's opinion that the southwest was a better choice than Nebraska or North Dakota.

Within two years after the second tour of Texas and Oklahoma, John's son, Eli J. Borntrager (then a minister, later a widely-known bishop) moved with his family to Rolette County, North Dakota. John's second oldest son, Joe, moved south to Gibson, Mississippi along with three of the men that had made the second trip to Texas and Oklahoma — John T. Yoder, B. Y. Miller, and Pre. Isaac Chupp — and their families.

John E. Borntrager himself lived in LaGrange County, Indiana the remaining thirty-five years of his life. ■■



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## Why Do We Have Two Christmases?

— Author's name withheld.

"Wake up, John," Mother called from the stairways. "It's late already. Remember what tomorrow is."

John sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Then he got up quickly, dressed himself and went down to get ready to do the milking.

"John, I wish you would get up that quickevery morning," his mother told him.

As John walked toward the barn he thought, "I can hardly wait until tomorrow to find out what I will get for Christmas."

John worked hard that day. He wanted to get his work done so as to get to bed early. He wanted to get a full night's rest for tomorrow would be the big day.

Just before he went to bed he asked his mother, "Mom, why do we have two Christmases? Jesus wasn't born two times, was he?"

Mother seemed to be at a loss to know what to say. Then she answered, "John, the 25th of December we keep for giving presents and candy. The 6th of January we keep as His birthday."

That night John lay on his bed thinking. Maybe Ben was right after all.

Christmas morning finally came. John got up and helped to do the chores. After breakfast he told his mother, "Mom, last night as I lay there thinking about Christmas, I began to wonder if what Ben told me about Christmas isn't true after all?"

"What did Ben tell you?" Mother wanted to know.

"He said his Dad doesn't believe in keeping two Christmases for surely Jesus was only born once on this earth. He said we can't prove exactly which day He was born so we should try to keep one day to the glory of the Lord. He said it looks like even the plain churches are following after the world in making a big fuss about Christmas. They run to the big cities and do their "Christmas shopping" and buy all sorts of things like candy, toys, gifts, and so on."

"What else did he say?" Mother wanted to know.

"He said his Dad claims that many thousands of dollars are spent every year on things that are really not needed while many people in the world go hungry. Whether it is done to the Glory of the Lord or is just for the enjoyment and pleasures of man must be judged by the fruits. Anything that is highly esteemed among man is an abomination to God."

"How do they keep Christmas at their house?" Mother asked.

"He said they get up in the morning and the first thing they do is pray. They don't eat breakfast for they fast that morning. In the forenoon they all sit in the room and read about Jesus how He gave His life so that we could have eternal life. Then after dinner Dad gives each one of them a small useful gift wrapped in plain paper. Then he says, 'For these little gifts that I have given you, you love me. How much more should we all love Jesus who gave his life so that we can someday live forever with Him in heaven.'"

Mother was silent for a while and then she said, "John, I have never thought of Christmas in that way. I think that would be a very good idea. For then we could have a happy Christmas in the Spirit instead of after the flesh."

— Holmes County, Ohio







